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Harrison, James (pub.)

HARRISON's
British Classicks.

VOL. III.

Containing

The Tatler.

LONDON:

45-9921
28.3.47

Printed for Harrison and Co. N.° 18. Paternoster Row.

1785.

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HARRISON's EDITION.

THE

TATLER;

OR,

LUCUBRATIONS

OF

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

LONDON:
Printed for HARRISON and Co. N° 18, Paternoster Row.
MDCCLXXXV.

TO

MR. MAYNWARING.

SIR,

THE ſtate of converſation and buſineſs in this town having been long perplexed with Pretenders in both kinds; in order to open mens eyes againſt ſuch abuſes, it appeared no unprofitable undertaking to publiſh a Paper, which ſhould obſerve upon the manners of the pleaſurable as well as the buſy part of mankind. To make this generally read, it ſeemed the moſt proper method to form it by way of a Letter of Intelligence, conſiſting of ſuch parts as might gratify the curioſity of perſons of all conditions, and of each ſex. But a work of this nature requiring time to grow into the notice of the world, it happened very luckily, that, a little before I had reſolved upon this deſign, a Gentleman had written predictions, and two or three other pieces in my name, which had rendered it famous through all parts of Europe; and by an inimitable ſpirit and humour, raiſed it to as high a pitch of reputation as it could poſſibly arrive at.

By this good fortune the name of ISAAC BICKERSTAFF gained an audience of all who had any taſte of wit; and the addition of the ordinary occurrences of common Journals of News brought in a multitude of other readers. I could not, I confeſs, long keep up the opinion of the town, that theſe Lucubrations were written by the ſame hand with the firſt works which were publiſhed under my name; but before I loſt the participation of that Author's fame, I had already found the advantage of his authority, to which I owe the ſudden acceptance which my labours met with in the world.

The general purpoſe of this Paper is to expoſe the falſe arts of life; to pull off the diſguiſes of cunning, vanity, and affectation; and to recommend a general ſimplicity in our dreſs, our diſcourſe, and our behaviour. No man has a better judgment for the diſcovery, or a nobler ſpirit for the contempt, of all impoſture, than yourſelf; which qualities render you the moſt proper patron for the Author of theſe Eſſays. In the general, the deſign, however executed, has met with ſo great ſucceſs, that there is hardly a name now eminent among us for power, wit, beauty, valour, or wiſdom, which is not ſubſcribed for the encouragement of theſe volumes. This is, indeed, an honour, for which it is impoſſible to expreſs a ſuitable gratitude; and there is nothing could be an addition to the pleaſure I take in it but the reflection, that it gives me the moſt conſpicuous occaſion I can ever have, of ſubſcribing myſelf,

SIR,

Your moſt obliged, moſt obedient,

And moſt humble Servant,

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

THE

TATLER.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

Nº I. TUESDAY, APRIL 12, 1709.

QUICQUID AGUNT HOMINES—NOSTRI FARRAGO LIBELLI.
Juv. Sat. I. v. 84, 85.

WHATEVER GOOD IS DONE, WHATEVER ILL—
BY HUMAN KIND, SHALL THIS COLLECTION FILL.

THOUGH the other papers, which are publiſhed for the uſe of the good people of England, have certainly very wholeſome effects, and are laudable in their particular kinds, they do not ſeem to come up to the main deſign of ſuch narrations, which, I humbly preſume, ſhould be principally intended for the uſe of politic perſons, who are ſo public-ſpirited as to neglect their own affairs to look into tranſactions of ſtate. Now theſe gentlemen, for the moſt part, being perſons of ſtrong zeal, and weak intellects, it is both a charitable and neceſſary work to offer ſomething, whereby ſuch worthy and well-affected members of the commonwealth may be inſtructed, after their reading, what to think; which ſhall be the end and purpoſe of this my paper, wherein I ſhall, from time to time, report and conſider all matters, of what kind ſoever, that ſhall occur to me, and publiſh ſuch my advices and reflections every Tueſday, Thurſday, and Saturday, in the week, for the convenience of the poſt. I reſolve alſo to have ſomething which may be of entertainment to the fair-ſex, in honour of whom I have invented the title of this paper. I therefore earneſtly deſire all perſons, without diſtinction, to take it in for the preſent gratis, and hereafter at the price of one penny, forbidding all hawkers to take more for it at their peril. And I deſire all perſons to conſider, that I am at a very great charge for proper materials for this work, as well as that before I reſolved upon it, I had ſettled a correſpondence in all parts of the known and knowing world. And foraſmuch as this globe is not trodden upon by mere drudges of buſineſs only, but that men of ſpirit and genius are juſtly to be eſteemed as conſiderable agents in it, we ſhall not, upon a dearth of news, preſent you with muſty foreign edicts, or dull proclamations, but ſhall divide our relation of the paſſages which occur in action or diſcourſe throughout this town, as well as elſewhere, under ſuch dates of places as may prepare you for the matter you are to expect, in the following manner.

All accounts of Gallantry, Pleaſure, and Entertainment, ſhall be under the article of White's Chocolate-houſe; Poetry, under that of Will's Coffee-houſe; Learning, under the title of Grecian; Foreign and Domeſtic News you will have from Saint James's Coffee-houſe;

houſe; and what elſe I have to offer on any other ſubject ſhall be dated from my own Apartment.

I once more deſire my reader to conſider, that as I cannot keep an ingenious man to go daily to Will's under two-pence each day, merely for his charges; to White's under ſix-pence; nor to the Grecian, without allowing him ſome plain Spaniſh, to be as able as others at the learned table; and that a good Obſerver cannot ſpeak with even Kidney at Saint James's without clean linen; I ſay, theſe conſiderations will, I hope, make all perſons willing to comply with my humble requeſt (when my gratis ſtock is exhauſted) of a penny a piece; eſpecially ſince they are ſure of ſome proper amuſement, and that it is impoſſible for me to want means to entertain them, having, beſides the force of my own parts, the power of divination, and that I can, by caſting a figure, tell you all that will happen before it comes to paſs.

But this laſt faculty I ſhall uſe very ſparingly, and ſpeak but of few things until they are paſt, for fear of divulging matters which may offend our ſuperiors.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, APRIL 7.

THE deplorable condition of a very pretty gentleman, who walks here at the hours when men of quality firſt appear, is what is very much lamented. His hiſtory is, that on the ninth of September 1705, being in his one and twentieth year, he was waſhing his teeth at a tavern-window in Pall Mall, when a fine equipage paſſed by, and in it a young lady who looked up at him; away goes the coach; and the young gentleman pulled off his night-cap, and inſtead of rubbing his gums, as he ought to do, out of the window until about four of the clock, ſits him down and ſpoke not a word until twelve at night; after which he began to enquire if any body knew the lady. The company aſked—'What lady?' but he ſaid no more until they broke up at ſix in the morning. All the enſuing winter he went from church to church every Sunday, and from playhouſe to playhouſe every night in the week; but could never find the original of the picture which dwelt in his boſom. In a word, his attention to any thing but his paſſion was utterly gone. He has loſt all the money he ever played for, and been confuted in every argument he has entered upon ſince the moment he firſt ſaw her. He is of a noble family, has naturally a very good air, and is of a frank honeſt temper: but this paſſion has ſo extremely mauled him, that his features are ſet and uninformed, and his whole viſage is deadened, by a long abſence of thought. He never appears in any alacrity, but when raiſed by wine; at which time he is ſure to come hither, and throw away a great deal of wit on fellows who have no ſenſe farther than juſt to obſerve, that our poor lover has moſt underſtanding when he is drunk, and is leaſt in his ſenſes when he is ſober.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, APRIL 8.

ON Thurſday laſt was acted, for the benefit of Mr. Betterton, the celebrated comedy called Love for Love. Thoſe excellent players, Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Bracegirdle, and Mr. Dogget, though not at preſent concerned in the houſe, acted on that occaſion. There has not been known ſo great a concourſe of perſons of diſtinction as at that time; the ſtage itſelf was covered with gentlemen and ladies; and when the curtain was drawn, it diſcovered even there a very ſplendid audience. This unuſual encouragement, which was given to a play for the advantage of ſo great an actor, gives an undeniable inſtance that the true reliſh for manly entertainments and rational pleaſures is not wholly loſt. All the parts were acted to perfection: the actors were careful of their carriage, and no one was guilty of the affectation to inſert witticiſms of his own; but a due reſpect was had to the audience, for encouraging this accompliſhed player. It is not now doubted but plays will revive, and take their uſual place in the opinion of perſons of wit and merit, notwithſtanding their late apoſtacy in favour of dreſs and ſound. This place is very much altered ſince Mr. Dryden frequented it; where you uſed to ſee ſongs, epigrams, and ſatires, in the hands of every man you met, you have now only a pack of cards; and inſtead of the cavils about the turn of the expreſſion, the elegance of the ſtyle, and the like, the learned now diſpute only about the truth of the game. But however the company is altered, all have ſhewn a great reſpect for Mr. Betterton:

and

and the very gaming part of this houſe have been ſo much touched with a ſenſe of the uncertainty of human affairs, (which alter with themſelves every moment) that in this gentleman they pitied Mark Anthony of Rome, Hamlet of Denmark, Mithridates of Pontus, Theodoſius of Greece, and Henry the Eighth of England. It is well known, he has been in the condition of each of thoſe illuſtrious perſonages for ſeveral hours together, and behaved himſelf in thoſe high ſtations, in all the changes of the ſcene, with ſuitable dignity. For theſe reaſons, we intend to repeat this favour to him on a proper occaſion, leſt he, who can inſtruct us ſo well in perſonating feigned ſorrows, ſhould be loſt to us by ſuffering under real ones. The town is at preſent in very great expectation of ſeeing a comedy now in rehearſal, which is the twenty-fifth production of my honoured friend Mr. Thomas D'Urfey; who, beſides his great abilities in the dramatic, has a peculiar talent in the lyric way of writing, and that with a manner wholly new and unknown to the ancient Greeks and Romans, wherein he is but faintly imitated in the tranſlations of the modern Italian operas.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, APRIL 11.

LETTERS from the Hague of the ſixteenth ſay, that Major General Cadogan was gone to Bruſſels, with orders to diſperſe proper inſtructions for aſſembling the whole force of the Allies in Flanders, in the beginning of the next month. The late offers concerning peace were made in the ſtyle of perſons who think themſelves upon equal terms: but the Allies have ſo juſt a ſenſe of their preſent advantages, that they will not admit of a treaty, except France offers what is more ſuitable to her preſent condition. At the ſame time we make preparations, as if we were alarmed by a greater force than that which we are carrying into the field. Thus this point ſeems now to be argued ſword in hand. 'This was what a great general alluded to, when being aſked the names of thoſe who were to be plenipotentiaries for the enſuing peace, he anſwered with a ſerious air—'There are about an hun-'dred thouſand of us.' Mr. Kidney, who has the ear of the greateſt politicians that come hither, tells me, there is a mail come in to-day with letters, dated Hague, April the nineteenth, N. S. which ſay, a deſign of bringing part of our troops into the field, at the latter end of this month, is now altered to a reſolution of marching towards the camp about the twentieth of the next. There happened the other day, in the road of Scheveling, an engagement between a privateer of Zeeland and one of Dunkirk. The Dunkirker, carrying thirty-three pieces of cannon, was taken and brought into the Texel. It is ſaid the courier of Monſieur Rouille is returned to him from the Court of France. Monſieur Vendoſme, being reinſtated in the favour of the Dutcheſs of Burgundy, is to command in Flanders.

Mr. Kidney added, that there were letters of the ſeventeenth from Ghent, which give an account that the enemy had formed a deſign to ſurprize two battalions of the Allies which lay at Aloſt: but thoſe battalions received advice of their march, and retired to Dendermond. Lieutenant General Wood appeared on this occaſion at the head of five hundred foot and one thouſand horſe; upon which the enemy withdrew, without making any farther attempt.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT.

I AM ſorry I am obliged to trouble the public with ſo much diſcourſe upon a matter which I at the very firſt mentioned as a trifle, viz. the death of Mr. Partridge, under whoſe name there is an Almanack come out for the year 1709. In one page of which it is aſſerted by the ſaid John Partridge, that he is ſtill living, and not only ſo, but that he was alſo living ſome time before, and even at the inſtant when I writ of his death. I have in another place, and in a paper by itſelf, ſufficiently convinced this man that he is dead; and, if he has any ſhame, I do not doubt but that by this time he owns it to all his acquaintance: for though the legs and arms and whole body of that man may ſtill appear, and perform their animal functions; yet ſince, as I have elſewhere obſerved, his art is gone, the man is gone. I am, as I ſaid, concerned, that this little matter ſhould make ſo much noiſe; but ſince I am engaged, I take myſelf obliged in honour to go on in my Lucubrations, and by the help of thoſe arts of which I am maſter, as well as my ſkill in aſtrological ſpeculations, I ſhall, as I ſee occaſion, proceed to confute other dead

dead men, who pretend to be in being, that they are actually deceased. I therefore give all men fair warning to amend their manners; for I shall from time to time print bills of mortality: and I beg the pardon of all such who shall be named therein, if they who are good for nothing shall find themselves in the number of the deceased.

N° II. THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1709.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, APRIL 13.

THERE has lain all this evening on the table the following poem. The subject of it being matter very useful for families, I thought it deserved to be considered, and made more public. The turn the poet gives it is very happy; but the foundation is from a real accident which happened among my acquaintance. A young gentleman of a great estate fell desperately in love with a great beauty of very high quality, but as ill-natured as long flattery and an habitual self-will could make her. However, my young spark ventures upon her, like a man of quality, without being acquainted with her, or having ever saluted her, until it was a crime to kiss any woman else. Beauty is a thing which palls with possession; and the charms of this lady soon wanted the support of good-humour and complacency of manners. Upon this my spark flies to the bottle for relief from his satiety. She disdains him for being tired with that for which all men envied him; and he never came home, but it was—'Was there no sot that would stay 'longer? Would any man living but 'you? Did I leave all the world for 'this usage?' To which he—'Ma-'dam, split me, you are very impertinent!' In a word, this match was wedlock in it's most terrible appearances. She at last, weary of railing to no purpose, applies to a good uncle, who gives her a bottle he pretended he had bought of a conjuror. 'This,' said he, 'I 'gave ten guineas for. "The virtue of "the enchanted liquor," said he that sold 'it, "is such, that if the woman you "marry proves a scold," (which it seems, 'my dear niece, is your misfortune, as 'it was your good mother's before you) "let her hold three spoonfuls in her "mouth for a full half hour after you "come home." But I find I am not in humour for telling a tale; and nothing in nature is so ingrateful as story-telling against the grain; therefore take it as the author has given it you.

THE MEDICINE.

A TALE—FOR THE LADIES.

MISS Molly, a fam'd toast, was fair and young,
Had wealth and charms—but then she had a tongue!
From morn to night th' eternal larum rung,
Which often lost those hearts her eyes had won.

Sir John was smitten, and confess'd his flame,
Sigh'd out the usual time, then wed the dame;
Possess'd he thought of ev'ry joy of life;
But his dear Molly prov'd a very wife.
Excess of fondness did in time decline,
Madam lov'd money, and the knight lov'd wine.
From whence some petty discords would arise,
As—'You're a fool!' and—'You are mighty 'wise!'

Tho' he and all the world allow'd her wit,
Her voice was shrill, and rather loud than sweet;
When she began, for hat and sword he'd call,
Then after a faint kiss, cry—'B'y, dear Moll:
'Supper and friends expect me at the Rose.'—
'And what, Sir John, you'll get your usual dose!
'Go, stink of smoke, and guzzle nasty wine;
'Sure, never virtuous love was us'd like mine!'

Oft as the watchful bell-man march'd his round,
At a fresh bottle gay Sir John he found.
By four the knight would get his business done,
And only then reel'd off, because alone;
Full well he knew the dreadful storm to come,
But arm'd with Bourdeaux, he durst venture home.

My lady with her tongue was still prepar'd,
She rattled loud, and he impatient heard—
'Tis a fine hour! In a sweet pickle made!
'And this, Sir John, is ev'ry day the trade.
'Here I sit moping all the live-long night,
'Devour'd with spleen, and stranger to delight;
'Till morn sends stagg'ring home a drunken 'beast,
'Resolv'd to break my heart, as well as rest.'
'Hey! hoop! d'ye hear my damn'd ob-'strep'rous spouse,
'What, can't you find one bed about the house?
'Will

'Will that perpetual clack lie never ſtill?
'That rival to the ſoftneſs of a mill!
'Some couch and diſtant room muſt be my
'choice,
'Where I may ſleep uncurs'd with wife and
'noiſe.'

Long this uncomfortable life they led,
With ſnarling meals, and each a ſep'rate bed.
To an old uncle oft ſhe would complain,
Beg his advice, and ſcarce from tears refrain.
Old Wiſewood ſmok'd the matter as it was,
'Cheer up,' cry'd he! 'and I'll remove the
'cauſe.'

'A wond'rous ſpring within my garden flows,
'Of ſov'reign virtue, chiefly to compoſe
'Domeſtic jars, and matrimonial ſtrife,
'The beſt elixir t' appeaſe man and wife:
'Strange are th' effects, the qualities divine;
''Tis water call'd, but worth it's weight in
'wine.
'If in his ſullen airs Sir John ſhould come,
'Three ſpoonfuls take, hold in your mouth
'—then mum:
'Smile, and look pleas'd, when he ſhall rage
'and ſcold,
'Still in your mouth the healing cordial hold;
'One month this ſympathetic med'cine try'd,
'He'll grow a lover, you a happy bride.
'But, deareſt niece, keep this grand ſecret
'cloſe,
'Or ev'ry pratling huſſey 'ill beg a doſe.'

A water-bottle's brought for her relief;
Not Nants could ſooner eaſe the lady's grief:
Her buſy thoughts are on the trial bent,
And, female like, impatent for th' event!

The bonny knight reels home exceeding clear,
Prepar'd for clamour and domeſtic war:
Ent'ring, he cries—'Hey! where's our thun-
'der fled!
'No hurricane!—Betty's your lady dead?'
Madam, aſide, an ample mouthful takes,
Curtſies, looks kind, but not a word ſhe
ſpeaks:
Wond'ring, he ſtar'd, ſcarcely his eyes believ'd,
But found his ears agreeably deceiv'd.
'Why, how now, Molly, what's the cretchet
'now?'
She ſmiles, and anſwers only with a bow.
Then claſping her about—'Why, let me die!
'Theſe night-cloaths, Moll, become thee
'mightily!'
With that, he ſigh'd, her hand began to preſs,
And Betty calls, her lady to undreſs.
'Nay, kiſs me, Molly; for I'm much in-
'clin'd:'
Her lace ſhe cuts, to take him in the mind.
Thus the fond pair to bed enamour'd went,
The lady pleas'd, and the good knight content.

For many days theſe fond endearments paſt,
The reconciling bottle fails at laſt;
'Twas us'd and gone—Then midnight ſtorms
aroſe,
And looks and words the union diſcompoſe.
Her coach is order'd, and poſt-haſte ſhe flies,
To beg her uncle for ſome freſh ſupplies;
Tranſported, does the ſtrange effects relate,
Her knight's converſion, and her happy ſtate!

'Why, niece,' ſays he 'I pr'ythee apprehend,
'The water's water—be thyſelf thy friend;
'Such beauty would the coldeſt huſband warm,
'But your provoking tongue undoes the charm:
'Be ſilent and complying. You'll ſoon find,
'Sir John, without a med'cine will be kind.'

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, APRIL 13.

LETTERS from Venice ſay, the diſappointment of their expectation to ſee his Daniſh Majeſty has very much diſquieted the court of Rome. Our laſt advices from Germany inform us, that the miniſter of Hanover has urged the council at Ratiſbonne to exert themſelves in behalf of the common cauſe, and taken the liberty to ſay, that the dignity, the virtue, the prudence, of his Electoral Highneſs, his maſter, were called to the head of their affairs in vain, if they thought fit to leave him naked of the proper means to make thoſe excellencies uſeful for the honour and ſafety of the empire. They write from Berlin of the thirteenth, O.S. that the true deſign of General Fleming's viſit to that court was, to inſinuate that it will be for the mutual intereſt of the King of Pruſſia and King Auguſtus to enter into a new alliance; but that the miniſters of Pruſſia are not inclined to his ſentiments. We hear from Vienna, that his Imperial Majeſty has expreſſed great ſatisfaction in their High Mightineſſes having communicated to him the whole that has paſſed in the affair of a peace. Though there have been practices uſed by the agents of France, in all the courts of Europe, to break the good underſtanding of the Allies, they have had no other effect, but to make all the members concerned in the alliance more doubtful of their ſafety from the great offers of the enemy. The Emperor is rouſed by this alarm, and the frontiers of all the French dominions are in danger of being inſulted the enſuing campaign. Advices from all parts confirm, that it is impoſſible for France to find a way to obtain ſo much credit as to gain any one potentate of the Allies, or conceive any hope for ſafety from other proſpects.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, APRIL 13.

I FIND it of great use, now I am setting up for a writer of news, that I am an adept in astrological speculations; by which means I avoid speaking of things which may offend great persons. But, at the same time, I must not prostitute the liberal sciences so far, as not to utter the truth in cases which do immediately concern the good of my native country. I must therefore contradict what has been so assuredly reported by the newswriters of England, that France is in the most deplorable condition, and that their people die in great multitudes. I will therefore let the world know, that my correspondent, by the way of Brussels, informs me, upon his honour, that the gentleman who writes the Gazette of Paris, and ought to know as well as any man, has told him, that ever since the king has been past his sixty-third year, or grand climacteric, there has not died one man of the French nation who was younger than his majesty, except very few, who were taken suddenly near the village of Hocstet in Germany; and some more, who were straitened for lodging at a place called Ramelies, and died on the road to Ghent and Bruges. There are also other things given out by the Allies, which are shifts below a conquering nation to make use of. Among others it is said, there is a general murmuring among the people of France, though at the same time all my letters agree, that there is so good an understanding among them, that there is not one morsel carried out of any market in the kingdom but what is delivered upon credit.

Nº III. SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1709.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, APRIL 14.

THIS evening the comedy called the Country Wife was acted in Drury Lane, for the benefit of Mrs. Bignell. The part which gives name to the play was performed by herself. Through the whole action she made a very pretty figure, and exactly entered into the nature of the part. Her husband, in the drama, is represented to be one of those debauchees who run through the vices of the town, and believe, when they think fit, they can marry and settle at their ease. His own knowledge of the iniquity of the age makes him chuse a wife wholly ignorant of it, and place his security in her want of skill to abuse him. The poet, on many occasions, where the propriety of the character will admit of it, insinuates, that there is no defence against vice, but the contempt of it; and has, in the natural ideas of an untainted innocent, shown the gradual steps to ruin and destruction, which persons of condition run into, without the help of a good education to form their conduct. The torment of a jealous coxcomb, which arises from his own false maxims, and the aggravation of his pain, by the very words in which he sees her innocence, makes a very pleasant and instructive satire. The character of Horner, and the design of it, is a good representation of the age in which that comedy was written; at which time love and wenching were the business of life, and the gallant manner of pursuing women was the best recommendation at court. To this only it is to be imputed, that a gentleman of Mr. Wycherley's character and sense condescends to represent the insults done to the honour of the bed without just reproof; but to have drawn a man of probity with regard to such considerations, had been a monster; and a poet had at that time discovered his want of knowing the manners of the court he lived in, by a virtuous character in his fine Gentleman, as he would show his ignorance, by drawing a vicious one to please the present audience. Mrs. Bignell did her part very happily, and had a certain grace in her rusticity, which gave us hopes of seeing her a very skilful player, and in some parts supply our loss of Mrs. Verbruggen. I cannot be of the same opinion with my friends and fellow-labourers, the reformers of manners, in their severity towards plays; but must allow, that a good play acted before a well-bred audience must raise very proper incitements to good behaviour, and be the most quick and most prevailing method of giving young people a turn of sense and breeding. But as I have set up for a weekly historian,

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I resolve to be a faithful one; and therefore take this public occasion to admonish a young nobleman, who came flustered into the box last night, and let him know how much all his friends were out of countenance for him. The women sat in terror of hearing something that should shock their modesty, and all the gentlemen in as much pain out of compassion to the ladies, and perhaps resentment for the indignity which was offered in coming into their presence in so disrespectful a manner. Wine made him say nothing that was rude, therefore he is forgiven, upon condition he never will hazard his offending more in this kind. As I just now hinted, I own myself of the society for reformation of manners. We have lower instruments than those of the family of Bickerstaff, for punishing great crimes, and exposing the abandoned. Therefore, as I design to have notices from all public assemblies, I shall take upon me only indecorums, improprieties, and negligences, in such as should give us better examples. After this declaration, if a fine lady thinks fit to giggle at church, or a great beau come in drunk to a play, either shall be sure to hear of it in my ensuing paper. For, merely as a well-bred man, I cannot bear these enormities.

After the play, we naturally stroll to this coffee-house, in hopes of meeting some new poem, or other entertainment, among the men of wit and pleasure, where there is a dearth at present. But it is wonderful there should be so few writers, when the art is become merely mechanic, and men may make themselves great that way, by as certain and infallible rules as you may be a joiner or a mason. There happens a good instance of this in what the hawker has just now offered to sale, to wit, 'Instructions to Vanderbank—A Sequel 'to the Advice to the Poets—A Poem, 'occasioned by the glorious Success of 'her Majesty's Arms, under the Command of the Duke of Marlborough, 'the last Year in Flanders.' Here you are to understand, that the author, finding the poets would not take his advice, troubles himself no more about them; but has met with one Vanderbank, who works in arras, and makes very good tapestry-hangings: therefore, in order to celebrate the hero of the age, he claps together all that can be said of a man that makes hangings:

Then, artist, who dost Nature's face express
In silk and gold, and scenes of action dress;
Dost figur'd arras animated leave,
Spin a bright story, or a passion weave;
By mingling threads, can'st mingle shade and light,
Delineate triumphs, or describe a fight?

Well, what shall this workman do? Why, to shew how great an hero the poet intends, he provides him a very good horse—

Champing his foam, and bounding on the plain,
Arch his high neck, and graceful spread his mane.

Now, as to the intrepidity, the calm courage, the constant application of the hero, it is not necessary to take that upon yourself; you may, in the lump, bid him you employ raise him as high as he can, and if he does it not, let him answer for disobeying orders.

Let fame and victory in inferior sky
Hover with balanc'd wings, and smiling fly
Above his head, &c.

A whole poem of this kind may be ready against an ensuing campaign, as well as a space left in the canvas of a piece of tapestry for the principal figure, while the under parts are working; so that in effect the adviser copies after the man he pretends to direct. This method should, methinks, encourage young beginners: for the invention is so fitted to all capacities, that by the help of it a man may make a receipt for a poem. A young man may observe, that the jig of the thing is, as I said, finding out all that can be said in his way whom you employ to set forth your worthy. Waller and Denham had worn out the expedient of advice to a painter: this author has transferred the work, and sent his advice to the poets; that is to say, to the turners of verse, as he calls them. Well, that thought is worn out also; therefore he directs his genius to the loom, and will have a new set of hangings in honour of the last year in Flanders. I must own to you, I approve extremely this invention, and it might be improved for the benefit of manufactory: as, suppose an ingenious gentleman should write a poem of advice to a callico-printer, do you think there is a girl in England that would wear anything but the Taking of Lisle, or the

Battle of Oudenarde: they would certainly be all the fashion, until the heroes abroad had cut out some more patterns. I should fancy small skirmishes might do for under-petticoats, provided they had a siege for the upper. If our adviser were well imitated, many industrious people might be put to work. Little Mr. Dactile, now in the room, who formerly writ a song and an half, is a week gone in a very pretty work, upon this hint: he is writing an epigram to a young virgin who knits very well: (it is a thousand pities he is a Jacobite) but his epigram is by way of advice to this damsel, to knit all the actions of the Pretender and the Duke of Burgundy's last campaign, in the clock of a stocking. It were endless to enumerate the many hands and trades that may be employed by poets, of so useful a turn as this adviser. I shall think of it; and, in this time of taxes, shall consult a great critic employed in the Custom-house, in order to propose what tax may be proper to put upon knives, seals, rings, hangings, wrought-beds, gowns and petticoats, where any of these commodities bear mottos that are worked upon poetical grounds.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, APRIL 15.

Letters from Turin of the third instant, N. S. inform us, that his Royal Highness employs all his address in alarming the enemy, and perplexing their speculations concerning his real designs the ensuing campaign. Contracts are entered into with the merchants of Milan, for a great number of mules to transport his provisions and ammunition. His Royal Highness has ordered the train of artillery to be conveyed to Susa before the twenty-sixth of next month. In the mean time, all accounts agree, that the enemy are very backward in their preparations, and almost incapable of defending themselves against an invasion, by reason of the general murmurs of their own people; which, they find, are no way to be quieted but by giving them hopes of a speedy peace. When these letters were dispatched, the Marshal de Thesse was arrived at Genoa, where he has taken much pains to keep the correspondents of the merchants of France in hopes that measures will be found out to support the credit and commerce between that state and Lyons: but the late declaration of the agents of Monsieur Bernard, that they cannot discharge the demands made upon them, has quite dispirited all those who are engaged in the remittances of France.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, APRIL 15.

It is a very natural passion in all good members of the commonwealth, to take what care they can of their families. Therefore, I hope the reader will forgive me, that I desire he would go to the play called the Stratagem, this evening, which is to be acted for the benefit of my near kinsman Mr. John Bickerstaff. I protest to you, the gentleman has not spoke to me to desire this favour; but I have a respect for him, as well in regard to consanguinity, as that he is an intimate friend of that famous and heroic actor, Mr. George Powel; who formerly played Alexander the Great in all places, though he is lately grown so reserved, as to act it only on the stage.

N° IV. TUESDAY, APRIL 18, 1709.

It is usual with persons who mount the stage, for the cure or information of the crowd about them, to make solemn professions of their being wholly disinterested in the pains they take for the public good. At the same time those very men, who make harangues in plush doublets, and extol their own abilities and generous inclinations, tear their lungs in vending a drug, and show no act of bounty, except it be, that they lower a demand of a crown to six, nay, to one penny. We have a contempt for such paultry barterers, and have therefore all along informed the public, that we intend to give them our advices for our own sakes, and are labouring to make our Lucubrations come to some price in money, for our more convenient support in the service of the public. It is certain that many other schemes have been proposed to me; as a friend offered to shew me in a treatise he had writ, which he called, 'The whole Art of Life;

Life; or, the Introduction to great Men, illuſtrated in a Pack of Cards.' But being a novice at all manner of play, I declined the offer. Another adviſed me, for want of money, to ſet up my coach; and practiſe phyſic; but having been bred a ſcholar, I feared I ſhould not ſucceed that way neither, therefore reſolved to go on in my preſent project. But you are to underſtand, that I ſhall not pretend to raiſe a credit to this work upon the weight of my politic news only, but, as my Latin ſentence in the title-page informs you, ſhall take any thing that offers for the ſubject of my diſcourſe. Thus new perſons, as well as new things, are to come under my conſideration; as when a toaſt or wit is firſt pronounced ſuch, you ſhall have the freſheſt advice of their preferment, from me, with a deſcription of the Beauty's manners, and the Wit's ſtile; as alſo in whoſe places they are advanced. For this town is never good-natured enough to raiſe one without depreſſing another. But it is my deſign to avoid ſaying any thing of any perſon which ought juſtly to diſpleaſe; but ſhall endeavour, by the variety of the matter and ſtile, to give entertainment for men of pleaſure, without offence to thoſe of buſineſs.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, APRIL 18.

ALL hearts at preſent pant for two ladies only, who have for ſome time engroſſed the dominion of the town. They are indeed both exceeding charming, but differ very much in their excellencies. The beauty of Clariſſa is ſoft, that of Chloe piercing. When you look at Clariſſa, you ſee the moſt exact harmony of feature, complexion, and ſhape; you find in Chloe nothing extraordinary in any one of thoſe particulars, but the whole woman irreſiſtible; Clariſſa looks languiſhing; Chloe killing; Clariſſa never fails of gaining admiration; Chloe of moving deſire. The gazers at Clariſſa are at firſt unconcerned, as if they were obſerving a fine picture: they who behold Chloe, at the firſt glance diſcover tranſport, as if they met with their deareſt friend. Theſe different perfections are ſuitably repreſented by the laſt great painter Italy has ſent us, Mr. Jervaſe. Clariſſa is by that ſkilful hand placed in a manner that looks artleſs, and innocent of the torments ſhe gives; Chloe is drawn with a livelineſs that ſhows ſhe is conſcious of, but not affected with, her perfections. Clariſſa is a ſhepherdeſs, Chloe a country girl, I muſt own, the deſign of Chloe's picture ſhows, to me, great maſtery in the painter; for nothing could be better imagined than the dreſs he has given her of a ſtraw-hat and a ribband, to repreſent that ſort of beauty which enters the heart with a certain familiarity, and cheats it into a belief that it has received a lover as well as an object of love. The force of their different beauties is ſeen alſo in the effects it makes on their lovers. The admirers of Chloe are eternally gay and well-pleaſed; thoſe of Clariſſa melancholy and thoughtful. And as this paſſion always changes the natural man into a quite different creature from what he was before, the love of Chloe makes coxcombs; that of Clariſſa, madmen. There were of each kind juſt now in this room. Here was one that whiſtles, laughs, ſings, and cuts capers, for love of Chloe. Another hath juſt now writ three lines to Clariſſa, then taken a turn in the garden, then came back again, then tore his fragment, then called for ſome chocolate, then went away without it.

Chloe has ſo many admirers in the houſe at preſent, that there is too much noiſe to proceed in my narration: ſo that the progreſs of the loves of Clariſſa and Chloe, together with the bottles that are drank each night for the one, and the many ſighs which are uttered, and ſongs written on the other, muſt be our ſubject on future occaſions.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, APRIL 18.

LETTERS from the Haymarket inform us, that on Saturday night laſt the opera of Pyrrhus and Demetrius was performed with great applauſe. This intelligence is not very acceptable to us friends of the theatre; for the ſtage being an entertainment of the reaſon and all our faculties, this way of being pleaſed with the ſuſpenſe of them for three hours together, and being given up to the ſhallow ſatisfaction of the eyes and ears only, ſeems to ariſe rather from the degeneracy of our underſtanding than an improvement of our diverſions. That the underſtanding has no part in the pleaſure, is evident from what theſe letters very poſitively aſſert, to wit, that a great part of the performance was done

done in Italian; and a great critic fell into fits in the gallery, at seeing, not only time and place, but languages and nations, confused in the most incorrigible manner. His spleen is so extremely moved on this occasion, that he is going to publish a treatise against operas, which, he thinks, have already inclined us to thoughts of peace, and if tolerated, must infallibly dispirit us from carrying on the war. He has communicated his scheme to the whole room, and declared in what manner things of this kind were first introduced. He has upon this occasion considered the nature of sounds in general, and made a very elaborate digression upon the London Cries, wherein he has shown from reason and philosophy, why oysters are cried, card-matches sung, and turneps and all other vegetables neither cried, sung, nor said, but sold, with an accent and tone neither natural to man nor beast. This piece seems to be taken from the model of that excellent discourse of Mrs. Manly the school-mistress, concerning samplers. Advices from the upper end of Piccadilly say, that May-fair is utterly abolished; and we hear Mr. Pinkethman has removed his ingenious company of strollers to Greenwich. But other letters from Deptford say, the company is only making thither, and not yet settled; but that several heathen gods and goddesses, which are to descend in machines, landed at the King's Head Stairs last Saturday. Venus and Cupid went on foot from thence to Greenwich; Mars got drunk in the town, and broke his landlord's head, for which he sat in the stocks the whole evening; but Mr. Pinkethman giving security that he should do nothing this ensuing summer, he was set at liberty. The most melancholy part of all was, that Diana was taken in the act of fornication with a boatman, and committed by Justice Wrathful; which has, it seems, put a stop to the diversions of the theatre of Blackheath. But there goes down another Diana and a Patient Grissel next tide from Billingsgate.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE HOUSE, APRIL 18.

THEY write from Saxony of the 13th instant, N.S. that the grand General of the Crown of Poland was so far from entering into a treaty with King Stanislaus, that he had written circular letters, wherein he exhorted the Palatines to join against him; declaring that this was the most favourable conjuncture for asserting their liberty.

Letters from the Hague of the 23d instant, N. S. say, they have advices from Vienna, which import, that his Electoral Highness of Hanover had signified to the Imperial Court, that he did not intend to put himself at the head of the troops of the empire, except more effectual measures were taken for acting vigorously against the enemy the ensuing campaign. Upon this representation, the Emperor has given orders to several regiments to march towards the Rhine, and dispatched expresses to the respective princes of the empire to desire an augmentation of their forces.

These letters add, that an express arrived at the Hague on the 20th instant, with advice, that the enemy having made a detachment from Tournay, of fifteen hundred horse, each trooper carrying a foot soldier behind him, in order to surprize the garrison of Alost; the Allies, upon notice of their march, sent out a strong body of troops from Ghent, which engaged the enemy at Asche, and took two hundred of them prisoners, obliging the rest to retire without making any farther attempt. On the 22d in the morning, a fleet of merchant-ships coming from Scotland, were attacked by six French privateers at the entrance of the Meuse. We have yet no certain advice of the event: but letters from Rotterdam say, that a Dutch man of war of forty guns, which was convoy to the said fleet, was taken; as were also eighteen of the merchants. The Swiss troops in the service of the States have compleated the augmentation of their respective companies. Those of Wirtemberg and Prussia are expected on the frontiers within a few days; and the auxiliaries from Saxony, as also a battalion of Holsten, and another of Wolfembuttle, are advancing thither with all expedition. On the 21st instant, the Deputies of the States had a conference near Woerden with the President Rouille, but the matter which was therein debated is not made public. His Grace the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene continue at the Hague.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, APRIL 18.

I HAVE lately been very studious for intelligence; and have just now, by my astrological flying-post, received a packet from

from Felicia, an iſland in America, with an account that gives me great ſatisfaction, and lets me underſtand that the iſland was never in greater proſperity, or the adminiſtration in ſo good hands, ſince the death of their late glorious King. Theſe letters import, that the chief miniſter has entered into a firm league with the ableſt and beſt men of the nation, to carry on the cauſe of liberty, to the encouragement of religion, virtue, and honour. Thoſe perſons at the helm are ſo uſeful, and in themſelves of ſuch weight, that their ſtrict alliance muſt needs tend to the univerſal proſperity of the people. Camillo, it ſeems, preſides over the deliberations of ſtate; and is ſo highly valued by all men for his ſingular probity, courage, affability, and love of mankind, that his being placed in that ſtation has diſſipated the fears of that people, who of all the world are the moſt jealous of their liberty and happineſs. The next member of their ſociety is Horatio, who makes all the public diſpatches. This miniſter is maſter of all the languages in uſe to great perfection: he is held in the higheſt veneration imaginable for a ſevere honeſty, and love of his country: he lives in a court unſullied with any of it's artifices, the refuge of the oppreſſed, and terror of oppreſſors. Martio has joined himſelf to this council; a man of moſt undaunted reſolution and great knowledge in maritime affairs; famous for deſtroying the navy of the Franks, and ſingularly happy in one particular, that he never preferred a man who has not proved remarkably ſerviceable to his country. Philander is mentioned with particular diſtinction; a nobleman who has the moſt refined taſte of the true pleaſures and elegance of life, joined to an indefatigable induſtry in buſineſs; a man eloquent in aſſemblies, agreeable in converſation, and dextrous in all manner of public negociations. Theſe letters add, that Verono, who is alſo of this council, has lately ſet ſail to his government of Patricia, with deſign to confirm the affections of the people in the intereſts of his queen. This miniſter is maſter of great abilities; and is as induſtrious and reſtleſs for the preſervation of the liberties of the people, as the greateſt enemy can be to ſubvert them. The influence of theſe perſonages, who are men of ſuch diſtinguiſhed parts and virtues, makes the people enjoy the utmoſt tranquillity in the midſt of a war, and gives them undoubted hopes of a ſecure peace from their vigilance and integrity.

N° V. THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1709.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, APRIL 20.

WHO names that loſt thing, love,
without a tear,
Since ſo debauch'd by ill-bred cuſtoms here?
To an exact perfection they have brought
The action, love, the paſſion is forgot.

This was long ago a witty author's lamentation, but the evil ſtill continues; and if a man of any delicacy were to attend the diſcourſes of the young fellows of this age, he would believe there were none but proſtitutes to make the objects of paſſion. So true it is what the author of the above verſes ſaid, a little before his death, of the modern pretenders to gallantry: 'They ſet up for wits in 'this age, by ſaying, when they are ſo-'ber, what they of the laſt ſpoke only 'when they were drunk.' But Cupid is not only blind at preſent, but dead drunk; he has loſt all his faculties: elſe how ſhould Celia be ſo long a maid, with that agreeable behaviour? Corinna with that ſprightly wit? Leſbia with that heavenly voice? and Sachariſſa with all thoſe excellencies in one perſon, frequent the park, the play, and murder the poor tits that drag her to public places, and not a man turn pale at her appearance? But ſuch is the fallen ſtate of love, that if it were not for honeſt Cynthio, who is true to the cauſe, we ſhould hardly have a pattern left of the ancient worthies that way: and indeed he has but very little encouragement to perſevere; but he has a devotion, rather than love, for his miſtreſs, and ſays—

Only tell her that I love,
Leave the reſt to her and fate;
Some kind planet from above,
May, perhaps, her paſſion move;
Lovers on their ſtars muſt wait.

But the ſtars I am ſo intimately acquainted with, that I can aſſure him that he will never have her: for, would you believe it? though Cynthio has wit, good ſenſe, fortune, and his very being depends

depends upon her, the termagant for whom he ſighs is in love with a fellow who ſtares in the glaſs all the time he is with her, and lets her plainly ſee ſhe may poſſibly be his rival, but never his miſtreſs. Yet Cynthio, the ſame unhappy man whom I mentioned in my firſt narrative, pleaſes himſelf with a vain imagination, that with the language of his eyes, now he has found who ſhe is, he ſhall conquer her, though her eyes are intent upon one who looks from her; which is ordinary with the ſex. It is certainly a miſtake in the ancients to draw the little gentleman, Love, as a blind boy; for his real character is a little thief that ſquints. For aſk Mrs. Meddle, who is a confident, or ſpy, upon all paſſions in town, and ſhe will tell you that the whole is a game of croſs purpoſes. The lover is generally purſuing one who is in purſuit of another, and running from one that deſires to meet him. Nay, the nature of this paſſion is ſo juſtly repreſented in a ſquinting little thief, who is always in a double action, that do but obſerve Clariſſa next time you ſee her, and you will find, when her eyes have made their ſoft tour round the company, ſhe makes no ſtay on him they ſay ſhe is to marry, but reſts two ſeconds of a minute on Wildair, who neither looks nor thinks on her, or any woman elſe. However, Cynthio had a bow from her the other day, upon which he is very much come to himſelf; and I heard him ſend his man of an errand yeſterday, without any manner of heſitation; a quarter of an hour after which he reckoned twenty, remembered he was to ſup with a friend, and went exactly to his appointment. I ſent to know how he did this morning, and I find that he hath not forgot that he ſpoke to me yeſterday.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, APRIL 20.

THIS week being ſacred to holy things, and no public diverſions allowed, there has been taken notice of, even here, a little treatiſe, called 'A 'Project for the Advancement of Reli-'gion: dedicated to the Counteſs of 'Berkeley.' The title was ſo uncommon, and promiſed ſo peculiar a way of thinking, that every man here has read it, and as many as have done ſo have approved it. It is written with the ſpirit of one who has ſeen the world enough to undervalue it with good-breeding. The author muſt certainly be a man of wiſdom as well as piety, and have ſpent much time in the exerciſe of both. The real cauſes of the decay of the intereſt of religion are ſet forth in a clear and lively manner, without unſeaſonable paſſions; and the whole air of the book, as to the language, the ſentiments, and the reaſonings, ſhews it was written by one whoſe virtues ſit eaſy about him, and to whom vice is thoroughly contemptible. It was ſaid by one of this company, alluding to that knowledge of the world the author ſeems to have, the man writes much like a gentleman, and goes to Heaven with a very good mien.

ST JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, APRIL 20.

LETTERS from Italy ſay, that the Marquis de Prie, upon the receipt of an expreſs from the court of Vienna, went immediately to the palace of Paulucci, miniſter of ſtate to his Holineſs, and demanded in the name of his Imperial Majeſty, that King Charles ſhould forthwith be acknowledged King of Spain, by a ſolemn act of the congregation of cardinals appointed for that purpoſe: he declared at the ſame time, that if the leaſt heſitation were made in this moſt important article of the late treaty, he ſhould not only be obliged to leave Rome himſelf, but alſo tranſmit his maſter's orders to the Imperial troops to face about, and return into the Eccleſiaſtical dominions. When the Cardinal reported this meſſage to the Pope, his Holineſs was ſtruck with ſo ſenſible an affliction, that he burſt into tears: his ſorrow was aggravated by letters which immediately after arrived from the court of Madrid, wherein his nuncio acquainted him, that upon the news of his accommodation with the Emperor, he had received a meſſage to forbear coming to court; and the people were ſo highly provoked, that they could hardly be reſtrained from inſulting his palace. Theſe letters add, that the King of Denmark was gone from Florence to Piſa, and from Piſa to Leghorn, where the governor paid his majeſty all imaginable honours. The king deſigned to go from thence to Lucca, where a magnificent tournament was prepared for his diverſion. An Engliſh man of war which came from Port Mahon to Leghorn in ſix days, brought advice, that the fleet commanded by Admiral Whitaker was ſafely

safely arrived at Barcelona, with the troops and ammunition which he had taken in at Naples.

General Boneval, governor of Commachio, had summoned the magistrates of all the towns near that place to appear before him, and take an oath of fidelity to his Imperial Majesty, commanding also the gentry to pay him homage, on pain of death and confiscation of goods. Advices from Switzerland inform us, that the bankers of Geneva were utterly ruined by the failure of Mr. Bernard. They add, that the deputies of the Swiss Cantons were returned from Soleure, where they were assembled at the instance of the French ambassador, but were very much dissatisfied with the reception they had from that minister. It is true he omitted no civilities or expressions of friendship from his master, but he took no notice of their pensions and arrears: what further provoked their indignation was, that instead of twenty-five pistoles, formerly allowed to each member for their charge in coming to the diet, he had presented them with six only. They write from Dresden, that King Augustus was still busy in recruiting his cavalry, and that the Danish troops that lately served in Hungary had orders to be in Saxony by the middle of May; and that his Majesty of Denmark was expected at Dresden in the beginning of that month. King Augustus makes great preparations for his reception, and has appointed sixty coaches, each drawn by six horses, for that purpose: the interview of these princes affords great matter for speculation. Letters from Paris of the 22d of this month say, that Marshal Harcourt and the Duke of Berwick were preparing to go into Alsace and Dauphiné, but that their troops were in want of all manner of necessaries. The court of France had received advices from Madrid, that on the 7th of this month the States of Spain had with much magnificence acknowledged the Prince of Asturias presumptive-heir to the crown. This was performed at Buen-Retiro; the deputies took the oaths on that occasion from the hands of Cardinal Portocarrero. These advices add, that it was signified to the Pope's nuncio, by order of council, to depart from that court in twenty-four hours, and that a guard was accordingly appointed to conduct him to Bayonne.

Letters from the Hague of the 26th instant inform us, that Prince Eugene was to set out the next day for Brussels, to put all things in a readiness for opening the campaign. They add, that the Grand Pensioner having reported to the Duke of Marlborough what passed in the last conference with Mr. Rouille, his Grace had taken a resolution immediately to return to Great Britain, to communicate to her Majesty all that has been transacted in that important affair.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, APRIL 20.

THE nature of my miscellaneous work is such, that I shall always take the liberty to tell for news such things (let them have happened never so much before the time of writing) as have escaped public notice, or have been misrepresented to the world; provided that I am still within rules, and trespass not as a Tatler any farther than in an incorrectness of stile, and writing in an air of common speech. Thus, if any thing that is said, even of old Anchises or Æneas, be set by me in a different light than has hitherto been hit upon, in order to inspire the love and admiration of worthy actions, you will, gentle reader, I hope, accept of it for intelligence you had not before. But I am going upon a narrative, the matter of which I know to be true: it is not only doing justice to the deceased merit of such persons, as, had they lived, would not have had it in their power to thank me, but also an instance of the greatness of spirit in the lowest of her Majesty's subjects. Take it as follows:

At the siege of Namur by the Allies, there were in the ranks of the company commanded by Captain Pincent, in Colonel Frederick Hamilton's regiment, one Unnion a corporal, and one Valentine a private centinel. There happened between those two men a dispute about a matter of love, which, upon some aggravations, grew to an irreconcileable hatred. Unnion being the officer of Valentine, took all opportunities even to strike his rival, and profess the spite and revenge which moved him to it. The centinel bore it without resistance; but frequently said, he would die to be revenged of that tyrant. They had spent whole months thus, one injuring, the other complaining; when in the midst of

this rage towards each other, they were commanded upon the attack of the caſtle, where the corporal received a ſhot in the thigh, and fell. The French preſſing on, and he expecting to be trampled to death, called out to his enemy—'Ah, 'Valentine! can you leave me here?' Valentine immediately ran back, and in the midſt of a thick fire of the French took the corporal upon his back, and brought him through all that danger as far as the abbey of Salſine, where a cannon-ball took off his head: his body fell under his enemy whom he was carrying off. Unnion immediately forgot his wound, roſe up, tearing his hair, and then threw himſelf upon the bleeding carcaſe, crying—'Ah, Valentine! 'was it for me who have ſo barbarouſly 'uſed thee, that thou haſt died? I will 'not live after thee.' He was not by any means to be forced from the body, but was removed with it bleeding in his arms, and attended with tears by all their comrades who knew their enmity. When he was brought to a tent, his wounds were dreſſed by force; but the next day ſtill calling upon Valentine, and lamenting his cruelties to him, he died in the pangs of remorſe and deſpair.

It may be a queſtion among men of noble ſentiments, whether of theſe unfortunate perſons had the greater ſoul? he that was ſo generous as to venture his life for his enemy, or he who could not ſurvive the man that died, in laying upon him ſuch an obligation?

When we ſee ſpirits like theſe in a people, to what heights may we not ſuppoſe their glory may riſe? but (as it is excellently obſerved in Salluſt) it is not only to the general bent of a nation that great revolutions are owing, but to the extraordinary genio's that led them. On which occaſion he proceeds to ſay, that the Roman greatneſs was neither to be attributed to their ſuperior policy, for in that the Carthaginians excelled; nor to their valour, for in that the French were preferable; but to particular men, who were born for the good of their country, and formed for great attempts. This he ſays to introduce the characters of Cæſar and Cato. It would be entering into too weighty a diſcourſe for this place, if I attempted to ſhew, that our nation has produced as great and able men for public affairs as any other. But I believe the reader out-runs me, and fixes his imagination upon the Duke of Marlborough. It is, methinks, a pleaſing reflection to conſider the diſpenſations of Providence in the fortune of this illuſtrious man, who, in the ſpace of forty years, has paſſed through all the gradations of human life, until he has aſcended to the character of a prince, and become the ſcourge of a tyrant, who ſat in one of the greateſt thrones in Europe, before the man who was to have the greateſt part in his downfal had made one ſtep into the world. But ſuch elevations are the natural conſequences of an exact prudence, a calm courage, a well-governed temper, a patient ambition, and an affable behaviour. Theſe arts, as they were the ſteps to his greatneſs, ſo they are the pillars of it now it is raiſed. To this, her glorious ſon, Great Britain is indebted for the happy conduct of her arms, in whom ſhe can boaſt, that ſhe has produced a man formed by nature to lead a nation of heroes.

N° VI. SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1709.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, APRIL 22.

I Am juſt come from viſiting Sappho, a fine lady, who writes verſes, ſings, dances, and can ſay and do whatever ſhe pleaſes, without the imputation of any thing that can injure her character; for ſhe is ſo well known to have no paſſion but ſelf-love; or folly, but affectation; that now, upon any occaſion, they only cry—'It is her way,' and 'that is ſo like 'her,' without farther reflection. As I came into the room, ſhe cries—'Oh! 'Mr Bickerſtaff, I am utterly undone; 'I have broke that pretty Italian fan I 'ſhewed you when you were here laſt, 'wherein were ſo admirably drawn our 'firſt parents in Paradiſe, aſleep in each 'other's arms. But there is ſuch an af'finity between painting and poetry, 'that I have been improving the images 'which were raiſed by that picture, by 'reading the ſame repreſentation in two 'of our greateſt poets. Look you, here 'are

'are the paſſages in Milton and in Dryden. All Milton's thoughts are wonderfully juſt and natural, in that inimitable deſcription which Adam makes of himſelf in the eighth book of Paradiſe Loſt. But there is none of them finer than that contained in the following lines, where he tells us his thoughts, when he was falling aſleep a little after the creation:

While thus I call'd, and ſtray'd I knew not whither,
From whence I firſt drew air, and firſt beheld
This happy light; when anſwer none return'd,
On a green ſhady bank, profuſe of flowers,
Penſive I ſate me down; there gentle ſleep
Firſt found me, and with ſoft oppreſſion ſeiz'd
My drowned ſenſe, untroubled, though I thought
I then was paſſing to my former ſtate
Inſenſible, and forthwith to diſſolve.

'But now I cannot forgive this odious thing, this Dryden, who, in his State of Innocence, has given my great-grandmother Eve the ſame apprehenſion of annihilation on a very different occaſion; as Adam pronounces it of himſelf, when he was ſeized with a pleaſing kind of ſtupor and deadneſs, Eve fancies herſelf falling away, and diſſolving in the hurry of a rapture. However, the verſes are very good, and I do not know but what ſhe ſays may be natural; I will read them:

When your kind eyes look'd languiſhing on mine,
And wreathing arms did ſoft embraces join;
A doubtful trembling ſeiz'd me firſt all o'er,
Then wiſhes, and a warmth unknown before;
What follow'd was all extaſy and trance,
Immortal pleaſures round my ſwimming eyes did dance,
And ſpeechleſs joys, in whoſe ſweet tumults toſt,
I thought my breath and my new being loſt.

She went, and ſaid a thouſand good things at random, but ſo ſtrangely mixed, that you would be apt to ſay all her wit is mere good luck, and not the effect of reaſon and judgment. When I made my eſcape hither, I found a gentleman playing the critic on two other great poets, even Virgil and Homer. He was obſerving, that Virgil is more judicious than the other in the epithets he gives his hero. 'Homer's uſual epithet,' ſaid he, 'is Ποδας ωκυς, or Ποδαρκης, and his 'indiſcretion has been often raillied by 'the critics, for mentioning the nimbleneſs of foot in Achilles, though he 'deſcribes him ſtanding, ſitting, lying 'down, fighting, eating, drinking, or 'in any other circumſtance, however 'foreign or repugnant to ſpeed and 'activity. Virgil's common epithet to 'Æneas is *Pius*, or *Pater*. I have 'therefore conſidered,' ſaid he, 'what 'paſſage there is in any of his hero's 'actions, where either of theſe appellations would have been moſt improper, to ſee if I could catch him at 'the ſame fault with Homer: and this, 'I think, is his meeting with Dido in 'the cave, where Pius Æneas would 'have been abſurd, and Pater Æneas 'a burleſque: the poet has therefore 'wiſely dropped them both for Dux 'Trojanus—

Speluncam Dido dux et Trojanus eandem
Deveniunt————,————

'which he has repeated twice in Juno's 'ſpeech and his own narration: for he 'very well knew a looſe action might 'be conſiſtent enough with the uſual 'manners of a ſoldier, though it became 'neither the chaſtity of a pious man, 'nor the gravity of the father of a 'people.'

GRECIAN COFFEE-HOUSE, APRIL 22.

WHILE other parts of the town are amuſed with the preſent actions, we generally ſpend the evening at this table in enquiries into antiquity, and think any thing news which gives us new knowledge. Thus we are making a very pleaſant entertainment to ourſelves, in putting the actions of Homer's Iliad into an exact journal.

This poem is introduced by Chryſes, King of Chryſa and prieſt of Apollo, who comes to re-demand his daughter, who had been carried off at the taking of that city, and given to Agamemnon for his part of the booty. The refuſal he received enrages Apollo, who for nine days ſhowered down darts upon them, which occaſioned the peſtilence.

The tenth day Achilles aſſembled the council, and encourages Chalcas to ſpeak for the ſurrender of Chryſeïs, to appeaſe Apollo. Agamemnon and Achilles ſtorm at one another; notwithſtanding which, Agamemnon will not releaſe his priſoner, unleſs he has Briſeïs in her ſtead. After long conteſtations, wherein Agamemnon gives a glorious cha-

racter of Achilles's valour, he determines to reſtore Chryſeïs to her father, and ſends two heralds to fetch away Briſeïs from Achilles, who abandons himſelf to ſorrow and deſpair. His mother, Thetis, comes to comfort him under his affliction, and promiſes to repreſent his ſorrowful lamentation to Jupiter: but he could not attend to it; for the evening before, he had appointed to divert himſelf for two days beyond the ſeas with the harmleſs Æthiopians.

It was the twenty-firſt day after Chryſeïs's arrival at the camp, that Thetis went very early to demand an audience of Jupiter. The means he uſed to ſatisfy her were, to perſuade the Greeks to attack the Trojans; that ſo they might perceive the conſequence of contemning Achilles, and the miſeries they ſuffer, if he does not head them. The next night he orders Agamemnon, in a dream, to attack them; who was deceived with the hopes of obtaining a victory, and alſo taking the city, without ſharing the honour with Achilles.

On the twenty-ſecond in the morning he aſſembles the council, and having made a feint of raiſing the ſiege and retiring, he declares to them his dream; and, together with Neſtor and Ulyſſes, reſolves on an engagement.

This was the twenty-third day, which is full of incidents, and which continues from almoſt the beginning of the ſecond Iliad to the eighth. The armies being then drawn up in view of one another, Hector brings it about that Menelaus and Paris, the two perſons concerned in the quarrel, ſhould decide it by a ſingle combat, which tending to the advantage of Menelaus, was interrupted by a cowardice infuſed by Minerva: then both armies engage, where the Trojans have the diſadvantage; but being afterwards animated by Apollo, they repulſe the enemy, yet they are once again forced to give ground; but their affairs were retrieved by Hector, who has a ſingle combat with Ajax. The gods threw themſelves into the battle; Juno and Minerva took the Grecians part, and Apollo and Mars the Trojans: but Mars and Venus are both wounded by Diomedes.

The truce for burying the ſlain ended the twenty-third day, after which the Greeks threw up a great intrenchment, to ſecure their navy from danger. Councils are held on both ſides. On the morning of the twenty-fourth day the battle is renewed, but in a very diſadvantageous manner to the Greeks, who are beaten back to their intrenchments. Agamemnon, being in deſpair at this ill ſucceſs, propoſes to the council to quit the enterprize, and retire from Troy. But by the advice of Neſtor, he is perſuaded to regain Achilles, by returning Briſeïs, and ſending him conſiderable preſents. Hereupon Ulyſſes and Ajax are ſent to that hero, who continues inflexible in his anger. Ulyſſes, at his return, joins himſelf with Diomedes, and goes in the night to gain intelligence of the enemy: they enter into their very camp, where finding the centinels aſleep, they made a great ſlaughter. Rheſus, who was juſt then arrived with recruits from Thrace for the Trojans, was killed in that action. Here ends the tenth Iliad. The ſequel of this journal will be inſerted in the next article from this place.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, APRIL 22.

We hear from Italy, that notwithſtanding the Pope has received a letter from the Duke of Anjou, demanding of him to explain himſelf upon the affair of acknowledging King Charles, his Holineſs has not yet thought fit to ſend any anſwer to that prince. The Court of Rome appears very much mortified, that they are not to ſee his Majeſty of Denmark in that city, having perhaps given themſelves vain hopes from a viſit made by a Proteſtant prince to that ſee. The Pope has diſpatched a gentleman to compliment his Majeſty, and ſent the king a preſent of all the curioſities and antiquities of Rome, repreſented in ſeventeen volumes very richly bound, which were taken out of the Vatican library.—Letters from Genoa of the fourteenth inſtant ſay, that a Felucca was arrived there in five days from Marſeilles, with an account, that the people of that city had made an inſurrection, by reaſon of the ſcarcity of proviſions; and that the intendant had ordered ſome companies of marines, and the men belonging to the gallies, to ſtand to their arms to protect him from violence; but that he began to be in as much apprehenſion of his guards, as thoſe from whom they were to defend him. When that veſſel came away, the ſoldiers murmured publicly for want of pay;

pay; and it was generally believed they would pillage the magazines, as the garrisons of Grenoble and other towns of France had already done.—A vessel which lately came into Leghorn brought advice, that the British squadron was arrived at Port-Mahon, where they were taking in more troops, in order to attempt the relief of Alicant, which still made a very vigorous defence. It is said Admiral Byng will be at the head of that expedition. The King of Denmark was gone from Leghorn towards Lucca.

They write from Vienna, that in case the Allies should enter into a treaty of peace with France, Count Zinzendorf will be appointed first plenipotentiary, the Count de Goes the second, and Monsieur Van Konsbruch a third. MajorGeneral Palmes, envoy-extraordinary from her Britannic Majesty, has been very urgent with that court to make their utmost efforts against France the ensuing campaign, in order to oblige it to such a peace as may establish the tranquillity of Europe for the future.

We are also informed, that the Pope uses all imaginable shifts to elude the treaty concluded with the Emperor, and that he demanded the immediate restitution of Comacchio; insisting also, that his Imperial Majesty should ask pardon, and desire absolution for what had formerly passed, before he would solemnly acknowledge King Charles. But this was utterly refused.

They hear at Vienna, by letters from Constantinople, dated the twenty-second of February last, that on the twelfth of that month the Grand Seignior took occasion, at the celebration of the festivals of the Mussulmen, to set all the Christian slaves which were in the galleys at liberty.

Advices from Switzerland import, that the preachers of the county of Tockenburg continue to create new jealousies of the Protestants; and some disturbances lately happened there on that account. The Protestants and Papists in the town of Hamman go to divine service one after another in the same church, as is usual in many parts of Switzerland; but on Sunday the tenth instant, the Popish curate, having ended his service, attempted to hinder the Protestants from entering into the church according to custom; but the Protestants briskly attacked him and his party, and broke into it by force.

Last night between seven and eight, his Grace the Duke of Marlborough arrived at court.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, APRIL 22.

THE present great captains of the age, the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, having been the subject of the discourse of the last company I was in; it has naturally led me into a consideration of Alexander and Cæsar, the two greatest names that ever appeared before this century. In order to enter into their characters, there needs no more but examining their behaviour in parallel circumstances. It must be allowed, that they had an equal greatness of soul; but Cæsar's was more corrected and allayed by a mixture of prudence and circumspection. This is seen conspicuously in one particular in their histories, wherein they seem to have shewn exactly the difference of their tempers. When Alexander, after a long course of victories, would still have led his soldiers farther from home, they unanimously refused to follow him. We meet with the like behaviour in Cæsar's army in the midst of his march against Arioviſtus. Let us therefore observe the conduct of our two generals in so nice an affair: and here we find Alexander at the head of his army, upbraiding them with their cowardice, and meanness of spirit; and in the end telling them plainly, he would go forward himself, though not a man followed him. This shewed indeed an excessive bravery; but how would the commander have come off, if the speech had not succeeded, and the soldiers had taken him at his word? The project seems of a piece with Mr. Bays's in the Rehearsal, who, to gain a clap in his Prologue, comes out with a terrible fellow in a fur-cap following him, and tells his audience, if they would not like his play, he would lie down and have his head struck off. If this gained a clap, all was well; but if not, there was nothing left but for the executioner to do his office. But Cæsar would not leave the success of his speech to such uncertain events: he shews his men the unreasonableness of their fears in an obliging manner, and concludes, that if none else

else would march along with him, he would go himself with the tenth legion, for he was assured of their fidelity and valour, though all the rest forsook him; not but that, in all probability, they were as much against the march as the rest. The result of all was very natural: the tenth legion, fired with the praises of their general, sends thanks to him for the just opinion he entertains of them; and the rest, ashamed to be outdone, assure him, that they are as ready to follow where he pleases to lead them, as any other part of the army.

N° VII. TUESDAY, APRIL 26, 1709.

IT is so just an observation, that Mocking is Catching, that I am become an unhappy instance of it; and am (in the same manner that I have represented Mr. Partridge) myself a dying man, in comparison of the vigour with which I first set out in the world. Had it been otherwise, you may be sure I would not have pretended to have given for news, as I did last Saturday, a diary of the siege of Troy. But man is a creature very inconsistent with himself: the greatest heroes are sometimes fearful; the sprightliest wits at some hours dull; and the greatest politicians on some occasions whimsical. But I shall not pretend to palliate or excuse the matter; for I find, by a calculation of my own nativity, that I cannot hold out with any tolerable wit longer than two minutes after twelve of the clock at night, between the eighteenth and nineteenth of the next month: for which space of time you may still expect to hear from me, but no longer; except you will transmit to me the occurrences you meet with relating to your amours, or any other subject within the rules by which I have proposed to walk. If any gentleman or lady sends to Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq. at Mr. Morphew's near Stationers-Hall, by the penny-post, the grief or joy of their soul, what they think fit of the matter shall be related in colours as much to their advantage, as those in which Gervase has drawn the agreeable Chloe. But since, without such assistance, I frankly confess, and am sensible, that I have not a month's wit more, I think I ought, while I am in my sound health and senses, to make my Will and Testament; which I do in manner and form following:

Imprimis, I give to the Stock-Jobbers about the Exchange of London, as a security for the trusts daily reposed in them, all my real estate; which I do hereby vest in the said body of worthy citizens for ever.

Item, Forasmuch as it is very hard to keep land in repair without ready cash, I do, out of my personal estate, bestow the bear-skin, which I have frequently lent to several societies about this town, to supply their necessities; I say, I give also the said bear-skin, as an immediate fund to the said citizens for ever.

Item, I do hereby appoint a certain number of the said citizens to take all the custom-house or customary oaths concerning all goods imported by the whole city; strictly directing, that some select members, and not the whole number of a body corporate, should be perjured.

Item, I forbid all n——s and persons of q——ty to watch bargains near and about the Exchange, to the diminution and wrong of the said Stock-Jobbers.

Thus far, in as brief and intelligible a manner as any will can appear, until it is explained by the learned, I have disposed of my real and personal estate: but as I am an adept, I have by birth an equal right to give also an indefeasible title to my endowments and qualifications, which I do in the following manner:

Item, I give my chastity to all virgins who have withstood their market.

Item, I give my courage among all who are ashamed of their distressed friends, all sneakers in assemblies, and men who shew valour in common conversation.

Item, I give my wit (as rich men give to the rich) among such as think they have enough already. And in case they shall not accept of the legacy, I give it to Bentivolio, to defend his works, from time to time, as he shall think fit to publish them.

Item, I bestow my learning upon the honorary members of the Royal Society.

Now for the disposal of this body.

As

As theſe eyes muſt one day ceaſe to gaze on Teraminta, and this heart ſhall one day pant no more for her indignation; that is to ſay, ſince this body muſt be earth, I ſhall commit it to the duſt in a manner ſuitable to my character. Therefore, as there are thoſe who diſpute, whether there is any ſuch real perſon as Iſaac Bickerſtaff, or not; I ſhall excuſe all perſons who appear what they really are, from coming to my funeral. But all thoſe who are, in their way of life, Perſonæ, as the Latins have it, perſons aſſumed, and who appear what they really are not, are hereby invited to that ſolemnity.

The body ſhall be carried by ſix watchmen, who are never ſeen in the day.

Item, The pall ſhall be held up by the ſix moſt known pretenders to honeſty, wealth, and power, who are not poſſeſſed of any of them. The two firſt, a Half-lawyer, a compleat Juſtice. The two next, a Chymiſt, a Projector. The third couple, a Treaſury-ſollicitor, and a ſmall Courtier.

To make my funeral (what that ſolemnity, when done to common men, really is in itſelf) a very farce; and ſince all mourners are mere actors on theſe occaſions, I ſhall deſire thoſe who are profeſſedly ſuch to attend mine. I humbly therefore beſeech Mrs. Barry to act once more, and be my widow. When ſhe ſwoons away at the church-porch, I appoint the merry Sir John Falſtaff, and the gay Sir Harry Wildair, to ſupport her. I deſire Mr. Pinkethman to follow in the habit of a Cardinal, and Mr. Bullock in that of a Privy-counſellor. To make up the reſt of the appearance, I deſire all the ladies from the balconies to weep with Mrs. Barry, as they hope to be wives and widows themſelves. I invite all, who have nothing elſe to do, to accept of gloves and ſcarves.

Thus, with the great Charles V. of Spain, I reſign the glories of this tranſitory world: yet, at the ſame time, to ſhew you my indifference, and that my deſires are not too much fixed upon any thing, I own to you, I am as willing to ſtay as to go: therefore leave it in the choice of my gentle readers, whether I ſhall hear from them, or they hear no more from me.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, APRIL 25.

EASTER Day being a time when you cannot well meet with any but humble adventures; and there being ſuch a thing as low-gallantry, as well as low comedy, Colonel Ramble and myſelf went early this morning into the fields, which were ſtrewed with ſhepherds and ſhepherdeſſes, but indeed of a different turn from the ſimplicity of thoſe of Arcadia. Every hedge was conſcious of more than what the repreſentations of enamoured ſwains admit of. While we were ſurveying the crowd around us, we ſaw at a diſtance a company coming towards Pancras-church; but though there was not much diſorder, we thought we ſaw the figure of a man ſtuck through with a ſword, and at every ſtep ready to fall, if a woman by his ſide had not ſupported him; the reſt followed two and two. When we came nearer this appearance, who ſhould it be but Monſieur Guardeloop, mine and Ramble's French taylor, attended by others, leading one of Madame Depingle's maids to the church, in order to their eſpouſals. It was his ſword tucked ſo high above his waiſt, and the circumflex which perſons of his profeſſion take in their walking, that made him appear at a diſtance wounded and falling. But the morning being rainy, methought the march to this wedding was but too lively a picture of wedlock itſelf. They ſeemed both to have a month's mind to make the beſt of their way ſingle; yet both tugged arm in arm: and when they were in a dirty way, he was but deeper in the mire, by endeavouring to pull out his companion, and yet without helping her. The bridegroom's feathers in his hat all drooped, one of his ſhoes had loſt an heel. In ſhort, he was in his whole perſon and dreſs ſo extremely ſouſed, that there did not appear one inch or ſingle thread about him unmarried. Pardon me, that the melancholy object ſtill dwells upon me ſo far, as to reduce me to punning. However, we attended them to the chapel, where we ſtaid to hear the irrevocable words pronounced upon our old ſervant, and made the beſt of our way to town. I took a reſolution to forbear all married perſons, or any in danger of being ſuch, for four and twenty hours at leaſt; therefore dreſſed, and went to viſit Florimel, the vaineſt thing in town, where I knew would drop in Colonel Picket, juſt come from the camp, her profeſſed admirer. He is of that order of men who has much honour and merit, but withal a coxcomb; the other of that ſet of females, who has innocence and wit, but the firſt of coquets.

quets. It is eaſy to believe, theſe muſt be admirers of each other. She ſays, the colonel rides the beſt of any man in England: the colonel ſays, ſhe talks the beſt of any woman. At the ſame time, he underſtands wit juſt as ſhe does horſemanſhip. You are to know theſe extraordinary perſons ſee each other daily; and they themſelves, as well as the town, think it will be a match: but it can never happen that they can come to the point; for inſtead of addreſſing to each other, they ſpend their whole time in reports of themſelves: he is ſatisfied if he can convince her he is a fine gentleman, and a man of conſequence; and ſhe, in appearing to him an accompliſhed lady and a wit, without further deſign. Thus he tells her of his manner of poſting his men at ſuch a paſs, with the numbers he commanded on that detachment: ſhe tells him, how ſhe was dreſſed on ſuch a day at court, and what offers were made her the week following. She ſeems to hear the repetition of his mens names with admiration, and waits only to anſwer him with as falſe a muſter of lovers. They talk to each other not to be informed, but approved. Thus they are ſo like, that they are to be ever diſtant, and the parallel lines may run together for ever, but never meet.

WILLS'S COFFEE-HOUSE, APRIL 25.

THIS evening the comedy called Epſom Wells was acted for the benefit of Mr. Bullock, who, though he is a perſon of much wit and ingenuity, has a peculiar talent of looking like a fool, and therefore excellently well qualified for the part of Biſket in this play. I cannot indeed ſufficiently admire his way of bearing a beating, as he does in this drama, and that with ſuch a natural air and propriety of folly, that one cannot help wiſhing the whip in one's own hand; ſo richly does he ſeem to deſerve his chaſtiſement. Skilful actors think it a very peculiar happineſs to play in a ſcene with ſuch as top their parts. Therefore I cannot but ſay, when the judgment of any good author directs him to write a beating for Mr. Bullock from Mr. William Pinkethman, or for Mr. William Pinkethman from Mr. Bullock, thoſe excellent players ſeem to be in their moſt ſhining circumſtances, and pleaſe me more, but with a different ſort of delight, than that which I receive from thoſe grave ſcenes of Brutus and Caſſius, or Anthony and Ventidius. The whole comedy is very juſt, and the low part of human life repreſented with much humour and wit.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, APRIL 25.

WE are adviſed from Vienna, by letters of the twentieth inſtant, that the Emperor hath lately added twenty new members to his council of ſtate, but they have not yet taken their places at the board. General Thaun is returned from Baden, his health being ſo well re-eſtabliſhed by the baths of that place, that he deſigns to ſet out next week for Turin, to his command of the Imperial troops in the ſervice of the Duke of Savoy. His Imperial Majeſty has advanced his brother, Count Henry Thaun, to be a brigadier, and a counſellor of the Aulic Council of War. Theſe letters import, that King Staniſlaus and the Swediſh General Craſſau are directing their march to the Nieper, to join the King of Sweden's army in Ukrania: that the States of Auſtria have furniſhed Marſhal Heiſter with a conſiderable ſum of money, to enable him to puſh on the war vigorouſly in Hungary, where all things as yet are in perfect tranquillity: and that General Thungen has been very importunate for a ſpeedy reinforcement of the forces on the Upper Rhine, repreſenting at the ſame time what miſeries the inhabitants muſt neceſſarily undergo, if the deſigns of France on thoſe parts be not ſpeedily and effectually prevented.

Letters from Rome, dated the thirteenth inſtant, ſay, that on the preceding Sunday his Holineſs was carried in an open chair from St. Peter's to St. Mary's, attended by the ſacred college, in cavalcade; and after maſs diſtributed ſeveral dowries for the marriage of poor and diſtreſſed virgins. The proceedings of that court are very dilatory concerning the recognition of King Charles, notwithſtand ng the preſſing inſtances of the Marquis de Prie, who has declared, that if this affair be not wholly concluded by the fifteenth inſtant, he will retire from that court, and order the Imperial troops to return into the Eccleſiaſtical State. On the other hand, the Duke of Anjou's miniſter has, in the name of his maſter, demanded of his Holineſs to explain

plain himſelf on that affair; which, it is ſaid, will be finally determined in a conſiſtory to be held on Monday next; the Duke d'Uzeda deſigning to delay his departure until he ſees the iſſue. Theſe letters alſo ſay, that the court was mightily alarmed at the news which they received by an expreſs from Ferrara, that General Boneval, who commands in Comacchio, had ſent circular letters to the inhabitants of St. Alberto, Longaſtrino, Fillo, and other adjacent parts, enjoining them to come and ſwear fealty to the Emperor, and receive new inveſtitures of their fiefs from his hands. Letters from other parts of Italy ſay, that the King of Denmark continues at Lucca; that four Engliſh and Dutch men of war were ſeen off of Oneglia, bound for Final, in order to tranſport the troops deſigned for Barcelona; and that her Majeſty's ſhip the Colcheſter arrived at Leghorn the fourth inſtant from Port Mahon, with advice that Major-general Stanhope deſigned to depart from thence the firſt inſtant with ſix or ſeven thouſand men, to attempt the relief of the caſtle of Alicant.

Our laſt advices from Berlin, bearing date the twenty-ſeventh inſtant, import, that the King was gone to Linum, and the Queen to Mecklenburg, but that their Majeſties deſigned to return the next week to Oranienburg, where a great chace of wild beaſts was prepared for their diverſion, and from thence they intend to proceed together to Potſdam; that the Prince Royal was ſet out for Brabant, but intended to make ſome ſhort ſtay at Hanover. Theſe letters alſo inform us, that they are adviſed from Obory, that the King of Sweden, being on his march towards Holki, met General Renne with a detachment of Muſcovites, who, placing ſome regiments in ambuſcade, attacked the Swedes in their rear, and putting them to flight, killed two thouſand men, the king himſelf having his horſe ſhot under him.

We hear from Copenhagen, that the ice being broke, the Sound is again open for the ſhips; and that they hoped his Majeſty would return ſooner than they at firſt expected.

Letters from the Hague, dated May the fourth, N. S. ſay, that an expreſs arrived there on the firſt, from Prince Eugene to his Grace the Duke of Marlborough. The States are adviſed, that the auxiliaries of Saxony were arrived on the frontiers of the United Provinces; as alſo, that the two regiments of Wolfembuttel, and four thouſand troops from Wirtemberg, who are to ſerve in Flanders, are in full march thither. Letters from Flanders ſay, that the great convoy of ammunition and proviſions which ſet out from Ghent for Liſle, was ſafely arrived at Courtray. We hear from Paris, that the King has ordered the militia on the coaſt of Normandy and Bretagne to be in readineſs to march; and that the court was in apprehenſion of a deſcent, to animate the people to riſe in the midſt of their preſent hardſhips.

They write from Spain, that the Pope's nuncio left Madrid the tenth of April, in order to go to Bayonne; that the Marquis de Bay was at Badajos to obſerve the motions of the Portugueze; and that the Count d'Eſtain, with a body of five thouſand men, was on his march to attack Gironne. The Duke of Anjou has depoſed the Biſhop of Lerida, as being a favourer of the intereſt of King Charles; and has ſummoned a convocation at Madrid, compoſed of the archbiſhops, biſhops, and ſtates, of that kingdom, wherein he hopes they will come to a reſolution to ſend for no more bulls to Rome.

Nº VIII. THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1709.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE APRIL 26.

THE play of the London Cuckolds was acted this evening before a ſuitable audience, who were extremely well diverted with that heap of vice and abſurdity. The indignation which Eugenio, who is a gentleman of a juſt taſte, has upon occaſion of ſeeing human nature fall ſo low in it's delights, made him, I thought, expatiate upon the mention of this play very agreeably. 'Of 'all men living,' ſaid he, 'I pity players '(who muſt be men of good under-'ſtanding, to be capable of being ſuch) 'that they are obliged to repeat and aſ-'ſume proper geſtures for repreſenting 'things of which their reaſon muſt be

'ashamed, and which they must disdain their audience for approving. The amendment of these low gratifications is only to be made by people of condition, by encouraging the representation of the noble characters drawn by Shakespeare and others, from whence it is impossible to return without strong impressions of honour and humanity. On these occations, distress is laid before us with all it's causes and consequences, and our resentment placed according to the merit of the persons afflicted. Were dramas of this nature more acceptable to the taste of the town, men who have genius would bend their studies to excel in them. How forcible an effect this would have on our minds, one needs no more than to observe how strongly we are touched by mere pictures. Who can see Le Brun's picture of the Battle of Porus, without entering into the character of that fierce gallant man, and being accordingly spurred to an emulation of his constancy and courage? When he is falling with his wound, the features are at the same time very terrible and languishing; and there is such a stern faintness diffused through all his look, as is apt to move a kind of horror, as well as pity, in the beholder. This, I say, is an effect wrought by mere lights and shades. Consider also a representation made by words only, as in an account given by a good writer: Catiline in Sallust makes just such a figure as Porus by Le Brun. It is said of him, "*Catilina verò longè a suis inter hostium cadavera repertus est: paululum etiam spirans, ferocitatemque animi, quam vivus habuerat, in vultu retinens.*—Catiline was found killed, far from his own men, among the dead bodies of the enemy: he seemed still to breathe, and still retained in his face the same fierceness he had when he was living." You have in that one sentence a lively impression of his whole life and actions. What I would insinuate from all this, is, that if the painter and the historian can do thus much in colours and language, what may not be performed by an excellent poet, when the character he draws is presented by the person, the manner, the look, and the motion, of an accomplished player? If a thing painted or related can irresistibly enter our hearts, what may not be brought to pass by seeing generous things performed before our eyes?' Eugenio ended his discourse, by recommending the apt use of a theatre, as the most agreeable and easy method of making a polite and moral gentry; which would end in rendering the rest of the people regular in their behaviour, and ambitious of laudable undertakings.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, APRIL 27.

LETTERS from Naples of the ninth instant, N. S. advise, that Cardinal Grimani had ordered the regiment commanded by General Pate to march towards Final, in order to embark for Catalonia; whither also one thousand horse are to be transported from Sardinia, besides the troops which came from the Milanese. An English man of war has taken two prizes, one a vessel of Malta, the other of Genoa, both laden with goods of the enemy. They write from Florence of the thirteenth, that his Majesty of Denmark had received a courier from the Hague, with an account of some matters relating to the treaty of a peace; upon which he declared, that he thought it necessary to hasten to his own dominions.

Letters from Switzerland inform us, that the effects of the great scarcity of corn in France were felt at Geneva; the magistrates of which city had appointed deputies to treat with the Cantons of Bern and Zurich, for leave to buy up such quantities of grain within their territories as should be thought necessary. The Protestants of Tockenburg are still in arms about the convent of St. John, and have declared, that they will not lay them down until they shall have sufficient security, from the Roman Catholics, of living unmolested in the exercise of their religion. In the mean time, the deputies of Bern and Tockenburg have frequent conferences at Zurich with the regency of that canton, to find out methods for the quieting these disorders.

Letters from the Hague, of the third of May, advise, that the President Rouille, after his last conference with the Deputies of the States, had retired to Bodegrave, five miles distant from Worden, and expected the return of a courier from France on the fourth, with news

new inſtructions. It is ſaid, if his anſwer from the French court ſhall not prove ſatisfactory, he will be deſired to withdraw out of theſe parts. In the mean time, it is alſo reported, that his equipage, as an ambaſſador on this great occaſion, is actually on the march towards him. They write from Flanders, that the great convoy of proviſions which ſet out from Ghent, is ſafely arrived at Liſle. Thoſe advices add, that the enemy had aſſembled near Tournay a conſiderable body of troops, drawn out of the neighbouring garriſons. Their High Mightineſſes have ſent orders to their miniſters at Hamburgh and Dantzic, to engage the magiſtrates of thoſe cities to forbid the ſale of corn to the French, and to ſignify to them, that the Dutch merchants will buy up as much of that commodity as they can ſpare; the Hamburghers have accordingly contracted with the Dutch, and refuſed any commerce with the French on that occaſion.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT.

AFTER the laſſitude of a day ſpent in the ſtrolling manner which is uſual with men of pleaſure in this town, and with a head full of a million of impertinencies, which had danced round it for ten hours together, I came to my lodging, and haſtened to bed. My valet de chambre knows my univerſity-trick of reading there; and he, being a good ſcholar for a gentleman, ran over the names of Horace, Tibullus, Ovid, and others, to know which I would have. 'Bring Virgil,' ſaid I; 'and if I fall 'aſleep, take care of the candle.' I read the ſixth book over with the moſt exquiſite delight, and had gone half through it a ſecond time, when the pleaſant ideas of Elyſian fields, deceaſed worthies walking in them, ſincere lovers enjoying their languiſhment without pain, compaſſion for the unhappy ſpirits who had miſ-ſpent their ſhort day-light, and were exiled from the ſeats of bliſs for ever; I ſay, I was deep again in my reading, when this mixture of images had taken place of all others in my imagination before, and lulled me into a dream, from which I am juſt awake, to my great diſadvantage. The happy manſions of Elyſium, by degrees, ſeemed to be wafted from me, and the very traces of my late waking thoughts began to fade away; when I was caſt by a ſudden whirlwind upon an iſland, encompaſſed with a roaring and troubled ſea, which ſhook it's very centre, and rocked it's inhabitants as in a cradle. The iſlanders lay on their faces without offering to look up, or hope for preſervation; all the harbours were crouded with mariners, and tall veſſels of war lay in danger of being driven to pieces on her ſhores. 'Bleſs me!' ſaid I, 'why have I lived in ſuch a manner, 'that the convulſion of nature ſhould 'be ſo terrible to me, when I feel in 'myſelf that the better part of me is to 'ſurvive it? Oh! may that be in happineſs!' A ſudden ſhriek, in which the whole people on their faces joined, interrupted my ſoliloquy, and turned my eyes and attention to the object which had given us that ſudden ſtart, in the midſt of an inconſolable and ſpeechleſs affliction. Immediately the winds grew calm, the waves ſubſided, and the people ſtood up, turning their faces upon a magnificent pile in the midſt of the iſland. There we beheld an hero of a comely and erect aſpect, but pale and languid, ſitting under a canopy of ſtate. By the faces and dumb ſorrow of thoſe who attended, we thought him in the article of death. At a diſtance ſat a lady, whoſe life ſeemed to hang upon the ſame thread with his: ſhe kept her eyes fixed upon him, and ſeemed to ſmother ten thouſand thouſand nameleſs things, which urged her tenderneſs to claſp him in her arms: but her greatneſs of ſpirit overcame thoſe ſentiments, and gave her power to forbear diſturbing his laſt moment; which immediately approached. The hero looked up with an air of negligence, and ſatiety of being, rather than of pain to leave it; and, leaning back his head, expired.

When the heroine, who ſat at a diſtance, ſaw his laſt inſtant come, ſhe threw herſelf at his feet, and kneeling, preſſed his hand to her lips, in which poſture ſhe continued under the agony of an unutterable ſorrow, until conducted from our ſight by her attendants. That commanding awe, which accompanies the grief of great minds, reſtrained the multitude while in her preſence; but as ſoon as ſhe retired, they gave way to their diſtraction, and all the iſlanders called upon their deceaſed hero. To him, methought, they cried

out, as to a guardian being; and I gathered from their broken accents, that it was he who had the empire over the ocean and it's powers, by which he had long protected the iſland from ſhipwreck and invaſion. They now give a looſe to their moan, and think themſelves expoſed without hopes of human or divine aſſiſtance. While the people ran wild, and expreſſed all the different forms of lamentation, methought a ſable cloud overſhadowed the whole land, and covered it's inhabitants with darkneſs: no glimpſe of light appeared, except one ray from Heaven upon the place in which the heroine now ſecluded herſelf from the world, with her eyes fixed on thoſe abodes to which her conſort was aſcended. Methought a long period of time had paſſed away in mourning and in darkneſs, when a twilight began by degrees to enlighten the hemiſphere; and looking round me, I ſaw a boat rowed towards the ſhore, in which ſat a perſonage adorned with warlike trophies, bearing on his left-arm a ſhield, on which was engraven the image of Victory, and in his right-hand a branch of olive. His viſage was at once ſo winning and ſo awful, that the ſhield and the olive ſeemed equally ſuitable to his genius.

When this illuſtrious perſon * touched on the ſhore, he was received by the acclamations of the people, and followed to the palace of the heroine. No pleaſure in the glory of her arms, or the acclamations of her applauding ſubjects, were ever capable to ſuſpend her ſorrow for one moment, until ſhe ſaw the olive-branch in the hand of that auſpicious meſſenger. At that ſight, as Heaven beſtows it's bleſſings on the wants and importunities of mortals, out of it's native bounty, and not to increaſe it's own power or honour, in compaſſion to the world, the celeſtial mourner was then firſt ſeen to turn her regard to things below; and taking the branch out of the warrior's hand, looked at it with much ſatisfaction, and ſpoke of the bleſſings of peace with a voice and accent ſuch as that in which guardian ſpirits whiſper to dying penitents aſſurances of happineſs. The air was huſhed, the multitude attentive, and all nature in a pauſe while ſhe was ſpeaking. But as ſoon as the meſſenger of peace had made ſome low reply, in which, methought, I heard the word Iberia, the heroine, aſſuming a more ſevere air, but ſuch as ſpoke reſolution without rage, returned him the olive, and again veiled her face. Loud cries and claſhing of arms immediately followed, which forced me from my charming viſion, and drove me back to theſe manſions of care and ſorrow.

Nº IX. SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1709.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, APRIL 28.

THIS evening we were entertained with the Old Batchelor, a comedy of deſerved reputation. In the character which gives name to the play, there is excellently repreſented the reluctance of a battered debauchee to come into the trammels of order and decency: he neither languiſhes nor burns, but frets for love. The gentlemen of more regular behaviour are drawn with much ſpirit and wit, and the drama introduced by the dialogue of the firſt ſcene with uncommon yet natural converſation. The part of Fondlewife is a lively image of the unſeaſonable fondneſs of age and impotence. But inſtead of ſuch agreeable works as theſe, the town has for half an age been tormented with inſects called Eaſy Writers, whoſe abilities Mr. Wycherly one day deſcribed excellently well in one word: 'That,' ſaid he, 'among theſe fellows, is called Eaſy 'Writing, which any one may eaſily 'write.' Such janty ſcribblers are ſo juſtly laughed at for their ſonnets on Phillis and Chloris; and fantaſtical deſcriptions in them, that an ingenious kinſman of mine, of the family of the Staffs, Mr. Humphrey Wagſtaff by name, has, to avoid their ſtrain, run into a way perfectly new, and deſcribed things exactly as they happen: he never forms fields, or nymphs, or groves, where they are not; but makes the incidents juſt as they really appear. For an example of it, I ſtole out of his ma-

* About this time the Duke of Marlborough returned from Holland, with the preliminaries of a peace.

nuſcript

nuſcript the following lines: they are a deſcription of the Morning, but of the morning in town; nay, of the morning at this end of the town, where my kinſman at preſent lodges.

Now hardly here and there an hackney-coach
Appearing, ſhow'd the ruddy morn's approach.
Now Betty from her maſter's bed had flown,
And ſoftly ſtole to diſcompoſe her own.
The ſlipſhod 'prentice, from his maſter's door,
Had par'd the ſtreet, and ſprinkled round the floor;
Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dext'rous airs,
Prepar'd to ſcrub the entry and the ſtairs.
The youth with broomy ſtumps began to trace
The kennel-edge, where wheels had worn the place.
The ſmall-coal-man was heard with cadence deep,
Till drown'd in ſhriller notes of chimney-ſweep.
Duns at his lordſhip's gates began to meet;
And briek-duſt Moll had ſcream'd thro' half a ſtreet:
The turnkey now his flock returning ſees,
Duly let out a' nights to ſteal for fees.
The watchful bailiffs take their ſilent ſtands;
And ſchool-boys lag with ſatchels in their hands.

All that I apprehend is, that dear Numps will be angry I have publiſhed theſe lines; not that he has any reaſon to be aſhamed of them, but for fear of thoſe rogues, the bane to all excellent performances, the Imitators. Therefore, before-hand, I bar all deſcriptions of the Evening; as, a medley of verſes ſignifying grey-peas are now cried warm; that wenches now begin to amble round the paſſages of the play-houſe: or of Noon; as, that fine ladies and great beaux are juſt yawning out of their beds and windows in Pall Mall, and ſo forth. I forewarn alſo all perſons from encouraging any draughts after my couſin; and foretel any man who ſhall go about to imitate him, that he will be very inſipid. The family-ſtock is embarked in this deſign, and we will not admit of counterfeits: Dr. Anderſon and his heirs enjoy his pills; Sir William Read has the cure of eyes, and Monſieur Roſſelli only can cure the gout. We pretend to none of theſe things; but to examine who and who are together, to tell any miſtaken man he is not what he believes he is, to diſtinguiſh merit, and expoſe falſe pretences to it, is a liberty our family has by law in them, from an intermarriage with a daughter of Mr. Scoggin, the famous droll of the laſt century. This right I deſign to make uſe of; but I will not encroach upon the above-mentioned adepts, or any other. At the ſame time, I ſhall take all the privileges I may, as an Engliſhman, and will lay hold of the late act of naturalization to introduce what I ſhall think fit from France. The uſe of that law may, I hope, be extended to people the polite world with new characters, as well as the kingdom itſelf with new ſubjects. Therefore, an author of that nation, called Le Bruyere, I ſhall make bold with on ſuch occaſions. The laſt perſon I read of in that writer was Lord Timon. 'Timon,' ſays my author, 'is the moſt generous of all men; but is 'ſo hurried away with that ſtrong im-'pulſe of beſtowing, that he confers be-'nefits without diſtinction, and is mu-'nificent without laying obligations: 'for all the unworthy, who receive 'from him, have ſo little ſenſe of this 'noble infirmity, that they look upon 'themſelves rather as partners in a ſpoil 'than partakers of a bounty. The 'other day, coming into Paris, I met 'Timon going out on horſeback, at-'tended only by one ſervant. It ſtruck 'me with a ſudden damp, to ſee a man of 'ſo excellent a diſpoſition, and who un-'derſtood making a figure ſo very well, 'ſo much ſhortened in his retinue. But 'paſſing by his houſe, I ſaw his great 'coach break to pieces before his door, 'and, by a ſtrange enchantment, im-'mediately turned into many different 'vehicles. The firſt was a very pretty 'chariot, into which ſtepped his lord-'ſhip's ſecretary. The ſecond was 'hung a little heavier; into that ſtrutted 'the fat ſteward. In an inſtant fol-'lowed a chaiſe, which was entered by 'the butler. The reſt of the body and 'wheels were forthwith changed into 'go-carts, and ran away with by the 'nurſes and brats of the reſt of the fa-'mily. What makes theſe misfortunes 'in the affairs of Timon the more aſto-'niſhing is, that he has better under-'ſtanding than thoſe who cheat him; ſo 'that a man knows not which more to 'wonder at, the indifference of the 'maſter, or the impudence of the ſer-'vant.'

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, APRIL 29.

IT is matter of much ſpeculation among the beaux and oglers, what it is that can have made ſo ſudden a change, as has been of late obſerved, in the whole behaviour of Paſtorella, who never ſat ſtill a moment until ſhe was eighteen, which ſhe has now exceeded by two months. Her aunt, who has the care of her, has not been always ſo rigid as ſhe is at this preſent date; but has ſo good a ſenſe of the frailty of woman, and falſhood of man, that ſhe reſolved on all manner of methods to keep Paſtorella, if poſſible, in ſafety, againſt herſelf and all her admirers. At the ſame time the good lady knew, by long experience, that a gay inclination, curbed too raſhly, would but run to the greater exceſſes for that reſtraint: ſhe therefore intended to watch her, and take ſome opportunity of engaging her inſenſibly in her own intereſts, without the anguiſh of admonition. You are to know then, that Miſs, with all her flirting and ogleing, had alſo naturally a ſtrong curioſity in her, and was the greateſt eavesdropper breathing. Pariſatis (for ſo her prudent aunt is called) obſerved this humour, and retires one day to her cloſet, into which ſhe knew Paſtorella would peep, and liſten to know how ſhe was employed. It happened accordingly; and the young lady ſaw her good governante on her knees, and, after a mental behaviour, break into theſe words: 'As for the dear child committed to my care, let her ſobriety of carriage, and ſeverity of behaviour, be ſuch as may make that noble lord who is taken with her beauty, turn his deſigns to ſuch as are honourable.' Here Pariſatis heard her niece neſtle cloſer to the key-hole: ſhe then goes on—'Make her the joyful mother of a numerous and wealthy offspring; and let her carriage be ſuch, as may make this noble youth expect the bleſſings of an happy marriage, from the ſingularity of her life, in this looſe and cenſorious age.' Miſs having heard enough, ſneaks off for fear of diſcovery, and immediately at her glaſs alters the ſitting of her head; then pulls up her tucker, and forms herſelf into the exact manner of Lindamira: in a word, becomes a ſincere convert to every thing that is commendable in a fine young lady; and two or three ſuch matches, as her aunt feigned in her devotions, are at this day in her choice. This is the hiſtory and original cauſe of Paſtorella's converſion from coquetry. The prudence in the management of this young lady's temper, and good judgment of it, is hardly to be exceeded. I ſcarce remember a greater inſtance of forbearance of the uſual peeviſh way with which the aged treat the young than this, except that of our famous Noy, whoſe good-nature went ſo far, as to make him put off his admonitions to his ſon, even until after his death; and did not give him his thoughts of him, until he came to read that memorable paſſage in his will—'All the reſt of my eſtate,' ſays he, 'I leave to my ſon Edward, (who is executor to this my will) to be ſquandered as he ſhall think fit: I leave it him for that purpoſe, and hope no better from him.' A generous diſdain, and reflection upon how little he deſerved from ſo excellent a father, reformed the young man, and made Edward from an errant rake become a fine gentleman.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, APRIL 29.

LETTERS from Portugal of the eighteenth inſtant, dated from Eſtremos, ſay, that on the ſixth the Earl of Galway arrived at that place, and had the ſatisfaction to ſee the quarters well furniſhed with all manner of proviſions, and a quantity of bread ſufficient for ſubſiſting the troops for ſixty days, beſides biſcuit for twenty-five days. The enemy gave it out, that they ſhall bring into the field fourteen regiments of horſe, and twenty-four battalions. The troops in the ſervice of Portugal will make up fourteen thouſand foot, and four thouſand horſe. On the day theſe letters were diſpatched, the Earl of Galway received advice, that the Marquis de Bay was preparing for ſome enterprize, by gathering his troops together on the frontiers. Whereupon his Excellency reſolved to go that ſame night to Villa Vicioſa, to aſſemble the troops in that neighbourhood, in order to diſappoint his deſigns.

Yeſterday in the evening Captain Foxton, aid-de-camp to Major-general Cadogan, arrived here expreſs from the Duke of Marlborough. And this day a mail is come in with letters dated from Bruſſels of the ſixth of May, N. S. which adviſe,

advise, that the enemy had drawn together a body, consisting of twenty thousand men, with a design, as was supposed, to intercept the great convoy on the march towards Lisle, which was safely arrived at Menin and Courtray, in it's way to that place, the French having retired without making any attempt.

We hear from the Hague, that a person of the first quality is arrived in the Low Countries from France, in order to be a plenipotentiary in an ensuing treaty of peace.

Letters from France acknowledge, that Monsieur Bernard has made no higher offers of satisfaction to his creditors than of thirty-five pounds per cent.

These advices add, that the Marshal Boufflers, Monsieur Torcy, (who distinguished himself formerly by advising the Court of France to adhere to the treaty of partition) and Monsieur d'Harcourt, (who negotiated with Cardinal Portocarrero for the succession of the crown of Spain in the House of Bourbon) are all three joined in a commission for a treaty of peace. The Marshal is come to Ghent: the other two are arrived at the Hague.

It is confidently reported here, that the Right Honourable the Lord Townshend is to go with his Grace the Duke of Marlborough into Holland.

Nº X. TUESDAY, MAY 3, 1709.

BY MRS. JENNY DISTAFF, HALF-SISTER TO MR. BICKERSTAFF.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAY 1.

MY brother Isaac, having a sudden occasion to go out of town, ordered me to take upon me the dispatch of the next advices from home, with liberty to speak in my own way; not doubting the allowances which would be given to a writer of my sex. You may be sure I undertook it with much satisfaction: and I confess, I am not a little pleased with the opportunity of running over all the papers in his closet, which he has left open for my use on this occasion. The first that I lay my hands on, is, a treatise concerning 'the Empire of Beauty,' and the effects it has had, in all nations of the world, upon the public and private actions of men; with an appendix, which he calls, 'The Batchelor's Scheme for governing his Wife.' The first thing he makes this gentleman propose, is, that she shall be no woman; for she is to have an aversion to balls, to operas, to visits: she is to think his company sufficient to fill up all the hours of life with great satisfaction; she is never to believe any other man wise, learned, or valiant; or at least, but in a second degree. In the next place, he intends she shall be a cuckold; but expects, that he himself must live in perfect security from that terror. He dwells a great while on instructions for her discreet behaviour, in case of his falshood. I have not patience with these unreasonable expectations, therefore turn back to the treatise itself. Here, indeed, my brother deduces all the revolutions among men from the passion of love; and in his preface answers that usual observation against us, that there is no quarrel without a woman in it; with a gallant assertion, that there is nothing else worth quarrelling for. My brother is of a complexion truly amorous; all his thoughts and actions carry in them a tincture of that obliging inclination; and this turn has opened his eyes to see, that we are not the inconsiderable creatures which unlucky pretenders to our favour would insinuate. He observes, that no man begins to make any tolerable figure until he sets out with the hopes of pleasing some one of us. No sooner he takes that in hand, but he pleases every one else by the bye. It has an immediate effect upon his behaviour. There is Colonel Ranter, who never spoke without an oath, until he saw the Lady Betty Modish; now, never gives his man an order, but it is—'Pray, 'Tom, do it.' The drawers where he drinks live in perfect happiness. He asked Will at the George the other day, how he did. Where he used to say, 'Damn it, it is so;' he now believes there is some mistake; he must confess, he is of another opinion; but however he will not insist.

Every temper, except downright insipid, is to be animated and softened by the influence of beauty: but of this un-

tractable

tractable ſort is a lifeleſs handſome fellow that viſits us, whom I have dreſſed at this twelvemonth; but he is as inſenſible of all the arts I uſe, as if he converſed all that time with his nurſe. He outdoes our whole ſex in all the faults our enemies impute to us; he has brought lazineſs into an opinion, and makes his indolence his philoſophy: inſomuch that no longer ago than yeſterday in the evening he gave me this account of himſelf: 'I am, Madam, perfectly unmoved at all that paſſes among men, and ſeldom give myſelf the fatigue of going among them; but when I do, I always appear the ſame thing to thoſe whom I converſe with. My hours of exiſtence, or being awake, are from eleven in the morning to eleven at night; half of which I live to myſelf, in picking my teeth, waſhing my hands, paring my nails, and looking in the glaſs. The inſignificancy of my manners to the reſt of the world, makes the laughers call me a Quidnunc, a phraſe which I neither underſtand, nor ſhall ever enquire what they mean by it. The laſt of me each night is at St. James's coffee-houſe, where I converſe, yet never fall into a diſpute on any occaſion; but leave the underſtanding I have, paſſive of all that goes through it, without entering into the buſineſs of life. And thus, Madam, have I arrived by lazineſs, to what others pretend to by philoſophy, a perfect neglect of the world.' Sure, if our ſex had the liberty of frequenting public-houſes and converſations, we ſhould put theſe rivals of our faults and follies out of countenance. However, we ſhall ſoon have the pleaſure of being acquainted with them one way or other; for my brother Iſaac deſigns, for the uſe of our ſex, to give the exact characters of all the chief politicians who frequent any of the coffee-houſes from St. James's to the Exchange; but deſigns to begin with that cluſter of wiſe-heads, as they are found ſitting every evening from the left-ſide of the fire, at the Smyrna, to the door. This will be of great ſervice for us; and I have authority to promiſe an exact journal of their deliberations, the publication of which I am to be allowed for pin-money. In the mean time, I caſt my eye upon a new book, which gave me more pleaſing entertainment, being a ſixth part of Miſcellany Poems publiſhed by Jacob Tonſon; which, I find, by my brother's notes upon it, no way inferior to the other volumes. There is, it ſeems, in this, a collection of the beſt paſtorals that have hitherto appeared in England; but among them none ſuperior to that dialogue between Sylvia and Dorinda, written by one of my own ſex; where all our little weakneſſes are laid open in a manner more juſt, and with truer raillery, than ever man yet hit upon.

Only this I now diſcern,
From the things thou'dſt have me learn;
That womankind's peculiar joys
From paſt or preſent beauties riſe.

'But to reaſſume my firſt deſign, there cannot be a greater inſtance of the command of females, than in the prevailing charms of the heroine in the play, which was acted this night, called All For Love; or, The World Well Loſt. The enamoured Anthony reſigns glory and power to the force of the attractive Cleopatra, whoſe charms were the defence of her diadem againſt a people otherwiſe invincible. It is ſo natural for women to talk of themſelves, that it is to be hoped, all my own ſex at leaſt will pardon me, that I could fall into no other diſcourſe. If we have their favour, we give ourſelves very little anxiety for the reſt of our readers. I believe I ſee a ſentence of Latin in my brother's day-book of wit, which ſeems applicable on this occaſion, and in contempt of the critics—

——Triſtitiam et Metus
Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
Portare ventis. HOR. OD. 26. L. I. V. 2.

No boding fears ſhall break my reſt,
Nor anxious cares invade my breaſt;
Puff them, ye wanton gales, away,
And plunge them in the Cretan ſea.
R. WYNNE.

But I am interrupted by a packet from Mr. Kidney, from St. James's Coffee-houſe, which I am obliged to inſert in the very ſtile and words which Mr. Kidney uſes in his letter.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, MAY 2.

WE are adviſed by letters from Bern, dated the firſt inſtant, N. S. that the Duke of Berwick arrived at Lyons the twenty-fifth of the laſt month, and continued his journey the next day to viſit the paſſes of the mountains, and other poſts in Dauphiné

phiné and Provence. Theſe letters alſo informed us, that the miſeries of the people in France are heightened to that degree, that unleſs a peace be ſpeedily concluded, half of that kingdom would periſh for want of bread. On the twenty-fourth, the Marſhal de Theſſe paſſed through Lyons, in his way to Verſailles; and two battalions, which were marching from Alſace to reinforce the army of the Duke of Berwick, paſſed alſo through that place. Thoſe troops were to be followed by ſix battalions more.

Letters from Naples of the ſixteenth of April ſay, that the Marquis de Prie's ſon was arrived there, with inſtructions from his father, to ſignify to the Viceroy the neceſſity his Imperial Majeſty was under of deſiring an aid from that kingdom for carrying on the extraordinary expences of the war. On the fourteenth of the ſame month, they made a review of the Spaniſh troops in that garriſon, and afterwards of the marines; one part of whom will embark with thoſe deſigned for Barcelona, and the reſt are to be ſent on board the gallies appointed to convoy proviſions to that place.

We hear from Rome, by letters dated the twentieth of April, that the Count de Mellos, envoy from the King of Portugal, had made his public entry into that city with much ſtate and magnificence. The Pope has lately held two other conſiſtories, wherein he made a promotion of two cardinals; but the acknowledgment of King Charles is ſtill deferred.

Letters from other parts of Italy adviſe us, that the Doge of Venice continues dangerouſly ill: that the Prince de Carignan, having relapſed into a violent fever, died the twenty-third of April, in his eightieth year.

Advices from Vienna, of the twenty-ſeventh of April, import, that the Archbiſhop of Saltzburg is dead, who is ſucceeded by Count Harrach, formerly biſhop of Vienna, and for theſe laſt three years coadjutor to the ſaid archbiſhop; and that Prince Maximilian of Litchtenſtein has likewiſe departed this life at his country-ſeat called Cromaw in Moravia. Theſe advices add, that the Emperor has named Count Zinzendorf, Count Goes, and Monſieur Conſbruck, for his plenipotentiaries in an enſuing treaty of peace; and they hear from Hungary, that the Imperialiſts have had ſeveral ſucceſsful ſkirmiſhes with the malecontents.

Letters from Paris, dated May the ſixth, ſay that the Marſhal de Theſſe arrived there on the twenty-ninth of the laſt month, and that the Chevalier de Beuil was ſent thither by Don Pedro Ronquillo with advice, that the confederate ſquadron appeared before Alicant on the ſeventeenth, and having for ſome time cannonaded the city, endeavoured to land ſome troops for the relief of the caſtle; but General Stanhope finding the paſſages well guarded, and the enterprize dangerous, demanded to capitulate for the caſtle; which being granted him, the garriſon, conſiſting of ſix hundred regular troops, marched out with their arms and baggage the day following; and being received on board, they immediately ſet ſail for Barcelona. Theſe letters add, that the march of the French and Swiſs regiments is further deferred for a few days, and that the Duke of Noailles was juſt ready to ſet out for Rouſſillon, as well as the Count de Bezons for Catalonia.

The ſame advices ſay, bread was ſold at Paris for ſix-pence a pound; and that there was not half enough, even at that rate, to ſupply the neceſſities of the people, which reduced them to the utmoſt deſpair; that three hundred men had taken up arms, and having plundered the market of the ſuburb of St. Germain, preſſed down by their multitude the king's guards who oppoſed them. Two of thoſe mutineers were afterwards ſeized and condemned to death; but four others went to the magiſtrate who pronounced that ſentence, and told him, he muſt expect to anſwer with his own life for thoſe of their comrades. All order and ſenſe of government being thus loſt among the enraged people; to keep up a ſhew of authority, the captain of the guards, who ſaw all their inſolence, pretended that he had repreſented to the king their deplorable condition, and had obtained their pardon. It is further reported, that the Dauphin and Dutcheſs of Burgundy, as they went to the opera, were ſurrounded by crowds of people, who upbraided them with their neglect of the general calamity, in going to diverſions when the whole people were ready to periſh for want of bread. Edicts are daily publiſhed to ſuppreſs thoſe riots; and papers, with menaces againſt the government, as publicly thrown

about. Among others, these words were dropped in a court of justice: 'France wants a Ravilliac or a Jesuit 'to deliver her.' Besides this universal distress, there is a contagious sickness, which, it is feared, will end in a pestilence. Letters from Bourdeaux bring accounts no less lamentable: the peasants are driven by hunger from their abodes into that city, and make lamentations in the streets without redress.

We are advised by letters from the Hague, dated the tenth instant, N. S. that on the sixth the Marquis de Torcy arrived there from Paris; but the passport by which he came having been sent blank by Monsieur Rouille, he was there two days before his quality was known. That minister offered to communicate to Monsieur Heinsius the proposals which he had to make; but the pensionary refused to see them, and said he would signify it to the States, who deputed some of their own body to acquaint him, that they would enter into no negociation until the arrival of his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, and the other ministers of the alliance. Prince Eugene was expected there the twelfth instant from Brussels. It is said, that, besides Monsieur de Torcy, and Monsieur Pajot, director-general of the posts, there are two or three persons at the Hague, whose names are not known; but it is supposed that the Duke d'Alba, ambassador from the Duke of Anjou, was one of them. The States have sent letters to all the cities of the provinces, desiring them to send their deputies to receive the propositions of peace made by the court of France.

Nº XI. THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1709.

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQ.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, MAY 3.

A Kinsman has sent me a letter, wherein he informs me, he had lately resolved to write an heroic poem, but by business has been interrupted, and has only made one similitude, which he should be afflicted to have wholly lost; and begs of me to apply it to something, being very desirous to see it well placed in the world. I am so willing to help the distressed, that I have taken it in: but, though his greater genius might very well distinguish his verses from mine, I have marked where his begin. His lines are a description of the sun in eclipse, which I know nothing more like than a brave man in sorrow, who bears it as he should, without imploring the pity of his friends, or being dejected with the contempt of his enemies: as in the case of Cato.

When all the globe to Cæsar's fortune bow'd,
Cato alone his empire disallow'd;
With inborn strength alone oppos'd mankind,
With heav'n in view, to all below it blind:
Regardless of his friends applause, or moan,
Alone triumphant, since he falls alone:

'Thus when the Ruler of the genial day
'Behind some dark'ning planet forms his
'way,
'Desponding mortals, with officious care,
'The concave drum, and magic brass pre-
'pare;
'Implore him to sustain th' important sight,
'And save depending worlds from endless
'night;
'Fondly they hope their labour may avail
'To ease his conflict, and assist his toil.
'Whilst he, in beams of native splendor
'bright,
'(Tho' dark his orb appear to human sight)
'Shines to the gods with more diffusive
'light;
'To distant stars with equal glory burns,
'Inflames their lamps, and feeds their golden
'urns,
'Sure to retain his known superior tract,
'And proves the more illustrious by defect.'

This is a very lively image; but I must take the liberty to say, my kinsman drives the sun a little like Phaeton: he has all the warmth of Phœbus, but will not stay for his direction of it. Avail and Toil, Defect and Tract, will never do for rhymes. But, however, he has the true spirit in him; for which reason I was willing to entertain any thing he pleased to send me. The subject which he writes upon naturally raises great reflections in the soul, and puts us in mind of the mixed condition which we mortals are to support; which, as it varies to good or bad, adorns or defaces our actions to the beholders: all which glory and shame must end in what we so much repine at, death. But doctrines on this occasion, any other than that of living well, are the most insignificant

insignificant and most empty of all the labours of men. None but a tragedian can die by rule, and wait until he discovers a plot, or says a fine thing upon his *exit*. In real life, this is a chimæra; and by noble spirits it will be done decently without the ostentation of it. We see men of all conditions and characters go through it with equal resolution: and if we consider the speeches of mighty philosophers, heroes, lawgivers, and great captains, they can produce no more in a discerning spirit, than rules to make a man a fop on his death-bed. Commend me to that natural greatness of soul, expressed by an innocent, and consequently resolute country-fellow, who said in the pains of the colic—'If 'I once get this breath out of my body, 'you shall hang me before you put it 'in again.' Honest Ned! and so he died.

But it is to be supposed that from this place you may expect an account of such a thing as a new play is not to be omitted. The comedy acted this night is the newest that ever was writ. The author is my ingenious friend Mr. Thomas Durfey. This drama is called 'The Modern Prophets,' and is a most unanswerable satire against the late spirit of enthusiasm. The writer had by long experience observed, that in company very grave discourses had been followed by bawdry; and therefore has turned the humour that way with great success, and taken from his audience all manner of superstition, by the agitations of pretty Mrs. Bignell, whom he has, with great subtilty, made a lay-sister, as well as a propheteſs; by which means she carries on the affairs of both worlds with great success. My friend designs to go on with another work against winter, which he intends to call 'The Mo-'dern Poets:' a people no less mistaken in their opinions of being inspired than the other. In order to this, he has by him seven songs, besides many ambiguities, which cannot be mistaken for any thing but what he means them. Mr. Durfey generally writes state-plays, and is wonderfully useful to the world in such representations. This method is the same that was used by the old Athenians, to laugh out of countenance, or promote opinions among the people. My friend has therefore, against this play is acted for his own benefit, made two dances, which may be also of an universal benefit. In the first, he has represented Absolute Power in the person of a tall man with an hat and feather, who gives his first minister, that stands just before him, an huge kick; the minister gives the kick to the next before; and so to the end of the stage. In this moral and practical jest, you are made to understand, that there is, in an absolute government, no gratification, but giving the kick you receive from one above you to one below you. This is performed to a grave and melancholy air; but on a sudden the tune moves quicker, and the whole company fall into a circle, and take hands; and then, at a certain sharp note, they move round, and kick as kick can. This latter performance he makes to be the representation of a free state; where, if you all mind your steps, you may go round and round very jollily, with a motion pleasant to yourselves and those you dance with: nay, if you put yourselves out, at the worst you only kick and are kicked, like friends and equals.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAY 4.

Of all the vanities under the sun, I confess that of being proud of one's birth is the greatest. At the same time, since in this unreasonable age, by the force of prevailing custom, things in which men have no hand are imputed to them; and that I am used by some people, as if Isaac Bickerstaff, though I write myself Esquire, was nobody: to set the world right in that particular, I shall give you my genealogy, as a kinsman of ours has sent it me from the Herald's Office. It is certain, and observed by the wisest writers, that there are women who are not nicely chaste, and men not severely honest, in all families; therefore let those who may be apt to cast aspersions upon ours, please to give us as impartial an account of their own, and we shall be satisfied. The business of heralds is a matter of so great nicety, that, to avoid mistakes, I shall give you my cousin's letter verbatim, without altering a syllable.

DEAR COUSIN,

SINCE you have been pleased to make yourself so famous of late, by your ingenious writings, and some time ago by your learned predictions: since Partridge, of immortal memory, is dead

and gone, who, poetical as he was, could not underſtand his own poetry; and philomatical as he was, could not read his own deſtiny: ſince the Pope, the King of France, and great part of his court, are either literally or metaphorically defunct: ſince, I ſay, theſe things (not foretold by any one but yourſelf) have come to paſs after ſo ſurpriſing a manner; it is with no ſmall concern I ſee the original of the Staffian race ſo little known to the world as it is at this time; for which reaſon, as you have employed your ſtudies in aſtronomy, and the occult ſciences, ſo I, my mother being a Welſh woman, dedicated mine to genealogy, particularly that of our own family, which, for it's antiquity and number, may challenge any in Great Britain. The Staffs are originally of Staffordſhire, which took it's name from them: the firſt that I find of the Staffs was one Jacobſtaff, a famous and renowned aſtronomer, who, by Dorothy his wife, had iſſue ſeven ſons, viz. Bickerſtaff, Longſtaff, Wagſtaff, Quarterſtaff, Whiteſtaff, Falſtaff, and Tipſtaff. He alſo had a younger brother, who was twice married, and had five ſons, viz. Diſtaff, Pikeſtaff, Mopſtaff, Broomſtaff, and Raggedſtaff. As for the branch from whence you ſpring, I ſhall ſay very little of it, only that it is the chief of the Staffs, and called Bickerſtaff, quaſi Biggerſtaff; as much as to ſay, the Great Staff, or Staff of Staffs; and that it has applied itſelf to aſtronomy with great ſucceſs, after the example of our aforeſaid forefather. The deſcendants from Longſtaff, the ſecond ſon, were a rakiſh diſorderly ſort of people, and rambled from one place to another, until, in Harry the Second's time, they ſettled in Kent, and were called Long-Tails, from the Long-Tails which were ſent them as a puniſhment for the murder of Thomas-a-Becket, as the legends ſay. They have always been ſought after by the ladies; but whether it be to ſhew their averſion to Popery, or their love to miracles, I cannot ſay. The Wagſtaffs are a merry thoughtleſs ſort of people, who have always been opinionated of their own wit; they have turned themſelves moſtly to poetry. This is the moſt numerous branch of our family, and the pooreſt. The Quarterſtaffs are moſt of them prize-fighters or deer-ſtealers: there have been ſo many of them hanged lately, that there are very few of that branch of our family left. The Whiteſtaffs are all courtiers, and have had very conſiderable places. There have been ſome of them of that ſtrength and dexterity, that five hundred of the ableſt men in the kingdom have often tugged in vain to pull a ſtaff out of their hands. The Falſtaffs are ſtrangely given to whoring and drinking: there are abundance of them in and about London. And one thing is very remarkable of this branch, and that is, there are juſt as many women as men in it. There was a wicked ſtick of wood of this name in Harry the Fourth's time, one Sir John Falſtaff. As for Tipſtaff, the youngeſt ſon, he was an honeſt fellow; but his ſons, and his ſons ſons, have all of them been the verieſt rogues living: it is this unlucky branch that has ſtocked the nation with that ſwarm of lawyers, attornies, ſerjeants, and bailiffs, with which the nation is over-run. Tipſtaff, being a ſeventh ſon, uſed to cure the king's-evil; but his raſcally deſcendants are ſo far from having that healing quality, that by a touch upon the ſhoulder, they give a man ſuch an ill habit of body, that he can never come abroad afterwards. This is all I know of the line of Jacobſtaff: his younger brother Iſaacſtaff, as I told you before, had five ſons, and was married twice; his firſt wife was a Staff, (for they did not ſtand upon falſe heraldry in thoſe days) by whom he had one ſon, who in proceſs of time, being a ſchoolmaſter, and well read in the Greek, called himſelf Diſtaff, or Twiceſtaff. He was not very rich, ſo he put his children out to trades; and the Diſtaffs have ever ſince been employed in the woollen and linen manufactures, except myſelf, who am a genealogiſt. Pikeſtaff, the eldeſt ſon, by the ſecond venter, was a man of buſineſs, a downright plodding fellow, and withal ſo plain, that he became a proverb. Moſt of this family are at preſent in the army. Raggedſtaff was an unlucky boy, and uſed to tear his cloaths in getting birds neſts, and was always playing with a tame bear his father kept. Mopſtaff fell in love with one of his father's maids, and uſed to help her to clean the houſe. Broomſtaff was a chimney-ſweeper. The Mopſtaffs and Broomſtaffs are naturally as civil people as ever went out of doors; but, alas! if they once get into ill hands, they knock down

down all before them. Pilgrimſtaff ran away from his friends, and went ſtrolling about the country: and Pipeſtaff was a wine-cooper. Theſe two were the unlawful iſſue of Longſtaff.

N. B. The Canes, the Clubs, the Cudgels, the Wands, the Devil upon Two Sticks, and one Bread, that goes by the name of Staff of Life, are none of our relations. I am, dear couſin, your humble ſervant,

D. DISTAFF.

FROM THE HERALD'S OFFICE, MAY 1.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, MAY 4.

As political news is not the principal ſubject on which we treat, we are ſo happy as to have no occaſion for that art of cookery which our brother newſmongers ſo much excel in; as appears by their excellent and inimitable manner of dreſſing up a ſecond time for your taſte the ſame diſh which they gave you the day before, in caſe there come over no new pickles from Holland. Therefore when we have nothing to ſay to you from courts and camps, we hope ſtill to give you ſomewhat new and curious from ourſelves: the women of our houſe, upon occaſion, being capable of carrying on the buſineſs, according to the laudable cuſtom of the wives in Holland; but, without farther preface, take what we have not mentioned in our former relations.

Letters from Hanover, of the thirtieth of laſt month, ſay, that the Prince Royal of Pruſſia arrived there on the fifteenth, and left that court on the ſecond of this month, in purſuit of his journey to Flanders, where he makes the enſuing campaign. Thoſe advices add, that the young Prince Naſſau, hereditary governor of Frieſland, conſummated on the twenty-ſixth of the laſt month, his marriage with the beauteous Princeſs of Heſſe Caſſel, with a pomp and magnificence ſuitable to their age and quality.

Letters from Paris ſay, his Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty retired to Marly on the firſt inſtant, N. S. And our laſt advices from Spain inform us, that the Prince of Aſturias had made his public entry into Madrid in great ſplendor. The Duke of Anjou has given Don Joſeph Hartadode Amaraga the government of Terra Firma de Veragua, and the preſidency of Panama in America. They add, that the forces commanded by the Marquis de Bay have been reinforced by ſix battalions of Spaniſh and Walloon guards. Letters from Liſbon adviſe, that the army of the King of Portugal was at Elvas on the twenty-ſecond of the laſt month, and would decamp on the twenty-fourth, in order to march upon the enemy, who lay at Badajos.

Yeſterday, at four in the morning, his Grace the Duke of Marlborough ſet out for Margate, and embarked for Holland at eight this morning.

Yeſterday alſo Sir George Thorold was declared Alderman of Cordwainers ward, in the room of his brother Sir Charles Thorold, deceaſed.

Nº XII. SATURDAY, MAY 7. 1709.

MAY 5.

WHEN a man has engaged to keep a ſtage-coach, he is obliged, whether he has paſſengers or not, to ſet out: thus it fares with us weekly hiſtorians; but indeed, for my particular, I hope I ſhall ſoon have little more to do in this work than to publiſh what is ſent me from ſuch as have leiſure and capacity for giving delight, and being pleaſed in an elegant manner. The preſent grandeur of the Britiſh nation might make us expect that we ſhould riſe in our public diverſions, and manner of enjoying life, in proportion to our advancement in glory and power. Inſtead of that, ſurvey this town, and you will find rakes and debauchees are your men of pleaſure; thoughtleſs atheiſts and illiterate drunkards call themſelves Free-thinkers; and gameſters, banterers, biters, ſwearers, and twenty new-born inſects more, are, in their ſeveral ſpecies, the modern men of wit. Hence it is, that a man who has been out of town but one half year, has loſt the language, and muſt have ſome friend to ſtand by him, and keep him in countenance for talking common ſenſe. To-day I ſaw a ſhort interlude at White's, of this nature, which I took notes of, and put together as well as I could in a public

public place. The persons of the drama are Pip, the last gentleman that has been made so at cards; Trimmer, a person half undone at them, and who is now between a cheat and a gentleman; Acorn, an honest Englishman of good plain sense and meaning; and Mr. Friendly, a reasonable man of the town.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, MAY 5.

Enter Pip, Trimmer, and Acorn.

Ac. What is the matter, gentlemen? What! take no notice of an old friend?

Pip. Pox on it! do not talk to me, I am Voweled by the count, and cursedly out of humour.

Ac. Voweled!—pry'thee, Trimmer, what does he mean by that?

Trim. Have a care, Harry, speak softly; do not show your ignorance:——If you do, they will bite you wherever they meet you, they are such curs'd curs ——the present wits.

Ac. Bite me! what do you mean?

Pip. Why! do not you know what biting is? nay, you are in the right on it. However, one would learn it only to defend one's self against men of wit, as one would know the tricks of play, to be secure against the cheats. But do not you hear, Acorn, that report, that some potentates of the Alliance have taken care of themselves exclusive of us?

Ac. How! Heaven forbid! after all our glorious victories; all the expence of blood and treasure!

Pip. Bite!

Ac. Bite! how?

Trim. Nay, he has bit you fairly enough; that is certain.

Ac. Pox! I do not feel it——How? where?

[Exeunt Pip and Trimmer laughing.

Ac. Ho! Mr. Friendly, your most humble servant; you heard what passed between those fine gentlemen and me. Pip complained to me, that he has been voweled; and they tell me I am bit.

Friend. You are to understand, Sir, that simplicity of behaviour, which is the perfection of good-breeding and good-sense, is utterly lost in the world; and in the room of it there are started a thousand little inventions, which men, barren of better things, take up in the place of it. Thus for every character in conversation that used to please, there is an impostor put upon you. He whom we allowed, and formerly, for a certain pleasant subtilty, and natural way of giving you an unexpected hit, called a Droll, is now mimicked by a Biter, who is a dull fellow, that tells you a lye with a grave face, and laughs at you for knowing him no better than to believe him. Instead of that sort of companion who could railly you, and keep his countenance, until he made you fall into some little inconsistency of behaviour, at which you yourself could laugh with him, you have the Sneerer, who will keep you company from morning to night to gather your follies of the day, (which perhaps you commit out of confidence in him) and expose you in the evening to all the scorners in town. For your man of sense and free spirit, whose set of thoughts were built upon learning, reason, and experience, you have now an impudent creature made up of vice only, who supports his ignorance by his courage, and want of learning by contempt of it.

Ac. Dear Sir, hold: what you have told me already of this change in conversation is too miserable to be heard with any delight; but methinks, as these new creatures appear in the world, it might give an excellent field to writers for the stage, to divert us with the representation of them there.

Friend. No, no; as you say, there might be some hopes of redress of these grievances, if there were proper care taken of the theatre; but the history of that is yet more lamentable than that of the decay of conversation I gave you.

Ac. Pray, Sir, a little: I have not been in town these six years, until within this fortnight.

Friend. It is now some years since several revolutions in the gay world had made the empire of the stage subject to very fatal convulsions, which were too dangerous to be cured by the skill of little King Oberon, who then sat on the throne of it. The laziness of this Prince threw him upon the choice of a person who was fit to spend his life in contentions, an able and profound attorney, to whom he mortgaged his whole empire. This Divito is the most skilful of all politicians: he has a perfect art in being unintelligible in discourse, and uncomeatable in business. But he, having no understanding in this polite way, brought in upon us, to get in his money, ladder-dancers, rope-dancers, jugglers, and

and mountebanks, to ſtrut in the place of Shakeſpeare's heroes, and Johnſon's humouriſts. When the ſeat of wit was thus mortgaged, without equity of redemption, an architect aroſe, who has built the Muſe a new palace, but ſecured her no retinue; ſo that inſtead of action there, we have been put off by ſong and dance. This later help of ſound has alſo began to fail for want of voices; therefore the palace has ſince been put into the hands of a ſurgeon, who cuts any foreign fellow into an eunuch, and paſſes him upon us for a ſinger of Italy.

Ac. I will go out of town to-morrow.

Friend. Things are come to this paſs; and yet the world will not underſtand, that the theatre has much the ſame effect on the manners of the age, as the bank on the credit of the nation. Wit and ſpirit, humour and good ſenſe, can never be revived, but under the government of thoſe who are judges of ſuch talents; who know, that whatever is put up in their ſtead, is but a ſhort and trifling expedient, to ſupport the appearance of them for a ſeaſon. It is poſſible, a peace will give leiſure to put theſe matters under new regulations; but, at preſent, all the aſſiſtance we can ſee towards our recovery is as far from giving us help, as a poultice is from performing what can be done only by the grand elixir.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, MAY 6.

ACCORDING to our late deſign in the applauded verſes on the Morning, which you lately had from hence, we proceed to improve that juſt intention, and preſent you with other labours, made proper to the place in which they were written. The following poem comes from Copenhagen, and is as fine a winter-piece as we have ever had from any of the ſchools of the moſt learned painters. Such images as theſe give us a new pleaſure in our ſight, and fix upon our minds traces of reflexion, which accompany us whenever the like objects occur. In ſhort, excellent poetry and deſcription dwell upon us ſo agreeably, that all the readers of them are made to think, if not write, like men of wit. But it would be injury to detain you longer from this excellent performance, which is addreſſed to the Earl of Dorſet by Mr. Philips, the author of ſeveral choice poems in Mr. Tonſon's New Miſcellany.

COPENHAGEN, MARCH 9, 1709.

FROM frozen climes, and endleſs tracts of ſnow,
From ſtreams that northern winds forbid to flow;
What preſent ſhall the muſe to Dorſet bring;
Or how, ſo near the pole, attempt to ſing?
The hoary winter here conceals from ſight
All pleaſing objects that to verſe invite.
The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flow'ry plains, and ſilver-ſtreaming floods,
By ſnow diſguis'd, in bright confuſion lie,
And with one dazzling waſte fatigue the eye.
No gentle breathing breeze prepares the ſpring,
No birds within the deſart region ſing.
The ſhips unmov'd the boiſt'rous winds defy,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vaſt Leviathan wants room to play,
And ſpout his waters in the face of day;
The ſtarving wolves along the main ſea prowl,
And to the moon in icy valleys howl.
For many a ſhining league the level main
Here ſpreads itſelf into a glaſſy plain:
There ſolid billows of enormous ſize,
Alps of green ice, in wild diſorder riſe.
And yet but lately have I ſeen, ev'n here,
The winter in a lovely dreſs appear.
Ere yet the clouds let fall the treaſur'd ſnow,
Or winds begun thro' hazy ſkies to blow,
At ev'ning a keen eaſtern breeze aroſe;
And the deſcending rain unfully'd froze.
Soon as the ſilent ſhades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn diſclos'd at once to view
The face of Nature in a rich diſguiſe,
And brighten'd ev'ry object to my eyes:
For ev'ry ſhrub, and every blade of graſs,
And ev'ry pointed thorn, ſeem'd wrought in glaſs;
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns ſhow,
While thro' the ice the crimſon berries glow.
The thick-ſprung reeds the wat'ry marſhes yield,
Seem poliſh'd lances in a hoſtile field.
The ſtag in limpid currents, with ſurprize,
Sees cryſtal branches on his forehead riſe.
The ſpreading oak, the beech, and tow'ring pine,
Glaz'd over, in the freezing æther ſhine.
The frighted birds the rattling branches ſhun,
That wave and glitter in the diſtant ſun.
When, if a ſudden guſt of wind ariſe,
The brittle foreſt into atoms flies:
The crackling wood beneath the tempeſt bends,
And in a ſpangled ſhow'r the proſpect ends;
Or if a ſouthern gale the region warm,
And by degrees unbind the wint'ry charm,
The traveller a miry country ſees,
And journies ſad beneath the dropping trees.
Like ſome deluded peaſant Merlin leads
Thro' fragrant bow'rs, and thro' delicious meads;
While her enchanted gardens to him riſe,
And airy fabrics there attract his eyes,

His

His wond'ring feet the magic paths purſue;
And while he thinks the fair illuſion true,
The trackleſs ſcenes diſperſe in fluid air,
And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear:
A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
And, as he goes, the tranſient viſion mourns.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAY 6.

THERE has a mail this day arrived from Holland; but the matter of the advices importing rather what gives us great expectations, than any poſitive aſſurances, I ſhall, for this time, decline giving you what I know; and apply the following verſes of Mr. Dryden, in the ſecond part of Almanzor, to the preſent circumſtances of things, without diſcovering what my knowledge in aſtronomy ſuggeſts to me.

When Empire in it's childhood firſt appears;
A watchful fate o'erſees it's tender years:
Till grown more ſtrong, it thruſts and ſtretches out,
And elbows all the kingdoms round about.
The place thus made for it's firſt breathing free,
It moves again for eaſe and luxury:
Till ſwelling by degrees it has poſſeſt
The greater ſpace, and now crouds up the reſt.
When from behind there ſtarts ſome petty ſtate,
And puſhes on it's now unwieldy fate.
Then down the precipice of time it goes,
And ſinks in minutes, which in ages roſe.

Nº XIII. TUESDAY, MAY 10, 1709.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAY 8.

MUCH hurry and buſineſs laid today perplexed me into a mood too thoughtful for going into company; for which reaſon, inſtead of the tavern, I went into Lincoln's-Inn Walks; and having taken a round or two, I ſat down, according to the allowed familiarity of theſe places, on a bench; at the other end of which ſat a venerable gentleman, who ſpeaking with a very affable air, 'Mr. Bickerſtaff,' ſaid he, 'I take it 'for a very great piece of good fortune 'that you have found me out.'—'Sir,' ſaid I, 'I had never, that I know of, the 'honour of ſeeing you before.'—'That,' replied he, 'is what I have often la'mented; but I aſſure you, I have for 'many years done you many good of'fices, without being obſerved by you; 'or elſe, when you had any little glimpſe 'of my being concerned in an affair, 'you have fled from me, and ſhunned 'me like an enemy; but however, the 'part I am to act in the world is ſuch, 'that I am to go on in doing good, 'though I meet with never ſo many 'repulſes, even from thoſe I oblige.' 'This,' thought I, 'ſhows a great good'nature, but little judgment in the per'ſons upon whom he confers his favours.' He immediately took notice to me, that he obſerved, by my countenance, I thought him indiſcreet in his beneficence, and proceeded to tell me his quality in the following manner: 'I know thee, Iſaac, 'to be ſo well verſed in the occult ſci'ences, that I need not much preface, 'or make long preparations to gain your 'faith, that there are airy beings, who 'are employed in the care and attend'ance of men, as nurſes are to infants, 'until they come to an age in which 'they can act of themſelves. Theſe 'beings are uſually called amongſt men, 'Guardian Angels: and, Mr. Bicker'ſtaff, I am to acquaint you, that I am 'to be yours for ſome time to come; it 'being our orders to vary our ſtations, 'and ſometimes to have one patient un'der our protection, and ſometimes an'other, with a power of aſſuming what 'ſhape we pleaſe, to enſnare our wards 'into their own good. I have of late 'been upon ſuch hard duty, and know 'you have ſo much work for me, that 'I think fit to appear to you face to 'face, to deſire you will give me as 'little occaſion for vigilance as you can.' —'Sir,' ſaid I, 'it will be a great in'ſtruction to me in behaviour, if you 'pleaſe to give me ſome account of 'your late employments, and what 'hardſhips or ſatisfactions you have had 'in them, that I may govern myſelf 'accordingly.' He anſwered—'To give 'you an example of the drudgery we 'go through, I will entertain you only 'with my three laſt ſtations. I was on 'the firſt of April laſt put to mortify a 'great Beauty, with whom I was a 'week; from her I went to a common 'Swearer, and have been laſt with a 'Gameſter. When I firſt came to my 'lady, I found my great work was to

'guard

'guard well her eyes and ears; but her 'flatterers were ſo numerous, and the 'houſe, after the modern way, ſo full 'of looking-glaſſes, that I ſeldom had 'her ſafe but in her ſleep. Whenever 'we went abroad, we were ſurrounded 'by an army of enemies: when a well-'made man appeared, he was ſure to 'have a ſide glance of obſervation; if 'a diſagreeable fellow, he had a full 'face, out of mere inclination to con-'queſts. But at the cloſe of the even-'ing, on the ſixth of the laſt month, 'my Ward was ſitting on a couch, read-'ing Ovid's Epiſtles; and as ſhe came 'to this line of Helen to Paris—

She half conſents who ſilently denies,

'entered Philander, who is the moſt 'ſkilful of all men in an addreſs to wo-'men. He is arrived at the perfection 'of that art which gains them, which 'is, "to talk like a very miſerable man, "but look like a very happy one." I 'ſaw Dictinna bluſh at his entrance, 'which gave me the alarm; but he im-'mediately ſaid ſomething ſo agreeably 'on her being at ſtudy, and the no-'velty of finding a lady employed in 'ſo grave a manner, that he on a ſud-'den became very familiarly a man of 'no conſequence; and in an inſtant laid 'all her ſuſpicions of his ſkill aſleep, 'as he almoſt had done mine, until I 'obſerved him very dangerouſly turn 'his diſcourſe upon the elegance of her 'dreſs, and her judgment in the choice 'of that very pretty mourning. Having 'had women before under my care, I 'trembled at the apprehenſion of a man 'of ſenſe who could talk upon trifles, 'and reſolved to ſtick to my poſt with 'all the circumſpection imaginable. In 'ſhort, I prepoſſeſſed her againſt all he 'could ſay to the advantage of her dreſs 'and perſon; but he turned again the 'diſcourſe, where I found I had no 'power over her, on the abuſing her 'friends and acquaintance. He allow-'ed, indeed, that Flora had a little beauty, 'and a great deal of wit; but then ſhe 'was ſo ungainly in her behaviour, and 'ſuch a laughing Hoyden.——Paſto-'rella had, with him, the allowance of 'being blameleſs; but what was that 'towards being praiſe-worthy? To be 'only innocent, is not to be virtuous. 'He afterwards ſpoke ſo much againſt 'Mrs. Dipple's forehead, Mrs. Prim's 'mouth, Mrs. Dentifrice's teeth, and 'Mrs. Fidget's cheeks, that ſhe grew 'downright in love with him: for it is 'always to be underſtood, that a lady 'takes all you detract from the reſt of 'her ſex to be a gift to her. In a word, 'things went ſo far, that I was diſmiſ-'ſed, and ſhe will remember that even-'ing nine months, from the ſixth of 'April, by a very remarkable token. 'The next, as I ſaid, I went to, was 'a common Swearer: never was a crea-'ture ſo puzzled as myſelf, when I came 'firſt to view his brain: half of it was 'worn out, and filled up with mere ex-'pletives, that had nothing to do with 'any other parts of the texture; there-'fore when he called for his cloaths in 'the morning he would cry—"John "——John does not anſwer.—What "a plague! nobody there? What the "devil, and rot me! John for a lazy dog "as you are." I knew no way to cure 'him, but by writing down all he ſaid 'one morning as he was dreſſing, and 'laying it before him on the toilet when 'he came to pick his teeth. The laſt 'recital I gave him of what he ſaid for 'half an hour before was, "What, a "pox rot me! where is the waſh-ball? "call the chairmen: damn them, I war-"rant they are at the alehouſe already! "zounds, and confound them." When 'he came to the glaſs, he takes up my 'note——"Ha! this fellow is worſe "than me: what, does he ſwear with "pen and ink!" But reading on, he 'found them to be his own words. The 'ſtratagem had ſo good an effect upon 'him, that he grew immediately a new 'man, and is learning to ſpeak without 'an oath, which makes him extremely 'ſhort in his phraſes: for, as I obſerved 'before, a common ſwearer has a brain 'without any idea on the ſwearing ſide; 'therefore my Ward has yet a mighty 'little to ſay, and is forced to ſubſtitute 'ſome other vehicle of nonſenſe, to ſup-'ply the defect of his uſual expletives. 'When I left him, he made uſe of "Odſ-"bodikins! Oh, me!" and "never ſtir "alive!" and ſo forth; which gave me 'hopes of his recovery. So I went to 'the next I told you of, the Gameſter. 'When we firſt take our place about a 'man, the receptacles of the pericra-'nium are immediately ſearched. In 'his, I found no one ordinary trace of 'thinking; but ſtrong paſſion, violent 'deſires, and a continued ſeries of dif-'ferent changes had torn it to pieces.

'There appeared no middle condition; 'the triumph of a prince, or the misery 'of a beggar, were his alternate states. 'I was with him no longer than one 'day, which was yesterday. In the 'morning at twelve we were worth four 'thousand pounds; at three, we were 'arrived at six thousand; half an hour 'after, we were reduced to one thou-'sand; at four of the clock, we were 'down to two hundred; at five, to fifty; 'at six, to five; at seven, to one guinea; 'the next bet, to nothing. This morn-'ing he borrowed half a crown of the 'maid who cleans his shoes; and is 'now gaming in Lincoln'-Inn-Fields 'among the boys for farthings and 'oranges, until he has made up three 'pieces, and then he returns to White's 'into the best company in town.' This ended our first discourse; and, it is hoped, you will forgive me that I have picked so little out of my companion at our first interview. In the next, it is possible, he may tell me more pleasing incidents; for though he is a familiar, he is not an evil spirit.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, MAY 9.

We hear from the Hague of the fourteenth instant, N.S. that Monsieur de Torcy hath had frequent conferences with the Grand Pensioner, and the other ministers who were heretofore commissioned to treat with Monsieur Rouille. The preliminaries of a peace are almost settled, and the proceedings wait only for the arrival of the Duke of Marlborough; after whose approbation of the articles proposed, it is not doubted but the methods of the treaty will be publicly known. In the mean time the States have declared an abherrence of taking any step in this great affair, but in concert with the court of Great Britain, and other princes of the allyance. The posture of affairs in France does necessarily oblige that nation to be very much in earnest in their offers; and Monsieur de Torcy hath professed to the Grand Pensioner, that he will avoid all occasions of giving him the least jealousy, of his using any address in private conversation for accomplishing the ends of his embassy. It is said, that as soon as the preliminaries are adjusted, that minister is to return to the French court. The States of Holland have resolved to make it an instruction to all their men of war and privateers, to bring into their ports whatever neutral ships they shall meet with, laden with corn, and bound for France; and to avoid all cause of complaint from the potentates to whom these ships shall belong, their full demand for their freight shall be paid them there. The French Protestants residing in that country have applied themselves to their respective magistrates, desiring that there may be an article in the treaty of peace, which may give liberty of conscience to the Protestants in France. Monsieur Bosnage, minister of the Walloon Church at Rotterdam, has been at the Hague, and hath had some conferences with the deputies of the States on that subject. It is reported there, that all the French refugees in those dominions are to be naturalized, that they may enjoy the same good effects of the treaty with the Hollanders themselves, in respect of France.

Letters from Paris say, the people conceive great hopes of a sudden peace, from Monsieur Torcy's being employed in the negociation; he being a minister of too great weight in that court to be sent on any employment in which his master would not act in a manner wherein he might justly promise himself success. The French advices add, that there is an insurrection in Poictou, three thousand men having taken up arms, and beaten the troops which were appointed to disperse them: three of the mutineers, being taken, were immediately executed; and as many of the King's party were used after the same manner.

Our late act of naturalization hath had so great an effect in foreign parts, that some princes have prohibited the French refugees in their dominions to sell or transfer their estates to any other of their subjects; and at the same time have granted them greater immunities than they hitherto enjoyed. It has been also thought necessary to restrain their own subjects from leaving their native country on pain of death.

N° XIV. THURSDAY, MAY 12, 1709.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAY 10.

HAD it not been that my Familiar had appeared to me, as I told you in my laſt, in perſon, I had certainly been unable to have found even words without meaning, to keep up my intelligence with the town; but he has checked me ſeverely for my deſpondence, and ordered me to go on in my deſign of obſerving upon things, and forbearing perſons; 'For,' ſaid he, 'the age you live in is ſuch, that a good 'picture of any vice or virtue will infallibly be miſrepreſented; and though 'none will take the kind deſcriptions 'you make ſo much to themſelves, as 'to wiſh well to the author, yet all will 'reſent the ill characters you produce, 'out of fear of their own turn in the 'licence you muſt be obliged to take, 'if you point at particular perſons.' I took this admonition kindly, and immediately promiſed him to beg pardon of the author of the 'Advice to the 'Poets,' for my raillery upon his work; though I aimed at no more in that examination, but to convince him, and all men of genius, of the folly of laying themſelves out on ſuch plans as are below their characters. I hope, too, it was done without ill-breeding, and nothing ſpoken below what a civilian (as it is allowed I am) may utter to a phyſician. After this preface, all the world may be ſafe from my writings; for if I can find nothing to commend, I am ſilent, and will forbear the ſubject: for though I am a reformer, I ſcorn to be an inquiſitor.

It would become all men, as well as me, to lay before them the noble character of Verus the magiſtrate, who always ſat in triumph over, and contempt of, vice: he never ſearched after it, or ſpared it when it came before him: at the ſame time, he could ſee through the hypocriſy and diſguiſe of thoſe who have no pretence to virtue themſelves, but by their ſeverity to the vicious. The ſame Verus was, in times long paſt, Chief Juſtice (as we call it amongſt us) in Felicia. He was a man of profound knowledge of the laws of his country, and as juſt an obſerver of them in his own perſon. He conſidered juſtice as a cardinal virtue, not as a trade for maintenance. Wherever he was judge, he never forgot that he was alſo counſel. The criminal before him was always ſure he ſtood before his country, and, in a ſort, the parent of it. The priſoner knew, that though his ſpirit was broken with guilt, and incapable of language to defend itſelf, all would be gathered from him which could conduce to his ſafety; and that his judge would wreſt no law to deſtroy him, nor conceal any that could ſave him. In his time there was a neſt of pretenders to juſtice, who happened to be employed to put things in a method for being examined before him at his uſual ſeſſions: theſe animals were to Verus, as monkies are to men, ſo like, that you can hardly diſown them; but ſo baſe, that you are aſhamed of their fraternity. It grew a phraſe—'Who 'would do juſtice on the juſtices?' that certainly would Verus. I have ſeen an old trial where he ſat judge on two of them; one was called Trick-Track, the other Tearſhift: one was a learned judge of ſharpers, the other the quickeſt of all men at finding out a wench. Trick-Track never ſpared a pick-pocket, but was a companion to cheats: Tearſhift would make compliments to wenches of quality, but certainly commit poor ones. If a poor rogue wanted a lodging, Trick-Track ſent him to gaol for a thief: if a poor whore went only with one thin petticoat, Tearſhift would impriſon her for being looſe in her dreſs. Theſe patriots infeſted the days of Verus, while they alternately committed and releaſed each other's priſoners. But Verus regarded them as criminals, and always looked upon men as they ſtood in the eye of juſtice, without reſpecting whether they ſat on the bench, or ſtood at the bar.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, MAY 11.

YESTERDAY we were entertained with the tragedy of the Earl of Eſſex; in which there is not one good line, and yet a play which was never ſeen without drawing tears from ſome part of the audience: a remarkable inſtance that the ſoul is not to be moved by words, but things; for the incidents in this drama

are laid together so happily, that the spectator makes the play for himself, by the force which the circumstance has upon his imagination. Thus, in spite of the most dry discourses, and expressions almost ridiculous with respect to propriety, it is impossible for one unprejudiced to see it, untouched with pity. I must confess, this effect is not wrought on such as examine why they are pleased; but it never fails to appear on those who are not too learned in nature to be moved by her first suggestions. It is certain, the person and behaviour of Mr. Wilks has no small share in conducing to the popularity of the play; and when an handsome fellow is going to a more coarse exit than beheading, his shape and countenance make every tender one reprieve him with all her heart, without waiting until she hears his dying words.

This evening, the Alchymist was played. This comedy is an example of Ben Jonson's extensive genius, and penetration into the follies of mankind. The scene in the fourth act, where all the cheated people oppose the man that would open their eyes, has something in it so inimitably excellent, that it is certainly as great a master-piece as has ever appeared by any hand. The author's great address in shewing covetousness, the motive of the actions of the Puritan, the Epicure, the Gamester, and the Trader; and that all their endeavours, how differently soever they seem to tend, center only in that one point of gain, shews he had, to a great perfection, that discernment of spirit which constitutes a genius for comedy.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, MAY 11.

It is not to be imagined how far the violence of our desires will carry us towards our own deceit in the pursuit of what we wish for. A gentleman here this evening was giving me an account of a dumb fortune-teller, who out-does Mr. Partridge, myself, or the Unborn Doctor, for predictions; all his visitants come to him full of expectations, and pay his own rate for the interpretations they put upon his shrugs and nods. There is a fine rich city-widow stole thither the other day, (though it is not six weeks since her husband's departure from her company to rest) and with her trusty maid, demanded of him, whether she should marry again, by holding up two fingers, like horns on her forehead. The wizard held up both his hands forked. The relict desired to know whether he meant, by his holding up both hands, to represent that she had one husband before, and that she should have another; or that he intimated she should have two more? The cunning man looked a little sour; upon which Betty jogged her mistress, who gave the other guinea; and he made her understand she should positively have two more; but shaked his head, and hinted that they should not live long with her. The widow sighed, and gave him the other half-guinea. After this preposession, all that she had next to do was to make sallies to our end of the town, and find out who it is her fate to have. There are two who frequent this place, whom she takes to be men of vogue, and of whom her imagination has given her the choice. They have both the appearances of fine gentlemen, to such as do not know when they see persons of that turn; and, indeed, they are industrious enough to come at that character, to deserve the reputation of being such. But this town will not allow us to be the things we seem to aim at, and is too discerning to be fobbed off with pretences. One of these pretty fellows fails by his laborious exactness; the other by his as much studied negligence. Frank Careless, as soon as his valet has helped on and adjusted his cloaths, goes to his glass, sets his wig awry, tumbles his cravat; and, in short, undresses himself to go into company. Will Nice is so little satisfied with his dress, that all the time he is at a visit, he is still mending it, and is, for that reason, the more insufferable; for he who studies carelessness has, at least, his work the sooner done of the two. The widow is distracted whom to take for her first man; for Nice is every way so careful, that she fears his length of days; and Frank is so loose, that she has apprehensions for her own health with him. I am puzzled how to give a just idea of them; but, in a word, Careless is a coxcomb, and Nice a fop: both, you will say, very hopeful candidates for a gay woman just set at liberty. But there is a whisper, her maid will give her to Tom Terror the gamester. This fellow has undone so many women, that he will certainly succeed if he is introduced; for nothing so much prevails with the vain

Cruikshank del.

Isaac Taylor sculp.

late I.

Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co. Aug.t 13. 1785.

vain part of that sex, as the glory of deceiving them who have deceived others.

Defunt multa.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, MAY 11.

LETTERS from Berlin, bearing date May the eleventh, N. S. inform us, that the birth-day of her Prussian Majesty has been celebrated there with all possible magnificence; and the king made her, on that occasion, a present of jewels to the value of thirty thousand crowns. The Marquis de Quesne, who has distinguished himself by his great zeal for the Protestant interest, was, at the time of the dispatch of these letters, at that court, soliciting the king to take care that an article in behalf of the refugees, admitting their return to France, should be inserted in the treaty of peace. They write from Hanover, of the fourteenth, that his Electoral Highness had received an express from Count Merci, representing how necessary it was to the common cause, that he would please to hasten to the Rhine; for that nothing but his presence could quicken the measures towards bringing the Imperial army into the field. There are very many speculations upon the intended interview of the King of Denmark and King Augustus. The latter has made such preparations for the reception of the other, that it is said his Danish Majesty will be entertained in Saxony with much more elegance than he met with in Italy itself.

Letters from the Hague, of the eighteenth instant, N. S. say, that his Grace the Duke of Marlborough landed the night before at the Brill, after having been kept out at sea, by adverse winds, two days longer than is usual in that passage. His Excellency the Lord Townshend, her Majesty's ambassador-extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the States General, was driven into the Veer in Zealand on Thursday last, from whence he came to the Hague within a few hours after the arrival of his Grace. The Duke, soon after his coming to the Hague, had a visit from the Pensioner of Holland. All things relating to the peace were in suspence until this interview; nor is it yet known what resolutions will be taken on that subject; for the troops of the Allies have fresh orders dispatched to them, to move from their respective quarters, and march with all expedition to the frontiers, where the enemy are making their utmost efforts for the defence of their country. These advices further inform us, that the Marquis de Torcy had received an answer from the Court of France to his letters which he had sent thither by an express on the Friday before.

Mr. Bickerstaff has received letters from Mr. Coltstaff, Mr. Whipstaff, and Mrs. Rebecca Wagstaff; all which relate chiefly to their being first left out in the genealogy of the family lately published; but my cousin who writ that draught, being a clerk in the Herald's Office, and being at present under the displeasure of the Chapter; it is feared if that matter should be touched upon at this time, the young gentleman would lose his place for treason against the King at Arms.

N° XV. SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1709.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAY 12.

I Have taken a resolution hereafter, on any want of intelligence, to carry my Familiar abroad with me, who has promised to give me very proper and just notices of persons and things, to make up the history of the passing day. He is wonderfully skilful in the knowledge of men and manners, which has made me more than ordinary curious to know how he came to that perfection, and I communicated to him that doubt. 'Mr. 'Pacolet,' said I, 'I am mightily sur-'prized to see you so good a judge of 'our nature and circumstances, since 'you are a mere spirit, and have no 'knowledge of the bodily part of us.' He answered, smiling—'You are mis-'taken; I have been one of you, and 'lived a month amongst you, which 'gives me an exact sense of your condi-'tion. You are to know, that all who 'enter into human life have a certain 'date or *flamen* given to their being, 'which they only who die of age may 'be said to have arrived at; but it is or-'dered sometimes by fate, that such as 'die

'die infants, are, after death, to attend 'mankind to the end of that *ſtamen* of 'being in themſelves, which was broke 'off by ſickneſs or any other diſaſter. 'Theſe are proper guardians to men, 'as being ſenſible of the infirmity of 'their ſtate. You are philoſopher 'enough to know, that the difference 'of mens underſtanding proceeds only 'from the various diſpoſitions of their 'organs; ſo that he who dies at a month 'old, is in the next life as knowing, 'though more innocent, as they who 'live to fifty; and after death, they have 'as perfect a memory and judgment of 'all that paſſed in their life-time, as I 'have of all the revolutions in that un-'eaſy, turbulent condition of yours; 'and you would ſay I had enough of 'it in a month, were I to tell you all 'my misfortunes.'—'A life of a 'month cannot have, one would think, 'much variety: but pray,' ſaid I, 'let 'us have your ſtory.'

Then he proceeds in the following manner:

'It was one of the moſt wealthy fa-'milies in Great Britain into which I 'was born; and it was a very great 'happineſs to me that it ſo happened, 'otherwiſe I had ſtill, in all probability, 'been living: but I ſhall recount to 'you all the occurrences of my ſhort 'and miſerable exiſtence, juſt as, by 'examining into the traces made in my 'brain, they appeared to me at that 'time. The firſt thing that ever ſtruck 'at my ſenſes, was a noiſe over my 'head of one ſhrieking; after which, 'methought, I took a full jump, and 'found myſelf in the hands of a 'ſorcereſs, who ſeemed as if ſhe had 'been long waking, and employed in 'ſome incantation: I was thoroughly 'frightened, and cried out; but ſhe 'immediately ſeemed to go on in ſome 'magical operation, and anointed me 'from head to foot. What they meant, 'I could not imagine; for there ga-'thered a great crowd about me, cry-'ing—"An heir! an heir!" upon 'which I grew a little ſtill, and be-'lieved this was a ceremony to be uſed 'only to great perſons, and ſuch as 'made them what they called Heirs. 'I lay very quiet; but the witch, for 'no manner of reaſon or provocation 'in the world, takes me, and binds my 'head as hard as poſſibly ſhe could; 'then ties up both my legs, and makes 'me ſwallow down an horrid mixture. 'I thought it an harſh entrance into 'life, to begin with taking phyſic; but 'I was forced to it, or elſe muſt have 'taken down a great inſtrument in 'which ſhe gave it me. When I was 'thus dreſſed, I was carried to a bed-'ſide, where a fine young lady (my 'mother I wot) had like to have hugged 'me to death. From her they faced 'me about, and there was a thing with 'quite another look from the reſt of the 'company, to whom they talked about 'my noſe. He ſeemed wonderfully 'pleaſed to ſee me; but I knew ſince, 'my noſe belonged to another family. 'That into which I was born is one of 'the moſt numerous amongſt you; 'therefore crowds of relations came 'every day to congratulate my arrival; 'amongſt others, my couſin Betty, the 'greateſt romp in nature: ſhe whiſks 'me ſuch a height over her head, that 'I cried out for fear of falling. She 'pinched me, and called me ſqualing 'chit, and threw me into a girl's arms 'that was taken in to tend me. The 'girl was very proud of the womanly 'employment of a nurſe, and took upon 'her to ſtrip and dreſs me anew, be-'cauſe I made a noiſe, to ſee what 'ailed me: ſhe did ſo, and ſtuck a pin 'in every joint about me. I ſtill cried: 'upon which ſhe lays me on my face 'in her lap; and, to quiet me, fell a-'nailing in all the pins, by clapping 'me on the back, and ſcreaming a lul-'laby. But my pain made me exalt 'my voice above hers, which brought 'up the nurſe, the witch I firſt ſaw, 'and my grandmother. The girl is 'turned down ſtairs, and I ſtripped 'again, as well to find what ailed me, 'as to ſatisfy my granam's farther cu-'rioſity. This good old woman's viſit 'was the cauſe of all my troubles. You 'are to underſtand, that I was hitherto 'bred by hand, and any body that ſtood 'next gave me pap, if I did but open 'my lips; inſomuch that I was grown 'ſo cunning, as to pretend myſelf aſleep 'when I was not, to prevent my being 'crammed. But my grandmother be-'gan a loud lecture upon the idleneſs 'of the wives of this age, who, for fear 'of their ſhapes, forbear ſuckling their 'own offspring: and ten nurſes were 'immediately ſent for; one was whiſ-'pered to have a wanton eye, and would 'ſoon ſpoil her milk; another was in

'a con-

'a consumption; the third had an ill 'voice, and would frighten me, instead 'of lulling me to sleep. Such excep- 'tions were made against all but one 'country milch-wench, to whom I was 'committed, and put to the breast. 'This careless jade was eternally romp- 'ing with the footman, and downright 'staved me; insomuch that I daily 'pined away, and should never have 'been relieved, had it not been that, on 'the thirtieth day of my life, a Fellow 'of the Royal Society, who had writ 'upon Cold Baths, came to visit me, 'and solemnly protested I was utterly 'lost for want of that method: upon 'which he soused me head and ears 'into a pail of water, where I had the 'good fortune to be drowned; and so 'escaped being lashed into a linguist 'until sixteen, running after wenches 'until twenty-five, and being married 'to an ill-natured wife until sixty: 'which had certainly been my fate, had 'not the enchantment between body 'and soul been broke by this philoso- 'pher. Thus, until the age I should 'have otherwise lived, I am obliged to 'watch the steps of men; and, if you 'please, shall accompany you in your 'present walks, and get you intelligence 'from the aerial lacquey, who is in 'waiting, what are the thoughts and 'purposes of any whom you enquire 'for.' I accepted his kind offer, and immediately took him with me in a hack to White's.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, MAY 13.

We got in hither, and my companion threw a powder round us, that made me as invisible as himself; so that we could see and hear all others, ourselves unseen and unheard.

The first thing we took notice of was a nobleman of a goodly and frank aspect, with his generous birth and temper visible in it, playing at cards with a creature of a black and horrid countenance, wherein were plainly delineated the arts of his mind, cozenage, and falsehood. They were marking their game with counters, on which we could see inscriptions, imperceptible to any but us. My lord had scored with pieces of ivory, on which were writ—'Good 'Fame, Glory, Riches, Honour, and 'Posterity.' The spectre over against him had on his counters the inscriptions of—'Dishonour, Impudence, Poverty, 'Ignorance, and want of Shame.'— 'Bless me!' said I, 'sure my lord 'does not see what he plays for?'— 'As well as I do,' says Pacolet. 'He despises that fellow he plays with, and scorns himself for making him his companion. At the very instant he was speaking, I saw the fellow, who played with my lord, hide two cards in the roll of his stocking: Pacolet immediately stole them from thence; upon which the nobleman soon after won the game. The little triumph he appeared in, when he got such a trifling stock of ready money, though he had ventured so great sums with indifference, increased my admiration. But Pacolet began to talk to me. 'Mr. Isaac, this to you looks 'wonderful, but not at all to us higher 'beings: that nobleman has as many 'good qualities as any man of his or- 'der, and seems to have no fault but 'what, as I may say, are excrescences 'from virtues. He is generous to a 'prodigality, more affable than is con- 'sistent with his quality, and courageous 'to a rashness. Yet, after all this, the 'source of his whole conduct is (though 'he would hate himself if he knew it) 'mere avarice. The ready-cash laid 'before the gamester's counters makes 'him venture, as you see, and lay dis- 'tinction against infamy, abundance 'against want; in a word, all that is 'desirable, against all that is to be 'avoided.'—'However,' said I, 'be 'sure you disappoint the sharpers to- 'night, and steal from them all the 'cards they hide.' Pacolet obeyed me, and my lord went home with their whole bank in his pocket.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, MAY 15.

To-night was acted a second time, a comedy called the Busy Body: this play is written by a lady. In old times, we used to sit upon a play here, after it was acted; but now the entertainment is turned another way; not but that considerable men appear in all ages, who, for some eminent quality or invention, deserve the esteem and thanks of the public. Such a benefactor is a gentleman of this house, who is observed by the surgeons with much envy; for he has invented an engine for the prevention of harms by love-adventures; and, by great care and application, hath made it an immodesty to name his name. This act of self-denial has gained this worthy member

member of the commonwealth a great reputation. Some law-givers have departed from their abodes for ever, and commanded the obſervation of their laws until they return; others have uſed other artifices to fly the applauſe of their merit; but this perſon ſhuns glory with greater addreſs; and has, by giving his engine his own name, made it obſcene to ſpeak of him more. However, he is ranked among and received by the modern wits, as a great promoter of gallantry and pleaſure. But, I fear, pleaſure is leſs underſtood in this age, which ſo much pretends to it, than in any ſince the creation. It was admirably ſaid of him who firſt took notice, that '*Res 'eſt ſevera voluptas*—There is a certain 'ſeverity in pleaſure.' Without that, all decency is baniſhed; and if reaſon is not to be preſent at our greateſt ſatisfactions, of all the race of creatures, the human is the moſt miſerable. It was not ſo of old; when Virgil deſcribes a wit, he always means a virtuous man; and all his ſentiments of men of genius are ſuch as ſhew perſons diſtinguiſhed from the common level of mankind; ſuch as placed happineſs in the contempt of low fears, and mean gratifications: fears, which we are ſubject to with the vulgar; and pleaſures which we have in common with beaſts. With theſe illuſtrious perſonages, the wiſeſt man was the greateſt wit; and none was thought worthy of that character, unleſs he anſwered this excellent deſcription of the poet:

Qui—— metus omnes et inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, ſtrepitumque Acherontis avari.

VIRG. GEORG. 2. v. 492.

Happy the man——
His mind poſſeſſing in a quiet ſtate,
Fearleſs of fortune, and reſign'd to fate.
DRYDEN.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, MAY 13.

WE had this morning advice, that ſome Engliſh merchant ſhips, convoyed by the Briſtol of fifty-four guns, were met with by a part of Monſieur du Gui Trouin's ſquadron, who engaged the convoy. That ſhip defended itſelf until the Engliſh merchants got clear of the enemy; but being diſabled, was herſelf taken. Within a few hours after, my Lord Durſly came up with part of his ſquadron, and engaging the French, retook the Briſtol, (which being very much ſhattered, ſunk) and took the Glorieux, a ſhip of forty-four guns, as alſo a privateer of fourteen. Before this action, his lordſhip had taken two French merchant-men; and had, at the diſpatch of theſe advices, brought the whole ſafe into Plymouth.

Nº XVI. TUESDAY, MAY 17, 1709.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, MAY 15.

SIR Thomas, of this houſe, has ſhewed me ſome letters from the Bath, which give accounts of what paſſes among the good company of that place; and allowed me to tranſcribe one of them, that ſeems to be writ by ſome of Sir Thomas's particular acquaintance, and is as follows:

DEAR KNIGHT,

I Deſire you would give my humble ſervice to all our friends, which I ſpeak of to you (out of method) in the very beginning of my epiſtle, leſt the preſent diſorders, by which this ſeat of gallantry and pleaſure is torn to pieces, ſhould make me forget it. You keep ſo good company, that you know Bath is ſtocked with ſuch as come hither to be relieved from luxuriant health, or imaginary ſickneſs; and conſequently is always as well ſtowed with gallants as invalids, who live together in a very good underſtanding. But the ſeaſon is ſo early, that our fine company is not yet arrived; and the warm bath, which in heathen times was dedicated to Venus, is now uſed only by ſuch as really want it for health's ſake. There are, however, a good many ſtrangers; among whom are two ambitious ladies, who being both in the autumn of their life, take the opportunity of placing themſelves at the head of ſuch as we are, before the Chloes, Clariſſas, and Paſtorellas, come down. One of theſe two is exceſſively in pain, that the ugly being, called Time, will make wrinkles in ſpite of the lead forehead-cloth; and therefore hides with the gaiety of her air,

air, the volubility of her tongue, and quickneſs of her motion, the injuries which it has done her. The other lady is but two years behind her in life, and dreads as much being laid aſide as the former; and conſequently has taken the neceſſary precautions to prevent her reign over us. But ſhe is very diſcreet, and wonderfully turned for ambition, being never apparently tranſported either with affection or malice. Thus, while Florimel is talking in public, and ſpreading her graces in aſſemblies, to gain a popular dominion over our diverſions, Prudentia viſits very cunningly all the lame, the ſplenetic, and the ſuperannuated, who have their diſtinct claſſes of followers and friends. Among theſe ſhe has found, that ſomebody has ſent down printed certificates of Florimel's age, which ſhe has read and diſtributed to this unjoyful ſet of people, who are always enemies to thoſe in poſſeſſion of the good opinion of the company. This unprovoked injury done by Prudentia was the firſt occaſion of our fatal diviſions here, and a declaration of war between theſe rivals. Florimel has abundance of wit, which ſhe has laviſhed in decrying Prudentia, and giving defiance to her little arts. For an inſtance of her ſuperior power, ſhe beſpoke the play of Alexander the Great, to be acted by the company of ſtrollers, and deſired us all to be there on Thurſday laſt. When ſhe ſpoke to me to come—'As you are,' ſaid ſhe, 'a lover, you will not fail the 'death of Alexander: the paſſion of 'love is wonderfully hit—Statira! O 'that happy woman—To have a con-'queror at her feet!—But you will be 'ſure to be there.' I, and ſeveral others, reſolved to be of her party. But ſee the irreſiſtible ſtrength of that unſuſpected creature, a Silent Woman. Prudentia had counterplotted us, and had beſpoke on the ſame evening the puppet-ſhow of The Creation of the World. She had engaged every body to be there; and to turn our leader into ridicule, had ſecretly let them know, that the puppet Eve was made the moſt like Florimel that ever was ſeen. On Thurſday morning, the puppet-drummer, Adam and Eve, and ſeveral others who lived before the flood, paſſed through the ſtreets on horſeback, to invite us all to the paſtime, and the repreſentation of ſuch things as we all knew to be true; and Mr. Mayor was ſo wiſe, as to prefer theſe innocent people the puppets, who, he ſaid, were to repreſent Chriſtians, before the wicked players, who were to ſhew Alexander, an heathen philoſopher. To be ſhort, this Prudentia had ſo laid it, that at ten of the clock footmen were ſent to take places at the puppet-ſhow, and all we of Florimel's party were to be out of faſhion, or deſert her. We choſe the latter. All the world crouded to Prudentia's houſe, becauſe it was given out, nobody could get in. When we came to Noah's Flood in the ſhow, Punch and his wife were introduced dancing in the ark. An honeſt plain friend of Florimel's, but a critic withal, roſe up in the midſt of the repreſentation, and made many very good exceptions to the drama itſelf, and told us, that it was againſt all morality, as well as rules of the ſtage, that Punch ſhould be in jeſt in the Deluge, or indeed that he ſhould appear at all. This was certainly a juſt remark, and I thought to ſecond him; but he was hiſſed by Prudentia's party: upon which, really, Sir Thomas, we, who were his friends, hiſſed him too. Old Mrs. Petulant deſired both her daughters to mind the moral; then whiſpered Mrs. Mayoreſs—'This is 'very proper for young people to ſee.' Punch at the end of the play made Madam Prudentia a compliment, and was very civil to the whole company, making bows until his buttons touched the ground. All was carried triumphantly againſt our party. In the mean time Florimel went to the tragedy, dreſſed as fine as hands could make her, in hopes to ſee Prudentia pine away with envy. Inſtead of that, ſhe ſat a full hour alone, and at laſt was entertained with this whole relation from Statira, who wiped her eyes with her tragical cut handkerchief, and lamented the ignorance of the quality. Florimel was ſtung with this affront, and the next day beſpoke the puppet-ſhow. Prudentia, inſolent with power, beſpoke Alexander. The whole company came then to Alexander. Madam Petulant deſired her daughters to mind the moral, and believe no man's fair words: 'For you will ſee, chil-'dren,' ſaid ſhe, 'theſe ſoldiers are 'never to be depended upon; they are 'ſometimes here, ſometimes there.—'Do not you ſee, daughter Betty, Co-'lonel Clod, our next neighbour in 'the country, pull off his hat to you?

'Curtſey, good child; his eſtate is juſt 'by us.' Florimel was now mortified down to Prudentia's humour; and Prudentia exalted into hers. This was obſerved; Florimel invites us to the play a ſecond time, Prudentia to the ſhow. See the uncertainty of human affairs! the beaux, the wits, the gameſters, the prudes, the coquettes, the valetudinarians, and gallants, all now wait upon Florimel. Such is the ſtate of things at this preſent date; and if there happens any new commotions, you ſhall have immediate advice from, Sir,

Your affectionate friend, and ſervant.

BATH, MAY 11, 1709.

TO CASTABELIA.

MADAM,

I Have the honour of a letter from a friend of yours, relating to an incivility done to you at the opera, by one of your own ſex; but I, who was an eye-witneſs of the accident, can teſtify to you, that though ſhe preſſed before you, ſhe loſt her ends in that deſign; for ſhe was taken notice of for no other reaſon, but her endeavours to hide a finer woman than herſelf. But indeed I dare not go farther in this matter, than juſt this bare mention; for though it was taking your place of right, rather than place of precedence, yet it is ſo tender a point, and on which the very life of female ambition depends, that it is of the laſt conſequence to meddle in it: all my hopes are from your beautiful ſex; and thoſe bright eyes, which are the bane of others, are my only ſunſhine. My writings are ſacred to you; and I hope I ſhall always have the good fortune to live under your protection; therefore take this public opportunity to ſignify to all the world, that I deſign to forbear any thing that may in the leaſt tend to the diminution of your intereſt, reputation, or power. You will therefore forgive me, that I ſtrive to conceal every wrong ſtep made by any who have the honour to wear petticoats, and ſhall at all times do what is in my power to make all mankind as much their ſlaves as myſelf. If they would conſider things as they ought, there needs not much argument to convince them, that it is their fate to be obedient to you, and that your greateſt rebels do only ſerve with a worſe grace. I am, Madam, your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant,

MAY 16. ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, MAY 16.

LETTERS from the Hague, bearing date the twenty-firſt inſtant, N. S. adviſe, that his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, immediately after his arrival, ſent his ſecretary to the Preſident and the Penſionary, to acquaint them therewith. Soon after, theſe miniſters viſited the Duke, and made him compliments in the name of the States General; after which they entered into a conference with him on the preſent poſture of affairs, and gave his Grace aſſurances of the firm adherence of the States to the alliance: at the ſame time acquainting him, that all overtures of peace were rejected, until they had an opportunity of acting in concert with their Allies on that ſubject. After this interview, the Penſionary and the Preſident returned to the aſſembly of the States. Monſieur Torcy has had a conference at the Penſioner's houſe with his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, Prince Eugene, and his Excellency the Lord Townſhend. The reſult of what was debated at that time is kept ſecret; but there appears an air of ſatisfaction and good underſtanding between theſe miniſters. We are apt alſo to give ourſelves very hopeful proſpects from Monſieur Torcy's being employed in this negotiation, who had been always remarkable for a particular way of thinking, in his ſenſe of the greatneſs of France; which, he has always ſaid, was to be promoted rather by the arts of peace than thoſe of war. He delivering himſelf freely on this ſubject has formerly appeared an unſucceſsful way to power in that court; but in it's preſent circumſtances, theſe maxims are better received; and it is thought a certain argument of the ſincerity of the French King's intentions, that this miniſter is at preſent made uſe of. The Marquis is to return to Paris within a few days, who has ſent a courier thither to give notice of the reaſons of his return, that the court may be the ſooner able to diſpatch commiſſions for a formal treaty.

The expectations of peace are increaſed by advices from Paris of the twelfth inſtant, which ſay, the Dauphin hath altered his reſolution of commanding in Flanders

Flanders the enſuing campaign. The Saxon and Pruſſian reinforcements, together with Count Mercy's regiment of Imperial horſe, are encamped in the neighbourhood of Bruſſels; and ſufficient ſtores of corn and forage are tranſported to that place and Ghent, for the ſervice of the confederate army.

They write from Mons, that the Elector of Bavaria had advice, that an advanced party of the Portugueze army had been defeated by the Spaniards.

We hear from Languedoc, that their corn, olives, and figs, were wholly deſtroyed; but that they have a hopeful proſpect of a plentiful vintage.

N° XVII. THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1709.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, MAY 18.

THE diſcourſe has happened to turn this evening upon the true nature of Panegyric, the perfection of which was aſſerted to conſiſt in a certain artful way of conveying the applauſe in an indirect manner. There was a gentleman gave us ſeveral inſtances of it. Among others, he quoted (from Sir Francis Bacon, in his Advancement of Learning) a very great compliment made to Tiberius, as follows: In a full debate upon public affairs in the ſenate, one of the aſſembly roſe up, and with a very grave air ſaid, he thought it for the honour and dignity of the commonwealth, that Tiberius ſhould be declared a god, and have divine worſhip paid him. The Emperor was ſurprized at the propoſal, and demanded of him to declare, whether he had made any application to incline him to that overture. The ſenator anſwered, with a bold and haughty tone—'Sir, in matters that concern the 'commonwealth, I will be governed 'by no man.' Another gentleman mentioned ſomething of the ſame kind, ſpoken by the late Duke of B—m to the late Earl of O——y. 'My lord,' ſays the Duke, after his libertine way, 'you will certainly be damned.'—'How! my lord?' ſays the Earl, with ſome warmth. 'Nay,' ſaid the Duke, 'there is no help for it; for it is poſi-'tively ſaid—"Curſed is he of whom "all men ſpeak well."' This is taking a man by ſurprize, and being welcome when you have ſo ſurprized him. The perſon flattered receives you into his cloſet at once; and the ſudden change of his heart, from the expectation of an ill-wiſher, to find you his friend, makes you in his full favour in a moment. The ſpirits that were raiſed ſo ſuddenly againſt you, are as ſuddenly for you. There was another inſtance given of this kind at the table: A gentleman, who had a very great favour done him, and an employment beſtowed upon him, without ſo much as being known to his benefactor, waited upon the great man who was ſo generous, and was beginning to ſay, he was infinitely obliged—'Not at all,' ſays the patron, turning from him to another, 'had I known a 'more deſerving man in England, he 'ſhould not have had it.'

We ſhould certainly have had more examples, had not a gentleman produced a book which he thought an inſtance of this kind: it was a pamphlet called The Naked Truth. The idea any one would have of that work from the title, was, that there would be much plain dealing with people in power, and that we ſhould ſee things in their proper light, ſtripped of the ornaments which are uſually given to the actions of the great: but the ſkill of this author is ſuch, that he has, under that rugged appearance, approved himſelf the fineſt gentleman and courtier that ever writ. The language is extremely ſublime, and not at all to be underſtood by the vulgar: the ſentiments are ſuch as would make no figure in ordinary words; but ſuch is the art of the expreſſion, and the thoughts are elevated to ſo high a degree, that I queſtion whether the diſcourſe will ſell much. There was an ill-natured fellow preſent, who hates all panegyric mortally: 'P— take 'him,' ſaid he, 'what the devil means 'his Naked Truth, in ſpeaking nothing 'but to the advantage of all whom he 'mentions? This is juſt ſuch a great 'action as that of the champion's on a 'coronation-day, who challenges all 'mankind to diſpute with him the right 'of the ſovereign, ſurrounded with his 'guards.' The gentleman who pro-

duced the treatiſe deſired him to be cautious, and ſaid, it was writ by an excellent ſoldier, which made the company obſerve it more narrowly; and (as critics are the greateſt conjurors at finding out a known truth) one ſaid, he was ſure it was writ by the hand of his ſword-arm. I could not perceive much wit in that expreſſion; but it raiſed a laugh, and I ſuppoſe was meant as a ſneer upon valiant men. The ſame man pretended to ſee in the ſtile, that it was an horſe-officer; but ſure, that is being too nice; for though you may know officers of cavalry by the turn of their feet, I cannot imagine how you ſhould diſcern their hands from thoſe of other men. But it is always thus with pedants; they will ever be carping; if a gentleman or a man of honour puts pen to paper, I do not doubt but this author will find this aſſertion too true, and that obloquy is not repulſed by the force of arms. I will therefore ſet this excellent piece in a light too glaring for weak eyes, and, in imitation of the critic Longinus, ſhall, as well as I can, make my obſervations in a ſtile like the author's of whom I treat, which perhaps I am as capable of as another, having 'an unbounded force of thinking, as well as a moſt exquiſite addreſs, extenſively and wiſely indulged 'to me by the ſupreme powers.' My author, I will dare to aſſert, ſhews the moſt univerſal knowledge of any writer who has appeared this century. He is a poet, and merchant, which is ſeen in two maſter-words—'Credit bloſſoms.' He is a grammarian, and a politician; for he ſays—'The uniting of the two 'kingdoms is the emphaſis of the ſecurity of the Proteſtant ſucceſſion.' Some would be apt to ſay, he is a conjuror; for he has found, that a republic is not made up of every body of animals, but is compoſed of men only, and not of horſes. 'Liberty and Property have 'choſen their retreat within the emulating circle of an human common-'wealth.' He is a phyſician; for he ſays—'I obſerve a conſtant equality in 'it's pulſe, and a juſt quickneſs of it's 'vigorous circulation.' And again—'I view the ſtrength of our conſtitution 'plainly appear in the ſanguine and 'ruddy complexion of a well-contented 'city.' He is a divine: for he ſays—'I cannot but bleſs myſelf.' And indeed this excellent treatiſe has had that good effect upon me, who am far from being ſuperſtitious, that I alſo 'cannot 'but bleſs myſelf.'

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, MAY 18.

THIS day arrived a mail from Liſbon, with letters of the thirteenth inſtant, N. S. containing a particular account of the late action in Portugal. On the ſeventh inſtant, the army of Portugal, under the command of the Marquis de Frontera, lay on the ſide of the Caya, and the army of the Duke of Anjou, commanded by the Marquis de Bay, on the other. The latter commander having an ambition to ravage the country, in a manner in ſight of the Portugueze, made a motion with the whole body of his horſe toward Fort Saint Chriſtopher, near the town of Badajos. The generals of the Portugueze, diſdaining that ſuch an inſult ſhould be offered to their arms, took a reſolution to paſs the river, and oppoſe the deſigns of the enemy. The Earl of Galway repreſented to them, that the preſent poſture of affairs was ſuch on the ſide of the Allies, that there needed no more to be done at preſent in that country but to carry on a defenſive part. But his arguments could not avail in the council of war. Upon which a great detachment of foot, and the whole of the horſe of the King of Portugal's army, paſſed the river, and with ſome pieces of cannon did good execution on the enemy. Upon obſerving this, the Marquis de Bay advanced with his horſe, and attacked the right-wing of the Portugueze cavalry, who faced about, and fled, without ſtanding the firſt encounter. But their foot repulſed the ſame body of horſe in three ſucceſſive charges, with great order and reſolution. While this was tranſacting, the Britiſh general commanded the brigade of Pearce to keep the enemy in diverſion by a new attack. This was ſo well executed, that the Portugueze infantry had time to retire in good order, and repaſs the river. But that brigade which reſcued them was itſelf ſurrounded by the enemy, and Major-general Sarkey, Brigadier Pearce, together with both their regiments; and that of the Lord Galway, lately raiſed, were taken priſoners.

During the engagement, the Earl of Barrimore

Barrimore having advanced too far to give ſome neceſſary order, was hemmed in by a ſquadron of the enemy; but found means to gallop up to the brigade of Pearce, with which he remains alſo a priſoner. My Lord Galway had his horſe ſhot under him in this action; and the Conde de Saint Juan, a Portugueze general, was taken priſoner. The ſame night the army encamped at Aronches, and on the ninth moved to Elvas, where they lay when theſe diſpatches came away. Colonel Stanwix's regiment is alſo taken. The whole of this affair has given the Portugueze a great idea of the capacity and courage of my Lord Galway, againſt whoſe advice they entered upon this unfortunate affair, and by whoſe conduct they were reſcued from it. The prodigious conſtancy and reſolution of that great man is hardly to be paralleled, who, under the oppreſſion of a maimed body, and the reflection of repeated ill fortune, goes on with an unſpeakable alacrity in the ſervice of the common cauſe. He has already put things in a very good poſture after this ill accident, and made the neceſſary diſpoſitions for covering the country from any further attempt of the enemy, who lie ſtill in the camp they were in before the battle.

Letters from Bruſſels, dated the 25th inſtant, adviſe, that notwithſtanding the negociations of a peace ſeem ſo far advanced, that ſome do confidently report the preliminaries of a treaty to be actually agreed on; yet the Allies haſten their preparations for opening the campaign; and the forces of the empire, the Pruſſians, the Danes, the Wirtembergers, the Palatines, and Saxon auxiliaries, are in motion towards the general rendezvous, they being already arrived in the neighbourhood of Bruſſels. Theſe advices add, that the Deputies of the States of Holland having made a general review of the troops in Flanders, ſet out for Antwerp on the 21ſt inſtant from that place. On the ſame day the Prince Royal of Pruſſia came there incognito, with a deſign to make the enſuing campaign under his Grace the Duke of Marlborough.

This day is publiſhed, a treatiſe called —'The Difference between Scandal and 'Admonition, by Iſaac Bickerſtaff, Eſq.' and on the 1ſt of July next, you may expect—'A Prophecy of Things paſt; 'wherein the art of Fortune-telling is laid 'open to the meaneſt Capacity.' And on the Monday following—'Choice 'Sentences for the Company of Ma-'ſons and Bricklayers, to be put upon 'new Houſes, with a Tranſlation of all 'the Latin Sentences that have been 'built of late Years; together with a 'Comment upon Stone Walls,' by the ſame hand.

Nº XVIII. SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1709.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAY 20.

IT is obſerved too often, that men of wit do ſo much employ their thoughts upon fine ſpeculations, that things uſeful to mankind are wholly neglected; and they are buſy in making emendations upon ſome encliticks in a Greek author, while obvious things, that every man may have uſe for, are wholly overlooked. It would be an happy thing, if ſuch as have real capacities for public ſervice, were employed in works of general uſe; but becauſe a thing is every body's buſineſs, it is nobody's buſineſs: this is for want of public ſpirit. As for my part, who am only a ſtudent, and a man of no great intereſt, I can only remark things, and recommend the correction of them to higher powers. There is an offence I have a thouſand times lamented, but fear I ſhall never ſee remedied; which is, that in a nation where learning is ſo frequent as in Great Britain, there ſhould be ſo many groſs errors as there are in the very directions of things, wherein accuracy is neceſſary for the conduct of life. This is notoriouſly obſerved by all men of letters when they firſt come to town, (at which time they are uſually curious that way) in the inſcriptions on ſign-poſts. I have cauſe to know this matter as well as any body; for I have, when I went to Merchant-Taylor's School, ſuffered ſtripes for ſpelling after the ſigns I obſerved in the way; though at the ſame time I muſt confeſs, ſtaring at thoſe inſcriptions firſt gave me an idea and curioſity for medals: in which I have ſince arrived a

ſome

ſome knowledge. Many a man has loſt his way and his dinner by this general want of ſkill in orthography: for, conſidering that the painters are uſually ſo very bad, that you cannot know the animal under whoſe ſign you are to live that day, how muſt the ſtranger be miſled, if it be wrong ſpelled, as well as ill painted? I have a couſin now in town, who has anſwered under Batchelor at Queen's College, whoſe name is Humphrey Mopſtaff: (he is akin to us by his mother) this young man going to ſee a relation in Barbican, wandered a whole day by the miſtake of one letter, for it was written—'This is the Beer,' inſtead of 'This is the Bear.' He was ſet right at laſt, by enquiring for the houſe of a fellow that could not read, and knew the place mechanically, only by having been often drunk there. But in the name of goodneſs let us make our learning of uſe to us, or not. Was not this a ſhame, that a philoſopher ſhould be thus directed by a cobler? I will be ſworn if it were known how many have ſuffered in this kind by falſe ſpelling ſince the Union, this matter would not long lie thus. What makes theſe evils the more inſupportable is, that they are ſo eaſily amended, and nothing done in it. But it is ſo far from that, that the evil goes on in other arts as well as orthography; places are confounded, as well for want of proper diſtinctions, as things for want of true characters. Had I not come by the other day very early in the morning, there might have been miſchief done; for a worthy North Briton was ſwearing at Stocks Market, that they would not let him in at his lodgings; but I knowing the gentleman, and obſerving him look often at the King on horſeback, and then double his oaths, that he was ſure he was right, found he miſtook that for Charing Croſs, by the erection of the like ſtatue in each place. I grant, private men may diſtinguiſh their abodes as they pleaſe; as one of my acquaintance, who lives at Marybone, has put a good ſentence of his own invention upon his dwelling-place, to find out where he lives: he is ſo near London, that his conceit is this—'The Country in Town; or, The Town in the Country;' for you know, if they are both in one, they are all one. Beſides that, the ambiguity is not of great conſequence; if you are ſafe at the place, it is no matter if you do not diſtinctly know where to ſay the place is. But to return to the orthography of public places. I propoſe that every tradeſman in the cities of London and Weſtminſter ſhall give me ſixpence a quarter for keeping their ſigns in repair, as to the grammatical part; and I will take into my houſe a Swiſs count of my acquaintance, who can remember all their names without book, for diſpatch ſake, ſetting up the head of the ſaid foreigner for my ſign; the features being ſtrong, and fit for hanging high.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, MAY 20.

THIS day a mail arrived from Holland, by which there are advices from Paris, that the kingdom of France is in the utmoſt miſery and diſtraction. The merchants of Lyons have been at court, to remonſtrate their great ſufferings, by the failure of their public credit; but have received no other ſatisfaction, than promiſes of a ſudden peace; and that their debts will be made good by funds out of the revenue, which will not anſwer but in caſe of the peace which is promiſed. In the mean time, the cries of the common people are loud for want of bread; the gentry have loſt all ſpirit and zeal for their country; and the king himſelf ſeems to languiſh under the anxiety of the preſſing calamities of the nation, and retires from hearing thoſe grievances which he hath not power to redreſs. Inſtead of preparations for war, and the defence of their country, there is nothing to be ſeen but evident marks of a general deſpair; proceſſions, faſtings, public mournings, and humiliations, are become the ſole employments of a people, who were lately the moſt vain and gay of any in the univerſe.

The Pope has written to the French King on the ſubject of a peace; and his Majeſty has anſwered in the lowlieſt terms, that he entirely ſubmits his affairs to Divine Providence, and ſhall ſoon ſhew the world that he prefers the tranquillity of his people to the glory of his arms and extent of his conqueſts.

Letters from the Hague of the 24th ſay, that his Excellency the Lord Townſhend delivered his credentials on that day to the States General, as plenipotentiary from the Queen of Great Britain; as did alſo Count Zinzendorf, who bears the ſame character from the Emperor.

Prince

Prince Eugene intended to ſet out the next day for Bruſſels, and his Grace the Duke of Marlborough on the Tueſday following. The Marquis de Torcy talks daily of going, but ſtill continues there. The army of the Allies is to aſſemble on the 7th of next month at Helchin; though it is generally believed that the preliminaries to a treaty are fully adjuſted.

The approach of the peace ſtrikes a panic through our armies, though that of a battle could never do it; and they almoſt repent of their bravery, that made ſuch haſte to humble themſelves and the French King. The Duke of Marlborough, though otherwiſe the greateſt general of the age, has plainly ſhewn himſelf unacquainted with the arts of huſbanding a war. He might have grown as old as the Duke of Alva, or Prince Waldeck in the Low Countries, and yet have got reputation enough every year for any reaſonable man: for the command of a general in Flanders hath been ever looked upon as a proviſion for life. For my part, I cannot ſee how his Grace can anſwer it to the world, for the great eagerneſs he hath ſhewn to ſend a hundred thouſand of the braveſt fellows in Europe a begging. But the private gentlemen of the infantry will be able to ſhift for themſelves; a brave man can never ſtarve in a country ſtocked with hen-roofts. 'There is not a yard of 'linen,' ſays my honoured progenitor, Sir John Falſtaff, 'in my whole com-'pany: but as for that,' ſays this worthy knight, 'I am in no great pain; we 'ſhall find ſhirts on every hedge.' There is another ſort of gentlemen whom I am much more concerned for; and that is the ingenious fraternity of which I have the honour to be an unworthy member; I mean the news-writers of Great Britain, whether poſt-men or poſt-boys, or by what other name or title ſoever dignified or diſtinguiſhed. The caſe of theſe gentlemen is, I think, more hard than that of the ſoldiers, conſidering that they have taken more towns, and fought more battles. They have been upon parties and ſkirmiſhes when our armies have lain ſtill, and given the general aſſault to many a place when the beſiegers were quiet in their trenches. They have made us maſters of ſeveral ſtrong towns many weeks before our generals could do it; and compleated victories when our greateſt captains have been glad to come off with a drawn battle. Where Prince Eugene has ſlain his thouſands, Boyer has ſlain his ten thouſands. This gentleman can indeed be never enough commended for his courage and intrepidity during this whole war: he has laid about him with an inexpreſſible fury; and, like the offended Marius of ancient Rome, made ſuch havock among his countrymen, as muſt be the work of two or three ages to repair. It muſt be confeſſed, the redoubted Mr. Buckley has ſhed as much blood as the former; but I cannot forbear ſaying (and I hope it will not look like envy) that we regard our brother Buckley as a kind of Drawcanſir, who ſpares neither friend nor foe, but generally kills as many of his own ſide as the enemy's. It is impoſſible for this ingenious ſort of men to ſubſiſt after a peace. Every one remembers the ſhifts they were driven to in the reign of King Charles the Second, when they could not furniſh out a ſingle paper of news, without lighting up a comet in Germany, or a fire in Moſcow. There ſcarce appeared a letter without a paragraph on an earthquake. Prodigies were grown ſo familiar, that they had loſt their name, as a great poet of this age has it. I remember Mr. Dyer, who is juſtly looked upon by all fox-hunters in the nation as the greateſt ſtateſman our country has produced, was particularly famous for dealing in whales; inſomuch, that in five months time (for I had the curioſity to examine his letters on that occaſion) he brought three into the mouth of the River Thames, beſides two porpuſſes and a ſturgeon. The judicious and wary Mr. J. Dawks hath all along been the rival of this great writer, and got himſelf a reputation from plagues and famines; by which, in thoſe days, he deſtroyed as great multitudes as he has lately done by the ſword. In every dearth of news, Grand Cairo was ſure to be unpeopled.

It being therefore viſible, that our ſociety will be greater ſufferers by the peace than the ſoldiery itſelf, inſomuch that the Daily Courant is in danger of being broken, my friend Dyer of being reformed, and the very beſt of the whole band of being reduced to half-pay; might I preſume to offer any thing in the behalf of my diſtreſſed brethren, I would humbly move, that an appendix of proper apartments, furniſhed with pen,

pen, ink, and paper, and other neceſſaries of life, ſhould be added to the hoſpital of Chelſea, for the relief of ſuch decayed news-writers as have ſerved their country in the wars; and that for their exerciſe they ſhould compile the annals of their brother veterans, who have been engaged in the ſame ſervice, and are ſtill obliged to do duty after the ſame manner.

I cannot be thought to ſpeak this out of an eye to any private intereſt; for as my chief ſcenes of action are coffee-houſes, play-houſes, and my own apartment, I am in no need of camps, fortifications, and fields of battle, to ſupport me; I do not call out for heroes and generals to my aſſiſtance. Though the officers are broken, and the armies diſbanded, I ſhall ſtill be ſafe as long as there are men or women, or politicians, or lovers, or poets, or nymphs, or ſwains, or cits, or courtiers, in being.

N° XIX. TUESDAY, MAY 24, 1709.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAY 20.

THERE is nothing can give a man of any conſideration greater pain, than to ſee order and diſtinction laid aſide amongſt men, eſpecially when the rank of which he himſelf is a member is intruded upon by ſuch as have no pretence to that honour. The appellation of Eſquire is the moſt notoriouſly abuſed in this kind, of any claſs amongſt men; inſomuch, that it is become almoſt the ſubject of deriſion: but I will be bold to ſay, this behaviour towards it proceeds from the ignorance of the people in it's true origin. I ſhall therefore, as briefly as poſſible, do myſelf and all true Eſquires the juſtice to look into antiquity upon this ſubject.

In the firſt ages of the world, before the invention of jointures and ſettlements, when the noble paſſion of love had poſſeſſion of the hearts of men, and the fair-ſex were not yet cultivated into the merciful diſpoſition which they have ſhewed in later centuries, it was natural for great and heroic ſpirits to retire to rivulets, woods, and caves, to lament their deſtiny; and the cruelty of the fair perſons who were deaf to all their lamentations. The hero in this diſtreſs was generally in armour, and in a readineſs to fight any man he met with, eſpecially if diſtinguiſhed by any extraordinary qualifications; it being the nature of heroic love to hate all merit, leſt it ſhould come within the obſervation of the cruel one by whom it's own perfections are neglected. A lover of this kind had always about him a perſon of a ſecond value, and ſubordinate to him, who could hear his afflictions, carry an enchantment for his wounds, hold his helmet when he was eating, (if ever he did eat) or in his abſence, when he was retired to his apartment in any king's palace, tell the prince himſelf, or perhaps his daughter, the birth, parentage, and adventures, of his valiant maſter. This truſty companion was ſtiled his Eſquire, and was always fit for any offices about him; was as gentle and chaſte as a gentleman-uſher, quick and active as an equerry, ſmooth and eloquent as a maſter of the ceremonies. A man thus qualified was the firſt, as the ancients affirm, who was called an Eſquire; and none without theſe accompliſhments ought to aſſume our order: but, to the utter diſgrace and confuſion of the heralds, every pretender is admitted into this fraternity, even perſons the moſt foreign to this courteous inſtitution. I have taken an inventory of all within this city, and looked over every letter in the Poſt-Office for my better information. There are of the Middle Temple, including all in the buttery-books, and in the liſts of the houſe, five thouſand. In the Inner, four thouſand. In the King's Bench Walks, the whole buildings are inhabited by Eſquires only. The adjacent ſtreets of Eſſex, from Morris's coffee-houſe, and the turning towards the Grecian, you cannot meet one who is not an Eſquire, until you take water. Every houſe in Norfolk and Arundel ſtreets is governed alſo by an Eſquire or his Lady; Soho Square, Bloomſbury Square, and all other places where the floors riſe above nine feet, are ſo many univerſities where you enter yourſelves, and become of our order. However, if this were the worſt of the evil, it were to be ſupported, becauſe they are generally men of ſome figure, and

and uſe; though I know no pretence they have to an honour which had it's riſe from chivalry. But if you travel into the counties of Great Britain, we are ſtill more impoſed upon by innovation. We are indeed derived from the field: but ſhall that give title to all that ride mad after foxes, that halloo when they ſee an hare, or venture their necks full ſpeed after an hawk, immediately to commence Eſquires? No; our order is temperate, cleanly, ſober, and chaſte; but theſe rural Eſquires commit immodeſties upon hay-cocks, wear ſhirts half a week, and are drunk twice a day. Theſe men are alſo, to the laſt degree, exceſſive in their food: an Eſquire of Norfolk eats two pounds of dumplin every meal, as if obliged to it by our order; an Eſquire of Hampſhire is as ravenous in devouring hogs-fleſh; one of Eſſex has as little mercy on calves. But I muſt take the liberty to proteſt againſt them, and acquaint thoſe perſons, that it is not the quantity they eat, but the manner of eating, that ſhews an Eſquire. But, above all, I am moſt offended at ſmall quillmen, and tranſcribing clerks, who are all come into our order, for no reaſon that I know of, but that they can eaſily flouriſh it at the end of their name. I will undertake, that if you read the ſubſcriptions to all the offices in the kingdom, you will not find three letters directed to any but Eſquires. I have myſelf a couple of clerks, and the rogues make nothing of leaving meſſages upon each other's deſk: one directs—'To 'Degory Gooſequill, Eſquire;' to which the other replies by a note—'To Nehe-'miah Daſhwell, Eſquire, with reſpect;' in a word, it is now *Populus Armigerorum*—a people of Eſquires. And I do not know but, by the late act of naturalization, foreigners will aſſume that title, as part of the immunity of being Engliſhmen. All theſe improprieties flow from the negligence of the Herald's Office. Thoſe gentlemen in party-coloured habits do not ſo rightly, as they ought, underſtand themſelves; though they are dreſſed cap-a-pee in hieroglyphics, they are inwardly but ignorant men. I aſked an acquaintance of mine, who is a man of wit, but of no fortune, and is forced to appear as a Jack-pudding on the ſtage to a mountebank: 'Pray 'thee, Jack, why is your coat of ſo many 'colours?' He replied—'I act a fool; 'and this ſpotted dreſs is to ſignify, that 'every man living has a weak place 'about him; for I am Knight of the 'Shire, and repreſent you all.' I wiſh the heralds would know as well as this man does, in his way, that they are to act for us in the caſe of our arms and appellations: we ſhould not then be jumbled together in ſo promiſcuous and abſurd a manner. I deſign to take this matter into further conſideration; and no man ſhall be received as an Eſquire who cannot bring a certificate that he has conquered ſome lady's obdurate heart; that he can lead up a country-dance, or carry a meſſage between her and her lover, with addreſs, ſecrecy, and diligence. A Squire is properly born for the ſervice of the ſex, and his credentials ſhall be ſigned by three toaſts, and one prude, before his title ſhall be received in my office.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, MAY 23.

On Saturday laſt was preſented the Buſy Body, a comedy, written (as I have heretofore remarked) by a woman. The plot and incidents of the play are laid with that ſubtlety of ſpirit which is peculiar to females of wit, and is very ſeldom well performed by thoſe of the other ſex, in whom craft in love is an act of invention, and not, as with women, the effect of nature and inſtinct.

To-morrow will be acted a play called, The Trip to the Jubilee. This performance is the greateſt inſtance that we can have of the irreſiſtible force of proper action. The dialogue in itſelf has ſomething too low to bear a criticiſm upon it: but Mr. Wilkes enters into the part with ſo much ſkill, that the gallantry, the youth, and gaiety, of a young man of a plentiful fortune, is looked upon with as much indulgence on the ſtage as in real life, without any of thoſe intermixtures of wit and humour which uſually prepoſſeſs us in favour of ſuch characters in other plays.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, MAY 23.

Letters from the Hague of the twenty-third inſtant, N. S. ſay, Mr. Walpole (who is ſince arrived) was going with all expedition to Great Britain, whither they doubted not but he carried with him the preliminaries to a treaty of peace. The French miniſter, Monſieur Torcy, has been obſerved, in this

whole negociation, to turn his discourse upon the calamities sent down by Heaven upon France, and imputed the necessities they were under to the immediate hand of Providence, in inflicting a general scarcity of provision, rather than the superior genius of the generals, or the bravery of the armies against them. It would be impious not to acknowledge the indulgence of Heaven to us; but at the same time as we are to love our enemies, we are glad to see them mortified enough to mix Christianity with their politics. An authentic letter from Madame Maintenon to Monsieur Torcy, has been stolen by a person about him, who has communicated a copy of it to some of the dependants of a minister of the Allies. That epistle is writ in the most pathetic manner imaginable, and in a style which shews her genius that has so long engrossed the heart of this great monarch.

SIR,

I Received yours; and am sensible of the address and capacity with which you have hitherto transacted the great affair under your management. You will observe, that our wants here are not to be concealed; and that it is vanity to use artifices with the knowing men with whom you are to deal. Let me beg you therefore, in this representation of our circumstances, to lay aside art, which ceases to be such when it is seen, and make use of all your skill to gain us what advantages you can from the enemy's jealousy of each other's greatness; which is the place where only you have room for any dexterity. If you have any passion for your unhappy country, or any affection for your distressed master, come home with peace. Oh, heaven! do I live to talk of Lewis the Great, as the object of pity? The King shews a great uneasiness to be informed of all that passes; but, at the same time, is fearful of every one who appears in his presence, lest he should bring an account of some new calamity. I know not in what terms to represent my thoughts to you, when I speak of the King, with relation to his bodily health. Figure to yourself that immortal man, who stood in our public places, represented with trophies, armour, and terrors, on his pedestal: consider, the Invincible, the Great, the Good, the Pious, the Mighty, which were the usual epithets we gave him, both in our language and thoughts. I say, consider him whom you knew the most glorious and greatest of monarchs, and now think you see the same man an unhappy Lazar, in the lowest circumstances of human nature itself, without regard to the state from whence he is fallen. I write from his bed-side: he is at present in a slumber. I have many, many things to add; but my tears flow too fast, and my sorrow is too big for utterance. I am, &c.

There is such a veneration due from all men to the persons of princes, that it were a sort of dishonesty to represent further the condition which the King is in; but it is certain, that soon after the receipt of these advices, Monsieur Torcy waited upon his Grace the Duke of Marlborough and the Lord Townshend; and in that conference gave up many points which he had before said were such as he must return to France before he could answer.

N° XX. THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1709.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, MAY 24.

IT is not to be imagined how far prepossession will run away with people's understandings, in cases wherein they are under present uneasinesses. The following narration is a sufficient testimony of the truth of this observation.

I had the honour the other day of a visit from a gentlewoman, (a stranger to me) who seemed to be about thirty. Her complexion is brown; but the air of her face has an agreeableness which surpasses the beauties of the fairest women. There appeared in her look and mien a sprightly health; and her eyes had too much vivacity to become the language of complaint, which she began to enter into. She seemed sensible of it; and therefore, with downcast looks, said she—'Mr. Bickerstaff, you see before you the unhappiest of women; and, 'therefore, as you are esteemed by all 'the world both a great civilian, as well 'as an astrologer, I must desire your 'advice

'advice and assistance, in putting me 'in a method of obtaining a divorce 'from a marriage which I know the 'law will pronounce void.'—'Madam,' said I, 'your grievance is of such a na- 'ture, that you must be very ingenu- 'ous in representing the causes of your 'complaint, or I cannot give you the 'satisfaction you desire.'—'Sir,' she answers, 'I believe there would be no 'need of half your skill in the art of 'divination, to guess why a woman 'would part from her husband.'—'It 'is true,' said I; 'but suspicions, or 'guesses at what you mean, nay cer- 'tainty of it, except you plainly speak 'it, are no foundation for a formal suit.' She clapped her fan before her face—'My husband,' said she, 'is no more 'an husband' (here she bursts into tears) 'than one of the Italian singers.'

'Madam,' said I, 'the affliction you 'complain of is to be redressed by law; 'but, at the same time, consider what 'mortifications you are to go through 'in bringing it into open court; how 'will you be able to bear the impertin- 'nent whispers of the people present at 'the trial, the licentious reflections of 'the pleaders, and the interpretations 'that will in general be put upon your 'conduct by all the world? "How little," 'will they say, "could that lady com- "mand her passions!" Besides, consider, 'that curbing our desires is the greatest 'glory we can arrive at in this world, 'and will be most rewarded in the next.' She answered, like a prudent matron, 'Sir, if you please to remember the of- 'fice of matrimony, the first cause of 'it's institution is that of having poste- 'rity: therefore, as to the curbing de- 'sires, I am willing to undergo any ab- 'stinence from food as you please to 'enjoin me; but I cannot, with any 'quiet of mind, live in the neglect of a 'necessary duty, and an express com- 'mandment—"Increase and multiply." Observing she was learned, and knew so well the duties of life, I turned my argument rather to dehort her from this public procedure by examples than pre- cepts. 'Do but consider, Madam, what 'crowds of beauteous women live in 'nunneries, secluded for ever from the 'sight and conversation of men, with 'all the alacrity of spirit imaginable; 'they spend their time in heavenly rap- 'tures, in constant and frequent devo- 'tions, and at proper hours in agree- 'able conversations.'—'Sir,' said she, hastily, 'tell not me of Papists, or any 'of their idolatries.'—'Well then, Ma- 'dam, consider how many fine ladies 'live innocently in the eye of the world, 'and this gay town, in the midst of 'temptation: there is the witty Mrs. 'W———— is a virgin of forty-four, 'Mrs. T———s is thirty-nine, Mrs. 'L———ce thirty-three; yet you see 'they laugh, and are gay, at the park, 'at the play-house, at balls, and at 'visits; and so much at ease, that all 'this seems hardly a self-denial.'—'Mr. Bickerstaff,' said she, with some emotion, 'you are an excellent casuist; 'but the last word destroyed your whole 'argument; if it is not self-denial, it is 'no virtue. I presented you with an 'half-guinea, in hopes not only to have 'my conscience eased, but my fortune 'told. Yet—' 'Well, Madam,' said I, 'pray of what age is your husband?' —'He is,' replied my injured client, 'fifty; and I have been his wife fifteen 'years.'—'How happened it you never 'communicated your distress, in all this 'time, to your friends and relations?' She answered—'He has been thus but a fortnight.' I am the most serious man in the world to look at, and yet could not forbear laughing out. 'Why, Ma- 'dam, in case of infirmity, which pro- 'ceeds only from age, the law gives no 'remedy.'—'Sir,' said she, 'I find you 'have no more learning that Dr. Case; 'and I am told of a young man, not 'five and twenty, just come from Ox- 'ford, to whom I will communicate this 'whole matter; and doubt not but he 'will appear to have seven times more 'useful and satisfactory knowledge than 'you and all your boasted family.' Thus I have entirely lost my client: but if this tedious narrative preserves Pasto- rella from the intended marriage with one twenty years her senior—to save a fine lady, I am contented to have my learning decried, and my predictions bound up with Poor Robin's Alma- nack.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, MAY 25.

THIS evening was acted The Re- cruiting Officer, in which Ensign's proper sense and observation is what sup- ports the play. There is not, in my humble opinion, the humour hit in Ser- e; but it is admirably supplied eant K- ion. If I have skill to judge, by his act

that man is an excellent actor; but the crowd of the audience are fitter for representations at May Fair than a theatre royal. Yet that fair is now broke, as well as the theatre is breaking: but it is allowed still to sell animals there. Therefore, if any lady or gentleman have occasion for a tame elephant, let them enquire of Mr. Pinkethman, who has one to dispose of at a reasonable rate. The downfal of May Fair has quite sunk the price of this noble creature, as well as of many other curiosities of nature. A tyger will sell almost as cheap as an ox; and I am credibly informed, a man may purchase a cat with three legs, for very near the value of one with four. I hear likewise, that there is a great desolation among the gentlemen and ladies who were the ornaments of the town, and used to shine in plumes and diadems; the heroes being most of them pressed, and the queens beating hemp. Mrs. Sarabrand, so famous for her ingenious puppet-show, has set up a shop in the Exchange, where she sells her little troop under the term of Jointed Babies. I could not but be solicitous to know of her how she had disposed of that rake-hell Punch, whose lewd life and conversation had given so much scandal, and did not a little contribute to the ruin of the fair. She told me, with a sigh, that despairing of ever reclaiming him, she would not offer to place him in a civil family, but got him in a post upon a stall in Wapping, where he may be seen from sun-rising to sun-setting, with a glass in one hand and a pipe in the other, as centry to a brandy-shop. The great revolutions of this nature bring to my mind the distresses of the unfortunate Camilla, who has had the ill luck to break before her voice, and to disappear at a time when her beauty was in the height of it's bloom. This lady entered so thoroughly into the great characters she acted, that when she had finished her part, she could not think of retrenching her equipage, but would appear in her own lodgings with the same magnificence that she did upon the stage. This greatness of soul has reduced that unhappy princess to an involuntary retirement, where she now passes her time among the woods and forests, thinking on the crowns and sceptres she has lost, and often humming over in her solitude—

I was born of royal race,
Yet must wander in disgrace, &c.

But for fear of being overheard, and her quality known, she usually sings in Italian—

Nacqui al regno, nacqui al trono,
E par sono
I venturata pastorella——

Since I have touched upon this subject, I shall communicate to my reader part of a letter I have received from an ingenious friend at Amsterdam, where there is a very noble theatre; though the manner of furnishing it with actors is something peculiar to that place, and gives us occasion to admire both the politeness and frugality of that people.

MY friends have kept me here a week longer than ordinary, to see one of their plays, which was performed last night with great applause. The actors are all of them tradesmen; who, after their day's work is over, earn about a guilder a night by personating kings and generals. The hero of the tragedy I saw was a journeyman taylor, and his first minister of state a coffee-man. The Empress made me think of Parthenope in the Rehearsal; for her mother keeps an alehouse in the suburbs of Amsterdam. When the tragedy was over, they entertained us with a short farce, in which the cobler did his part to a miracle; but upon enquiry, I found he had really been working at his own trade, and representing on the stage what he acted every day in his shop. The profits of the theatre maintain an hospital; for as they do not think the profession of an actor here the only trade that a man ought to exercise, so they will not allow any body to grow rich in a profession that, in their opinion, so little conduces to the good of the commonwealth. If I am not mistaken, your playhouses in England have done the same thing; for, unless I am misinformed, the hospital at Dulwich was erected and endowed by Mr. Allen, a player: and it is also said, a famous she-tragedian has settled her estate, after her death, for the maintenance of decayed wits, who are to be taken in as soon as they grow dull, at whatever time of their life that shall happen.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, MAY 25.

LETTERS from the Hague of the thirty-first instant, N. S. say, that the articles preliminary to a general peace were

were settled, communicated to the States General, and all the foreign ministers residing there, and transmitted to their respective masters on the twenty-eighth. Monsieur Torcy immediately returned to the court of France, from whence he is expected again on the fourth of the next month, with those articles ratified by that court. The Hague is agreed upon for the place of treaty, and the fifteenth of the next month the day on which it is to commence. The terms whereon this negociation is founded are not yet declared by public authority; but what is most generally received is as follows:

Her Majesty's right and title, and the Protestant succession to these dominions, is forthwith to be acknowledged. King Charles is to be owned the lawful sovereign of Spain. The French King shall not only recal his troops out of that kingdom, and deliver up to the Allies the towns of Roses, Fontarabia, and Pampelona; but in case the Duke of Anjou shall not retire out of the Spanish dominions, he shall be obliged to assist the Allies to force him from thence. A cessation of arms is agreed upon for two months from the first day of the treaty. The port and fortifications of Dunkirk are to be demolished within four months; but the town itself left in the hands of the French. The Pretender is to be obliged to leave France. All Newfoundland is to be restored to the English. As to the other parts of America, the French are to restore whatever they may have taken from the English, as the English, in like manner, are to give up what they may have taken from the French, before the commencement of the treaty. The trade between Great Britain and France shall be settled upon the same foundation as in the reign of King Charles the Second.

The Dutch are to have for their barriers, Newport, Berg, St. Vinox, Furnes, Ipres, Lisle, Tournay, Douay, Valenciennes, Conde, Maubeuge, Mons, Charleroy, Namur, and Luxemburg; all which places shall be delivered up to the Allies before the end of June. The trade between Holland and France shall be on the same foot as in 1664. The cities of Strasburg, Brisac, and Alsatia, shall be restored to the Emperor and empire; and the King of France, pursuant to the treaty of Westphalia in 1648, shall only retain the protection of ten Imperial cities, viz. Colman, Schlestat, Haguenau, Munster, Turkeim, Keisember, Obrenheim, Rosheim, Weisemberg, and Landau: Huninguen, Fort-Louis, Fort-Khiel, and New-Brisac, shall be demolished, and all the fortifications from Basil to Philipsburg. The King of Prussia shall remain in the peaceable possession of Neufchatel. The affair of Orange, as also the pretensions of his Prussian Majesty in Franche Comté, shall be determined at this general negociation of peace. The Duke of Savoy shall have a restitution made of all that has been taken from him by the French, and remain master of Exilles, Chamont, Fenestrelles, and the valley of Pragelas.

Nº XXI. SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1709.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, MAY 26.

A Gentleman has writ to me out of the country a very civil letter, and said things which I suppress with great violence to my vanity. There are many terms in my narratives which he complains want explaining; and has therefore desired, that, for the benefit of my country readers, I would let him know what I mean by a Gentleman, a Pretty Fellow, a Toast, a Coquet, a Critic, a Wit, and all other appellations of those who are now in possession of these several characters in the gayer world; together with an account of those who unfortunately pretend to them. I shall begin with him we usually call a Gentleman, or man of conversation.

It is generally thought that warmth of imagination, quick relish of pleasure, and a manner of becoming it, are the most essential qualities for forming this sort of man. But any one that is much in company will observe, that the height of good-breeding is shewn rather in never giving offence than in doing obliging things. Thus he that never shocks you, though he is seldom entertaining, is more likely to keep your favour than he who often entertains, and sometimes displeases you. The most necessary talent,

lent, therefore, in a man of converſation, which is what we ordinarily intend by a fine Gentleman, is a good judgment. He that has this in perfection is maſter of his companion, without letting him ſee it; and has the ſame advantage over men of any other qualifications whatſoever, as one that can ſee would have over a blind man of ten times his ſtrength.

This is what makes Sophronius the darling of all who converſe with him, and the moſt powerful with his acquaintance of any man in town. By the light of this faculty he acts with great eaſe and freedom among the men of pleaſure, and acquits himſelf with ſkill and diſpatch among the men of buſineſs: all which he performs with ſuch ſucceſs, that, with as much diſcretion in life as any man ever had, he neither is, nor appears, cunning. But if he does a good office, as he ever does it with readineſs and alacrity, ſo he denies what he does not care to engage in, in a manner that convinces you that you ought not to have aſked it. His judgment is ſo good and unerring, and accompanied with ſo chearful a ſpirit, that his converſation is a continual feaſt, at which he helps ſome, and is helped by others, in ſuch a manner, that the equality of ſociety is perfectly kept up, and every man obliges as much as he is obliged: for it is the greateſt and juſteſt ſkill in a man of ſuperior underſtanding, to know how to be on a level with his companions. This ſweet diſpoſition runs through all the actions of Sophronius, and makes his company deſired by women without being envied by men. Sophronius would be as juſt as he is, if there were no law; and would be as diſcreet as he is, if there were no ſuch thing as calumny.

In imitation of this agreeable being, is made that animal we call a Pretty Fellow; who, being juſt able to find out that what makes Sophronius acceptable is a natural behaviour, in order to the ſame reputation, makes his own an artificial one. Jack Dimple is his perfect mimic; whereby he is, of courſe, the moſt unlike him of all men living. Sophronius juſt now paſſed into the inner room directly forward: Jack comes as faſt after as he can for the right and left looking-glaſs, in which he had but juſt approved himſelf by a nod at each, and marched on. He will meditate within for half an hour, until he is not careleſs enough in his air, and come back to the mirror to recollect his forgetfulneſs.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, MAY 27.

THIS night was acted the comedy called The Fox; but I wonder the modern writers do not uſe their intereſt in the houſe to ſuppreſs ſuch repreſentations. A man that has been at this will hardly like any other play during the ſeaſon: therefore I humbly move, that the writings, as well as dreſſes, of the laſt age, ſhould give way to the preſent faſhion. We are come into a good method enough, (if we were not interrupted in our mirth by ſuch an apparition as a play of Johnſon's) to be entertained at more eaſe, both to the ſpectator and the writer, than in the days of old. It is no difficulty to get hats and ſwords, and wigs and ſhoes, and every thing elſe, from the ſhops in towns; and make a man ſhew himſelf by his habit, without more ado, to be a Counſellor, a Fop, a Courtier, or a Citizen, and not be obliged to make thoſe characters talk in different dialects to be diſtinguiſhed from each other. This is certainly the ſureſt and beſt way of writing: but ſuch a play as this makes a man for a month after over-run with criticiſm, and enquire, What every man on the ſtage ſaid? What had ſuch a one to do to meddle with ſuch a thing? How came the other, who was bred after this or that manner, to ſpeak ſo like a man converſant among a different people? Theſe queſtions rob us of all our pleaſure; for, at this rate, no ſentence in a play ſhould be ſpoken by any one character which could poſſibly enter into the head of any other man repreſented in it; but every ſentiment ſhould be peculiar to him only who utters it. Laborious Ben's works will bear this ſort of inquiſition; but if the preſent writers were thus examined, and the offences againſt this rule ſtruck out, few plays would be long enough for the whole evening's entertainment.

But I do not know how they did in thoſe old times: this ſame Ben Johnſon has made every one's paſſion in this play be towards money; and yet not one of them expreſſes that deſire, or endeavours to obtain it, any way but what is peculiar to him only: one ſacrifices his wife, another his profeſſion, another his poſterity, from the ſame motive; but

their

their characters are kept so skilfully apart, that it seems prodigious their discourses should rise from the invention of the same author.

But the poets are a nest of hornets, and I will drive these thoughts no farther; but must mention some hard treatment I am like to meet with from my brother-writers. I am credibly informed, that the author of a play called 'Love in a Hollow Tree,' has made some remarks upon my late discourse on the Naked Truth. I cannot blame a gentleman for writing against any error; it is for the good of the learned world. But I would have the thing fairly left between us two, and not under the protection of patrons. But my intelligence is, that he hath dedicated his treatise to the Honourable Mr. Ed—d H———rd.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAY 27.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

SIR, YORK, MAY 16, 1709.

BEING convinced, as the whole world is, how infallible your predictions are, and having the honour to be your near relation of the Staffian family, I was under great concern at one of your predictions relating to yourself, wherein you foretold your own death would happen on the seventeenth instant, unless it was prevented by the assistance of well-disposed people: I have therefore prevailed on my own modesty to send you a piece of news, which may serve instead of Goddard's Drops, to keep you alive for two days, until nature be able to recover itself, or until you meet with some better help from other hands. Therefore, without further ceremony, I will go on to relate a singular adventure just happened in the place where I am writing, wherewith it may be highly useful for the public to be informed.

Three young ladies of our town were on Saturday last indicted for witchcraft. The witnesses against the first deposed upon oath before Justice Bindover, that she kept spirits locked up in vessels, which sometimes appeared in flames of blue fire; that she used magical herbs, with some of which she drew in hundreds of men daily to her, who went out from her presence all inflamed, their mouths parched, and a hot stream issuing from them, attended with a grievous stench: that many of the said men were, by the force of that herb, metamorphosed into swine, and lay wallowing in the kennels for twenty-four hours, before they could re-assume their shapes or their senses.

It was proved against the second, that she cut off by night the limbs from dead bodies that were hanged, and was seen to dig holes in the ground, to mutter some conjuring words, and bury pieces of the flesh after the usual manner of witches.

The third was accused for a notorious piece of sorcery, long practised by hags, of moulding up pieces of dough into the shapes of men, women, and children; then heating them at a gentle fire, which had a sympathetic power to torment the bowels of those in their neighbourhood.

This was the sum of what was objected against the three ladies, who indeed had nothing to say in their own defence but downright denying the facts, which is like to avail very little when they come upon their trials.

But the parson of our parish, a strange refractory man, will believe nothing of all this; so that the whole town cries out—'Shame! that one of his coat 'should be such an atheist;' and design to complain of him to the bishop. He goes about very oddly to solve the matter. He supposes, that the first of these ladies, keeping a brandy and tobacco shop, the fellows went out smoking; and got drunk towards evening, and made themselves beasts. He says, the second is a butcher's daughter, and sometimes brings a quarter of mutton from the slaughter-house over night against a market-day, and once buried a bit of beef in the ground, as a known receipt to cure warts on her hands. The parson affirms, that the third sells gingerbread, which, to please the children, she is forced to stamp with images before it is baked; and if it burns their guts, it is because they eat too much, or do not drink after it.

These are the answers he gives to solve those wonderful phænomena; upon which I shall not animadvert, but leave it among philosophers: and so wishing you all success in your undertakings for the amendment of the world, I remain, dear

cousin,

couſin, your moſt affectionate kinſman, and humble ſervant,

EPHRAIM BEDSTAFF.

P. S. Thoſe who were condemned to death among the Athenians, were obliged to take a doſe of poiſon, which made them die upwards; ſeizing firſt upon their feet, making them cold and inſenſible, and ſo aſcending gradually until it reached the vital parts. I believe your death, which you foretold would happen on the ſeventeenth inſtant, will fall out the ſame way, and that your diſtemper hath already ſeized on you, and makes progreſs daily. The lower part of you, that is, the Advertiſements, is dead; and theſe have riſen for theſe ten days laſt paſt, ſo that they now take up almoſt a whole paragraph. Pray, Sir, do your endeavour to drive this diſtemper as much as poſſible to the extreme parts, and keep it there, as wiſe folks do the gout: for if it once gets into your ſtomach, it will ſoon fly up into your head, and you are a dead man.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, MAY 27.

WE hear from Leghorn, that Sir Edward Whitaker, with five men of war, four tranſports, and two fireſhips, were arrived at that port; and Admiral Byng was ſuddenly expected. Their ſquadrons being joined, they deſigned to ſail directly for Final, to tranſport the reinforcements lodged in thoſe parts to Barcelona.

They write from Milan, that Count Thaun arrived there on the ſixteenth inſtant, N. S. and proceeded on his journey to Turin on the twenty-firſt, in order to concert ſuch meaſures with his Royal Highneſs as ſhall appear neceſſary for the operations of the enſuing campaign.

Advices from Dauphiné ſay, that the troops of the Duke of Savoy begin already to appear in thoſe valleys, whereof he made himſelf maſter the laſt year; and that the Duke of Berwick applied himſelf with all imaginable diligence to ſecure the paſſes of the mountains, by ordering intrenchments to be made towards Briançon, Tourneau, and the valley of Queiras. That general has alſo been at Marſeilles and Toulon, to haſten the tranſportation of the corn and proviſions deſigned for his army.

Letters from Vienna, bearing date May the twenty-third, N. S. import, that the Cardinal of Saxe-Zeits, and the Prince of Lichtenſtein, were preparing to ſet out for Preſburg, to aſſiſt at the Diet of the States of Hungary, which is to be aſſembled at that place on the twenty-fifth of this month. General Heiſter will ſhortly appear at the head of his army at Trentſchin, which place is appointed for the general rendezvous of the Imperial forces in Hungary; from whence he will advance to lay ſiege to Newhauſel. In the mean time reinforcements, with a great train of artillery, are marching the ſame way. The King of Denmark arrived on the tenth inſtant at Inſpruck, and on the twenty-fifth at Dreſden under a triple diſcharge of the artillery of that place; but his Majeſty refuſed the ceremonies of a public entry.

Our letters from the Upper Rhine ſay, that the Imperial army began to form itſelf at Etlingen; where the reſpective deputies of the Elector Palatine, the Prince of Baden Durlach, the Biſhopric of Spires, &c. were aſſembled, and had taken the neceſſary meaſures for the proviſion of forage, the ſecurity of the country againſt the incurſions of the enemy, and laying a bridge over the Rhine. Several veſſels laden with corn are daily paſſing before Frankfort for the Lower Rhine.

Letters from Poland inform us, that a detachment of Muſcovite cavalry, under the command of General Infland, had joined the confederate army; and the infantry, commanded by General Goltz, was expected to come up within a few days. Theſe ſuccours will amount to twenty thouſand men.

Our laſt advices from the Hague, dated June the fourth, N. S. ſay, that they expected a courier from the French court, with a ratification of the preliminaries, that night or the day following. His Grace the Duke of Marlborough will ſet out for Bruſſels on Wedneſday or Thurſday next, if the diſpatches which are expected from Paris do not alter his reſolutions. Letters from Majorca confirm the honourable capitulation of the caſtle of Alicant, and alſo the death of the Governor, Major-general Richards, Colonel Sibourg, and Major Vignolles, who were all buried in the ruins of that place by the ſpringing of the great mine, which did, it ſeems, more execution than was reported.

ed. Monſieur Torcy paſſed through Mons in his return, and had there a long conference with the Elector of Bavaria; after which, that prince ſpoke publicly of the treatment he had received from France, with the utmoſt indignation.

Any perſon that ſhall come publicly abroad in a fantaſtical habit, contrary to the preſent mode and faſhion, except Don Diego Diſmallo, or any other cut of poverty, ſhall have his name and dreſs inſerted in our next.

N. B. Mr. How'd'yecall is deſired to leave off thoſe buttons.'

Nº XXII. TUESDAY, MAY 31, 1709.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE HOUSE, MAY 28.

I Came hither this evening to ſee faſhions; and who ſhould I firſt encounter but my old friend Cynthio, (encompaſſed by a crowd of young fellows) dictating on the paſſion of Love with the gayeſt air imaginable. 'Well,' ſays he, 'as to what I know of the matter, there 'is nothing but ogling with ſkill carries a woman; but indeed it is not 'every fool that is capable of this art; 'you will find twenty can ſpeak eloquently, fifty that can fight manfully, 'and a thouſand that can dreſs genteelly at a miſtreſs, where there is one that 'can gaze ſkilfully. This requires an 'exquiſite judgment, to take the language of her eyes to yours exactly, 'and not let yours talk too faſt for hers; 'as at a play between the acts, when 'Beau Friſk ſtands upon a bench full 'in Lindamira's face, and her dear 'eyes are ſearching round to avoid that 'ſtaring open fool; ſhe meets the watchful glance of her true lover, and ſees 'his heart attentive on her charms, and 'waiting for a ſecond twinkle of her 'eye for it's next motion.' Here the good company ſneered; but he goes on. 'Nor is this attendance a ſlavery, when 'a man meets with encouragement, and 'her eye comes often in his way: for, 'after an evening ſo ſpent, and the repetition of four or five ſignificant 'looks at him, the happy man goes 'home to his lodging, full of ten thouſand pleaſing images: his brain is dilated, and gives him all the ideas and 'proſpects which it ever lets into it's 'ſeat of pleaſure. Thus a kind look 'from Lindamira revives in his imagination all the beauteous lawns, green 'fields, woods, foreſts, rivers, and ſolitudes, which he had ever before ſeen 'in picture, deſcription, or real life: 'and all with this addition, that he now 'ſees them with the eyes of an happy 'lover, as before only with thoſe of a 'common man. You laugh, gentlemen; but conſider yourſelves, (you 'common people that were never in 'love) and compare yourſelves in good 'humour with yourſelves out of humour, and you will then acknowledge, that all external objects affect 'you according to the diſpoſitions you 'are in to receive their impreſſions, and 'not as thoſe objects are in their own 'nature. How much more ſhall all that 'paſſes within his view and obſervation touch with delight a man who 'is prepoſſeſſed with ſucceſsful love, 'which is an aſſemblage of ſoft affection, gay deſires, and hopeful reſolutions?'

Poor Cynthio went on at this rate to the crowd about him, without any purpoſe in his talk, but to vent an heart overflowing with a ſenſe of ſucceſs. I wondered what could exalt him from the diſtreſs, in which he had long appeared, to ſo much alacrity. But my Familiar has given me the ſtate of his affairs. It ſeems then, that, lately coming out of the playhouſe, his miſtreſs, who knows he is in her livery, as the manner of inſolent beauties is, is reſolved to keep him ſtill ſo, and gave him ſo much wages as to complain to him of the crowd ſhe was to paſs through. He had his wits and reſolution enough about him to take her hand, and ſay, he would attend her to the coach. All the way thither my good young man ſtammered at every word, and ſtumbled at every ſtep. His miſtreſs, wonderfully pleaſed with her triumph, put to him a thouſand queſtions, to make a man of his natural wit ſpeak with heſitation; and let drop her fan to ſee him recover it aukwardly. This is the whole foundation of Cynthio's recovery to the ſprightly air he appears with at preſent.

I grew mighty curious to know something more of that lady's affairs, as being amazed how she could dally with an offer of one of his merit and fortune. I sent Pacolet to her lodgings, who immediately brought me back the following letter to her friend and confident Amanda in the country, wherein she has opened her heart and all it's folds.

DEAR AMANDA,

THE town grows so empty, that you must expect my letter so too, except you will allow me to talk of myself instead of others: you cannot imagine what pain it is, after a whole day spent in public, to want your company, and the ease which friendship allows in being vain to each other, and speaking all our minds. An account of the slaughter which these unhappy eyes have made within ten days last past, would make me appear too great a tyrant to be allowed in a Christian country. I shall therefore confine myself to my principal conquests, which are the hearts of Beau Frisk and Jack Freeland, besides Cynthio, who, you know, wore my fetters before you went out of town. Shall I tell you my weakness? I begin to love Frisk: it is the best-humoured impertinent thing in the world; he is always, too, in waiting, and will certainly carry me off one time or other. Freeland's father and mine have been upon treaty without consulting me; and Cynthio has been eternally watching my eyes, without approaching me, my friends, my maid, or any one about me: he hopes to get me, I believe, as they say the rattle-snake does the squirrel, by staring at me until I drop into his mouth. Freeland demands me for a jointure, which he thinks deserves me; Cynthio thinks nothing high enough to be my value: Freeland therefore will take it for no obligation to have me; and Cynthio's idea of me is what will vanish by knowing me better. Familiarity will equally turn the veneration of the one, and the indifference of the other, into contempt. I will stick therefore to my old maxim, to have that sort of man who can have no greater views than what are in my power to give him possession of. The utmost of my dear Frisk's ambition is, to be thought a man of fashion; and therefore has been so much in mode, as to resolve upon me, because the whole town likes me. Thus I chuse rather a man who loves me because others do, than one who approves me on his own judgment. He that judges for himself in love will often change his opinion; but he that follows the sense of others must be constant, as long as a woman can make advances. The visits I make, the entertainments I give, and the addresses I receive, will be all arguments for me with a man of Frisk's second-hand genius; but would be so many bars to my happiness with any other man. However, since Frisk can wait, I shall enjoy a summer or two longer, and remain a single woman, in the sublime pleasure of being followed and admired; which nothing can equal, except that of being beloved by you. I am, &c.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, MAY 30.

MY chief business here this evening was to speak to my friends in behalf of honest Cave Underhill, who has been a comic for three generations: my father admired him extremely when he was a boy. There is certainly Nature excellently represented in his manner of action; in which he ever avoided that general fault in players, of doing too much. It must be confessed, he has not the merit of some ingenious persons now on the stage, of adding to his authors; for the actors were so dull in the last age, that many of them have gone out of the world without having ever spoke one word of their own in the theatre. Poor Cave is so mortified, that he quibbles, and tells you he pretends only to act a part fit for a man who has one foot in the grave, viz. a grave-digger. All admirers of true comedy, it is hoped, will have the gratitude to be present on the last day of his acting, who, if he does not happen to please them, will have it even then to say, that it is his first offence.

But there is a gentleman here, who says he has it from good hands, that there is actually a subscription made by many persons of wit and quality, for the encouragement of new comedies. This design will very much contribute to the improvement and diversion of the town: but as every man is most concerned for himself, I, who am of a saturnine and melancholy complexion, cannot but murmur, that there is not an equal invitation to write tragedies; having by me, in my book of common places, enough to

to enable me to finish a very sad one by the fifth of the next month. I have the farewel of a general, with a truncheon in his hand, dying for love, in six lines. I have the principles of a politician, (who does all the mischief in the play) together with his declaration on the vanity of ambition in his last moments, expressed in a page and an half. I have all my oaths ready, and my similes want nothing but application. I will not pretend to give you an account of the plot, it being the same design upon which all tragedies have been writ for several years last past; and from the beginning of the first scene, the frequenters of the house may know as well as the author, when the battle is to be fought, the lady to yield, and the hero proceed to his wedding and coronation. Besides these advantages which I have in readiness, I have an eminent tragedian very much my friend, who shall come in and go through the whole five acts, without troubling me for one sentence, whether he is to kill or be killed, love or be loved, win battles or lose them, or whatever other tragical performance I shall please to assign him.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAY 30.

I HAVE this day received a letter, subscribed Fidelia, that gives me an account of an inchantment under which a young lady suffers, and desires my help to exorcise her from the power of the sorcerer. Her lover is a rake of sixty; the lady a virtuous woman of twenty-five: her relations are to the last degree afflicted, and amazed at this irregular passion: their sorrow I know not how to remove, but can their astonishment; for there is no spirit in woman half so prevalent as that of contradiction, which is the sole cause of her perseverance. Let the whole family go dressed in a body, and call the bride to-morrow morning to her nuptials, and I will undertake the inconstant will forget her lover in the midst of all his aches. But if this expedient does not succeed, I must be so just to the young lady's distinguishing sense, as to applaud her choice. A fine young woman, at last, is but what is due from fate to an honest fellow, who has suffered so unmercifully by the sex; and I think we cannot enough celebrate her heroic virtue, who (like the patriot that ended a pestilence by plunging himself into a gulph) gives herself up to gorge that dragon which has devoured so many virgins before her.

A letter directed to Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, Astrologer and Physician in Ordinary to her Majesty's subjects of Great Britain, with respect, is come to hand.

N° XXIII. THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1709.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, MAY 31.

THE generality of mankind are so very fond of this world, and of staying in it, that a man cannot have eminent skill in any one art, but they will, in spite of his teeth, make him a physician also, that being the science the worldlings have most need of. I pretended, when I first set up, to astrology only; but I am told, I have deep skill also in medicine. I am applied to now by a gentleman for my advice in behalf of his wife, who, upon the least matrimonial difficulty, is excessively troubled with fits, and can bear no manner of passion without falling into immediate convulsions. I must confess, it is a case I have known before, and remember the party was recovered by certain words pronounced in the midst of the fit by the learned doctor who performed the cure. These ails have usually their beginning from the affections of the mind: therefore you must have patience to let me give you an instance, whereby you may discern the cause of the distemper, and then proceed in cure as follows:

A fine town-lady was married to a gentleman of ancient descent in one of the counties of Great Britain, who had good-humour to a weakness, and was that sort of person of whom it is usually said—'He is no man's enemy but 'his own:' one who had too much tenderness of soul to have any authority with his wife; and she too little sense to give him authority for that reason. His kind wife observed this temper in him, and made proper use of it. But knowing it was below a gentlewoman to

wrangle, she resolved upon an expedient to save decorum, and wear her dear to her point at the same time. She therefore took upon her to govern him, by falling into fits whenever she was repulsed in a request, or contradicted in a discourse. It was a fish-day, when in the midst of her husband's good-humour at table, she bethought herself to try her project. She made signs that she had swallowed a bone. The man grew pale as ashes, and ran to her assistance, calling for drink. 'No, my 'dear,' said she, recovering, 'it is 'down; do not be frightened.' This accident betrayed his softness enough. The next day she complained, a lady's chariot, whose husband had not half his estate, had a crane neck, and hung with twice the air that hers did. He answered—'Madam, you know my income; 'you know I have lost two coach-horses 'this spring.' Down she fell. 'Hartshorn! Betty—Susan—Alice—throw 'water in her face.' With much care and pains, she was at last brought to herself, and the vehicle in which she visited was amended in the nicest manner, to prevent relapses; but they frequently happened, during that husband's whole life, which he had the good fortune to end in a few years after. The disconsolate soon pitched upon a very agreeable successor, whom she very prudently designed to govern by the same method. This man knew her little arts, and resolved to break through all tenderness, and be absolute master as soon as occasion offered. One day it happened, that a discourse arose about furniture: he was very glad of the occasion, and fell into an invective against china, protesting he would never let five pounds more of his money be laid out that way as long as he breathed. She immediately fainted.—He starts up as amazed, and calls for help.—The maids ran to the closet—He chafes her face, bends her forward, and beats the palms of her hands: her convulsions increase, and down she tumbles on the floor, where she lies quite dead, in spite of what the whole family, from the nursery to the kitchen, could do for her relief.

While every servant was thus helping or lamenting their mistress, he, fixing his cheek to hers, seemed to be following in a trance of sorrow; but secretly whispers her—'My dear, this will never 'do: what is within my power and fortune, you may always command, but 'none of your artifices: you are quite 'in other hands than those you passed 'these pretty passions upon.' This made her almost in the condition she pretended; her convulsions now come thicker, nor was she to be held down. The kind man doubles his care, helps the servants to throw water in her face by full quarts; and when the sinking part of the fit came again—'Well, my dear,' said he, 'I 'applaud your action; but I must take 'my leave of you until you are more 'sincere with me. Farewel for ever: 'you shall always know where to hear 'of me, and want for nothing.' With that he ordered the maids to keep plying her with hartshorn, while he went for a physician: he was scarce at the stair-head when she followed, and pulling him into a closet, thanked him for her cure; which was so absolute, that she gave me this relation herself, to be communicated for the benefit of all the voluntary invalids of her sex.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JUNE 1.

ADVICES from Brussels of the sixth instant, N. S. say, his Highness Prince Eugene had received a letter from Monsieur Torcy, wherein that minister, after many expressions of great respect, acquaints him, that his master had absolutely refused to sign the preliminaries to the treaty which he had, in his Majesty's behalf, consented to at the Hague. Upon the receipt of this intelligence, the face of things at that place were immediately altered, and the necessary orders were transmitted to the troops (which lay most remote from thence) to move toward the place of rendezvous with all expedition. The enemy seems also to prepare for the field, and have at present drawn together twenty-five thousand men in the plains of Lenz. Marshal Villars is at the head of those troops; and has given the generals under his command all possible assurances, that he will turn the fate of the war to the advantage of his master.

They write from the Hague of the seventh, that Monsieur Rouille had received orders from the court of France, to signify to the States General, and the ministers of the High Allies, that the King could not consent to the preliminaries of a treaty of peace, as it was offered to him by Monsieur Torcy.

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The great difficulty is the business of Spain, on which particular his ministers seemed only to say, during the treaty, that it was not so immediately under their master's direction, as that he could engage for it's being relinquished by the Duke of Anjou: but now he positively answers, that he cannot comply with what his minister has promised in his behalf, even in such points as are wholly in himself to act in or not. This has had no other effect than to give the alliance fresh arguments for being diffident of engagements entered into by France. The Pensioner made a report of all which this minister had declared to the deputies of the States General, and all things turn towards a vigorous war. The Duke of Marlborough designed to leave the Hague within two days, in order to put himself at the head of the army, which is to assemble on the seventeenth instant, between the Scheld and the Lis. A fleet of eighty sail, laden with corn from the Baltic, is arrived in the Texel. The States have sent circular letters to all the provinces, to notify this change of affairs, and to animate their subjects to new resolutions in defence of their country.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAY 31.

THE public is not so little my concern, though I am but a student, as that I should not interest myself in the present great things in agitation. I am still of opinion the French King will sign the preliminaries. With that view, I have sent him, by my Familiar, the following epistle, and admonished him, on pain of what I shall say of him to future generations, to act with sincerity on this occasion.

LONDON, MAY 31.

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE, OF GREAT BRITAIN, TO LEWIS THE FOURTEENTH OF FRANCE.

THE surprizing news which arrived this day, of your Majesty's having refused to sign the treaty your ministers have in a manner sued for, is what gives ground to this application to your Majesty, from one whose name, perhaps, is too obscure to have ever reached your territories; but one who, with all the European world, is affected with your determinations. Therefore, as it is mine and the common cause of mankind, I presume to expostulate with you on this occasion. It will, I doubt not, appear to the vulgar extravagant, that the actions of a mighty prince should be balanced by the censure of a private man, whose approbation or dislike are equally contemptible in their eyes, when they regard the thrones of sovereigns. But your Majesty has shewn, through the whole course of your reign, too great a value for liberal arts, to be insensible that true fame lies only in the hands of learned men, by whom it is to be transmitted to futurity, with marks of honour or reproach to the end of time. The date of human life is too short to recompense the cares which attend the most private condition. Therefore it is, that our souls are made as it were too big for it; and extend themselves in the prospect of a longer existence, in a good fame, and memory of worthy actions, after our decease. The whole race of men have this passion in some degree implanted in their bosoms, which is the strongest and noblest incitation to honest attempts: but the base use of the arts of peace, eloquence, poetry, and all the parts of learning, have been possessed by souls so unworthy of those faculties, that the names and appellations of things have been confounded by the labours and writings of prostituted men, who have stamped a reputation upon such actions as are in themselves the objects of contempt and disgrace. This is that which has misled your Majesty in the conduct of your reign, and made that life which might have been the most imitable, the most to be avoided. To this it is, that the great and excellent qualities of which your Majesty is master, are lost in their application; and your Majesty has been carrying on for many years the most cruel tyranny, with all the noble methods which are used to support a just reign. Thus it is, that it avails nothing that you are a bountiful master; that you are so generous as to reward even the unsuccessful with honour and riches; that no laudable action passes unrewarded in your kingdom; that you have searched all nations for obscure merit; in a word, that you are in your private character endowed with every princely quality; when all this is subjected to unjust and ill-taught ambition,

tion, which, to the injury of the world, is gilded by thoſe endowments. However, if your Majeſty will condeſcend to look into your own ſoul, and conſider all it's faculties and weakneſſes with impartiality; if you will but be convinced, that life is ſupported in you by the ordinary methods of food, reſt, and ſleep; you will think it impoſſible that you could ever be ſo much impoſed on, as to have been wrought into a belief that ſo many thouſands of the ſame make with yourſelf were formed by Providence for no other end but by the hazard of their very being to extend the conqueſts and glory of an individual of their own ſpecies. A very little reflection will convince your Majeſty, that ſuch cannot be the intent of the Creator; and if not, what horror muſt it give your Majeſty to think of the vaſt devaſtations your ambition has made among your fellow-creatures! While the warmth of youth, the flattery of crowds, and a continual ſeries of ſucceſs and triumph, indulged your Majeſty in this illuſion of mind, it was leſs to be wondered at, that you proceeded in this miſtaken purſuit of grandeur: but when age, diſappointments, public calamities, perſonal diſtempers, and the reverſe of all that makes men forget their true being, are fallen upon you; Heaven! is it poſſible you can live without remorſe? Can the wretched man be a tyrant? Can grief ſtudy torments? Can ſorrow be cruel?

Your Majeſty will obſerve, I do not bring againſt you a railing accuſation; but as you are a ſtrict profeſſor of religion, I beſeech your Majeſty to ſtop the effuſion of blood, by receiving the opportunity which preſents itſelf for the preſervation of your diſtreſſed people. Be no longer ſo infatuated, as to hope for renown from murder and violence; but conſider that the great day will come in which this world and all it's glory ſhall change in a moment; when nature ſhall ſicken, and the earth and ſea give up the bodies committed to them, to appear before the laſt tribunal. Will it then, O King! be an anſwer for the lives of millions, who have fallen by the ſword—'They periſhed for my 'glory.' That day will come on, and one like it is immediately approaching: injured nations advance towards thy habitation; vengeance has begun it's march, which is to be diverted only by the penitence of the oppreſſor. Awake, O Monarch, from thy lethargy! diſdain the abuſes thou haſt received; pull down the ſtatue which calls thee immortal; be truly great; tear thy purple, and put on ſackcloth. I am, thy generous enemy,

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

Nº XXIV. SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1709.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, JUNE 2.

IN my paper of the 28th of the laſt month, I mentioned ſeveral characters which want explanation to the generality of readers: among others, I ſpoke of a Pretty Fellow. I have ſince received a kind admonition in a letter, to take care that I do not omit to ſhew alſo what is meant by a Very Pretty Fellow, which is to be allowed as a character by itſelf, and a perſon exalted above the other by a peculiar ſprightlineſs; as one who, by a diſtinguiſhing vigour, outſtrips his companions, and has thereby deſerved and obtained a particular appellation or nick-name of familiarity. Some have this diſtinction from the fair-ſex, who are ſo generous as to take into their protection ſuch as are laughed at by the men, and place them for that reaſon in degrees of favour.

The chief of this ſort is Colonel Brunett, who is a man of faſhion, becauſe he will be ſo; and practiſes a very janty way of behaviour, becauſe he is too careleſs to know when he offends, and too ſanguine to be mortified if he did know it. Thus the Colonel has met with a town ready to receive him, and cannot poſſibly ſee why he ſhould not make uſe of their favour, and ſet himſelf in the firſt degree of converſation. Therefore he is very ſucceſsfully loud among the wits, and familiar among the ladies, and diſſolute among the rakes. Thus he is admitted in one place, becauſe he is ſo in another; and every man treats Brunett well, not out of his particular eſteem

eſteem for him, but in reſpect to the opinion of others. It is to me a ſolid pleaſure to ſee the world thus miſtaken on the good-natured ſide; for it is ten to one but the Colonel mounts into a General-officer, marries a fine lady, and is maſter of a good eſtate, before they come to explain upon him. What gives moſt delight to me in this obſervation, is, that all this ariſes from pure nature, and the Colonel can account for his ſucceſs no more than thoſe by whom he ſucceeds. For theſe cauſes and conſiderations I pronounce him a true woman's man, and in the firſt degree, A Very Pretty Fellow.

The next to a man of this univerſal genius, is one who is peculiarly formed for the ſervice of the ladies, and his merit chiefly is to be of no conſequence. I am indeed a little in doubt, whether he ought not rather to be called a very Happy than a very Pretty Fellow; for he is admitted at all hours: all he ſays or does, which would offend in another, are paſſed over in him; and all actions and ſpeeches which pleaſe, doubly pleaſe if they come from him. No one wonders or takes notice when he is wrong; but all admire him when he is in the right. By the way, it is fit to remark, that there are people of better ſenſe than theſe, who endeavour at this character; but they are out of nature; and though, with ſome induſtry, they get the characters of fools, they cannot arrive to be very, ſeldom to be merely, Pretty Fellows. But where nature has formed a perſon for this ſtation amongſt men, he is gifted with a peculiar genius for ſucceſs, and his very errors and abſurdities contribute to it; this felicity attending him to his life's end: for it being in a manner neceſſary that he ſhould be of no conſequence, he is as well in old age as youth; and I know a man whoſe ſon has been ſome years a Pretty Fellow, who is himſelf at this hour a very Pretty Fellow.

One muſt move tenderly in this place, for we are now in the ladies lodgings, and ſpeaking of ſuch as are ſupported by their influence and favour; againſt which there is not, neither ought there to be, any diſpute or obſervation. But when we come into more free air, one may talk a little more at large.

Give me leave then to mention three, whom I do not doubt but we ſhall ſee make conſiderable figures; and theſe are ſuch as, for their Bacchanalian performances, muſt be admitted into this order. They are three brothers lately landed from Holland: as yet, indeed, they have not made their public entry, but lodge and converſe at Wapping. They have merited already on the water-ſide particular titles: the firſt is called Hogſhead; the ſecond, Culverin; and the third, Muſquet. This fraternity is preparing for our end of the town by their ability in the exerciſes of Bacchus, and meaſure their time and merit by liquid weight, and power of drinking. Hogſhead is a Prettier Fellow than Culverin, by two quarts; and Culverin than Muſquet, by a full pint. It is to be feared Hogſhead is ſo often too full, and Culverin over-loaded, that Muſquet will be the only laſting very Pretty Fellow of the three.

A third ſort of this denomination is ſuch as by very daring adventures in love, have purchaſed to themſelves renown and new names: as Jo Carry for his exceſſive ſtrength and vigour; Tom Drybones for his generous loſs of youth and health; and Cancrum for his meritorious rottenneſs.

Theſe great and leading ſpirits are propoſed to all ſuch of our Britiſh youth as would arrive at perfection in theſe different kinds; and if their parts and accompliſhments were well imitated, it is not doubted but that our nation would ſoon excel all others in wit and arts, as they already do in arms.

N. B. The gentleman who ſtole Betty Pepin may own it, for he is allowed to be a Very Pretty Fellow.

But we muſt proceed to the explanation of other terms in our writings.

To know what a Toaſt is in the country, gives as much perplexity as ſhe herſelf does in town: and, indeed, the learned differ very much upon the original of this word, and the acceptation of it among the moderns. However, it is by all agreed to have a joyous and chearful import. A Toaſt in a cold morning, heightened by nutmeg, and ſweetened with ſugar, has for many ages been given to our rural diſpenſers of juſtice, before they entered upon cauſes, and has been of great and politic uſe to take off the ſeverity of their ſentences; but has indeed been remarkable for one

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ill effect, that it inclines thoſe who uſe it immoderately to ſpeak Latin, to the admiration rather than information of an audience. This application of a Toaſt makes it very obvious, that the word may, without a metaphor, be underſtood as an apt name for a thing which raiſes us in the moſt ſovereign degree. But many of the wits of the laſt age will aſſert, that the word, in it's preſent ſenſe, was known among them in their youth, and had it's riſe from an accident at the town of Bath, in the reign of King Charles the Second.

It happened, that on a public day a celebrated beauty of thoſe times was in the Croſs Bath, and one of the crowd of her admirers took a glaſs of the water in which the fair-one ſtood, and drank her health to the company. There was in the place a gay fellow half ſuddled, who offered to jump in, and ſwore, though he liked not the liquor, he would have the Toaſt. He was oppoſed in his reſolution; yet this whim gave foundation to the preſent honour which is done to the lady we mention in our liquors, who has ever ſince been called a Toaſt.

Though this inſtitution had ſo trivial a beginning, it is now elevated into a formal order; and that happy virgin who is received and drank to at their meetings, has no more to do in this life but to judge and accept of the firſt good offer. The manner of her inauguration is much like that of the choice of a Doge in Venice: it is performed by balloting; and when ſhe is ſo choſen, ſhe reigns indiſputably for that enſuing year; but muſt be elected a new to prolong her empire a moment beyond it. When ſhe is regularly choſen, her name is written with a diamond on a drinking-glaſs. The hieroglyphic of the diamond is to ſhew her, that her value is imaginary; and that of the glaſs to acquaint her, that her condition is frail, and depends on the hand which holds her. This wiſe deſign admoniſhes her neither to over-rate or depreciate her charms; as well conſidering and applying, that it is perfectly according to the humour and taſte of the company, whether the Toaſt is eaten, or left as an offal.

The foremoſt of the whole rank of Toaſts, and the moſt undiſputed in their preſent empire, are Mrs. Gatty and Mrs. Frontlet: the firſt an agreeable, the ſecond an awful beauty. Theſe ladies are perfect friends, out of a knowledge, that their perfections are too different to ſtand in competition. He that likes Gatty, can have no reliſh for ſo ſolemn a creature as Frontlet; and an admirer of Frontlet will call Gatty a maypole girl. Gatty for ever ſmiles upon you; and Frontlet diſdains to ſee you ſmile. Gatty's love is a ſhining quick flame; Frontlet's a ſlow waſting fire. Gatty likes the man that diverts her; Frontlet him who adores her. Gatty always improves the ſoil in which ſhe travels; Frontlet lays waſte the country. Gatty does not only ſmile, but laughs at her lover; Frontlet not only looks ſerious, but frowns at him. All the men of wit (and coxcombs their followers) are profeſſed ſervants of Gatty: the politicians and pretenders give ſolemn worſhip to Frontlet. Their reign will be beſt judged of by it's duration. Frontlet will never be choſen more; and Gatty is a Toaſt for life.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JUNE 3.

LETTERS from Hamburgh of the ſeventh inſtant, N.S. inform us, that no art or coſt is omitted to make the ſtay of his Daniſh Majeſty at Dreſden agreeable; but there are various ſpeculations upon the interview between King Auguſtus and that prince, many putting politic conſtructions upon his Daniſh Majeſty's arrival at a time when his troops are marching out of Hungary, with orders to paſs through Saxony, where it is given out, that they are to be recruited. It is ſaid alſo, that ſeveral Poliſh ſenators have invited King Auguſtus to return into Poland. His Majeſty of Sweden, according to the ſame advices, has paſſed the Nieper without any oppoſition from the Muſcovites, and advances with all poſſible expedition towards Volhinia, where he propoſes to join King Staniſlaus and General Craſſau.

We hear from Bern of the firſt inſtant, N.S. that there is not a province in France, from whence the Court is not apprehenſive of receiving accounts of public emotions, occaſioned by the want of corn. The General Diet of the Thirteen Cantons is aſſembled at Baden, but have not yet entered upon buſineſs; ſo that the affair of Tockenburgh is yet at a ſtand.

Letters from the Hague, dated the eleventh

venth inſtant, N.S. adviſe, that Monſieur Rouille having acquainted the miniſters of the Allies, that his maſter had refuſed to ratify the preliminaries of a treaty adjuſted with Monſieur Torcy, ſet out for Paris on Sunday morning. The ſame day the foreign miniſters met a committee of the States-General, where Monſieur Van Heſſen opened the buſineſs upon which they were aſſembled, and in a very warm diſcourſe laid before them the conduct of France in the late negociations, repreſenting the abject manner in which ſhe had laid open her own diſtreſſes, that reduced her to a compliance with the demands of all the Allies, and her meanneſs in receding from thoſe points to which Monſieur Torcy had conſented. The reſpective miniſters of each potentate of the alliance ſeverally expreſſed their reſentments of the faithleſs behaviour of the French, and gave each other mutual aſſurances of the conſtancy and reſolution of their principals, to proceed with the utmoſt vigour againſt the common enemy. His Grace the Duke of Marlborough ſet out from the Hague on the 9th in the afternoon, and lay that night at Rotterdam, from whence at four the next morning he proceeded towards Antwerp, with a deſign to reach Ghent the next day. All the troops in the Low Countries are in motion towards the general rendezvous between the Scheld and the Lis: the whole army will be formed on the 12th inſtant; and, it is ſaid, that on the 14th they will advance towards the enemy's country. In the mean time, the Marſhal de Villars has aſſembled the French forces between Lens, La Baſſee, and Douay.

Yeſterday morning Sir John Norris, with the ſquadron under his command, ſailed from the Downs for Holland.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JUNE 3.

I HAVE the honour of the following letter from a gentleman whom I receive into my family, and order the Heralds at Arms to enroll him accordingly.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

THOUGH you have excluded me the honour of your family, yet I have ventured to correſpond with the ſame great perſons as yourſelf, and have wrote this poſt to the King of France; though I am in a manner unknown in his country, and have not been ſeen there theſe many months.

TO LEWIS LE GRAND.

THOUGH in your country I'm unknown,
Yet, Sir, I muſt adviſe you;
Of late ſo poor and mean you're grown,
That all the world deſpiſe you.

Here vermin eat your Majeſty,
There meagre ſubjects ſtand unfed:
What ſurer ſigns of poverty,
Than many lice and little bread?

Then, Sir, the preſent minute chuſe,
Our armies are advanced:
Thoſe terms you at the Hague refuſe,
At Paris won't be granted.

Conſider this, and Dunkirk raze,
And Anna's title own;
Send one pretender out to graze,
And call the other home.

Your humble ſervant,
BREAD THE STAFF OF LIFE.

Nº XXV. TUESDAY, JUNE 7, 1709.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, JUNE 6.

A Letter from a young lady, written in the moſt paſſionate terms, wherein ſhe laments the misfortune of a gentleman, her lover, who was lately wounded in a duel, has turned my thoughts to that ſubject, and inclined me to examine into the cauſes which precipitate men into ſo fatal a folly. And as it has been propoſed to treat of ſubjects of gallantry in the articles from hence, and no one point in nature is more proper to be conſidered by the company who frequent this place than that of duels, it is worth our conſideration to examine into this chimerical groundleſs humour, and to lay every other thought aſide, until we have ſtripped it of all it's falſe pretences to credit and reputation amongſt men.

But I muſt confeſs, when I conſider what I am going about, and run over in my imagination all the endleſs crowd of men of honour who will be offended at ſuch a diſcourſe; I am undertaking, methinks, a work worthy an invulnera-

ble hero in romance, rather than a private gentleman with a single rapier: but as I am pretty well acquainted by great opportunities with the nature of man, and know of a truth that all men fight against their will, the danger vanishes, and resolution rises upon this subject. For this reason, I shall talk very freely on a custom which all men wish exploded, though no man has courage enough to resist it.

But there is one unintelligible word which I fear will extremely perplex my dissertation; and I confess to you I find very hard to explain, which is the term Satisfaction. An honest country gentleman had the misfortune to fall into company with two or three modern men of honour, where he happened to be very ill treated; and one of the company being conscious of his offence, sends a note to him in the morning, and tells him, he was ready to give him Satisfaction. 'This is fine doing,' says the plain fellow: 'last night he sent me away cursedly out of humour, and this morning he 'fancies it will be a Satisfaction to be 'run through the body!'

As the matter at present stands, it is not to do handsome actions denominates a man of honour; it is enough if he dares to defend ill ones. Thus you often see a common sharper in competition with a gentleman of the first rank; though all mankind is convinced, that a fighting gamester is only a pick-pocket with the courage of an highwayman. One cannot with any patience reflect on the unaccountable jumble of persons and things in this town and nation, which occasions very frequently that a brave man falls by a hand below that of a common hangman, and yet his executioner escapes the clutches of the hangman for doing it. I shall therefore hereafter consider, how the bravest men in other ages and nations have behaved themselves upon such incidents as we decide by combat; and shew, from their practice, that this resentment neither has it's foundation from true reason or solid fame; but is an imposture made of cowardice, falshood, and want of understanding. For this work, a good history of quarrels would be very edifying to the public; and I apply myself to the town for particulars and circumstances within their knowledge, which may serve to embellish the dissertation with proper cuts. Most of the quarrels I have ever known, have proceeded from some valiant coxcomb's persisting in the wrong, to defend some prevailing folly, and preserve himself from the ingenuity of owning a mistake.

By this means it is called Giving a man Satisfaction, to urge your offence against him with your sword; which puts me in mind of Peter's order to the keeper in the Tale of a Tub—'If you 'neglect to do all this, damn you and 'your generation for ever: and so we 'bid you heartily farewel.' If the contradiction in the very terms of one of our challenges were as well explained, and turned into downright English, would it not run after this manner?

SIR,

YOUR extraordinary behaviour last night, and the liberty you were pleased to take with me, makes me this morning give you this, to tell you, because you are an ill-bred puppy, I will meet you in Hyde Park, an hour hence; and because you want both breeding and humanity, I desire you would come with a pistol in your hand, on horseback, and endeavour to shoot me through the head, to teach you more manners. If you fail of doing me this pleasure, I shall say you are a rascal, on every post in town: and so, Sir, if you will not injure me more, I shall never forgive what you have done already. Pray, Sir, do not fail of getting every thing ready, and you will infinitely oblige, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant, &c.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JUNE 6.

AMONG the many employments I am necessarily put upon by my friends, that of giving advice is the most unwelcome to me; and, indeed, I am forced to use a little art in the manner; for some people will ask counsel of you when they have already acted what they tell you is still under deliberation. I had almost lost a very good friend the other day, who came to know how I liked his design to marry such a lady; I answered —'By no means; and I must be positive against it, for very solid reasons, 'which are not proper to communicate.' —'Not proper to communicate!' said he, with a grave air: 'I well know the 'bottom of this.' I saw him moved, and knew from thence he was already determined;

determined; therefore evaded it by saying—'To tell you the truth, dear Frank, 'of all women living, I would have her 'myself.'—'Isaac,' said he, 'thou art 'too late, for we have been both one 'these two months.'

I learned this caution by a gentleman's consulting me formerly about his son. He railed at his damned extravagance, and told me, in a very little time, he would beggar him by the exorbitant bills which came from Oxford every quarter. 'Make the rogue bite upon 'the bridle,' said I: 'pay none of his 'bills; it will but encourage him to 'further trespasses.' He looked plaguy sour at me. His son soon after sent up a paper of verses, forsooth, in print on the last public occasion; upon which he is convinced the boy has parts, and a lad of spirit is not to be too much cramped in his maintenance, lest he take ill courses. Neither father nor son can ever since endure the sight of me.

These sort of people ask opinions, only out of the fulness of their heart on the subject of their perplexity, and not from a desire of information.

There is nothing so easy as to find out which opinion the man in doubt has a mind to; therefore the sure way is to tell him, that is certainly to be chosen. Then you are to be very clear and positive; leave no handle for scruple. 'Bless 'me! Sir, there is no room for a ques- 'tion.' This rivets you into his heart; for you at once applaud his wisdom, and gratify his inclination. However, I had too much bowels to be insincere to a man who came yesterday to know of me, with which of two eminent men in the city he should place his son? Their names are Paulo and Avaro. This gave me much debate with myself, because not only the fortune of the youth, but his virtue also, dependeth upon this choice. The men are equally wealthy; but they differ in the use and application of their riches, which you immediately see upon entering their doors.

The habitation of Paulo has at once the air of a nobleman and a merchant. You see the servants act with affection to their master, and satisfaction in themselves: the master meets you with an open countenance, full of benevolence and integrity: your business is dispatched with that confidence and welcome which always accompanies honest minds: his table is the image of plenty and generosity, supported by justice and frugality. After we had dined here, our affair was to visit Avaro: out comes an aukward fellow with a careful countenance—'Sir, 'would you speak with my master? may 'I crave your name?' After the first preamble, he leads us into a noble solitude, a great house that seemed uninhabited; but from the end of the spacious hall moves towards us Avaro, with a suspicious aspect, as if he had believed us thieves; and as for my part, I approached him as if I knew him a cut-purse. We fell into discourse of his noble dwelling, and the great estate all the world knew he had to enjoy in it: and I, to plague him, began to commend Paulo's way of living. 'Paulo,' answered Avaro, 'is a very good man; 'but we who have smaller estates, must 'cut our coat according to our cloth.' —'Nay,' says I, 'every man knows 'his own circumstances best: you are in 'the right, if you have not wherewithal.' He looked very sour; (for it is, you must know, the utmost vanity of a mean-spirited rich man to be contradicted when he calls himself poor) but I was resolved to vex him, by consenting to all he said; the main design of which was, that he would have us find out he was one of the wealthiest men in London, and lived like a beggar. We left him, and took a turn on the Exchange. My friend was ravished with Avaro: 'This,' said he, 'is certainly a sure 'man.' I contradicted him with much warmth, and summed up their different characters as well as I could. 'This Paulo,' said I, 'grows wealthy 'by being a common good; Avaro, by 'being a general evil: Paulo has the 'art, Avaro the craft of trade. When 'Paulo gains, all men he deals with are 'the better: whenever Avaro profits, 'another certainly loses. In a word, 'Paulo is a citizen, and Avaro a cit.' I convinced my friend, and carried the young gentleman the next day to Paulo, where he will learn the way both to gain and enjoy a good fortune. And though I cannot say I have, by keeping him from Avaro, saved him from the gallows, I have prevented his deserving it every day he lives: for with Paulo he will be an honest man, without being so for fear of the law; as, with Avaro, he would have been a villain within the protection of it.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JUNE 6.

We hear from Vienna of the first instant, that Baron Imhoff, who attended her Catholic Majesty with the character of Envoy from the Duke of Wolfembuttle, was returned thither. That minister brought an account, that Major General Stanhope, with the troops which embarked at Naples, was returned to Barcelona. We hear from Berlin, by advices of the eighth instant, that his Prussian Majesty had received intelligence from his minister at Dresden, that the King of Denmark desired to meet his Majesty at Magdeburg. The King of Prussia has sent answer, that his present indisposition will not admit of so great a journey; but has sent the king a very pressing invitation to come to Berlin or Potsdam. These advices say, that the minister of the King of Sweden has produced a letter from his master to the King of Poland, dated from Botizau the thirtieth of March, O. S. wherein he acquaints him, that he has been successful against the Muscovites in all the actions which have happened since his march into their country. Great numbers have revolted to the Swedes since General Mazeppa went over to that side; and as many as have done so, have taken solemn oaths to adhere to the interests of his Swedish Majesty.

Advices from the Hague of the fourteenth instant, N. S. say, that all things tended to a vigorous and active campaign; the Allies having strong resentments against the late behaviour of the court of France; and the French using all possible endeavours to animate their men to defend their country against a victorious and exasperated enemy. Monsieur Rouille had passed through Brussels without visiting either the Duke of Marlborough or Prince Eugene, who were both there at that time. The States have met, and publicly declared their satisfaction in the conduct of their deputies during the whole treaty. Letters from France say, that the court is resolved to put all to the issue of the ensuing campaign. In the mean time, they have ordered the preliminary treaty to be published, with observations upon each article, in order to quiet the minds of the people, and persuade them that it has not been in the power of the King to procure a peace, but to the diminution of his Majesty's glory, and the hazard of his dominions. His Grace the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene arrived at Ghent on Wednesday last, where, at an assembly of all the general officers, it was thought proper, by reason of the great rains which have lately fallen, to defer forming a camp, or bringing the troops together; but as soon as the weather would permit, to march upon the enemy with all expedition.

Nº XXVI. THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1709.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JUNE 8.

I Have read the following letter with delight and approbation; and I hereby order Mr. Kidney at St. James's, and Sir Thomas at White's, (who are my clerks for enrolling all men in their different classes, before they presume to drink tea or chocolate in those places) to take care that the persons within the descriptions in the latter be admitted and excluded, according to my friend's remonstrance.

SIR, JUNE 6, 1709.

YOUR paper of Saturday has raised up in me a noble emulation to be recorded in the fraternal rank of worthies therein mentioned; and if any regard be had to merit or industry, I may hope to succeed in the promotion, for I have omitted no toil or expence to be a proficient; and if my friends do not flatter, they assure me I have not lost my time since I came to town. To enumerate but a few particulars; there is hardly a coachman I meet with, but desires to be excused taking me, because he has had me before. I have compounded two or three rapes; and let out to hire as many bastards to beggars. I never saw above the first act of a play: and as to my courage, it is well known I have more than once had sufficient witnesses of my drawing my sword both in tavern and playhouse. Dr. Wall is my particular friend; and if it were any service to the public to compose the difference

ference between Martin and Sintilaer the pear-driller, I do not know a judge of more experience than myself: for in that I may say with the poet—

Quæ regio in villa nostri non plena laboris?
What street resounds not with my great exploits?

I omit other less particulars, the necessary consequences of greater actions. But my reason for troubling you at this present is, to put a stop, if it may be, to an insinuating increasing set of people, who sticking to the letter of your treatise, and not to the spirit of it, do assume the name of Pretty Fellows; nay, and even get new names, as you very well hint. Some of them I have heard calling to one another as I have sat at White's and St. James's, by the names of Betty, Nelly, and so-forth. You see them accost each other with effeminate airs: they have their signs and tokens like Free-masons; they rail at womankind, receive visits on their beds in gowns, and do a thousand other unintelligible prettinesses that I cannot tell what to make of. I therefore heartily desire you would exclude all this sort of animals.

There is another matter I foresee an ill consequence from, but may be timely prevented by prudence; which is, that for the last fortnight prodigious shoals of volunteers have gone over to bully the French, upon hearing the peace was just signing; and this is so true, that I can assure you all engrossing work about the Temple is risen above three shillings in the pound, for want of hands. Now as it is possible some little alteration of affairs may have broken their measures, and that they will post back again, I am under the last apprehension, that these will, at their return, all set up for Pretty Fellows, and thereby confound all merit and service, and impose on us some new alteration in our nightcaps, wigs, and pockets, unless you can provide a particular class for them. I cannot apply myself better than to you, and I am sure I speak the mind of a very great number, as deserving as myself.

The pretensions of this correspondent are worthy a particular distinction; he cannot indeed be admitted as a Pretty, but is what we more justly call a Smart Fellow. Never to pay at the playhouse is an act of frugality that lets you into his character; and his expedient in sending his children begging before they can go, are characteristical instances that he belongs to this class. I never saw the gentleman; but I know by his letter, he hangs his cane on his button; and by some lines of it he should wear red-heeled shoes; which are essential parts of the habit belonging to the order of Smart Fellows.

My Familiar is returned with the following letter from the French King.

VERSAILLES, JUNE 13, 1709.

LEWIS THE FOURTEENTH TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

SIR,

I Have your epistle; and must take the liberty to say, that there has been a time, when there were generous spirits in Great Britain, who would not have suffered my name to be treated with the familiarity you think fit to use. I thought liberal men would not be such time-servers, as to fall upon a man because his friends are not in power. But having some concern for what you may transmit to posterity concerning me, I am willing to keep terms with you, and make a request to you, which is, that you would give my service to the nineteenth century, (if ever you or yours reach to them) and tell them, that I have settled all matters between them and me by Monsieur Boileau. I should be glad to see you here.

It is very odd, this prince should offer to invite me into his dominions, or believe I should accept the invitation. No, no; I remember too well how he served an ingenious gentleman, a friend of mine, whom he locked up in the Bastile for no reason in the world, but because he was a wit, and feared he might mention him with justice in some of his writings. His way is, that all men of sense are preferred, banished, or imprisoned. He has, indeed, a sort of justice in him, like that of the gamesters; for if a stander-by sees one at play cheat, he has a right to come in for shares, as knowing the mysteries of the game.

This is a very wise and just maxim; and if I have not left at Mr. Morphew's directed to me, bank-bills for two hundred pounds, on or before this day seven-night, I shall tell how Tom Cash got his

his eſtate. I expect three hundred pounds of Mr. Soilett, for concealing all the money he has lent to himſelf, and his landed friend bound with him, at thirty per cent. at his ſcrivener's. Abſolute princes make people pay what they pleaſe in deference to their power: I do not know why I ſhould not do the ſame, out of fear or reſpect to my knowledge. I always preſerve decorums and civilities to the fair-ſex: therefore, if a certain lady who left her coach at the New Exchange door in the Strand, and whipt down Durham Yard into a boat with a young gentleman for Vauxhall; I ſay, if ſhe will ſend me word, that I may give the fan which ſhe dropped, and I found, to my ſiſter Jenny, there ſhall be no more ſaid of it. I expect huſh-money to be regularly ſent for every folly or vice any one commits in this whole town; and hope I may pretend to deſerve it better than a chambermaid or a valet de chambre: they only whiſper it to the little ſet of their companions; but I can tell it to all men living, or who are to live. Therefore I deſire all my readers to pay their fines, or mend their lives.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, JUNE 8.

My Familiar being come from France, with an anſwer to my letter to Lewis of that kingdom, inſtead of going on in a diſcourſe of what he had ſeen in that court, he put on the immediate concern of a guardian, and fell to enquiring into my thoughts and adventures ſince his journey. As ſhort his ſtay had been, I confeſſed I had had many occaſions for his aſſiſtance in my conduct; but communicated to him my thoughts of putting all my force againſt the horrid and ſenſeleſs cuſtom of duels: 'If it were 'poſſible,' ſaid he, 'to laugh at things 'in themſelves ſo deeply tragical as the 'impertinent profuſion of human life, 'I think I could divert you with a fi-'gure I ſaw juſt after my death, when 'the philoſopher threw me, as I told 'you ſome days ago, into the pail of 'water.

'You are to know, that when men 'leave the body, there are receptacles 'for them as ſoon as they depart, ac-'cording to the manner in which they 'lived and died. At the very inſtant I 'was killed, there came away with me 'a Spirit which had loſt it's body in a 'duel. We were both examined. Me 'the whole aſſembly looked at with 'kindneſs and pity, but at the ſame 'time with an air of welcome and con-'ſolation: they pronounced me very 'happy, who had died in innocence, 'and told me a quite different place 'was allotted to me, than that which was 'appointed for my companion; there be-'ing a great diſtance from the manſions 'of fools and innocents: "Though at "the ſame time," ſaid one of the ghoſts, "there is a great affinity between an "idiot who has been ſo for a long life, "and a child who departs before ma-"turity. But this gentleman who has "arrived with you is a fool of his own "making, is ignorant out of choice, "and will fare accordingly." The aſ-'ſembly began to flock about him, and 'one ſaid to him—"Sir, I obſerved you "came into the gate of perſons mur-"dered; and I deſire to know what "brought you to your untimely end?" 'He ſaid, he had been a ſecond. So-'crates (who may be ſaid to have been 'murdered by the commonwealth of 'Athens) ſtood by, and began to draw 'near him, in order, after his manner, 'to lead him into a ſenſe of his error 'by conceſſions in his own diſcourſe. "Sir," ſaid that divine and amicable 'Spirit, "what was the quarrel?" He 'anſwered—"We ſhall know very ſud-"denly, when the principal in the buſi-"neſs comes, for he was deſperately "wounded before I fell."—"Sir," 'ſaid the ſage, "had you an eſtate?" —"Yes, Sir," the new gueſt anſwer-'ed, "I have left it in a very good con-"dition, and made my will the night "before this occaſion."—"Did you "read it before you ſigned it?"—"Yes, "ſure, Sir," ſaid the new comer. So-'crates replies—"Could a man, that "would not give his eſtate without read-"ing the inſtrument, diſpoſe of his life "without aſking a queſtion?" That il-'luſtrious ſhade turned from him, and 'a crowd of impertinent goblins, who 'had been drolls and paraſites in their 'life-time, and were knocked on the 'head for their ſaucineſs, came about 'my fellow-traveller, and made them-'ſelves very merry with queſtions about 'the words Cart and Terce, and other 'terms of fencers. But his thoughts 'began to ſettle into reflection upon the 'adventure which had robbed him of 'his late being; and, with a wretched

'figh,

'figh, ſaid he—"How terrible are con-
"viction and guilt, when they come too
"late for penitence!"

Pacolet was going on in this ſtrain, but he recovered from it, and told me, It was too ſoon to give my diſcourſe on this ſubject ſo ſerious a turn: 'You have 'chiefly to do with that part of mankind 'which muſt be led into reflection by 'degrees, and you muſt treat this cuſ-'tom with humour and raillery to get 'an audience, before you come to pro-'nounce ſentence upon it. There is 'foundation enough for raiſing ſuch en-'tertainments from the practice on this 'occaſion. Do not you know that of-'ten a man is called out of bed to follow 'implicitly a coxcomb (with whom he 'would not keep company on any other 'occaſion) to ruin and death?——Then 'a good liſt of ſuch, as are qualified by 'the laws of theſe uncourteous men of 'chivalry to enter into combat, (who 'are often perſons of honour without 'common honeſty:) theſe, I ſay, ranged 'and drawn up in their proper order, 'would give an averſion to doing any 'thing in common with ſuch as men 'laugh at and contemn. But to go 'through this work, you muſt not let 'your thoughts vary, or make excur-'ſions from your theme: conſider at the 'ſame time, that the matter has been 'often treated by the ableſt and greateſt 'writers; yet that muſt not diſcourage 'you; for the propereſt perſon to handle 'it is one who has roved into mixed 'converſations, and muſt have oppor-'tunities (which I ſhall give you) of 'ſeeing theſe ſort of men in their plea-'ſures and gratifications, among which 'they pretend to reckon fighting. It 'was pleaſantly enough ſaid of a bully 'in France, when duels firſt began to 'be puniſhed: The King has taken away 'gaming and ſtage-playing, and now 'fighting too; how does he expect gen-'tlemen ſhall divert themſelves?"

N° XXVII. SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1709.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, JUNE 9.

PACOLET being gone a ſtrolling among the men of the ſword, in order to find out the ſecret cauſes of the frequent diſputes we meet with, and furniſh me with materials for my Treatiſe on Duelling; I have room left to go on in my information to my country readers, whereby they may underſtand the bright people whoſe memoirs I have taken upon me to write. But in my diſcourſe of the twenty-eighth of the laſt month, I omitted to mention the moſt agreeable of all bad characters; and that is, a Rake.

A Rake is a man always to be pitied; and, if he lives, is one day certainly reclaimed; for his faults proceed not from choice or inclination, but from ſtrong paſſions and appetites, which are in youth too violent for the curb of reaſon, good ſenſe, good manners, and good-nature: all which he muſt have by nature and education, before he can be allowed to be, or have been, of this order. He is a poor unwieldy wretch that commits faults out of the redundance of his good qualities. His pity and compaſſion make him ſometimes a bubble to all his fellows, let them be never ſo much below him in underſtanding. His deſires run away with him through the ſtrength and force of a lively imagination, which hurries him on to unlawful pleaſures, before reaſon has power to come into his reſcue. Thus, with all the good intentions in the world to amendment, this creature ſins on againſt Heaven, himſelf, his friends, and his country, who all call for a better uſe of his talents. There is not a being under the ſun ſo miſerable as this: he goes on in a purſuit he himſelf diſapproves, and has no enjoyment but what is followed by remorſe; no relief from remorſe, but the repetition of his crime. It is poſſible I may talk of this perſon with too much indulgence; but I muſt repeat it, that I think this a character which is moſt the object of pity of any in the world. The man in the pangs of the ſtone, gout, or any acute diſtemper, is not in ſo deplorable a condition in the eye of right ſenſe, as he that errs and repents, and repents and errs on. The fellow with broken limbs juſtly deſerves your alms for his impotent condition; but he that cannot uſe his own reaſon is in a much worſe ſtate; for you ſee him in miſerable circumſtances, with his remedy at the ſame time in his own poſſeſſion, if he would

would or could use it. This is the cause that, of all ill characters, the Rake has the best quarter in the world; for when he is himself, and unruffled with intemperance, you see his natural faculties exert themselves, and attract an eye of favour towards his infirmities.

But if we look round us here, how many dull rogues are there that would fain be what this poor man hates himself for? All the noise towards six in the evening is caused by his mimics and imitators. How ought men of sense to be careful of their actions, if it were merely from the indignation of seeing themselves ill drawn by such little pretenders! Not to say, he that leads is guilty of all the actions of his followers; and a Rake has imitators whom you would never expect should prove so. Second-hand vice, sure, of all, is the most nauseous. There is hardly a folly more absurd, or which seems less to be accounted for, (though it is what we see every day) than that grave and honest natures give into this way, and at the same time have good sense, if they thought fit to use it: but the fatality (under which most men labour) of desiring to be what they are not, makes them go out of a method in which they might be received with applause, and would certainly excel, into one wherein they will all their life have the air of strangers to what they aim at.

For this reason, I have not lamented the metamorphosis of any one I know so much as of Nobilis, who was born with sweetness of temper, just apprehension, and every thing else that might make him a man fit for his order. But instead of the pursuit of sober studies and applications, in which he would certainly be capable of making a considerable figure in the noblest assembly of men in the world; I say, in spight of that good nature, which is his proper bent, he will say ill-natured things aloud, put such as he was, and still should be, out of countenance, and drown all the natural good in him, to receive an artificial ill character, in which he will never succeed; for Nobilis is no Rake. He may guzzle as much wine as he pleases, talk bawdy if he thinks fit; but he may as well drink water-gruel, and go twice a day to church, for it will never do. I pronounce it again, Nobilis is no Rake. To be of that order, he must be vicious against his will, and not so by study or application. All Pretty Fellows are also excluded to a man, as well as all Inamoratoes, or persons of the Epicene gender, who gaze at one another in the presence of ladies. This class, of which I am giving you an account, is pretended to also by men of strong abilities in drinking; though they are such whom the liquor, not the conversation, keeps together. But blockheads may roar, fight, and stab, and be never the nearer; their labour is also lost; they want sense: they are no Rakes.

As a Rake among men is the man who lives in the constant abuse of his reason, so a Coquette among women is one who lives in continual misapplication of her beauty. The chief of all whom I have the honour to be acquainted with, is pretty Miss Toss: she is ever in practice of something which disfigures her, and takes from her charms, though all she does tends to a contrary effect. She has naturally a very agreeable voice and utterance, which she has changed for the prettiest lisp imaginable. She sees what she has a mind to see at half a mile distance; but poring with her eyes half shut at every one she passes by, she believes much more becoming. The Cupid on her fan and she have their eyes full on each other, all the time in which they are not both in motion. Whenever her eye is turned from that dear object, you may have a glance, and your bow, if she is in humour, returned as civilly as you make it: but that must not be in the presence of a man of greater quality; for Miss Toss is so thoroughly well-bred, that the chief person present has all her regards. And she who giggles at divine service, and laughs at her very mother, can compose herself at the approach of a man of a good estate.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JUNE 9.

A FINE lady shewed a gentleman of this company, for an eternal answer to all his addresses, a paper of verses, with which she is so captivated, that she professed the author should be the happy man in spight of all other pretenders. It is ordinary for love to make men poetical; and it had that effect on this enamoured man: but he was resolved to try his vein upon some of her confidents or retinue, before he ventured upon so high a theme as herself. To do otherwise

wife than ſo, would be like making an heroic poem a man's firſt attempt. Among the favourites to the fair-one, he found her parrot not to be in the laſt degree: he ſaw Poll had her ear, when his ſighs were neglected. To write againſt him had been a fruitleſs labour; therefore he reſolved to flatter him into his intereſt in the following manner:

TO A LADY ON HER PARROT.

WHEN nymphs were coy, and love could not prevail,
The gods diſguis'd were never known to fail;
Leda was chaſte, but yet a feather'd Jove
Surpriz'd the fair, and taught her how to love.
There's no celeſtial but his heav'n would quit,
For any form which might to thee admit.
See how the wanton bird, at ev'ry glance,
Swells his glad plumes, and feels an am'rous trance;
The Queen of Beauty has forſook the dove:
Henceforth the parrot be the bird of love.

It is, indeed, a very juſt propoſition to give that honour rather to the parrot than the other volatile. The parrot repreſents us in the ſtate of making love: the dove, in the poſſeſſion of the object beloved. But inſtead of turning the dove off, I fancy it would be better if the chaiſe of Venus had hereafter a parrot added, (as we ſee ſometimes a third horſe to a coach) which might intimate, that to be a parrot, is the only way to ſucceed; and to be a dove, to preſerve your conqueſts. If the ſwain would go on ſucceſsfully, he muſt imitate the bird he writes upon. For he who would be loved by women, muſt never be ſilent before the favour, or open his lips after it.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JUNE 10.

I HAVE ſo many meſſages from young gentlemen who expect preferment and diſtinction, that I am wholly at a loſs in what manner to acquit myſelf. The writer of the following letter tells me in a poſtſcript, he cannot go out of town until I have taken ſome notice of him; and is very urgent to be ſomebody in it, before he returns to his commons at the univerſity. But take it from himſelf.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE, MONITOR GENERAL OF GREAT BRITAIN.

SIR, SHEER-LANE, JUNE 8.

I Have been above ſix months from the univerſity, of age theſe three months, and ſo long in town. I was recommended to one Charles Bubbleboy near the Temple, who has ſupplied me with all the furniture he ſays a gentleman ought to have. I deſired a certificate thereof from him, which he ſaid would require ſome time to conſider of; and when I went yeſterday morning for it, he tells me upon due conſideration, I ſtill want ſome few odd things more, to the value of threeſcore or fourſcore pounds to make me compleat. I have beſpoke them; and the favour I beg of you is, to know, when I am equipped, in what part or claſs of men in this town you will place me. Pray ſend me word what I am, and you ſhall find me, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

JEFFRY NICKNACK.

I am very willing to encourage young beginners; but am extremely in the dark how to diſpoſe of this gentleman. I cannot ſee either his perſon or habit in this letter; but I will call at Charles's, and know the ſhape of his ſnuff-box, by which I can ſettle his character. Though, indeed, to know his full capacity, I ought to be informed whether he takes Spaniſh or Muſty.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JUNE 10.

LETTERS from the Low Countries of the ſeventeenth inſtant ſay, that the Duke of Marlborough and the Prince of Savoy intended to leave Ghent on that day, and join the army which lies between Pont d'Eſpiere and Courtray, their head-quarters being at Helchin. The ſame day the Palatine foot were expected at Bruſſels. Lieutenant-general Dompre, with a body of eight thouſand men, is poſted at Aloſt, in order to cover Ghent and Bruſſels. The Marſhal de Villars was ſtill on the plain of Lenz; and it is ſaid the Duke of Vendoſme is appointed to command in conjunction with that general. Advices from Paris ſay, Monſieur Voiſin is made Secretary of State, upon Monſieur Chamillard's reſignation of that employ-

ment. The want of money in that kingdom is so great, that the court has thought fit to command all the plate of private families to be brought into the mint. They write from the Hague of the eighteenth, that the States of Holland continue their session; and that they have approved the resolution of the States General, to publish a second edict to prohibit the sale of corn to the enemy. Many eminent persons in that assembly have declared that they are of opinion, that all commerce whatsoever with France should be wholly forbidden: which point is under present deliberation; but it is feared it will meet with powerful opposition.

N° XXVIII. TUESDAY, JUNE 14, 1709.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, JUNE 13.

I Had suspended the business of duelling to a distant time, but that I am called upon to declare myself on a point proposed in the following letter.

SIR, JUNE 9, AT NIGHT.

I Desire the favour of you to decide this question, Whether calling a gentleman a Smart Fellow, is an affront or not? A youth entering a certain coffee-house, with his cane tied at his button, wearing red-heeled shoes, I thought of your description, and could not forbear telling a friend of mine next to me—'There enters a Smart Fellow.' The gentleman hearing it, had immediately a mind to pick a quarrel with me, and desired satisfaction: at which I was more puzzled than at the other, remembering what mention your Familiar makes of those that had lost their lives on such occasions. The thing is referred to your judgment; and I expect you to be my second, since you have been the cause of our quarrel. I am, Sir,

Your friend, and humble Servant.

I absolutely pronounce, that there is no occasion of offence given in this expression; for a Smart Fellow is always an appellation of praise, and is a man of double capacity. The true cast or mould in which you may be sure to know him is, when his livelihood or education is in the civil list, and you see him express a vivacity or mettle above the way he is in by a little jerk in his motion, short trip in his steps, well-fancied lining of his coat, or any other indications which may be given in a vigorous dress. Now, what possible insinuation can there be, that it is a cause of quarrel for a man to say, he allows a gentleman really to be, what he, his taylor, his hosier, and his milliner, have conspired to make him? I confess, if this person who appeals to me had said, he was not a Smart Fellow, there had been cause for resentment; but if he stands to it that he is one, he leaves no manner of ground for misunderstanding. Indeed, it is a most lamentable thing, that there should be a dispute raised upon a man's saying another is what he plainly takes pains to be thought.

But this point cannot be so well adjusted, as by enquiring what are the sentiments of wise nations and communities, of the use of the sword, and from thence conclude, whether it is honourable to draw it so frequently or not. An illustrious commonwealth of Italy has preserved itself for many ages, without letting one of their subjects handle this destructive instrument; always leaving that work to such of mankind, as understand the use of a whole skin so little, as to make a profession of exposing it to cuts and scars.

But what need we run to such foreign instances? our own ancient and well-governed cities are conspicuous examples to all mankind in their regulation of military atchievements. The chief citizens, like the noble Italians, hire mercenaries to carry arms in their stead; and you shall have a fellow of a desperate fortune, for the gain of one half-crown, go through all the dangers of Tuttle-fields, or the Artillery-ground; clap his right-jaw within two inches of the touch-hole of a musquet, fire it off, and huzza, with as little concern as he tears a pullet. Thus you see, to what scorn of danger these mercenaries arrive, out of a mere love of sordid gain: but methinks it should take off the strong prepossession men have in favour of bold actions, when they see upon what low motives

motives men aſpire to them. Do but obſerve the common practice in the government of thoſe heroic bodies, our militia and lieutenancies, the moſt ancient corps of ſoldiers, perhaps, in the univerſe; I queſtion, whether there is one inſtance of an animoſity between any two of theſe illuſtrious ſons of Mars ſince their inſtitution, which was decided by combat. I remember, indeed, to have read the chronicle of an accident which had like to have occaſioned bloodſhed in the very field before all the general officers, though moſt of them were juſtices of the peace. Captain Crabtree of Birching Lane, haberdaſher, had drawn a bill upon major-general Maggot, cheeſemonger in Thames Street. Crabtree draws this upon Mr. William Maggot and Company. A country lad received this bill; and not underſtanding the word Company, uſed in drawing bills on men in partnerſhip, carried it to Mr. Jeffery Stitch of Crooked Lane, (lieutenant of the major-general's company) whom he had the day before ſeen march by the door in all the pomp of his commiſſion. The lieutenant accepts it, for the honour of the company, ſince it had come to him. But re-payment being aſked from the major-general, he abſolutely refuſes. Upon this, the lieutenant thinks of nothing elſe than to bring this to a rupture, and takes for his ſecond Tobias Armſtrong of the Counter, and ſends him with a challenge in a ſcrip of parchment, wherein was written—'Stitch contra 'Maggot,' and all the fury vaniſhed in a moment. The major-general gives ſatisfaction to the ſecond, and all was well.

Hence it is, that the bold ſpirits of our city are kept in ſuch ſubjection to the civil power. Otherwiſe, where would our liberties ſoon be, if wealth and valour were ſuffered to exert themſelves with their utmoſt force. If ſuch officers as are employed in the terrible bands above-mentioned, were to draw bills as well as ſwords, theſe dangerous captains, who could victual an army as well as lead it? would be too powerful for the ſtate. But the point of honour juſtly gives way to that of gain; and by long and wiſe regulation, the richeſt is the braveſt man. I have known a captain riſe to a colonel in two days by the fall of ſtocks; and a major, my good friend, near the Monument, aſcended to that honour by the fall of the price of ſpirits, and the riſing of right Nantz. By this true ſenſe of honour, that body of warriors are ever in good order and diſcipline, with their colours and coats all whole: as in other battalions (where their principles of action are leſs ſolid) you ſee the men of ſervice look like ſpectres with long ſides and lank cheeks. In this army you may meaſure a man's ſervices by his waiſt, and the moſt prominent belly is certainly the man who has been moſt upon action. Beſides all this, there is another excellent remark to be made in the diſcipline of theſe troops. It being of abſolute neceſſity, that the people of England ſhould ſee what they have for their money, and be eye-witneſſes of the advantages they gain by it, all battles which are fought abroad are repreſented here. But ſince one ſide muſt be beaten, and the other conquer, which might create diſputes, the eldeſt company is always to make the other run, and the younger retreats, according to the laſt news and beſt intelligence. I have myſelf ſeen Prince Eugene make Catinat fly from the backſide of Gray's Inn Lane to Hockley in the Hole, and not give over the purſuit until obliged to leave the Bear Garden on the right, to avoid being borne down by fencers, wild bulls, and monſters, too terrible for the encounter of any heroes, but ſuch whoſe lives are their livelihood.

We have here ſeen, that wiſe nations do not admit of fighting, even in the defence of their country, as a laudable action; and they live within the walls of our own city in great honour and reputation without it. It would be very neceſſary to underſtand, by what force of the climate, food, education, or employment, one man's ſenſe is brought to differ ſo eſſentially from that of another; that one is ridiculous and contemptible for forbearing a thing which makes for his ſafety; and another applauded for conſulting his ruin and deſtruction.

It will therefore be neceſſary for us (to ſhew our travelling) to examine this ſubject fully, and tell you how it comes to paſs, that a man of honour in Spain, though you offend him never ſo gallantly, ſtabs you baſely; in England, though you offend him never ſo baſely, challenges fairly: the former kills you out of revenge, the latter out of good-breeding. But to probe the heart of man in

this particular to it's utmoſt thoughts and receſſes, I muſt wait for the return of Pacolet, who is now attending a gentleman lately in a duel, and ſometimes viſits the perſon by whoſe hand he received his wounds.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JUNE 13.

LETTERS from Vienna of the eighth inſtant ſay, there has been a journal of the marches and actions of the King of Sweden, from the beginning of January to the eleventh of April, N. S. communicated by the Swediſh miniſters to that court. Theſe advices inform, that his Swediſh Majeſty entered the territories of Muſcovy in February laſt, with the main body of his army, in order to oblige the enemy to a general engagement; but that the Muſcovites declining a battle, and an univerſal thaw having rendered the rivers unpaſſable, the King returned into Ukrania. There are mentioned ſeveral rencounters between conſiderable detachments of the Swediſh and Ruſſian armies. Marſhal Heiſter intended to take his leave of the court on the day after the date of theſe letters, and put himſelf at the head of the army in Hungary. The male-contents had attempted to ſend in a ſupply of proviſion into Newhauſel; but their deſign was diſappointed by the Germans.

Advices from Berlin of the fifteenth inſtant, N. S. ſay, that his Daniſh Majeſty having received an invitation from the King of Pruſſia to an interview, deſigned to come to Potſdam within a few days, and that King Auguſtus reſolved to accompany him thither. To avoid all difficulties in ceremony, the three Kings, and all the company who ſhall have the honour to ſit with them at table, are to draw lots, and take precedence accordingly.

They write from Hamburgh of the eighteenth inſtant, N. S. that ſome particular letters from Dantzick ſpeak of a late action between the Swedes and Muſcovites near Jeriſlaw; but that engagement being mentioned from no other place, there is not much credit given to this intelligence.

We hear from Bruſſels, by letters dated the twentieth, that on the fourteenth in the evening, the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene arrived at Courtray, with a deſign to proceed the day following to Liſle, in the neighbourhood of which city the confederate army was to rendezvous the ſame day. Advices from Paris inform us, that the Marſhal de Bezons is appointed to command in Dauphiné; and that the Duke of Berwick is ſet out for Spain, with a deſign to follow the fortunes of the Duke of Anjou, in caſe the French King ſhould comply with the late demands of the Allies.

The court of France has ſent a circular letter to all the governors of the provinces, to recommend to their conſideration his Majeſty's late conduct in the affair of peace. It is thought fit in that epiſtle, to condeſcend to a certain appeal to the people, whether it is conſiſtent with the dignity of the crown, or the French name, to ſubmit to the preliminaries demanded by the Confederates. That letter dwells upon the unreaſonableneſs of the Allies, in requiring his Majeſty's aſſiſtance in dethroning his grandſon; and treats this particular in language more ſuitable to it, as it is a topic of oratory, than a real circumſtance on which the intereſts of nations, and reaſons of ſtate, which affect all Europe, are concerned.

The cloſe of this memorial ſeems to prepare the people to expect all events, attributing the confidence of the enemy to the goodneſs of their troops; but acknowledging, that his ſole dependance is upon the intervention of Providence.

N° XXIX. THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1709.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, JUNE 14.

HAVING a very ſolid reſpect for human nature, however it is diſtorted from it's natural make, by affectation, humour, cuſtom, misfortune, or vice, I do apply myſelf to my friends to help me in raiſing arguments for preſerving it in all it's individuals, as long as it is permitted. To one of my letters on this ſubject, I have received the following anſwer:

SIR,

SIR,

IN anſwer to your queſtion, why men of ſenſe, virtue, and experience, are ſeen ſtill to comply with that ridiculous cuſtom of duelling, I muſt deſire you to reflect, that cuſtom has diſhed up in ruffs the wiſeſt heads of our anceſtors, and put the beſt of the preſent age into huge Falbala periwigs. Men of ſenſe would not impoſe ſuch incumbrances on themſelves, but be glad they might ſhew their faces decently in public upon eaſier terms. If then ſuch men appear reaſonably ſlaves to the faſhion, in what regards the figure of their perſons, we ought not to wonder, that they are at leaſt ſo in what ſeems to touch their reputation. Beſides, you cannot be ignorant, that dreſs and chivalry have been always encouraged by the ladies, as the two principal branches of gallantry. It is to avoid being ſneered at for his ſingularity, and from a deſire to appear more agreeable to his miſtreſs, that a wiſe, experienced, and polite man, complies with the dreſs commonly received; and is prevailed upon to violate his reaſon and principles, in hazarding his life and eſtate by a tilt, as well as ſuffering his pleaſures to be conſtrained and ſoured by the conſtant apprehenſion of a quarrel. This is the more ſurprizing, becauſe men of the moſt delicate ſenſe and principles have naturally in other caſes a particular repugnance in accommodating themſelves to the maxims of the world: but one may eaſily diſtinguiſh the man that is affected with beauty, and the reputation of a tilt, from him who complies with both, merely as they are impoſed upon him by cuſtom; for in the former you will remark an air of vanity and triumph; whereas when the latter appears in a long Duvillier full of powder, or has decided a quarrel by the ſword, you may perceive in his face, that he appeals to cuſtom for an excuſe. I think it may not be improper to enquire into the genealogy of this chimerical monſter, called a Duel, which I take to be an illegitimate ſpecies of the ancient knight-errantry. By the laws of this whim, the heroic perſon, or man of gallantry, was indiſpenſibly obliged to ſtarve in armour a certain number of years in the chace of monſters, encounter them at the peril of his life, and ſuffer ſtill greater hardſhips, in order to gain the affection of the fair lady, and qualify himſelf for aſſuming the Bel-air; that is, of a Pretty Fellow, or man of honour, according to the faſhion: but ſince the publiſhing of Don Quixote, and extinction of the race of dragons, which Suetonius ſays happened in that of Wantley, the gallant and heroic ſpirits of theſe later times have been under the neceſſity of creating new chimerical monſters to entertain themſelves with, by way of ſingle combat, as the only proofs they are able to give their own ſex, and the ladies, that they are in all points men of nice honour. But to do juſtice to the ancient and real monſters, I muſt obſerve, that they never moleſted thoſe who were not of a humour to hunt for them in woods and deſarts; whereas, on the contrary, our modern monſters are ſo familiarly admitted and entertained in all the courts and cities of Europe, (except France) that one can ſcarce be in the moſt humanized ſociety without riſking one's life; the people of the beſt ſort, and the fine gentlemen of the age, being ſo fond of them, that they ſeldom appear in any public place without one. I have ſome further conſiderations upon this ſubject, which, as you encourage me, ſhall be communicated to you by, Sir, a couſin but one remove from the beſt family of the Staffs, namely, Sir, your humble ſervant, kinſman, and friend,

TIM. SWITCH.

It is certain Mr. Switch has hit upon the true ſource of this evil; and that it proceeds only from the force of cuſtom, that we contradict ourſelves in half the particulars and occurrences of life. But ſuch a tyranny in love, which the fair impoſe upon us, is a little too ſevere, that we muſt demonſtrate our affection for them by no certain proof but hatred to one another, or come at them (only as one does to an eſtate) by ſurvivorſhip. This way of application to gain a lady's heart is taking her as we do towns and caſtles, by diſtreſſing the place, and letting none come near them without our paſs. Were ſuch a lover once to write the truth of his heart, and let her know his whole thoughts, he would appear indeed to have a paſſion for her; but it would hardly be called love. The billet-doux would run to this purpoſe:

MADAM,

MADAM,

I Have so tender a regard for you and your interests, that I will knock any man on the head whom I observe to be of my mind, and like you. Mr. Truman, the other day, looked at you in so languishing a manner, that I am resolved to run him through to-morrow morning. This, I think, he deserves for his guilt in admiring you: than which I cannot have a greater reason for murdering him, except it be that you also approve him. Whoever says he dies for you, I will make his words good, for I will kill him. I am, Madam,

Your most obedient, and most humble Servant.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JUNE 14.

I AM just come hither at ten at night, and have, ever since six, been in the most celebrated, though most nauseous, company in town: the two leaders of the society were a Critic and a Wit. These two gentlemen are great opponents on all occasions, not discerning that they are the nearest each other in temper and talents of any two classes of men in the world; for to profess judgment, and to profess wit, both arise from the same failure, which is, want of judgment. The poverty of the Critic this way proceeds from the abuse of his faculty; that of the Wit, from the neglect of it. It is a particular observation I have always made, that, of all mortals, a Critic is the silliest; for by enuring himself to examine all things, whether they are of consequence or not, he never looks upon any thing but with a design of passing sentence upon it; by which means he is never a companion, but always a censor. This makes him earnest upon trifles, and dispute on the most indifferent occasions with vehemence. If he offers to speak or write, that talent, which should approve the work of the other faculties, prevents their operation. He comes upon action in armour, but without weapons; he stands in safety, but can gain no glory. The Wit, on the other hand, has been hurried so long away by imagination only, that judgment seems not to have ever been one of his natural faculties. This gentleman takes himself to be as much obliged to be merry, as the other to be grave. A thorough Critic is a sort of Puritan in the polite world. As an enthusiast in religion stumbles at the ordinary occurrences of life, if he cannot quote Scripture examples on the occasion; so the Critic is never safe in his speech or writings, without he has among the celebrated writers an authority for the truth of his sentence. You will believe we had a very good time with these brethren, who were so far out of the dress of their native country, and so lost in it's dialect, that they were as much strangers to themselves, as to their relation to each other. They took up the whole discourse; sometimes the Critic grew passionate, and when reprimanded by the Wit for any trip or hesitation in his voice, he would answer—Mr. Dryden makes such a character, on such an occasion, break off in the same manner; so that the stop was according to nature, and as a man in a passion should do. The Wit, who is as far gone in letters as himself, seems to be at a loss to answer such an apology; and concludes only, that though his anger is justly vented, it wants fire in the utterance. If wit is to be measured by the circumstances of time and place, there is no man has generally so little of that talent, as he who is a wit by profession. What he says, instead of arising from the occasion, has an occasion invented to bring it in. Thus he is new for no other reason but that he talks like nobody else, but has taken up a method of his own, without commerce of dialogue with other people. The lively Jasper Dactyle is one of this character. He seems to have made a vow to be witty to his life's end. When you meet him—'What do you think,' says he, 'I have been entertaining myself 'with?' Then out comes a premeditated turn; to which it is to no purpose to answer, for he goes on in the same strain of thought he designed without your speaking. Therefore I have a general answer to all he can say; as—'Sure 'there never was any creature had so 'much fire!' Spondee, who is a critic, is seldom out of this fine man's company. They have no manner of affection for each other, but keep together, like Novel and Oldfox, in the Plain Dealer, because they shew each other. I know several men of sense who can be diverted with this couple; but I see no curiosity in the thing, except it be, that Spondee is dull, and seems dull; but Dactyle is heavy with a brisk face. It

must

must be owned also, that Dactyle has almost vigour enough to be a coxcomb; but Spondee, by the lowness of his constitution, is only a blockhead.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JUNE 15.

WE have no particulars of moment since our last; except it be, that the copy of the following original letter came by the way of Ostend. It is said to have been found in the closet of Monsieur Chamillard, the late secretary of state of France, since his disgrace. It was signed by two brothers of the famous Cavalier, who led the Cevennois, and had a personal interview with the king, as well as a capitulation to lay down his arms, and leave the dominions of France. There are many other names to it; among whom is the chief of the family of the Marquis Guiscard. It is not yet known whether Monsieur Chamillard had any real design to favour the Protestant interest, or only thought to place himself at the head of that people, to make himself considerable enough to oppose his enemies at court, and reinstate himself in power there.

SIR,

WE have read your Majesty's letter* to the governors of your provinces, with instructions what sentiments to insinuate into the minds of your people: but as you have always acted upon the maxim—That we were made for you, and not you for us, we must take leave to assure your Majesty, that we are exactly of the contrary opinion; and must desire you to send for your grandson home, and acquaint him, that you now know by experience, absolute power is only a vertigo in the brain of princes, which for a time may quicken their motion, and double in their diseased sight the instances of power above them; but must end in their fall and destruction. Your memorial speaks a good father of your family, but a very ill one of your people. Your Majesty is reduced to hear truth, when you are obliged to speak it. There is no governing any but savages by other methods than their own consent; which you seem to acknowledge, in appealing to us for our opinion of your conduct in treating of peace. Had your people been always of your council, the King of France had never been reduced so low as to acknowledge his arms were fallen into contempt. But since it is thus, we must ask, How is any man of France, but they of the House of Bourbon, the better, that Philip is King of Spain? We have outgrown that folly of placing our happiness in your Majesty's being called The Great. Therefore as you and we are all alike bankrupts†, and undone, let us not deceive ourselves, but compound with our adversaries, and not talk like their equals. Your Majesty must forgive us, that we cannot wish you success, or lend you help; for if you lose one battle more, we may have a hand in the peace you make; and doubt not but your Majesty's faith in treaties will require the ratification of the States of your kingdom. So we bid you heartily farewel, until we have the honour to meet you assembled in parliament. This happy expectation makes us willing to wait the event of another campaign; from whence we hope to be raised from the misery of slaves to the privileges of subjects. We are

Your Majesty's truly faithful and loyal Subjects, &c.

Nº XXX. SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1709.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JUNE 16.

THE vigilance, the anxiety, the tenderness, which I have for the good people of England, I am persuaded, will in time be much commended; but I doubt whether they will ever be rewarded. However, I must go on chearfully in my work of reformation: that being my great design, I am studious to prevent my labour's increasing upon me; therefore am particularly observant

* Soon after the breaking off of the late treaty of peace, the French King dispersed a letter through his dominions, wherein he shews the reasons why he could not ratify the preliminaries. Vide the public news-papers of this date.

† N. B. Monsieur Bernard, and the chief bankers of France, became bankrupts about this time.

of

of the temper and inclinations of childhood and youth, that we may not give vice and folly ſupplies from the growing generation. It is hardly to be imagined how uſeful this ſtudy is, and what great evils or benefits ariſe from putting us in our tender years to what we are fit and unfit: therefore on Tueſday laſt (with a deſign to ſound their inclinations) I took three lads, who are under my guardianſhip, a rambling, in a hackney-coach, to ſhew them the town; as the Lions, the Tombs, Bedlam, and the other places which are entertainments to raw minds, becauſe they ſtrike forcibly on the fancy. The boys are brothers, one of ſixteen, the other of fourteen, the other of twelve. The firſt was his father's darling, the ſecond his mother's, and the third is mine, who am their uncle. Mr. William is a lad of true genius; but being at the upper end of a great ſchool, and having all the boys below him, his arrogance is inſupportable. If I begin to ſhew a little of my Latin, he immediately interrupts—'Uncle, under favour, that which you 'ſay is not underſtood in that manner.' —'Brother,' ſays my boy Jack, 'you 'do not ſhew your manners much in 'contradicting my uncle Iſaac!'—'You 'queer cur,' ſays Mr. William, 'do 'you think my uncle takes any notice 'of ſuch a dull rogue as you are?' Mr. William goes on—'He is the moſt ſtu'pid of all my mother's children: he 'knows nothing of his book; when he 'ſhould mind that, he is hiding or 'hoarding his taws and marbles, or 'laying up farthings. His way of 'thinking is—"Four and twenty far"things make ſixpence, and two ſix"pences a ſhilling, two ſhillings and "ſixpence half a crown, and two half"crowns five ſhillings." So within 'theſe two months, the cloſe hunks has 'ſcraped up twenty ſhillings, and we 'will make him ſpend it all before he 'comes home.' Jack immediately claps his hands into both pockets, and turns as pale as aſhes. There is nothing touches a parent (and ſuch I am to Jack) ſo nearly as a provident conduct. This lad has in him the true temper for a good huſband, a kind father, and an honeſt executor. All the great people you ſee make conſiderable figures on the Exchange, in court, and ſometimes in ſenates, are ſuch as in reality have no greater faculty than what may be called human inſtinct, which is a natural tendency to their own preſervation, and that of their friends, without being capable of ſtriking out of the road for adventures. There is Sir William Scrip was of this ſort of capacity from his childhood; he has bought the country round him; and makes a bargain better than Sir Harry Wildfire, with all his wit and humour. Sir Harry never wants money but he comes to Scrip, laughs at him half an hour, and then gives bond for the other thouſand. The cloſe men are incapable of placing merit any where but in their pence, and therefore gain it; while others, who have larger capacities, are diverted from the purſuit by enjoyments, which can be ſupported only by that caſh which they deſpiſe; and therefore are in the end ſlaves to their inferiors both in fortune and underſtanding. I once heard a man of excellent ſenſe obſerve, that more affairs in the world failed by being in the hands of men of too large capacities for their buſineſs, than by being in the conduct of ſuch as wanted abilities to execute them. Jack therefore, being of a plodding make, ſhall be a citizen: and I deſign him to be the refuge of the family in their diſtreſs, as well as their jeſt in proſperity. His brother Will ſhall go to Oxford with all ſpeed; where, if he does not arrive at being a man of ſenſe, he will ſoon be informed wherein he is a coxcomb. There is in that place ſuch a true ſpirit of raillery and humour, that if they cannot make you a wiſe man, they will certainly let you know you are a fool; which is all my couſin wants, to ceaſe to be ſo. Thus having taken theſe two out of the way, I have leiſure to look at my third lad. I obſerve in the young rogue a natural ſubtilty of mind, which diſcovers itſelf rather in forbearing to declare his thoughts on any occaſion, than in any viſible way of exerting himſelf in diſcourſe. For which reaſon, I will place him where, if he commits no faults, he may go farther than thoſe in other ſtations, though they excel in virtues. The boy is well faſhioned, and will eaſily fall into a graceful manner; wherefore I have a deſign to make him a page to a great lady of my acquaintance; by which means he will be well ſkilled in the common modes of life, and make a greater progreſs in the world by that knowledge, than with the greateſt qualities without

without it. A good mien in a court will carry a man greater lengths than a good underſtanding in any other place. We ſee a world of pains taken, and the beſt years of life ſpent, in collecting a ſet of thoughts in a college for the conduct of life; and, after all, the man ſo qualified ſhall heſitate in his ſpeech to a good ſuit of cloaths, and want common ſenſe before an agreeable woman. Hence it is, that wiſdom, valour, juſtice, and learning, cannot keep a man in countenance that is poſſeſſed with theſe excellencies, if he wants that inferior art of life and behaviour called Good-breeding. A man endowed with great perfections, without this, is like one who has his pockets full of gold, but always wants change for his ordinary occaſions.

Will Courtly is a living inſtance of this truth; and has had the ſame education which I am giving my nephew. He never ſpoke a thing but what was ſaid before, and yet can converſe with the wittieſt men without being ridiculous. Among the learned, he does not appear ignorant; nor with the wiſe, indiſcreet. Living in converſation from his infancy, makes him no where at a loſs; and a long familiarity with the perſons of men is, in a manner, of the ſame ſervice to him, as if he knew their arts. As ceremony is the invention of wiſe men to keep fools at a diſtance, ſo good-breeding is an expedient to make fools and wiſe men equals.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JUNE 22.

THE ſuſpenſion of the playhouſe has made me have nothing to ſend you from hence; but calling here this evening, I found the party I uſually ſit with, upon the buſineſs of writing, and examining what was the handſomeſt ſtyle in which to addreſs women, and write letters of gallantry. Many were the opinions which were immediately declared on this ſubject. Some were for a certain ſoftneſs; ſome for I know not what delicacy; others for ſomething inexpreſſibly tender. When it came to me, I ſaid there was no rule in the world to be made for writing letters, but that of being as near what you ſpeak face to face as you can; which is ſo great a truth, that I am of opinion, writing has loſt more miſtreſſes than any one miſtake in the whole legend of love. For when you write to a lady for whom you have a ſolid and honourable paſſion, the great idea you have of her, joined to a quick ſenſe of her abſence, fills your mind with a ſort of tenderneſs, that gives your language too much the air of complaint, which is ſeldom ſucceſsful. For a man may flatter himſelf as he pleaſes; but he will find that the women have more underſtanding in their own affairs than we have, and women of ſpirit are not to be won by mourners. He that can keep handſomely within rules, and ſupport the carriage of a companion to his miſtreſs, is much more likely to prevail than he who lets her ſee the whole reliſh of his life depends upon her. If poſſible, therefore, divert your miſtreſs rather than ſigh for her. The pleaſant man ſhe will deſire for her own ſake; but the languiſhing lover has nothing to hope from, but her pity. To ſhew the difference, I produced two letters a lady gave me, which had been writ by two gentlemen who pretended to her, but were both killed the next day after the date, at the battle of Almanza. One of them was a mercurial gay-humoured man; the other a man of a ſerious, but a great and gallant ſpirit. Poor Jack Careleſs! this is his letter: you ſee how it is folded; the air of it is ſo negligent, one might have read half of it, by peeping into it without breaking it open. He had no exactneſs.

MADAM,

IT is a very pleaſant circumſtance I am in, that while I ſhould be thinking of the good company we are to meet within a day or two, where we ſhall go to loggerheads, my thoughts are ruſhing upon a fair enemy in England. I was in hopes I had left you there; but you follow the camp, though I have endeavoured to make ſome of our leaguer ladies drive you out of the field. All my comfort is, you are more troubleſome to my colonel than to myſelf: I permit you to viſit me only now and then; but he downright keeps you. I laugh at his honour, as far as his gravity will allow me; but I know him to be a man of too much merit to ſucceed with a woman. Therefore defend your heart as well as you can; I ſhall come home this winter irreſiſtibly dreſſed, and with quite a new foreign air. And ſo I had, like to ſay, I reſt, but, alas! I remain,

Madam, your most obedient, and most humble servant,

JOHN CARELESS.

Now for Colonel Constant's epistle; you see it is folded and directed with the utmost care.

MADAM,

I Do myself the honour to write to you this evening, because I believe to-morrow will be a day of battle; and something forebodes in my breast that I shall fall in it. If it proves so, I hope you will hear I have done nothing below a man who had the love of his country, quickened by a passion for a woman of honour. If there be any thing noble in going to a certain death; if there be any merit, that I meet it with pleasure, by promising myself a place in your esteem; if your applause, when I am no more, is preferable to the most glorious life without you: I say, Madam, if any of these considerations can have weight with you, you will give me a kind place in your memory, which I prefer to the glory of Cæsar. I hope this will be read, as it is writ, with tears.

The beloved lady is a woman of a sensible mind; but she has confessed to me, that after all her true and solid value for Constant, she had much more concern for the loss of Careless. Those noble and serious spirits have something equal to the adversities they meet with, and consequently lessen the objects of pity. Great accidents seem not cut out so much for men of familiar characters, which makes them more easily pitied, and soon after beloved. Add to this, that the sort of love which generally succeeds is a stranger to awe and distance. I asked Romana, Whether of the two she should have chosen, had they survived? She said, she knew she ought to have taken Constant; but believed she should have chosen Careless.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JUNE 17.

LETTERS from Lisbon of the ninth instant, N. S. say, that the enemy's army, having blocked up Olivenza, was posted on the Guadiana. The Portugueze are very apprehensive that the garrison of that place, though it consists of five of the best regiments of their army, will be obliged to surrender, if not timely relieved, they not being supplied with provisions for more than six weeks. Hereupon their generals held a council of war on the fourth instant, wherein it was concluded to advance towards Badajos. With this design the army decamped on the fifth from Jerumena, and marched to Cancaon. It is hoped, that if the enemy follow their motions, they may have opportunity to put a sufficient quantity of provision and ammunition into Olivenza.

Mr. Bickerstaff gives notice to all persons that dress themselves as they please, without regard to decorum, (as with blue and red stockings in mourning, tucked cravats, and night-cap wigs, before people of the first quality) that he has yet received no fine for indulging them in that liberty, and that he expects their compliance with this demand, or that they go home immediately and shift themselves. This is further to acquaint the town, that the report of the hosiers, toymen, and milliners, having compounded with Mr. Bickerstaff for tolerating such enormities, is utterly false and scandalous.

Nº XXXI. TUESDAY, JUNE 21, 1709.

GRECIAN COFFEE-HOUSE, JUNE 18.

IN my dissertation against the custom of Single Combat, it has been objected, that there is not learning, or much reading, shewn therein, which is the very life and soul of all treatises; for which reason, being always easy to receive admonitions, and reform my errors, I thought fit to consult this learned board on the subject. Upon proposing some doubts, and desiring their assistance, a very hopeful young gentleman, my relation, who is to be called to the bar within a year and a half at the farthest, told me, that he had, ever since I first mentioned duelling, turned his head that way; and that he was principally moved thereto, because he designed to follow the circuit; in the north of England and south of Scotland, and to reside mostly at his own estate at Landbadernawz,

badernawz, in Cardiganſhire. The northern Britons and the ſouthern Scots are a warm people, and the Welſh 'a 'nation of gentlemen;' ſo that it behoved him to underſtand well the ſcience of quarrelling. The young gentleman proceeded admirably well, and gave the board an account that he had read Fitzherbert's Grand Abridgment, and had found that duelling is a very ancient part of the law; for when a man is ſued, be it for his life or his land, the perſon that joins the iſſue, whether plaintiff or defendant, may put the trial upon the duel. Further he argued, under favour of the court, that when the iſſue is joined by the duel, in treaſon or other capital crimes, the parties accuſed and accuſer muſt fight in their own proper perſons: but if the diſpute be for lands, you may hire a champion at Hockley in the Hole, or any where elſe. This part of the law we had from the Saxons; and they had it, as alſo the trial by Ordeal, from the Laplanders. 'It is in-'deed agreed,' ſaid he, 'the ſouthern 'and eaſtern nations never knew any 'thing of it; for though the ancient 'Romans would ſcold and call names 'filthily, yet there is not an example of 'a challenge that ever paſſed among 'them.'

His quoting the eaſtern nations put another gentleman in mind of an account he had from a boatſwain of an 'Eaſt Indiaman; which was, that a Chineſe had tricked and bubbled him, and that when he came to demand ſatisfaction the next morning, and, like a true tar of honour, called him a ſon of a whore, lyar, dog, and other rough appellatives uſed by perſons converſant with winds and waves; the Chineſe, with great tranquillity, deſired him not to come abroad faſting, nor put himſelf into a heat, for it would prejudice his health. Thus the eaſt knows nothing of this gallantry.

There ſat at the left of the table a perſon of a venerable aſpect, who aſſerted, that half the impoſitions which are put upon theſe ages, have been tranſmitted by writers who have given too great pomp and magnificence to the exploits of the ancient bear-garden, and made their gladiators, by fabulous tradition, greater than Gorman and others of Great Britain. He informed the company, that he had ſearched authorities for what he ſaid, and that a learned antiquary, Humphry Scarecrow, Eſquire, of Hockley in the Hole, recorder to the bear-garden, was then writing a diſcourſe on the ſubject. 'It appears by 'the beſt accounts,' ſays this gentleman, 'that the high names which are 'uſed among us with ſo great veneration, were no other than ſtage-fighters, 'and worthies of the ancient bear-'garden. The renowned Hercules always carried a quarter-ſtaff, and was 'from thence called Claviger. A 'learned chronologiſt is about proving 'what wood the ſtaff was made of, whether oak, aſh, or crab-tree. The firſt 'trial of ſkill he ever performed was 'with one Cacus, a deer-ſtealer; the 'next was with Typhonus, a giant of 'forty feet four inches. Indeed, it was 'unhappily recorded, that meeting at 'laſt with a ſailor's wife, ſhe made his 'ſtaff of proweſs ſerve her own uſe, 'and dwindle away to a diſtaff: ſhe 'clapped him on an old tar-jacket of 'her huſband; ſo that this great hero 'drooped like a ſcabbed ſheep. Him 'his contemporary Theſeus ſucceeded 'in the bear garden, which honour he 'held for many years. This grand 'duelliſt went to hell, and was the only 'one of that ſort that ever came back 'again. As for Achilles and Hector, '(as the ballads of thoſe times mention) 'they were pretty ſmart fellows; they 'fought at ſword and buckler; but the 'former had much the better of it; his 'mother, who was an oyſter-woman, 'having got a blackſmith of Lemnos 'to make her ſon's weapons. There 'is a pair of truſty Trojans, in a ſong 'of Virgil, that were famous for handling their gauntlets, Dares and Entellus; and indeed it does appear, 'they fought no ſham prize. What 'arms the great Alexander uſed, is uncertain; however, the hiſtorian mentions, when he attacked Thaleſtris, it 'was only at ſingle rapier: but the 'weapon ſoon failed; for it was always 'obſerved, that the Amazons had a ſort 'of enchantment about them, which 'made the blade of the weapon, though 'of never ſo good metal, at every home 'puſh, loſe it's edge, and grow feeble.

'The Roman bear-garden was abundantly more magnificent than any 'thing Greece could boaſt of; it flouriſhed moſt under thoſe delights of 'mankind, Nero and Domitian. At 'one time, it is recorded, four hundred

'senators entered the lift, and thought 'it an honour to be cudgelled and quar-'ter-ſtaffed. I obſerve the Laniſtæ were 'the people chiefly employed; which 'makes me imagine our bear-garden 'copied much after this, the butchers 'being the greateſt men in it.

'Thus far the glory and honour of 'the bear-garden ſtood ſecure, until 'fate, that irreſiſtible ruler of ſublunary 'things, in that univerſal ruin of arts 'and politer learning, by thoſe ſavage 'people the Goths and Vandals, de-'ſtroyed and levelled it to the ground. 'Then fell the grandeur and bravery 'of the Roman ſtate, until at laſt the 'warlike genius (but accompanied with 'more courteſy) revived in the Chriſ-'tian world under thoſe puiſſant cham-'pions, Saint George, Saint Dennis, 'and other dignified heroes: one killed 'his dragon, another his lion, and were 'all afterwards canonized for it, having 'red letters before them to illuſtrate 'their martial temper. The Spaniſh 'nation, it muſt be owned, were de-'voted to gallantry and chivalry above 'the reſt of the world. What a great 'figure does that great name, Don 'Quixote, make in hiſtory? How ſhines 'that glorious ſtar in the weſtern world! 'O renowned hero! O mirror of knight-'hood!

'The brandiſh'd whinyard all the world defies,
'And kills as ſure as del Toboſa's eyes.'

I am forced to break off abruptly, being ſent for in haſte with my rule, to meaſure the degree of an affront, before the two gentlemen (who are now in their breeches and pumps ready to engage behind Montague Houſe) have made a paſs.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JUNE 18.

IT is an unreaſonable objection, I find, againſt my labours, that my ſtock is not all my own; and therefore the kind reception I have met with is not ſo deſerved as it ought to be. But I hope, though it be never ſo true, that I am obliged to my friends for laying their caſh in my hands, ſince I give it them again when they pleaſe, and leave them at their liberty to call it home, it will not hurt me with my gentle readers. Aſk all the merchants who act upon conſignments, where is the neceſſity (if they anſwer readily what their correſpondents draw) of their being wealthy themſelves? Aſk the greateſt bankers, if all the men they deal with were to draw at once, what would be the conſequence? But indeed, a country friend has writ me a letter which gives me great mortification; wherein I find I am ſo far from expecting a ſupply from thence, that ſome have not heard of me, and the reſt do not underſtand me. His epiſtle is as follows:

DEAR COUSIN,

I Thought, when I left the town, to have raiſed your fame here, and helped you to ſupport it by intelligence from hence; but, alas! they had never heard of the Tatler until I brought down a ſet. I lent them from houſe to houſe; but they aſked me what they meant. I began to enlighten them, by telling who and who were ſuppoſed to be intended by the characters drawn. I ſaid, for inſtance—'Chloe and Clariſſa are two 'eminent toaſts.' A gentleman (who keeps his greyhound and gun, and, one would think, might know better) told me, he ſuppoſed they were Papiſhes, for their names were not Engliſh. 'Then,' ſaid he, 'why do you call live people 'Toaſts?' I anſwered, that was a new name found out by the wits, to make a lady have the ſame effect, as burridge in the glaſs when a man is drinking. 'But,' ſays I, 'Sir, I perceive this is 'to you all bamboozling; why, you 'look as if you were Don Diego'd to 'the tune of a thouſand pounds.' All this good language was loſt upon him: he only ſtared, though he is as good a ſcholar as any layman in the town, except the barber. Thus, couſin, you muſt be content with London for the center of your wealth and fame; we have no reliſh for you. Wit muſt deſcribe it's proper circumference, and not go beyond it, leſt (like little boys, when they ſtraggle out of their own pariſh) it may wander to places where it is not known, and be loſt. Since it is ſo, you muſt excuſe me that I am forced at a viſit to ſit ſilent, and only lay up what excellent things paſs at ſuch converſations.

This evening I was with a couple of young ladies; one of them has the character of the prettieſt company, yet really I thought her but ſilly: the other, who talked

talked a great deal less, I observed to have understanding. The lady, who is reckoned such a companion among her acquaintance, has only, with a very brisk air, a knack of saying the commonest things: the other, with a sly serious one, says home things enough. The first, Mistress Giddy, is very quick; but the second, Mistress Slim, fell into Giddy's own style, and was as good company as she. Giddy happens to drop her glove; Slim reaches it to her. 'Madam,' says Giddy, 'I hope you will 'have a better office.' Upon which Slim immediately repartees, and sits in her lap, and cries—'Are you not sorry for 'my heaviness?' The sly wench pleased me, to see how she hit her height of understanding so well. We sat down to supper. Says Giddy, mighty prettily, 'Two hands in a dish, and one in a 'purse.' Says Slim—'Ay, Madam, the 'more the merrier; the fewer the better 'cheer.' I quickly took the hint, and was as witty and talkative as they. Says I—

'He that will not when he may,
'When he will, he shall have nay;

And so helped myself. Giddy turns about—'What, have you found your 'tongue?'—'Yes,' says I, 'it is manners to speak when I am spoken to; 'but your greatest talkers are the least 'doers; and the still sow eats up all 'the broth.'—'Ha! ha!' says Giddy, 'one would think he had nothing in 'him; and do you hear how he talks, 'when he pleases!' I grew immediately roguish and pleasant to a degree, in the same strain. Slim, who knew how good company we had been, cries—'You 'will certainly print this bright conversation.'

It is so; and hereby you may see how small an appearance the prettiest things said in company make, when in print.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JUNE 20.

A MAIL from Lisbon has brought advices, of June the twelfth, from the King of Portugal's army encamped at Torre Allegada, which inform us, that the general of the army called a court-martial on the fourth at the camp of Jerumena, where it was resolved to march with a design to attempt the succour of Olivenza. Accordingly the army moved on the fifth, and marched towards Badajos. Upon their approach, the Marquis de Bay detached so great a party from the blockade of Olivenza, that the Marquis das Minas, at the head of a large detachment, covered a great convoy of provisions towards Olivenza, which threw in their stores, and marched back to the main army, without molestation from the Spaniards. They add, that each army must necessarily march into quarters within twenty days.

Whosoever can discover a surgeon's apprentice who fell upon Mr. Bickerstaff's messenger, or (as the printers call him) Devil going to the press, and tore out of his hand part of his Essay against Duels, in the fragments of which were the words, 'You lye,' and 'Man of 'Honour,' taken up at the Temple Gate, and the words—'Perhaps—May 'be not—By your leave, Sir,'—— and other terms of provocation, taken up at the door of Young Man's Coffee-house, shall receive satisfaction from Mr. Morphew; besides a set of arguments to be spoken to any man in a passion, which, if the said enraged man listens to, will prevent quarrelling.

Mr. Bickerstaff does hereby give notice, that he has taken the two famous universities of this land under his immediate care; and does hereby promise all tutors and pupils, that he will hear what can be said of each side between them, and to correct them impartially, by placing them in orders and classes in the learned world, according to their merit.

Nº XXXII. THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1709.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, JUNE 22.

AN answer to the following letter being absolutely necessary to be dispatched with all expedition, I must trespass upon all that come with horary questions into my anti-chamber, to give the gentleman my opinion.

TO

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

SIR, JUNE 18, 1709.

I Know not whether you ought to pity or laugh at me; for I am fallen desperately in love with a professed Platonne, the most unaccountable creature of her sex. To hear her talk seraphics, and run over Norris, and Moor, and Milton, and the whole set of intellectual triflers, torments me heartily; for, to a lover who understands metaphors, all this pretty prattle of ideas gives very fine views of pleasure, which only the dear declaimer prevents, by understanding them literally: why should she wish to be a cherubim, when it is flesh and blood that makes her adorable? If I speak to her, that is a high breach of the idea of intuition. If I offer at her hand or lip, she shrinks from the touch like a sensitive plant, and would contract herself into mere spirit. She calls her chariot, vehicle; her furbellowed scarf, pinions; her blue manteau and petticoat is her azure dress; and her footman goes by the name of Oberon. It is my misfortune to be six feet and a half high, two full spans between the shoulders, thirteen inches diameter in the calves; and, before I was in love, I had a noble stomach, and usually went to bed sober with two bottles. I am not quite six-and-twenty, and my nose is marked truly aquiline. For these reasons, I am in a very particular manner her aversion. What shall I do? Impudence itself cannot reclaim her. If I write miserably, she reckons me among the children of perdition, and discards me her region: if I assume the gross and substantial, she plays the real ghost with me, and vanishes in a moment. I had hopes in the hypocrisy of her sex; but perseverance makes it as bad as fixed aversion. I desire your opinion, whether I may not lawfully play the inquisition upon her, make use of a little force, and put her to the rack and torture, only to convince her, she has really fine limbs without spoiling or distorting them. I expect your directions, before I proceed to dwindle and fall away with despair; which at present I do not think advisable; because, if she should recant, she may then hate me perhaps, in the other extreme, for my tenuity. I am (with impatience) your most humble servant,

CHARLES STURDY.

My patient has put his case with very much warmth, and represented it in so lively a manner, that I see both his torment and tormentor with great perspicuity. This order of Platonic ladies are to be dealt with in a peculiar manner from the rest of the sex. Flattery is the general way, and the way in this case; but it is not to be done grossly. Every man that has wit, and humour, and raillery, can make a good flatterer for women in general; but a Platonne is not to be touched with panegyric: she will tell you, it is a sensuality in the soul to be delighted that way. You are not therefore to commend, but silently consent to all she does and says. You are to consider, the scorn of you is not humour, but opinion in her.

There were, some years since, a set of these ladies who were of quality, and gave out, that virginity was to be their state of life during this mortal condition, and therefore resolved to join their fortunes, and erect a nunnery. The place of residence was pitched upon; and a pretty situation, full of natural falls and risings of waters, with shady coverts, and flowery arbours, was approved by seven of the founders. There were as many of our sex who took the liberty to visit the mansions of intended severity; among others, a famous Rake of that time, who had the grave way to an excellence. He came in first; but upon seeing a servant coming towards him, with a design to tell him, this was no place for him or his companions, up goes my grave Impudence to the maid—'Young woman,' said he, 'if any of 'the ladies are in the way on this side 'of the house, pray carry us on the other 'side towards the gardens: we are, you 'must know, gentlemen that are travelling England; after which we shall 'go into foreign parts, where some of 'us have already been.' Here he bows in the most humble manner, and kissed the girl, who knew not how to behave to such a sort of carriage. He goes on—'Now you must know we have an 'ambition to have it to say, that we have 'a Protestant nunnery in England: but 'pray, Mrs. Betty——' 'Sir,' she replied, 'my name is Susan, at your ser-'vice.'—'Then I heartily beg your 'pardon.'—'No offence in the least,' says she, 'for I have a cousin-german 'whose name is Betty.'—'Indeed,' said he,

he, 'I proteſt to you, that was more 'than I knew; I ſpoke at random: but 'ſince it happens that I was near in the 'right, give me leave to preſent this 'gentleman to the favour of a civil ſa-'lute.' His friend advances, and ſo on, until they had all ſaluted her. By this means, the poor girl was in the middle of the crowd of theſe fellows, at a loſs what to do, without courage to paſs through them; and the Platonics, at ſeveral peep-holes, pale, trembling, and fretting. Rake perceived they were obſerved, and therefore took care to keep Suky in chat with queſtions concerning their way of life; when appeared at laſt Madonella, a lady who had writ a fine book concerning the recluſe life, and was the projectrix of the foundation. She approaches into the hall; and Rake knowing the dignity of his own mien and aſpect, goes deputy from his company. She begins—'Sir, I am obliged to fol-'low the ſervant, who was ſent out to 'know what affair could make ſtrangers 'preſs upon a ſolitude which we, who 'are to inhabit this place, have devoted 'to heaven and our own thoughts?'—'Madam,' replies Rake, (with an air of great diſtance, mixed with a certain indifference, by which he could diſſemble diſſimulation) 'your great intention has 'made more noiſe in the world than 'you deſign it ſhould; and we travel-'lers, who have ſeen many foreign in-'ſtitutions of this kind, have a curioſity 'to ſee, in it's firſt rudiments, the ſeat 'of primitive piety; for ſuch it muſt 'be called by future ages, to the eternal 'honour of the founders. I have read 'Madonella's excellent and ſeraphic diſ-'courſe on this ſubject.' The lady immediately anſwers—'If what I have ſaid 'could have contributed to raiſe any 'thoughts in you that may make for the 'advancement of intellectual and divine 'converſation, I ſhould think myſelf 'extremely happy.' He immediately fell back with the profoundeſt veneration; then advancing—'Are you then 'that admired lady? If I may approach 'lips which have uttered things ſo ſa-'cred——' He ſalutes her. His friends followed his example. The devoted within ſtood in amazement where this would end, to ſee Madonella receive their addreſs and their company. But Rake goes on—'We would not tranſgreſs 'rules; but if we may take the liberty 'to ſee the place you have thought fit 'to chuſe for ever, we would go into 'ſuch parts of the gardens, as is con-'ſiſtent with the ſeverities you have im-'poſed on yourſelves.' To be ſhort, Madonella permitted Rake to lead her into the aſſembly of nuns, followed by his friends, and each took his fair-one by the hand, after due explanation, to walk round the gardens. The converſation turned upon the lilies, the flowers, the arbours, and the growing vegetables; and Rake had the ſolemn impudence, when the whole company ſtood round him, to ſay, that he ſincerely wiſhed men might riſe out of the earth like plants; and that our minds were not of neceſſity to be ſullied with carnivorous appetites for the generation, as well as ſupport, of our ſpecies. This was ſpoke with ſo eaſy and fixed an aſſurance, that Madonella anſwered—'Sir, under the 'notion of a pious thought, you deceive 'yourſelf in wiſhing an inſtitution fo-'reign to that of Providence. Theſe 'deſires were implanted in us for reve-'rend purpoſes, in preſerving the race 'of men, and giving opportunities for 'making our chaſtity more heroic.' The conference was continued in this celeſtial ſtrain, and carried on ſo well by the managers on both ſides, that it created a ſecond and a third interview; and, without entering into further particulars, there was hardly one of them but was a mother or father that day twelve-month.

Any unnatural part is long taking up, and as long laying aſide; therefore Mr. Sturdy may aſſure himſelf, Platonica will fly for ever from a forward behaviour; but if he approaches her according to this model, ſhe will fall in with the neceſſities of mortal life, and condeſcend to look with pity upon an unhappy man, impriſoned in ſo much body, and urged by ſuch violent deſires.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JUNE 22.

The evils of this town increaſe upon me to ſo great a degree, that I am half afraid I ſhall not leave the world much better than I found it. Several worthy gentlemen and critics have applied to me, to give my cenſure of an enormity which has been revived, after being long ſuppreſſed, and is called Punning. I have ſeveral arguments ready to prove, that he cannot be a man of honour, who is guilty of this abuſe of human ſociety. But the way to expoſe it is, like the expedient

pedient of curing drunkenness, shewing a man in that condition: therefore I must give my reader warning, to expect a collection of these offences; without which preparation, I thought it too adventurous to introduce the very mention of it in good company; and I hope I shall be understood to do it, as a divine mentions oaths and curses, only for their condemnation. I shall dedicate this discourse to a gentleman, my very good friend, who is the Janus of our times, and whom, by his years and wit, you would take to be of the last age; but, by his dress and morals, of this.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JUNE 22.

LAST night arrived two mails from Holland, which bring letters from the Hague of the twenty-eighth instant, N. S. with advice, that the enemy lay encamped behind a strong entrenchment, with the marsh of Romiers on their right and left, extending itself as far as Bethune: La Basse is in their front, Lens in their rear, and their camp is strengthened by another line from Lens to Douay. The Duke of Marlborough caused an exact observation to be made of their ground, and the works by which they were covered, which appeared so strong, that it was not thought proper to attack them in their present posture. However, the Duke thought fit to make a feint as if he designed it: his Grace accordingly marched from the abbey at Looze, as did Prince Eugene from Lampret, and advanced with all possible diligence towards the enemy. To favour the appearance of an intended assault, the ways were made, and orders distributed in such manner, that none in either camp could have thoughts of any thing but charging the enemy by break of day next morning: but soon after the fall of the night of the twenty-sixth, the whole army faced towards Tournay, which place they invested early in the morning of the twenty-seventh. The Marshal Villars was so confident that we designed to attack him, that he had drawn great part of the garrison of the place, which is now invested, into the field: for which reason, it is presumed, it must submit within a small time, which the enemy cannot prevent, but by coming out of their present camp, and hazarding a general engagement. These advices add, that the garrison of Mons had marched out under the command of Marshal d'Arco; which, with the Bavarians, Walloons, and the troops of Cologne, have joined the grand army of the enemy.

Nº XXXIII. SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1709.

BY MRS. JENNY DISTAFF, HALF-SISTER TO MR. BICKERSTAFF.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JUNE 23.

MY brother has made an excursion into the country, and the work against Saturday lies upon me. I am very glad I have got pen and ink in my hand; for I have for some time longed for his absence, to give a right idea of things, which I thought he put in a very odd light, and some of them to the disadvantage of my own sex. It is much to be lamented, that it is necessary to make discourses, and publish treatises, to keep the horrid creatures, the men, within the rules of common decency. Turning over the papers of memorials or hints for the ensuing discourses, I find a letter subscribed by Mr. Truman.

SIR,

I Am lately come to town; and have read your works with much pleasure: you make wit subservient to good principles and good manners. Yet, because I design to buy the Tatlers for my daughters to read, I take the freedom to desire you, for the future, to say nothing about any combat between Alexander and Thalestris.

This offence gives me occasion to express myself with the resentment I ought, on people who take liberties of speech before that sex, of whom the honoured names of mother, daughter, and sister, are a part: I had like to have named wife in the number; but the senseless world are so mistaken in their sentiments of pleasure, that the most amiable term in human life is become the derision of fools

fools and scorners. My brother and I have at least fifty times quarrelled upon this topic. I ever argue, that the frailties of women are to be imputed to the false ornaments which men of wit put upon our folly and coquetry. He lays all the vices of men upon womens secret approbation of libertine characters in them. I did not care to give up a point; but now he is out of the way, I cannot but own I believe there is very much in what he asserted: for if you will believe your eyes, and own that the wickedest and wittiest of them all marry one day or other, it is impossible to believe, that if a man thought he should be for ever incapable of being received by a woman of merit and honour, he would persist in an abandoned way, and deny himself the possibility of enjoying the happiness of well-governed desires, orderly satisfactions, and honourable methods of life. If our sex were wise, a lover should have a certificate from the last woman he served, how he was turned away, before he was received into the service of another: but at present, any vagabond is welcome, provided he promises to enter into our livery. It is wonderful, that we will not take a footman without credentials from his last master; and in the greatest concern of life, we make no scruple of falling into a treaty with the most notorious offender in his behaviour against others. But this breach of commerce between the sexes proceeds from an unaccountable prevalence of custom, by which a woman is to the last degree reproachable for being deceived, and a man suffers no loss of credit for being a deceiver.

Since this tyrant humour has gained place, why are we represented in the writings of men in ill figures for artifice in our carriage, when we have to do with a professed impostor? When oaths, imprecations, vows, and adorations, are made use of as words of course, what arts are not necessary to defend us from such as glory in the breach of them? As for my part, I am resolved to hear all, and believe none of them; and therefore solemnly declare, no vow shall deceive me, but that of marriage: for I am turned of twenty, and being of a small fortune, some wit, and (if I can believe my lovers and my glass) handsome, I have heard all that can be said towards my undoing; and shall therefore, for warning sake, give an account of the offers that have been made me, my manner of rejecting them, and my assistances to keep my resolution.

In the sixteenth year of my life, I fell into the acquaintance of a lady extremely well known in this town for the quick advancement of her husband, and the honours and distinctions which her industry has procured him and all who belong to her. This excellent body sat next to me for some months at church, and took the liberty (which she said her years, and the zeal she had for my welfare, gave her claim to) to assure me, that she observed some parts in my behaviour which would lead me into errors, and give encouragement to some to entertain hopes I did not think of. 'What made you,' said she, 'look 'through your fan at that lord, when 'your eyes should have been turned up-'wards, or closed in attention upon 'better objects?' I blushed, and pretended fifty odd excuses; but confounded myself the more. She wanted nothing but to see that confusion, and goes on—'Nay, child, do not be trou-'bled that I take notice of it; my va-'lue for you made me speak it; for 'though he is my kinsman, I have a 'nearer regard to virtue than any other 'consideration.' She had hardly done speaking, when this noble lord came up to us, and led her to her coach.

My head ran all that day and night on the exemplary carriage of this woman, who could be so virtuously impertinent, as to admonish one she was hardly acquainted with. However, it struck upon the vanity of a girl, that it may possibly be, his thoughts might have been as favourable of me, as mine were amorous of him, and as unlikely things as that have happened, if he should make me his wife. She never mentioned this more to me; but I still in all public places stole looks at this man, who easily observed my passion for him. It is so hard a thing to check the return of agreeable thoughts, that he became my dream, my vision, my food, my wish, my torment.

That minister of darkness, the Lady Sempronja, perceived too well the temper I was in; and would, one day after evening service, needs take me to the park. When we were there, my lord passes by; I flushed into a flame. 'Mrs. 'Distaff,' says she, 'you may very well

'remember the concern I was in upon 'the firſt notice I took of your regard 'to that lord; and forgive me, who 'had a tender friendſhip for your mo- 'ther, (now in the grave) that I am vi- 'gilant of your conduct.' She went on with much ſeverity, and after great ſolicitation prevailed on me to go with her into the country, and there ſpend the enſuing ſummer out of the way of a man ſhe ſaw I loved, and one whom ſhe perceived meditated my ruin, by frequently deſiring her to introduce him to me; which ſhe abſolutely refuſed, except he would give his honour that he had no other deſign but to marry me. To her country-houſe a week or two after we went: there was at the far- ther end of her garden, a kind of wild- erneſs, in the middle of which ran a ſoft rivulet by an arbour of jeſſamine. In this place I uſually paſſed my retired hours, and read ſome romantic or po- etical tale until the cloſe of the even- ing. It was near that time in the heat of the ſummer, when gentle winds, ſoft murmurs of water, and notes of nightingales, had given my mind an indolence, which added to that repoſe of ſoul twilight and the end of a warm day naturally throws upon the ſpirits. It was at ſuch an hour, and in ſuch a ſtate of tranquillity I ſat, when, to my inexpreſſible amazement, I ſaw my lord walking towards me, whom I knew not until that moment to have been in the country. I could obſerve in his ap- proach the perplexity which attends a man big with deſign; and I had, while he was coming forward, time to reflect that I was betrayed; the ſenſe of which gave me a reſentment ſuitable to ſuch a baſeneſs: but when he entered into the bower where I was, my heart flew to- wards him, and, I confeſs, a certain joy came into my mind, with an hope that he might then make a declaration of honour and paſſion. This threw my eye upon him with ſuch tenderneſs, as gave him power, with a broken accent, to begin—'Madam——You will won- 'der—For it is certain, you muſt have 'obſerved——Though I fear you will 'misinterpret the motives——But by 'Heaven, and all that is ſacred! if 'you could——.' Here he made a full ſtand, and I recovered power to ſay—'The conſternation I am in you will 'not, I hope, believe——An helpleſs 'innocent maid——Beſides that, the 'place——.' He ſaw me in as great confuſion as himſelf; which attributing to the ſame cauſes, he had the audaci- ouſneſs to throw himſelf at my feet, talk of the ſtilneſs of the evening, and then ran into deifications of my perſon, pure flames, conſtant love, eternal rap- tures, and a thouſand other phraſes drawn from the images we have of hea- ven, which all men uſe for the ſervice of hell, when run over with uncommon vehemence. After which he ſeized me in his arms: his deſign was too evident. In my utmoſt diſtreſs I fell upon my knees: 'My lord, pity me, on my 'knees——On my knees in the cauſe 'of virtue, as you were lately in that 'of wickedneſs. Can you think of 'deſtroying the labour of a whole life, 'the purpoſe of a long education, for 'the baſe ſervice of a ſudden appetite; 'to throw one that loves you, that 'doats on you, out of the company 'and the road of all that is virtuous and 'praiſe-worthy? Have I taken in all 'the inſtructions of piety, religion, and 'reaſon, for no other end but to be 'the ſacrifice of luſt, and abandoned to 'ſcorn? Aſſume yourſelf, my lord, 'and do not attempt to vitiate a temple 'ſacred to innocence, honour, and re- 'ligion. If I have injured you, ſtab 'this boſom, and let me die, but not 'be ruined by the hand I love.' The ardency of my paſſion made me inca- pable of uttering more; and I ſaw my lover aſtoniſhed, and reformed by my behaviour; when ruſhed in Sempronia. 'Ha! faithleſs, baſe man! could you 'then ſteal out of town, and lurk like 'a robber about my houſe for ſuch 'brutiſh purpoſes!'

My lord was by this time recovered, and fell into a violent laughter at the turn which Sempronia deſigned to give her villainy. He bowed to me with the utmoſt reſpect: 'Mrs. Daſh,' ſaid he, 'be careful hereafter of your company;' and ſo retired. The fiend Sempronia congratulated my deliverance with a flood of tears.

This nobleman has ſince frequently made his addreſſes to me with honour: but I have as often refuſed them; as well knowing that familiarity and marriage will make him, on ſome ill-natured oc- caſion, call all I ſaid in the arbour a theatrical action. Beſides that, I glory in contemning a man who had thoughts to my diſhonour. If this method were the

Published as the Act directs. by Harrison & Co.ª Aug.ª 20. 1785.

the imitation of the whole sex, innocence would be the only dress of beauty; and all affectation by any other arts to please the eyes of men would be banished to the stews for ever. The conquest of passion gives ten times more happiness than we can reap from the gratification of it; and she that has got over such a one as mine, will stand among Beaux and Pretty Fellows, with as much safety as in a summer's day among grashoppers and butterflies.

P. S. I have ten millions of things more against men, if I ever get the pen again.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JUNE 24.

OUR last advices from the Hague, dated the twenty-eighth instant, N.S. say, that on the twenty-fifth, a squadron of Dutch men of war sailed out of the Texel to join Admiral Baker at Spithead. The twenty-sixth was observed as a day of fasting and humiliation, to implore a blessing on the arms of the Allies this ensuing campaign. Letters from Dresden are very particular in the account of the gallantry and magnificence, in which that court has appeared since the arrival of the King of Denmark. No day has passed in which public shows have not been exhibited for his entertainment and diversion: the last of that kind which is mentioned is a Carousal, wherein many of the youth of the first quality, dressed in the most splendid manner, ran for the prize. His Danish Majesty condescended to the same; but having observed that there was a design laid to throw it in his way, passed by without attempting to gain it. The court of Dresden was preparing to accompany his Danish Majesty to Potsdam, where the expectation of an interview of three kings had drawn together such multitudes of people, that many persons of distinction will be obliged to lie in tents, as long as those courts continue in that place.

Nº XXXIV. TUESDAY, JUNE 28, 1709.

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, JUNE 25.

HAVING taken upon me to cure all the distempers which proceed from the affections of the mind, I have laboured, since I first kept this public stage, to do all the good I could, and have perfected many cures at my own lodgings; carefully avoiding the common method of mountebanks, to do their most eminent operations in sight of the people; but must be so just to my patients as to declare, they have testified under their hands their sense of my poor abilities, and the good I have done them, which I publish for the benefit of the world, and not out of any thoughts of private advantage.

I have cured fine Mrs. Spry of a great imperfection in her eyes, which made her eternally rolling them from one coxcomb to another in public places, in so languishing a manner, that it at once lessened her own power, and her beholders vanity. Twenty drops of my ink, placed on certain letters on which she attentively looked for half an hour, have restored her to the true use of her sight; which is, to guide, and not mislead us. Ever since she took the liquor, which I call Bickerstaff's Circumspection-water, she looks right forward, and can bear being looked at for half a day without returning one glance. This water has a peculiar virtue in it, which makes it the only true cosmetic or beauty-wash in the world: the nature of it is such, that if you go to a glass with a design to admire your face, it immediately changes it into downright deformity. If you consult it only to look with a better countenance upon your friends, it immediately gives an alacrity to the visage, and new grace to the whole person. There is indeed a great deal owing to the constitution of the person to whom it is applied: it is in vain to give it when the patient is in the rage of the distemper; a bride in her first month, a lady soon after her husband's being knighted, or any person of either sex, who has lately obtained any new fortune or preferment, must be prepared some time before they use it. It has an effect upon others, as well as the patient, when it is taken in due form. Lady Petulant has by the use of it cured her husband of jealousy; and Lady Gad her whole neighbourhood of detraction.

The fame of these things, added to my being an old fellow, makes me extremely acceptable to the fair-sex. You would hardly believe me, when I tell you there is not a man in town so much their delight as myself. They make no more of visiting me, than going to Madam D'Epingle's; there were two of them, namely, Damia and Clidamira, (I assure you women of distinction) who came to see me this morning in their way to prayers; and being in a very diverting humour, (as innocence always makes people chearful) they would needs have me, according to the distinction of Pretty and Very Pretty Fellows, inform them, if I thought either of them had a title to the Very Pretty among those of their own sex; and if I did, which was the more deserving of the two?

To put them to the trial—'Look ye,' said I, 'I must not rashly give my judg-'ment in matters of this importance; 'pray let me see you dance, I play upon 'the kit.' They immediately fell back to the lower end of the room, (you may be sure they curtsied low enough to me) and began. Never were two in the world so equally matched, and both scholars to my name-sake Isaac. Never was man in so dangerous a condition as myself, when they began to expand their charms. 'Oh, ladies, ladies!' cried I, 'not half that air; you will fire the 'house.' Both smiled; for by the by, there is no carrying a metaphor too far when a lady's charms are spoke of. Somebody, I think, has called a fine woman dancing, a brandished torch of beauty. These rivals moved with such an agreeable freedom, that you would believe their gesture was the necessary effect of the music, and not the product of skill and practice. Now Clidamira came on with a crowd of graces, and demanded my judgment with so sweet an air——And she had no sooner carried it, but Damia made her utterly forget by a gentle sinking, and a rigadoon step. The contest held a full half-hour; and I protest I saw no manner of difference in their perfections, until they came up together, and expected sentence: 'Look 'ye, ladies,' said I, 'I see no difference 'in the least in your performance.—But 'you, Clidamira, seem to be so well satisfied, that I shall determine for 'you, that I must give it to Damia, 'who stands with so much diffidence 'and fear, after shewing an equal merit 'to what she pretends to. Therefore, 'Clidamaria, you are a Pretty—but, 'Damia, you are a Very Pretty Lady. 'For,' said I, 'beauty loses it's force, 'if not accompanied with modesty. She 'that has an humble opinion of herself, 'will have every body's applause, because she does not expect it; while the 'vain creature loses approbation through 'too great a sense of deserving it.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JUNE 27.

BEING of a very spare and hective constitution, I am forced to make frequent journies of a mile or two for fresh air; and indeed by this last, which was no farther than the village of Chelsea, I am farther convinced of the necessity of travelling to know the world. For as it is usual with young voyagers, as soon as they land upon a shore, to begin their accounts of the nature of the people, their soil, their government, their inclinations, and their passions; so really I fancied I could give you an immediate description of this village, from the five fields where the robbers lie in wait, to the coffee-house where the literati sit in council. A great ancestor of our's by the mother's side, Mr. Justice Overdo, (whose history is written by Ben Johnson) met with more enormities by walking incognito than he was capable of correcting; and found great mortifications in observing also persons of eminence, whom he before knew nothing of. Thus it fared with me, even in a place so near the town as this. When I came into the coffee-house, I had not time to salute the company, before my eye was diverted by ten thousand gimcracks, round the room, and on the cieling. When my first astonishment was over, comes to me a sage of a thin and meagre countenance; which aspect made me doubt, whether reading or fretting had made it so philosophic: but I very soon perceived him to be of that sect which the ancients call Gingivistæ; in our language, Tooth-drawers. I immediately had a respect for the man; for these practical philosophers go upon a very rational hypothesis, not to cure, but to take away the part affected. My love of mankind made me very benevolent to Mr. Salter; for such is the name of this eminent barber and antiquary. Men are usually, but unjustly, distinguished rather by their fortunes than their talents, otherwise this personage would

would make a great figure in that class of men which I distinguish under the title of Odd Fellows. But it is the misfortune of persons of great genius to have their faculties dissipated by attention to too many things at once. Mr. Salter is an instance of this: if he would wholly give himself up to the string, instead of playing twenty beginnings to tunes, he might, before he dies, play Roger de Caubly quite out. I heard him go through his whole round; and indeed I think he does play the Merry Christ-Church Bells pretty justly; but he confessed to me, he did that rather to shew he was orthodox, than that he valued himself upon the music itself. Or if he did proceed in his anatomy, why might he not hope in time to cut off legs, as well as draw teeth? The particularity of this man put me into a deep thought, whence it should proceed, that of all the lower order, barbers should go further in hitting the ridiculous than any other set of men. Watermen brawl, coblers sing: but why must a barber be for ever a politician, a musician, an anatomist, a poet, and a physician? The learned Vossius says, his barber used to comb his head in Iambics. And, indeed, in all ages, one of this useful profession, this order of cosmetic philosophers, has been celebrated by the most eminent hands. You see the barber in Don Quixote is one of the principal characters of the history, which gave me satisfaction in the doubt, why Don Saltero writ his name with a Spanish termination: for he is descended in a right line, not from John Tradescant, as he himself asserts, but from that memorable companion of the Knight of Mancha. And I hereby certify all the worthy citizens who travel to see his rarities, that his double-barrelled pistols, targets, coats of mail, his Sclopeta and sword of Toledo, were left to his ancestor by the said Don Quixote, and by the said ancestor to all his progeny down to Don Saltero. Though I go thus far in favour of Don Saltero's great merit, I cannot allow a liberty he takes of imposing several names (without my licence) on the collections he has made, to the abuse of the good people of England; one of which is particularly calculated to deceive religious persons, to the great scandal of the well-disposed, and may introduce heterodox opinions. He shews you a straw-hat, which I know to be made by Madge Peskad, within three miles of Bedford; and tells you—'It is Pontius Pilate's wife's chamber-'maid's sister's hat.' To my knowledge of this very hat it may be added, that the covering with straw was never used among the Jews, since it was demanded of them to make bricks without it. Therefore this is really nothing but, under the specious pretence of learning and antiquity, to impose upon the world. There are other things which I cannot tolerate among his rarities; as, the China figure of a lady in the glass-case; the Italian engine for the imprisonment of those who go abroad with it: both which I hereby order to be taken down, or else he may expect to have his letters-patent for making punch superseded, be debarred wearing his muff next winter, or ever coming to London without his wife. It may perhaps be thought I have dwelt too long upon the affairs of this operator; but I desire the reader to remember, that it is my way to consider men as they stand in merit, and not according to their fortune or figure; and if he is in a coffee-house at the reading hereof, let him look round, and he will find there may be more characters drawn in this account than that of Don Saltero; for half the politicians about him, he may observe, are by their place in nature, of the class of tooth-drawers.

N° XXXV. THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 1709.

GRECIAN COFFEE-HOUSE, JUNE 28.

THERE is an habit or custom which I have put my patience to the utmost stretch to have suffered so long, because several of my intimate friends are in the guilt; and that is, the humour of taking snuff, and looking dirty about the mouth by way of ornament.

My method is to dive to the bottom of a sore before I pretend to apply a remedy. For this reason, I sat by an eminent story-teller and politician who takes half an ounce in five seconds, and has mortgaged a pretty tenement near the

town,

town, merely to improve and dung his brains with this prolific powder. I obſerved this gentleman, the other day, in the midſt of a ſtory, diverted from it by looking at ſomething at a diſtance, and I ſoftly hid his box. But he returns to his tale, and looking for his box, he cries—'And ſo, Sir——' Then when he ſhould have taken a pinch—'As I 'was ſaying,' ſays he——' has nobody 'ſeen my box?' His friend beſeeches him to finiſh his narration. Then he proceeds—'And ſo, Sir——Where can 'my box be?' Then turning to me—'Pray, Sir, did you ſee my box?'—'Yes, 'Sir,' ſaid I, 'I took it to ſee how long 'you could live without it.' He reſumes his tale, and I took notice that his dulneſs was much more regular and fluent than before. A pinch ſupplied the place of—'As I was ſaying—And ſo, 'Sir;' and he went on currently enough in that ſtile, which the learned call the Inſipid. This obſervation eaſily led me into a philoſophic reaſon for taking ſnuff, which is done only to ſupply with ſenſations the want of reflection. This I take to be an Εὕρημα, a Noſtrum; upon which I hope to receive the thanks of this board. For as it is natural to lift a man's hand to a ſore, when you fear any thing coming at you; ſo when a perſon feels his thoughts are run out, and he has no more to ſay, it is as natural to ſupply his weak brain with powder at the neareſt place of acceſs, viz. the noſtrils. This is ſo evident, that nature ſuggeſts the uſe according to the indigence of the perſons who take this medicine, without being prepoſſeſſed with the force of faſhion or cuſtom. For example; the native Hibernians, who are reckoned not much unlike the ancient Bœotians, take this ſpecific for emptineſs in the head, in greater abundance than any other nation under the ſun. The learned Sotus, as ſparing as he is in his words, would be ſtill more ſilent if it were not for this powder.

However low and poor the taking ſnuff argues a man to be in his own ſtock of thoughts, or means to employ his brains and his fingers; yet there is a poorer creature in the world than he, and this is a borrower of ſnuff; a fellow that keeps no box of his own, but is always aſking others for a pinch. Such poor rogues put me always in mind of a common phraſe among ſchool-boys when they are compoſing their exerciſe, who run to an upper ſcholar, and cry—'Pray give me a little ſenſe.' But of all things, commend me to the ladies who are got into this pretty help to diſcourſe. I have been theſe three years perſuading Sagiſſa to leave it off; but ſhe talks ſo much, and is ſo learned, that ſhe is above contradiction. However, an accident the other day brought that about, which my eloquence never could accompliſh. She had a Very Pretty Fellow in her cloſet, who ran thither to avoid ſome company that came to viſit her: ſhe made an excuſe to go in to him for ſome implement they were talking of. Her eager gallant ſnatched a kiſs; but being unuſed to ſnuff, ſome grains from off her upper-lip made him ſneeze aloud, which alarmed the viſitants, and has made a diſcovery, that profound reading, very much intelligence, and a general knowledge of who and who are together, cannot fill her vacant hours ſo much, but that ſhe is ſometimes obliged to deſcend to entertainments leſs intellectual.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, JUNE 29.

I KNOW no manner of news from this place, but that Cynthio, having been long in deſpair for the inexorable Clariſſa, lately reſolved to fall in love the good old way of bargain and ſale, and has pitched upon a very agreeable young woman. He will undoubtedly ſucceed; for he accoſts her in a ſtrain of familiarity, without breaking through the deference that is due to a woman whom a man would chuſe for his life. I have hardly ever heard rough truth ſpoken with a better grace than in this his letter:

MADAM,

I Writ to you on Saturday by Mrs. Lucy, and give you this trouble to urge the ſame requeſt I made then, which was, that I may be admitted to wait upon you. I ſhould be very far from deſiring this, if it were a tranſgreſſion of the moſt ſevere rules to allow it: I know you are very much above the little arts which are frequent in your ſex, of giving unneceſſary torments to their admirers; therefore hope you will do ſo much juſtice to the generous paſſion I have for you, as to let me have an opportunity of acquainting you upon what motives I pretend to your good opinion. I ſhall not trouble you with my

my sentiments, until I know how they will be received; and as I know no reason why difference of sex should make our language to each other differ from the ordinary rules of right reason, I shall affect plainness and sincerity in my discourse to you, as much as other lovers do perplexity and rapture. Instead of saying, 'I shall die for you,' I profess should be glad to lead my life with you: you are as beautiful, as witty, as prudent, and as good-humoured, as any woman breathing; but I must confess to you, I regard all these excellencies as you will please to direct them for my happiness or misery. With me, Madam, the only lasting motive to love is the hope of it's becoming mutual. I beg of you to let Mrs. Lucy send me word when I may attend you. I promise you I will talk of nothing but indifferent things; though, at the same time, I know not how I shall approach you in the tender moment of first seeing you, after this declaration of, Madam,

Your most obedient,
And most faithful humble Servant, &c.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JUNE 29.

HAVING taken a resolution, when plays are acted next winter by an entire good company, to publish observations from time to time on the performance of the actors, I think it but just to give an abstract of the laws of action, for the help of the less learned part of the audience, that they may rationally enjoy so refined and instructive a pleasure as a just representation of human life. The great errors in playing are admirably well exposed in Hamlet's directions to the actors, who are to play in his supposed tragedy; by which we shall form our future judgments on their behaviour, and for that reason you have the discourse as follows:

'Speak the speech as I pronounce it 'to you, trippingly on the tongue; but 'if you mouth it as many of our players 'do, I had as lief the town-crier had 'spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the 'air too much with your hands, thus; 'but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the 'whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that 'may give it smoothness. Oh! it offends me to the soul, to see a robustous 'periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to 'tatters, to very rags, to split the ears 'of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise. I could have such a fellow whipt for overdoing Termagant: it out-herods Herod. Be not too tame neither; but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you overtop not the modesty of nature; for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold as it were the mirror up to nature; to shew Virtue her own feature, Scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, it's form and pressure. Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve. The censures of which one must, in your allowance, over-sway a whole theatre of others. Oh! there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, (not to speak it prophanely) that neither having the accent of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably. This should be reformed altogether; and let those that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them that will of themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered; that is villainous, and shews a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it.'

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JUNE 29.

IT would be a very great obligation, and an assistance to my treatise upon punning, if any one would please to inform me in what class among the learned who play with words, to place the author of the following letter.

SIR,

NOT long since you were pleased to give us a chimerical account of the famous family of the Staffs; from whence I suppose you will insinuate, that it is the

the most ancient and numerous house in all Europe. But I positively deny that it is either; and wonder much at your audacious proceedings in this manner, since it is well known, that our most illustrious, most renowned, and most celebrated Roman family of Ix has enjoyed the precedency to all others, from the reign of good old Saturn. I could say much to the defamation and disgrace of your family; as, that your relations Distaff and Broomstaff were both inconsiderable mean persons; one spinning, the other sweeping the streets, for their daily bread. But I forbear to vent my spleen on objects so much beneath my indignation. I shall only give the world a catalogue of my ancestors, and leave them to determine which hath hitherto had, and which for the future ought to have, the preference.

First then comes the most famous and popular Lady Meretrix, parent of the fertile family of Bellatrix, Lotrix, Netrix, Nutrix, Obstetrix, Famulatrix, Coctrix, Ornatrix, Sarcinatrix, Fextrix, Balneatrix, Portatrix, Saltatrix, Divinatrix, Conjectrix, Comtrix, Debitrix, Creditrix, Donatrix, Ambulatrix, Mercatrix, Adsectrix, Assectatrix, Palpatrix, Præceptrix, Pistrix.

I am yours,

ELIZ. POTATRIX.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JUNE 29.

LETTERS from Brussels of the second of July, N. S. say, that the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, having received advice that the Marshal Villars had drawn a considerable body out of the garrison of Tournay, to reinforce his army, marched towards that place, and came before it early in the morning of the twenty-seventh. As soon as they came into that ground, the Prince of Nassau was sent with a strong detachment to take post at St. Amand; and at the same time my Lord Orkney received orders to possess himself of Mortagne; both which were successfully executed; whereby we are masters of the Scheld and the Scarp. Eight men were drawn out of each troop of dragoons and company of foot in the garrison of Tournay, to make up the reinforcement which was ordered to join Marshal Villars; but upon advice that the Allies were marching towards Tournay, they endeavoured to return into the town; but were intercepted by the Earl of Orkney, by whom the whole body was killed or taken. These letters add, that twelve hundred dragoons (each horseman carrying a foot-soldier behind him) were detached from Mons to throw themselves into Tournay, but upon appearance of a great body of horse of the Allies, retired towards Conde. We hear that the garrison does not consist of more than three thousand five hundred men. Of the sixty battalions designed to be employed in this siege, seven are English, viz. two of guards, and the regiments of Argyle, Temple, Evans, and Meredith.

Nº XXXVI. SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1709.

BY MRS. JENNY DISTAFF, HALF-SISTER TO MR. BICKERSTAFF.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JUNE 30.

MANY affairs calling my brother into the country, the care of our intelligence with the town is left to me for some time; therefore you must expect the advices you meet with in this paper, to be such as more immediately and naturally fall under the consideration of our sex. History, therefore, written by a woman, you will easily imagine to consist of love in all it's forms, both in the abuse of and obedience to that passion. As to the faculty of writing itself, it will not, it is hoped, be demanded that stile and ornament shall be so much consulted, as truth and simplicity; which latter qualities we may more justly pretend to beyond the other sex. While, therefore, the administration of our affairs is in my hands, you shall from time to time have an exact account of all false lovers, and their shallow pretences for breaking off; of all termagant wives who make wedlock a yoke; of men who affect the entertainments and manners suitable only to our sex, and women who pretend to the conduct of such affairs as are only within the province of men. It is necessary further to advertise the reader, that the usual places of resort being utterly

terly out of my province or obſervation, I ſhall be obliged frequently to change the dates of places, as occurrences come into my way. The following letter I lately received from Epſom.

EPSOM, JUNE 28.

IT is now almoſt three weeks ſince what you writ about happened in this place. The quarrel between my friends did not run ſo high as I find your accounts have made it. The truth of the fact you ſhall have very faithfully. You are to underſtand, that the perſons concerned in this ſcene were Lady Autumn and Lady Springly: Autumn is a perſon of good-breeding, formality, and a ſingular way practiſed in the laſt age; and Lady Springly, a modern impertinent of our ſex, who affects as improper a familiarity as the other does diſtance. Lady Autumn knows to an hair's breadth where her place is in all aſſemblies and converſations; but Springly neither gives nor takes place of any body, but underſtands the place to ſignify no more than to have room enough to be at eaſe wherever ſhe comes. Thus while Autumn takes the whole of this life to conſiſt in underſtanding punctilio and decorum, Springly takes every thing to be becoming which contributes to her eaſe and ſatisfaction. Theſe heroines have married two brothers, both knights. Springly is the ſpouſe of the elder, who is a baronet; and Autumn, being a rich widow, has taken the younger, and her purſe endowed him with an equal fortune, and knighthood of the ſame order. This jumble of titles, you need not doubt, has been an aching torment to Autumn, who took place of the other on no pretence but her careleſſneſs and diſregard of diſtinction. The ſecret occaſion of envy broiled long in the breaſt of Autumn; but no opportunity of contention on that ſubject happening, kept all things quiet until the accident of which you demand an account.

It was given out among all the gay people of this place, that on the ninth inſtant ſeveral damſels, ſwift of foot, were to run for a ſuit of head-cloaths at the Old Wells. Lady Autumn on this occaſion invited Springly to go with her in her coach to ſee the race. When they came to the place where the governor of Epſom, and all his court of citizens were aſſembled, as well as a crowd of people of all orders, a briſk young fellow addreſſes himſelf to the younger of the ladies, viz. Springly, and offers her his ſervice to conduct her into the muſic-room. Springly accepts the compliment, and is led triumphantly through a bowing crowd; while Autumn is left among the rabble, and has much ado to get back into her coach; but ſhe did it at laſt: and as it is uſual to ſee by the horſes my lady's preſent diſpoſition, ſhe orders John to whip furiouſly home to her huſband; where, when ſhe enters, down ſhe ſits, began to unpin her hood, and lament her fooliſh fond heart, to marry into a family where ſhe was ſo little regarded; ſhe that might —Here ſhe ſtops; then riſes up, and ſtamps, and ſits down again. Her gentle knight made his approach with a ſupple beſeeching geſture: 'My dear,' ſaid he—'Tell me no dears,' replied Autumn, in the preſence of the governor and all the merchants. 'What will the 'world ſay of a woman that has thrown 'herſelf away at this rate?' Sir Thomas withdrew, and knew it would not be long a ſecret to him; as well as that experience told him, he that marries a fortune is of courſe guilty of all faults againſt his wife, let them be committed by whom they will. But Springly, an hour or two after, returns from the Wells, and finds the whole company together. Down ſhe ſat, and a profound ſilence enſued. You know a premeditated quarrel uſually begins and works up with the words—'Some Peo-'ple.' The ſilence was broken by Lady Autumn, who began to ſay—'There 'are ſome people who fancy that if 'ſome people—' Springly immediately takes her up—'There are ſome people 'who fancy, if other people—' Autumn repartees—'People may give 'themſelves airs; but other people, per-'haps, who make leſs ado, may be, 'perhaps, as agreeable as people who 'ſet themſelves out more.' All the other people at the table ſat mute, while theſe two people, who were quarrelling, went on with the uſe of the word People, inſtancing the very accidents between them, as if they kept only in diſtant hints. 'Therefore,' ſays Autumn, reddening, 'there are ſome people will 'go abroad in other people's coaches, 'and leave thoſe with whom they went 'to ſhift for themſelves: and if, perhaps, 'thoſe people have married the younger 'brother; yet, perhaps, he may be be-

'holden to those people for what he is.' Sprightly smartly answers—'People may 'bring so much ill-humour into a fa-'mily, as people may repent their re-'ceiving their money;' and goes on—Every body is not considerable enough to give her uneasiness. Upon this Autumn comes up to her, and desired her to kiss her, and never to see her again; which her sister refusing, my lady gave her a box on the ear. Springly returns—'Aye, aye,' said she, 'I knew well 'enough you meant me by your Some 'People;' and gives her another on the other side. To it they went with most masculine fury; each husband ran in. The wives immediately fell upon their husbands, and tore periwigs and cravats. The company interposed; when (according to the slipt-knot of matrimony, which makes them return to one another when any put in between) the ladies and their husbands fell upon all the rest of the company; and having beat all their friends and relations out of the house, came to themselves time enough to know, there was no bearing the jest of the place after their adventures, and therefore marched off the next day. It is said, the governor has sent several joints of mutton, and he proposed divers dishes very exquisitely dressed, to bring them down again. From his address and knowledge in roast and boiled, all our hopes of the return of this good company depend. I am, dear Jenny, your ready friend and servant,

MARTHA TATLER.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, JUNE 30.

'THIS day appeared here a figure of a person, whose services to the fair-sex have reduced him to a kind of existence for which there is no name. If there be a condition between life and death, without being absolutely dead or living, his state is that. His aspect and complexion in his robust days gave him the illustrious title of Africanus: but it is not only from the warm climates in which he has served, nor from the disasters which he has suffered, that he deserves the same appellation with that renowned Roman; but the magnanimity with which he appears in his last moments, is what gives him the undoubted character of Hero. Cato stabbed himself, and Hannibal drank poison; but our Africanus lives in the continual puncture of aching bones and poisoned juices. The old heroes fled from torments by death, and this modern lives in death and torments, with an heart wholly bent upon a supply for remaining in them. An ordinary spirit would sink under his oppressions; but he makes an advantage of his very sorrow, and raises an income from his diseases. Long has this worthy been conversant in bartering; and knows that when stocks are lowest, it is time to buy. Therefore, with much prudence and tranquillity, he thinks that now he has not a bone sound, but a thousand nodous parts for which the anatomists have not words, and more diseases than the college ever heard of, it is the only time to purchase an annuity for life. Sir Thomas told me, it was an entertainment more surprizing and pleasant than can be imagined, to see an inhabitant of neither world, without hand to lift, or leg to move, scarce tongue to utter his meaning, so keen upon biting the whole world, and making bubbles at his exit. Sir Thomas added, that he would have bought twelve shillings a year of him, but that he feared there was some trick in it, and believed him already dead. 'What,' says the knight, 'is Mr. 'Partridge, whom I met just now go-'ing on both his legs firmer than I can, 'allowed to be quite dead; and shall 'Africanus, without one limb that can 'do it's office, be pronounced alive?'

What heightened the tragi-comedy of this market for annuities was, that the observation of it provoked Monoculus, who is the most eloquent of all men, to many excellent reflections, which he spoke with the vehemence and language both of a gamester and an orator. 'When 'I cast,' said that delightful speaker, 'my eye upon thee, thou unaccount-'able Africanus, I cannot but call my-'self as unaccountable as thou art; for 'certainly we were born to shew what 'contradictions nature is pleased to form 'in the same species. Here am I, able 'to eat, to drink, to sleep, and to do 'all acts of nature, except begetting my 'like; and yet, by an unintelligible 'force of spleen and fancy, I every mo-'ment imagine I am dying. It is utter 'madness in thee to provide for supper; 'for I will bet you ten to one, you do 'not live until half an hour after four; 'and yet I am so distracted as to be in 'fear every moment, though I will lay

'ten

'ten to three, I drink three pints of 'burnt claret at your funeral three 'nights hence. After all, I envy thee; 'thou that haſt no ſenſe of death, art 'happier than one that always fears it.' The knight had gone on, but that a third man ended the ſcene by applauding the knight's eloquence and philoſophy, in a laughter too violent for his own conſtitution, as much as he mocked that of Africanus and Monoculus.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JUNE 3.

THIS day arrived three mails from Holland, with advices relating to the poſture of affairs in the Low Countries; which ſay, that the confederate army extends from Luchin, on the cauſeway between Tournay and Liſle, to Epain, near Mortagne on the Scheld. The Marſhal Villars remains in his camp at Lens; but it is ſaid, he detached ten thouſand men under the command of the Chevalier de Luxemburg, with orders to form a camp at Crepin on the Haine, between Conde and St. Guillain, where he is to be joined by the Elector of Bavaria with a body of troops, and after their conjunction to attempt to march into Brabant. But they write from Bruſſels that the Duke of Marlborough having it equally in his power to make detachments to the ſame parts, they are under no apprehenſions from theſe reports for the ſafety of their country. They farther add from Bruſſels, that they have good authority for believing that the French troops under the conduct of the Marſhal de Bezons are retiring out of Spain.

Nº XXXVII. TUESDAY, JULY 5, 1709.

BY MRS. JENNY DISTAFF, HALF-SISTER TO MR. BICKERSTAFF.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, JULY 2.

IT may be thought very unaccountable, that I, who can never be ſuppoſed to go to White's, ſhould pretend to talk to you of matters proper for, or in the ſtyle of, that place. But though I never viſit the public haunts, I converſe with thoſe that do; and for all they pretend ſo much to the contrary, they are as talkative as our ſex, and as much at a loſs to entertain the preſent company, without ſacrificing the laſt, as we ourſelves. This reflection has led me into the conſideration of the uſe of ſpeech; and made me look over in my memory all my acquaintance of both ſexes, to know to which I may more juſtly impute the ſin of ſuperfluous diſcourſe in regard to converſation, without entering into it, as it reſpects religion.

I foreſee my acquaintance will immediately, upon ſtarting this ſubject, aſk me, how I ſhall celebrate Mrs. Alſe Copſwood, the Yorkſhire huntreſs, who is come to town lately, and moves as if ſhe were on her nag, and going to take a five-bar gate; and is as loud as if ſhe were following her dogs? I can eaſily anſwer that; for ſhe is as ſoft as Damon, in compariſon of her brother-in-law, Tom Bellfrey, who is the moſt accompliſhed man in this kingdom for all gentlemanlike activities and accompliſhments. It is allowed, that he is a profeſſed enemy to the Italian performers in muſic. But then for our own native manner, according to the cuſtoms and known uſages of our iſland, he is to be preferred, for the generality of the pleaſure he beſtows, much before thoſe fellows, though they ſing to full theatres: for what is a theatrical voice to that of a fox-hunter? I have been at a muſical entertainment in an open field, where it amazed me to hear to what pitches the chief maſters would reach. There was a meeting near our ſeat in Staffordſhire, and the moſt eminent in all the counties of England were at it. How wonderful was the harmony between men and dogs! Robin Cartail of Bucks, was to anſwer Jowler; Mr. Tinbreaſt, of Cornwal, was appointed to open with Sweetlips; and Beau Slimber, a Londoner, undertook to keep up with Trips, a whelp juſt ſet in: Tom Bellfrey and Ringwood were coupled together, to fill the cry on all occaſions, and be in at the death of the fox, hare, or ſtag; for which both the dog and the man were excellently ſuited and loved one another, and were as much together as Baniſter and King. When Jowler firſt alarmed the field, Cartail repeated every note; Sweetlips's treble

ſucceeded, and ſhook the wood; Tinbreaſt echoed a quarter of a mile beyond it. We were ſoon after all at a loſs until we rid up, and found Trips and Slimber at a default in half notes: but the day and the tune was recovered by Tom Bellfrey and Ringwood, to the great joy of us all, though they drowned every other voice: for Bellfrey carries a note four furlongs, three rods, and ſix paces, further than any other in England.

I fear the mention of this will be thought a digreſſion from my purpoſe about ſpeech: but I anſwer, No. Since this is uſed where ſpeech rather ſhould be employed, it may come into conſideration in the ſame chapter: for Mr. Bellfrey being at a viſit where I was, viz. his couſin's (Lady Dainty's) in Soho Square, was aſked, What entertainments they had in the country? Now Bellfrey is very ignorant, and much a clown; but confident withal. In a word, he ſtruck up a fox-chace; Lady Dainty's dog, Mr. Sippet, as ſhe calls him, ſtarted and jumped out of his lady's lap, and fell a barking. Bellfrey went on, and called all the neighbouring pariſhes into the ſquare. Never was woman in ſuch confuſion as that delicate lady. But there was no ſtopping her kinſman. A room full of ladies fell into the moſt violent laughter: my lady looked as if ſhe was ſhrieking; Mr. Sippet in the middle of the room, breaking his heart with barking, but all of us unheard. As ſoon as Bellfrey became ſilent, up gets my lady, and takes him by the arm to lead him off; Bellfrey was in his boots. As ſhe was hurrying him away, his ſpurs take hold of her petticoat; his whip throws down a cabinet of china: he cries—'What! are 'your crocks rotten? Are your petti-'coats ragged? A man cannot walk in 'your houſe for trincums.'

Every county of Great Britain has one hundred or more of this ſort of fellows, who roar inſtead of ſpeak. Therefore if it be true, that we women are alſo given to a greater fluency of words than is neceſſary, ſure ſhe that diſturbs but a room or a family is more to be tolerated than one who draws together whole pariſhes and counties, and ſometimes (with an eſtate that might make him the bleſſing and ornament of the world around him) has no other view and ambition but to be an animal above dogs and horſes, without the reliſh of any one enjoyment which is peculiar to the faculties of human nature. I know it will here be ſaid, that talking of mere country ſquires at this rate, is, as it were, to write againſt Valentine and Orſon. To prove any thing againſt the race of men, you muſt take them as they are adorned with education, as they live in courts, or have received inſtructions in colleges.

But I am ſo full of my late entertainment by Mr. Bellfrey, that I muſt defer purſuing this ſubject to another day; and wave the proper obſervations upon the different offenders in this kind, ſome by profound eloquence on ſmall occaſions, others by degrading ſpeech upon great circumſtances. Expect therefore to hear of the whiſperer without buſineſs, the laugher without wit, the complainer without receiving injuries, and a very large crowd, which I ſhall not foreſtal, who are common (though not commonly obſerved) impertinents, whoſe tongues are too voluble for their brains, and are the general deſpiſers of us women, though we have their ſuperiors, the men of ſenſe, for our ſervants.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY 4.

THERE has arrived no mail ſince our laſt; ſo that we have no manner of foreign news, except we were to give you, for ſuch, the many ſpeculations which are on foot concerning what was imported by the laſt advices. There are, it ſeems, ſixteen battalions and ſeventeen ſquadrons appointed to ſerve in the ſiege of Tournay; the garriſon of which place conſiſts of but eleven battalions and four ſquadrons. Letters of the twenty-ninth of the laſt month from Berlin have brought advice, that the kings of Denmark and Pruſſia, and his Majeſty Auguſtus, were within a few days to come to an interview at Potſdam. Theſe letters mention, that two Poliſh princes of the family of Sapieha and Lubermirſky, lately arrived from Paris, confirm the reports of the miſery in France for want of proviſions, and give a particular inſtance of it; which is, that on the day Monſieur Rouille returned to court, the common people gathered in crowds about the Dauphine's coach, crying—'Peace 'and bread! Bread and peace!'

Mrs. Diſtaff has taken upon her, while ſhe

she writes this paper, to turn her thoughts wholly to the service of her own sex, and to propose remedies against the greatest vexations attending female life. She has for this end written a small treatise concerning the Second Word, with an appendix on the use of a Reply, very proper for all such as are married to persons either *ill-bred* or *ill-natured*. There is in this tract a digression for the use of virgins, concerning the words, *I will*.

A gentlewoman who has a very delicate ear, wants a maid who can whisper, and help her in the government of her family. If the said servant can clear-starch, lisp, and tread softly, she shall have suitable encouragement in her wages.

N° XXXVIII. THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1709.

BY MRS. JENNY DISTAFF, HALF-SISTER TO MR. BICKERSTAFF.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JULY 6.

I Find among my brother's papers the following letter verbatim, which I wonder how he could suppress so long as he has, since it was sent him for no other end, but to shew the good effect his writings have already had upon the ill customs of the age.

SIR, LONDON, JUNE 13.

THE end of the public papers ought to be the benefit and instruction, as well as the diversion, of the readers: to which I see none so truly conducive as your late performances; especially those tending to the rooting out from among us that unchristian-like and bloody custom of duelling; which, that you have already in some measure performed, will appear to the public in the following no less true than heroic story.

A noble gentleman of this city, who has the honour of serving his country as Major in the Train-bands, being at the general mart of Stock-jobbers called Jonathan's, endeavouring to raise himself (as all men of honour ought) to the degree of Colonel at least; it happened that he bought the Bear of another officer, who though not yet commissioned in the army, yet no less eminently serves the public than the other, in raising the credit of the kingdom, by raising that of the stocks. However, having sold the Bear, and words arising about the delivery, the most noble Major, no less scorning to be out-witted in the coffee-house, than to run into the field, according to method, abused the other with the titles of Rogue, Villain, Bearskin-man, and the like. Whereupon satisfaction was demanded, and accepted; so, forth the Major marched, commanding his adversary to follow him. To a most spacious room in the Sheriff's house, near the place of quarrel, they come; where, having due regard to what you have lately published, they resolved not to shed one another's blood in that barbarous manner you prohibited; yet, not willing to put up affronts without satisfaction, they stripped, and in decent manner fought full fairly with their wrathful hands. The combat lasted a quarter of an hour; in which time victory was often doubtful, and many a dry blow was strenuously laid on each side, until the Major finding his adversary obstinate, unwilling to give him further chastisement, with a most shrill voice cried out—'I am satisfied enough.' Whereupon the combat ceased, and both were friends immediately.

Thus the world may see, how necessary it is to encourage those men who make it their business to instruct the people in every thing necessary for their preservation. I am informed, a body of worthy citizens have agreed on an address of thanks to you for what you have writ on the foregoing subject, whereby they acknowledge one of their highly-esteemed officers preserved from death.

Your humble servant,

A. B.

I fear the word Bear is hardly to be understood among the polite people; but I take the meaning to be, that one who insures a real value upon an imaginary thing, is said to sell a Bear, and is the same thing as a promise among courtiers, or a vow between lovers. I have writ to my brother to hasten to town; and hope that printing the letters directed to him, which I know not how to answer, will bring him speedily; and therefore I add also the following:

MR.

MR. BICKERSTAFF, JULY 5, 1709.

YOU have hinted a generous intention of taking under your consideration the whisperers without business, and laughers without occasion; as you tender the welfare of your country, I entreat you not to forget or delay so public-spirited a work. Now or never is the time. Many other calamities may cease with the war; but I dismally dread the multiplication of these mortals under the ease and luxuriousness of a settled peace, half the blessings of which may be destroyed by them. Their mistake lies certainly here, in a wretched belief, that their mimickry passes for real business, or true wit. Dear Sir, convince them, that it never was, is, or ever will be, either of them; nor ever did, does, or to all futurity ever can, look like either of them; but that it is the most cursed disturbance in nature, which is possible to be inflicted on mankind, under the noble definition of a sociable creature. In doing this, Sir, you will oblige more humble servants than can find room to subscribe their names.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, JULY 6.

IN pursuance of my last date from hence, I am to proceed on the accounts I promised of several personages among the men, whose conspicuous fortunes, or ambition in shewing their follies, have exalted them above their fellows: the levity of their minds is visible in their every word and gesture, and there is not a day passes but puts me in mind of Mr. Wycherley's character of a Coxcomb: 'He is ugly all over with the affectation of the fine gentleman.' Now, though the women put on softness in their looks, or affected severity, or impertinent gaiety, or pert smartness, their self-love and admiration cannot under any of these disguises appear so invincible as that of the men. You may easily take notice, that in all their actions there is a secret approbation either in the tone of their voice, the turn of their body, or cast of their eye, which shews that they are extremely in their own favour.

Take one of your men of business, he shall keep you half an hour with your hat off, entertaining you with his consideration of that affair you spoke of to him last, until he has drawn a crowd that observes you in this grimace. Then when he is public enough, he immediately runs into secrets, and falls a whispering. You and he make breaks with adverbs; as—'But however, thus far;' and then you whisper again, and so on, until they who are about you are dispersed, and your busy man's vanity is no longer gratified by the notice taken of what importance he is, and how inconsiderable you are; for your pretender to business is never in secret, but in public.

There is my dear Lord No-where, of all men the most gracious and most obliging, the terror of all Valets de Chambre, whom he oppresses with good-breeding, by enquiring for my good lord, and for my good lady's health. This inimitable courtier will whisper a privy-counsellor's lacquey with the utmost goodness and condescension, to know when they next sit; and is thoroughly taken up, and thinks he has a part in a secret, if he knows that there is a secret: 'What it is,' he will whisper you, 'that time will discover;' then he shrugs, and calls you back again; 'Sir, I need not say to you, that these 'things are not to be spoken of.—— 'And harkye, no names; I would not 'be quoted.' What adds to the jest is, that his emptiness has it's moods and seasons, and he will not condescend to let you into these his discoveries, except he is in very good humour, or has seen somebody of fashion talk to you. He will keep his Nothing to himself, and pass by and overlook as well as the best of them; not observing that he is insolent when he is gracious, and obliging when he is haughty. Shew me a woman so inconsiderable as this frequent character.

But my mind, now I am in, turns to many no less observable. Thou dear Will Shoestring! I profess myself in love with thee! How shall I speak to thee? how shall I address thee? how shall I draw thee? thou dear Outside! Will you be combing your wig, playing with your box, or picking your teeth: or chusest thou rather to be speaking; to be speaking for thy only purpose in speaking, to shew your teeth? Rub them no longer, dear Shoestring: do not premeditate murder; do not for ever whiten! Oh! that, for my quiet and his own, they were rotten.

But I will forget him, and give my hand to the courteous Umbra: he is a fine man indeed; but the soft creature bows below my apron-string, before he takes

takes it; yet after the first ceremonies, he is as familiar as my physician, and his insignificancy makes me half ready to complain to him of all I would to my doctor. He is so courteous, that he carries half the messages of ladies ails in town to their midwives and nurses. He understands too the art of medicine as far as to the cure of a pimple or a rash. On occasions of the like importance, he is the most assiduous of all men living, in consulting and searching precedents from family to family; then he speaks of his obsequiousness and diligence in the style of real services. If you sneer at him, and thank him for his great friendship, he bows, and says—'Ma-'dam, all the good offices in my power, 'while I have any knowledge or credit, 'shall be at your service.' The consideration of so shallow a being, and the intent application with which he pursues trifles, has made me carefully reflect upon that sort of men we usually call an Impertinent: and I am, upon mature deliberation, so far from being offended with him, that I am really obliged to him; for though he will take you aside, and talk half an hour to you upon matters wholly insignificant with the most solemn air, yet I consider, that these things are of weight in his imagination, and he thinks he is communicating what is for my service. If therefore it be a just rule to judge of a man by his intention, according to the equity of good-breeding, he that is impertinently kind or wise, to do you service, ought in return to have a proportionable place both in your affection and esteem: so that the courteous Umbra deserves the favour of all his acquaintance; for though he never served them, he is ever willing to do it, and believes he does it.

But as impotent kindness is to be returned with all our abilities to oblige; so impotent malice is to be treated with all our force to depress it. For this reason, Fly-Blow (who is received in all the families in town, through the degeneracy and iniquity of their manners) is to be treated like a knave, though he is one of the weakest of fools: he has by rote, and at second-hand, all that can be said of any man of figure, wit, and virtue, in town. Name a man of worth, and this creature tells you the worst passage of his life. Speak of a beautiful woman, and this puppy will whisper the next man to him, though he has nothing to say of her. He is a fly that feeds on the sore part, and would have nothing to live on if the whole body were in health. You may know him by the frequency of pronouncing the particle But; for which reason I never heard him spoke of with common charity, without using my But against him: for a friend of mine saying the other day —'Mrs. Distaff has wit, good-humour, 'virtue, and friendship:' this oaf added —'But she is not handsome.'—'Cox-'comb! the gentleman was saying what 'I was, not what I was not.'

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY 6.

THE approaches before Tournay have been carried on with great success; and our advices from the camp before that place of the eleventh instant say, that they had already made a lodgment on the glacis. Two hundred boats were come up the Scheld with the heavy artillery and ammunition, which would be employed in dismounting the enemy's defences, and raised on the batteries the fifteenth. A great body of miners are summoned to the camp to countermine the works of the enemy. We are convinced of the weakness of the garrison by a certain account, that they called a council of war, to consult whether it was not advisable to march into the citadel, and leave the town defenceless. We are assured, that when the confederate army was advancing towards the camp of Marshal Villars, that general dispatched a courier to his master with a letter, giving an account of their approach, which concluded with the following words: 'The day begins to 'break, and your Majesty's army is al-'ready in order of battle. Before noon, 'I hope to have the honour of congra-'tulating your Majesty on the success 'of a great action; and you shall be very 'well satisfied with the Marshal Villars."

It is to be noted, when any part of this paper appears dull, there is a design in it.

Nº XXXIX. SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1709.

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

GRECIAN COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY 7.

AS I am called forth by the immenſe love I bear to my fellow-creatures, and the warm inclination I feel within me, to ſtem, as far as I can, the prevailing torrent of vice and ignorance; ſo I cannot more properly purſue that noble impulſe, than by ſetting forth the excellency of virtue and knowledge in their native and beautiful colours. For this reaſon, I made my late excurſion to Oxford, where thoſe qualities appear in their higheſt luſtre, and are the only pretences to honour and diſtinction. Superiority is there given in proportion to men's advancement in wiſdom and learning; and that juſt rule of life is ſo univerſally received among thoſe happy people, that you ſhall ſee an earl walk bare-headed to the ſon of the meaneſt artificer, in reſpect to ſeven years more worth and knowledge than the nobleman is poſſeſſed of. In other places they bow to men's fortunes, but here to their underſtandings. It is not to be expreſſed, how pleaſing the order, the diſcipline, the regularity of their lives, is to a philoſopher, who has, by many years experience in the world, learned to contemn every thing but what is revered in this manſion of ſelect and well-taught ſpirits. The magnificence of their palaces, the greatneſs of their revenues, the ſweetneſs of their groves and retirements, ſeem equally adapted for the reſidence of princes and philoſophers; and a familiarity with objects of ſplendour, as well as places of receſs, prepares the inhabitants with an equanimity for their future fortunes, whether humble or illuſtrious. How was I pleaſed when I looked round at St. Mary's, and could, in the faces of the ingenious youth, ſee miniſters of ſtate, chancellors, biſhops, and judges! Here only is human life! here only the life of man is a rational being! here men underſtand and are employed in works worthy their noble nature. This tranſitory being paſſes away in an employment not unworthy a future ſtate, the contemplation of the great decrees of Providence. Each man lives as if he were to anſwer the queſtions made to Job—'Where waſt thou 'when I laid the foundations of the 'earth? Who ſhut up the ſea with doors, 'and ſaid—"Hitherto thou ſhalt come, "and no further?" Such ſpeculations make life agreeable, make death welcome.

But, alas! I was torn from this noble ſociety by the buſineſs of this dirty mean world, and the cares of fortune: for I was obliged to be in London againſt the ſeventh day of the term, and accordingly governed myſelf by my Oxford Almanack, and came laſt night; but find, to my great aſtoniſhment, that this ignorant town began the term on the twenty-fourth of the laſt month, in oppoſition to all the learning and aſtronomy of the famous univerſity of which I have been ſpeaking; according to which, the term certainly was to commence on the firſt inſtant. You may be ſure a man who has turned his ſtudies as I have, could not be miſtaken in the point of time; for knowing I was to come to town in term, I examined the paſſing moments very narrowly, and called an eminent aſtronomer to my aſſiſtance. Upon very ſtrict obſervation we found, that the cold has been ſo ſevere this laſt winter, (which is allowed to have a benumbing quality) that it retarded the earth in moving round from Chriſtmas to this ſeaſon full ſeven days and two ſeconds. My learned friend aſſured me further, that the earth had lately received a ſhog from a comet that croſſed it's vortex, which, if it had come ten degrees nearer to us, had made us loſe this whole term. I was indeed once of opinion, that the Gregorian computation was the moſt regular, as being eleven days before the Julian; but am now fully convinced, that we ought to be ſeven days after the chancellor and judges, and eighteen before the Pope of Rome; and that the Oxonian computation is the beſt of the three.

Theſe are the reaſons which I have gathered from philoſophy and nature; to which I can add other circumſtances in vindication of the account of this learned body who publiſh this Almanack.

It is notorious to philoſophers, that

joy and grief can haſten and delay time. Mr. Locke is of opinion, that a man in great miſery may ſo far loſe his meaſure, as to think a minute an hour; or, in joy, make an hour a minute. Let us examine the preſent caſe by this rule, and we ſhall find, that the cauſe of this general miſtake in the Britiſh nation, has been the great ſucceſs of the laſt campaign, and the following hopes of peace. Stocks ran ſo high at the Exchange, that the citizens had gained three days of the courtiers; and we have indeed been ſo happy all this reign, that if the Univerſity did not rectify our miſtakes, we ſhould think ourſelves but in the ſecond year of her preſent Majeſty. It would be endleſs to enumerate the many damages that have happened by this ignorance of the vulgar. All the recognizances within the dioceſe of Oxford have been forfeited, for not appearing on the firſt day of this fictitious term. The univerſity has been nonſuited in their action againſt the booksellers for printing Clarendon in quarto. Indeed, what gives me the moſt quick concern, is the caſe of a poor gentleman, my friend, who was the other day taken in execution by a ſet of ignorant bailiffs. He ſhould, it ſeems, have pleaded in the firſt week of term; but being a Maſter of Arts of Oxford, he would not recede from the Oxonian computation. He ſhewed Mr. Broad the Almanack, and the very day when the term began; but the mercileſs ignorant fellow, againſt all ſenſe and learning, would hurry him away. He went indeed quietly enough; but he has taken exact notes of the time of arreſt, and ſufficient witneſſes of his being carried into gaol; and has, by advice of the recorder of Oxford, brought his action; and we doubt not but we ſhall pay them off with damages, and blemiſh the reputation of Mr. Broad. We have one convincing proof, which all that frequent the courts of juſtice are witneſſes of: the dog that comes conſtantly to Weſtminſter on the firſt day of the term, did not appear until the firſt day according to the Oxford Almanack; whoſe inſtinct I take to be a better guide than men's erroneous opinions, which are uſually blaſſed by intereſt. I judge in this caſe, as King Charles the Second victualled his navy with the bread which one of his dogs choſe, of ſeveral pieces thrown before him, rather than truſt to the aſſeverations of the victuallers. Mr. Cowper, and other learned counſel, have already urged the authority of this Almanack, in behalf of their clients. We ſhall therefore go on with all ſpeed in our cauſe; and doubt not but Chancery will give at the end what we have loſt in the beginning, by protracting the term for us until Wedneſday come ſeven-night. And the Univerſity Orator ſhall for ever pray, &c.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JULY 7.

THE ſubject of Duels has, I find, been ſtarted with ſo good ſucceſs, that it has been the frequent ſubject of converſation among polite men; and a dialogue of that kind has been tranſmitted to me verbatim as follows. The perſons concerned in it are men of honour and experience in the manners of men, and have fallen upon the trueſt foundation, as well as ſearched to the bottom of this evil.

Mr. *Sage*. If it were in my power, every man that drew his ſword, unleſs in the ſervice, or purely to defend his life, perſon, or goods, from violence, (I mean abſtracted from all punctos or whims of honour) ſhould ride the wooden horſe in the Tilt-yard for ſuch firſt offence, for the ſecond ſtand in the pillory, and for the third be priſoner in Bedlam for life.

Col. *Plume*. I remember that a rencounter or duel was ſo far from being in faſhion among the officers that ſerved in the parliament-army, that, on the contrary, it was as diſreputable, and as great an impediment to advancement in the ſervice, as being baſhful in time of action.

Sir *Mark*. Yet I have been informed by ſome old cavaliers, of famous reputation for brave and gallant men, that they were much more in mode among their party than they have been during this laſt war.

Col. *Plume*. That is true, too, Sir.

Mr. *Sage*. By what you ſay, gentlemen, one ſhould think that our preſent military officers are compounded of an equal proportion of both thoſe tempers; ſince duels are neither quite diſcountenanced, nor much in vogue.

Sir *Mark*. That difference of temper in regard to duels, which appears to have been between the court and the

parliament-men of the ſword, was not, I conceive, for want of courage in the latter, nor of a liberal education, becauſe there were ſome of the beſt families in England engaged in that party; but gallantry and mode, which glitter agreeably to the imagination, were encouraged by the court, as promoting it's ſplendor; and it was as natural that the contrary party (who were to recommend themſelves to the public for men of ſerious and ſolid parts) ſhould deviate from every thing chimerical.

Mr. *Sage*. I have never read of a duel among the Romans; and yet their nobility uſed more liberty with their tongues than one may do now without being challenged.

Sir *Mark*. Perhaps the Romans were of opinion, that ill language and brutal manners reflected only on thoſe who were guilty of them; and that a man's reputation was not at all cleared by cutting the perſon's throat who had reflected upon it: but the cuſtom of thoſe times had fixed the ſcandal in the action; whereas now it lies in the reproach.

Mr. *Sage*. And yet the only ſort of duel that one can conceive to have been fought upon motives truly honourable and allowable, was that between the Horatii and Curiatii.

Sir *Mark*. Colonel Plume, pray what was the method of ſingle combat in your time among the cavaliers? I ſuppoſe that, as the uſe of cloaths continues, though the faſhion of them has been mutable; ſo duels, though ſtill in uſe, have had in all times their particular modes of performance.

Col. *Plume*. We had no conſtant rule, but generally conducted our diſpute and tilt according to the laſt that had happened between perſons of reputation among the very top fellows for bravery and gallantry.

Sir *Mark*. If the faſhion of quarrelling and tilting was ſo often changed in your time, Colonel Plume, a man might fight, yet loſe his credit for want of underſtanding the faſhion.

Col. *Plume*. Why, Sir Mark, in the beginning of July a man would have been cenſured for want of courage, or been thought indigent of the true notions of honour, if he had put up words, which, in the end of September following, one could not reſent without paſſing for a brutal and quarrelſome fellow.

Sir *Mark*. But, Colonel, were duels or rencounters moſt in faſhion in thoſe days?

Col. *Plume*. Your men of nice honour, Sir, were for avoiding all cenſure of advantage which they ſuppoſed might be taken in a rencounter; therefore they uſed ſeconds, who were to ſee that all was upon the ſquare, and make a faithful report of the whole combat; but in a little time it became a faſhion for the ſeconds to fight, and I will tell you how it happened.

Mr. *Sage*. Pray do, Colonel Plume, and the method of a duel at that time; and give us ſome notion of the punctos upon which your nice men quarrelled in thoſe days.

Col. *Plume*. I was going to tell you, Mr. Sage, that one Cornet Modiſh had deſired his friend Captain Smart's opinion in ſome affair, but did not follow it: upon which Captain Smart ſent Major Adroit (a very topping fellow of thoſe times) to the perſon that had ſlighted his advice. The major never enquired into the quarrel, becauſe it was not the manner then among the very topping fellows; but got two ſwords of an equal length, and then waited upon Cornet Modiſh, deſiring him to chuſe his ſword, and meet his friend Captain Smart. Cornet Modiſh came with his friend to the place of combat; there the principals put on their pumps, and ſtripped to their ſhirts, to ſhew that they had nothing but what men of honour carry about them, and then engaged.

Sir *Mark*. And did the ſeconds ſtand by, Sir?

Col. *Plume*. It was a received cuſtom until that time; but the ſwords of thoſe days being pretty long, and the principals acting on both ſides upon the defenſive, and the morning being froſty, Major Adroit deſired that the other ſecond, who was alſo a very topping fellow, would try a thruſt or two only to keep them warm, until the principals had decided the matter, which was agreed to by Modiſh's ſecond, who preſently whipt Adroit through the body, diſarmed him, and then parted the principals, who had received no harm at all.

Mr. *Sage*. But was not Adroit laughed at?

Col. *Plume*. On the contrary, the very topping fellows were ever after of opinion, that no man who deſerved that character ſhould ſerve as a ſecond, without fighting; and the Smarts and Modiſhes

diſhes finding their account in it, the humour took without oppoſition.

Mr. *Sage*. Pray, Colonel, how long did that faſhion continue?

Col. *Plume*. Not long neither, Mr. Sage; for as ſoon as it became a faſhion, the very topping fellows thought their honour reflected upon, if they did not proffer themſelves as ſeconds when any of their friends had a quarrel; ſo that ſometimes there were a dozen of a ſide.

Sir *Mark*. Bleſs me! if that cuſtom had continued, we ſhould have been at a loſs now for our very pretty fellows; for they ſeem to be the proper men to officer, animate, and keep up an army: but pray, Sir, how did that ſociable manner of tilting grow out of mode?

Col. *Plume*. Why, Sir, I will tell you: it was a law among the combatants, that the party which happened to have the firſt man diſarmed or killed, ſhould yield as vanquiſhed: which ſome people thought might encourage the Modiſhes and Smarts in quarrelling, to the deſtruction of only the very topping fellows; and as ſoon as this reflection was ſtarted, the very topping fellows thought it an incumbrance upon their honour to fight at all themſelves. Since that time the Modiſhes and the Smarts, throughout all Europe, have extolled the French King's edict.

Sir *Mark*. Our very pretty fellows, whom I take to be the ſucceſſors of the very topping fellows, think a quarrel ſo little faſhionable, that they will not be expoſed to it by any other man's vanity, or want of ſenſe.

Mr. *Sage*. But, Colonel, I have obſerved in your account of duels, that there was a great exactneſs in avoiding all advantage that might poſſibly be between the combatants.

Col. *Plume*. That is true, Sir; for the weapons were always equal.

Mr. *Sage*. Yes, Sir; but ſuppoſe an active, adroit, ſtrong man, had inſulted an aukward, or a feeble, or an unpractiſed ſwordſman?

Col. *Plume*. Then, Sir, they fought with piſtols.

Mr. *Sage*. But, Sir, there might be a certain advantage that way; for a good markſman will be ſure to hit his man at twenty yards diſtance; and a man whoſe hand ſhakes (which is common to men that debauch in pleaſures, or have not uſed piſtols out of their holſters) will not venture to fire, unleſs he touches the perſon he ſhoots at. Now, Sir, I am of opinion, that one can get no honour in killing a man, if one has it all Rug, as the gameſters ſay, when they have a trick to make the game ſecure, though they ſeem to play upon the ſquare.

Sir *Mark*. In truth, Mr. Sage, I think ſuch a fact muſt be murder in a man's own private conſcience, whatever it may appear to the world.

Col. *Plume*. I have known ſome men ſo nice, that they would not fight but upon a cloak with piſtols.

Mr. *Sage*. I believe a cuſtom well eſtabliſhed would outdo the Grand Monarch's edict.

Sir *Mark*. And bullies would then leave off their long ſwords: but I do not find that a very pretty fellow can ſtay to change his ſword when he is inſulted by a bully with a long Diego; though his own at the ſame time be no longer than a penknife; which will certainly be the caſe if ſuch little ſwords are in mode. Pray, Colonel, how was it between the hectors of your time, and the very topping fellows?

Col. *Plume*. Sir, long ſwords happened to be generally worn in thoſe times.

Mr. *Sage*. In anſwer to what you were ſaying, Sir Mark, give me leave to inform you, that your knights-errant (who were the very pretty fellows of thoſe ancient times) thought they could not honourably yield, though they had fought their own truſty weapons to the ſtumps; but would venture as boldly with the page's leaden ſword, as if it had been of inchanted metal. Whence, I conceive there muſt be a ſpice of romantic gallantry in the compoſition of that very pretty fellow.

Sir *Mark*. I am of opinion, Mr. Sage, that faſhion governs a very pretty fellow; nature, or common ſenſe, your ordinary perſons, and ſometimes men of fine parts.

Mr. *Sage*. But what is the reaſon, that men of the moſt excellent ſenſe and morals, in other points, aſſociate their underſtandings with the very pretty fellows in that chimæra of a duel?

Sir *Mark*. There is no diſputing againſt ſo great a majority.

Mr. *Sage*. But there is one ſcruple, Colonel Plume, and I have done: Do not you believe there may be ſome ad-

vantage even upon a cloak with piſtols, which a man of nice honour would ſcruple to take?

Col. *Plume.* Faith, I cannot tell, Sir; but ſince one may reaſonably ſuppoſe, that, in ſuch a caſe, there can be but one ſo far in the wrong as to occaſion matters to come to that extremity, I think the chance of being killed ſhould fall but on one; whereas, by their cloſe and deſperate manner of fighting, it may very probably happen to both.

Sir *Mark.* Why, gentlemen, if they are men of ſuch nice honour, and muſt fight, there will be no fear of foul play, if they threw up croſs or pile who ſhould be ſhot.

Nº XL. TUESDAY, JULY 12, 1709.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY 11.

LETTERS from the city of London give an account of a very great conſternation that place is in at preſent, by reaſon of a late enquiry made at Guildhall, whether a noble perſon has parts enough to deſerve the enjoyment of the great eſtate of which he is poſſeſſed. The city is apprehenſive, that this precedent may go further than was at firſt imagined. The perſon againſt whom this inquiſition is ſet up by his relations, is a peer of a neighbouring kingdom, and has in his youth made ſome few bulls, by which it is inſinuated, that he has forfeited his goods and chattels. This is the more aſtoniſhing, in that there are many perſons in the ſaid city who are ſtill more guilty than his lordſhip, and who, though they are ideots, do not only poſſeſs, but have alſo themſelves acquired great eſtates, contrary to the known laws of this realm, which veſts their poſſeſſions in the crown.

There is a gentleman in the coffee-houſe at this time exhibiting a bill in Chancery againſt his father's younger brother, who, by ſome ſtrange magic, has arrived at the value of half a plumb, as the citizens call an hundred thouſand pounds; and in all the time of growing up to that wealth, was never known in any of his ordinary words or actions to diſcover any proof of reaſon. Upon this foundation my friend has ſet forth, that he is illegally maſter of his coffers, and has writ two epigrams to ſignify his own pretenſions and ſufficiency for ſpending that eſtate. He has inſerted in his plea ſome things which I fear will give offence; for he pretends to argue, that though a man has a little of the knave mixed with the fool, he is nevertheleſs liable to the loſs of goods; and makes the abuſe of reaſon as juſt an avoidance of an eſtate as the total abſence of it. This is what can never paſs; but witty men are ſo full of themſelves, that there is no perſuading them; and my friend will not be convinced, but that upon quoting Solomon, who always uſed the word Fool as a term of the ſame ſignification with Unjuſt, and makes all deviation from goodneſs and virtue to come under the notion of folly; I ſay, he doubts not, but by the force of this authority, let his ideot uncle appear never ſo great a knave, he ſhall prove him a fool at the ſame time.

This affair led the company here into an examination of theſe points; and none coming here but wits, what was aſſerted by a young lawyer, that a lunatic is in the care of the Chancery, but a fool in that of the Crown, was received with general indignation. 'Why 'that?' ſays old Renault; 'why that? 'Why muſt a fool be a courtier more 'than a madman? This is the iniquity 'of this dull age: I remember the time 'when it went on the mad ſide; all your 'top-wits were ſcourers, rakes, roarers, 'and demoliſhers of windows. I knew 'a mad lord who was drunk five years 'together, and was the envy of that 'age, who is faintly imitated by the 'dull pretenders to vice and madneſs 'in this. Had he lived to this day, 'there had not been a fool in faſhion 'in the whole kingdom.' When Renault had done ſpeaking, a very worthy man aſſumed the diſcourſe: 'This is,' ſaid he, 'Mr. Bickerſtaff, a proper ar-'gument for you to treat of in your ar-'ticle from this place; and if you would 'ſend your Pacolet into all our brains, 'you would find, that a little fibre or 'valve, ſcarce diſcernible, makes the 'diſtinction between a politician and an 'ideot. We ſhould therefore throw a

'veil

'veil upon thoſe unhappy inſtances of 'human nature, who ſeem to breathe 'without the direction of reaſon and 'underſtanding, as we ſhould avert our 'eyes with abhorrence from ſuch as 'live in perpetual abuſe and contradic-'tion to theſe noble faculties. Shall 'this unfortunate man be diveſted of 'his eſtate, becauſe he is tractable and 'indolent, runs in no man's debt, in-'vades no man's bed, nor ſpends the 'eſtate he owes his children and his cha-'racter; when one who ſhews no ſenſe 'above him, but in ſuch practices, ſhall 'be eſteemed in his ſenſes, and poſſibly 'may pretend to the guardianſhip of 'him who is no ways his inferior, but 'in being leſs wicked? We ſee old age 'brings us indifferently into the ſame 'impotence of ſoul, wherein nature has 'placed this lord.'

There is ſomething very fantaſtical in the diſtribution of civil power and capacity among men. The law certainly gives theſe perſons into the ward and care of the Crown, becauſe that is beſt able to protect them from injuries, and the impoſitions of craft and knavery; that the life of an ideot may not ruin the intail of a noble houſe, and his weakneſs may not fruſtrate the induſtry or capacity of the founder of his family. But when one of bright parts, as we ſay, with his eyes open, and all men's eyes upon him, deſtroys thoſe purpoſes, there is no remedy. Folly and ignorance are puniſhed! folly and guilt are tolerated! Mr. Locke has ſomewhere made a diſtinction between a madman and a fool: 'A fool is he that from right 'principles makes a wrong concluſion; 'but a madman is one who draws a juſt 'inference from falſe principles.' Thus the fool who cut off the fellow's head that lay aſleep, and hid it, and then waited to ſee what he would ſay when he awaked, and miſſed his head-piece, was in the right in the firſt thought, that a man would be ſurprized to find ſuch an alteration in things ſince he fell aſleep; but he was a little miſtaken to imagine he could awake at all after his head was cut off. A madman fancies himſelf a prince; but upon his miſtake, he acts ſuitably to that character; and though he is out in ſuppoſing he has principalities, while he drinks gruel, and lies in ſtraw, yet you ſhall ſee him keep the port of a diſtreſſed monarch in all his words and actions. Theſe two perſons are equally taken into cuſtody: but what muſt be done to half this good company, who every hour of their life are knowingly and wittingly both fools and madmen, and yet have capacities both of forming principles, and drawing concluſions, with the full uſe of reaſon?

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JULY 11.

THIS evening ſome ladies came to viſit my ſiſter Jenny; and the diſcourſe, after very many frivolous and public matters, turned upon the main point among the women, the paſſion of love. Sappho, who always leads on this occaſion, began to ſhew her reading; and told us, that Sir John Suckling and Milton had, upon a parallel occaſion, ſaid the tendereſt things ſhe ever read. 'The circumſtance,' ſaid ſhe, 'is ſuch 'as gives us a notion of that protecting 'part, which is the duty of men in their 'honourable deſigns upon, or poſſeſſion 'of women.' In Suckling's tragedy of Brennoralt, he makes the lover ſteal into his miſtreſs's bed-chamber, and draw the curtains; then, when his heart is full of her charms, as ſhe lies ſleeping, inſtead of being carried away by the violence of his deſires into thoughts of a warmer nature, ſleep, which is the image of death, gives this generous lover reflections of a different kind, which regard rather her ſafety than his own paſſion. For, beholding her as ſhe lies ſleeping, he utters theſe words:

So miſers look upon their gold,
Which, while they joy to ſee, they fear to loſe:
The pleaſure of the ſight ſcarce equalling
The jealouſy of being diſpoſſeſs'd by others.
Her face is like the milky way i' the ſky,
A meeting of gentle lights without name!

Heav'n ſhall this freſh ornament of the world,
Theſe precious love-lines, paſs with other common things
Amongſt the waſtes of time? what pity 'twere!

When Milton makes Adam leaning on his arm, beholding Eve, and lying in the contemplation of her beauty, he deſcribes the utmoſt tenderneſs and guardian affection in one word:

Adam, with looks of cordial love,
Hung over her enamour'd.

This is that ſort of paſſion which truly deſerves the name of love, and has ſomething

something more generous than friendship in itself; for it has a constant care of the object beloved, abstracted from it's own interests in the possession of it. Sappho was proceeding on the subject, when my sister produced a letter sent to her in the time of my absence, in celebration of the marriage state, which is the condition wherein only this sort of passion reigns in full authority. The epistle is as follows:

DEAR MADAM,

YOUR brother being absent, I dare take the liberty of writing to you my thoughts of that state, which our whole sex either is or desires to be in: you will easily guess I mean matrimony, which I hear so much decried, that it was with no small labour I maintained my ground against two opponents; but, as your brother observed of Socrates, I drew them into my conclusion, from their own concessions, thus:

In marriage are two happy things allow'd,
A wife in wedding sheets, and in a shroud.
How can a marriage-state then be accurs'd,
Since the last day's as happy as the first?

If you think they were too easily confuted, you may conclude them not of the first sense, by their talking against marriage. Yours, MARIANA.

I observed Sappho began to redden at this epistle; and turning to a lady, who was playing with a dog she was so fond of as to carry him abroad with her —'Nay,' says she, 'I cannot blame the 'men if they have mean ideas of our souls 'and affections, and wonder so many are 'brought to take us for companions for 'life, when they see our endearments 'so triflingly placed: for to my knowledge, Mr. Truman would give half 'his estate for half the affection you 'have shewn to that Shock: nor do I 'believe you would be ashamed to confess, that I saw you cry when he had 'the colic last week with lapping sour 'milk. What more could you do for 'your lover himself?'—'What more?' replied the lady: 'there is not a man 'in England for whom I could lament 'half so much.' Then she stifled the animal with kisses, and called him Beau, Life, Dear, Monsieur, Pretty Fellow, and what not, in the hurry of her impertinence. Sappho rose up; as she always does at any thing she observes done, which discovers in her own sex a levity of mind, which renders them inconsiderable in the opinion of ours.

Nº XLI. THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1709.

——CELEBRARE DOMESTICA FACTA.

TO CELEBRATE ACTIONS DONE AT HOME.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE HOUSE, JULY 12.

THERE is no one thing more to be lamented in our nation, than their general affectation of every thing that is foreign; nay, we carry it so far, that we are more anxious for our own countrymen when they have crossed the seas, than when we see them in the same dangerous condition before our eyes at home: else how is it possible, that on the twenty-ninth of the last month, there should have been a battle fought in our very streets of London, and nobody at this end of the town have heard of it. I protest, I, who make it my business to enquire after adventures, should never have known this, had not the following account been sent me inclosed in a letter. This, it seems, is the way of giving out orders in the Artillery-company; and they prepare for a day of action with so little concern, as only to call it, 'An Exercise of Arms.'

AN EXERCISE AT ARMS OF THE ARTILLERY-COMPANY, TO BE PERFORMED ON WEDNESDAY, JUNE THE TWENTY-NINTH, 1709, UNDER THE COMMAND OF SIR JOSEPH WOOLFE, KNIGHT AND ALDERMAN, GENERAL; CHARLES HOPSON, ESQUIRE, PRESENT SHERIFF, LIEUTENANT-GENERAL; CAPTAIN RICHARD SYNGE, MAJOR; MAJOR JOHN SHOREY, CAPTAIN OF GRENADIERS; CAPTAIN WILLIAM GRAYHURST, CAPTAIN JOHN BUTLER, CAPTAIN ROBERT CARELLIS, CAPTAINS.

THE body marched from the Artillery Ground through Moregate, Coleman Street, Lothbury, Broad Street, Finch Lane,

Lane, Cornhill, Cheapside, St. Martin's, St. Anne's Lane, halt the pikes under the wall in Noble Street, draw up the firelocks facing the Goldsmiths Hall, make ready and face to the left, and fire; and so Ditto three times. Beat to arms, and march round the hall, as up Lad Lane, Gutter Lane, Honey Lane, and so wheel to the right, and make your salute to my Lord, and so down St. Anne's Lane, up Aldersgate Street, Barbican, and draw up in Red Cross Street, the right at St. Paul's Alley in the rear. March off Lieutenant-general with half the body up Beech Lane: he sends a sub-division up King's-head Court; and takes post in it, and marches two divisions round into Red-Lion Market, to defend that pass, and succour the division in King's-head Court; but keeps in White-Cross Street, facing Beech Lane, the rest of the body ready drawn up. Then the General marches up Beech Lane, is attacked, but forces the division in the court into the market, and enters with three divisions while he presses the Lieutenant-general's main body; and at the same time the three divisions force those of the revolters out of the market, and so all the Lieutenant-general's body retreats into Chiswell Street, and lodges two divisions in Grub Street; and as the General marches on, they fall on his flank, but soon made to give way: but having a retreating-place in Red Lion Court, but could not hold it, being put to flight through Paul's Alley, and pursued by the General's grenadiers, while he marches up and attacks their main body, but are opposed again by a party of men as lay in Black Raven Court; but they are forced also to retire soon in the utmost confusion, and at the same time those brave divisions in Paul's Alley ply their rear with grenadoes, that with precipitation they take to the rout along Bunhill Row: so the General marches into the Artillery-ground, and being drawn up, finds the revolting party to have found entrance, and makes a show as if for battle, and both armies soon engage in form, and fire by platoons.

Much might be said for the improvement of this system; which, for it's stile and invention, may instruct generals and their historians, both in fighting a battle, and describing it when it is over. These elegant expressions—'Ditto—'And so—But soon—But having—But 'could not—But are—But they—Finds 'the party to have found, &c.'—do certainly give great life and spirit to the relation.

Indeed, I am extremely concerned for the Lieutenant-general, who by his overthrow and defeat, is made a deplorable instance of the fortune of war, and vicissitudes of human affairs. He, alas! has lost, in Beech Lane and Chiswel Street, all the glory he lately gained in and about Holborn and St. Giles's. The art of subdividing first, and dividing afterwards, is new and surprizing; and according to this method, the troops are disposed in King's Head Court and Red Lion Market: nor is the conduct of these leaders less conspicuous in their choice of the ground or field of battle. Happy was it, that the greatest part of the atchievements of this day was to be performed near Grub Street, that there might not be wanting a sufficient number of faithful historians, who, being eye-witnesses of these wonders, should impartially transmit them to posterity! But then it can never be enough regretted, that we are left in the dark as to the name and title of that extraordinary hero who commanded the divisions in Paul's Alley; especially because those divisions are justly stiled brave, and accordingly were to push the enemy along Bunhill Row, and thereby occasion a general battle. But Pallas appeared in the form of a shower of rain, and prevented the slaughter and desolation, which were threatened by these extraordinary preparations.

Hi motus animorum atque hæc certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescunt
VIRG. GEORG. IV. VER. 86.

Yet all those dreadful deeds, this doubtful fray,
A cast of scatter'd dust will soon allay.
DRYDEN.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY 13.

SOME part of the company keep up the old way of conversation in this place, which usually turned upon the examination of Nature, and an enquiry into the manners of men. There is one in the room so very judicious, that he manages impertinents with the utmost dexterity. It was diverting this evening to hear a discourse between him and one of these gentlemen. He told me before that person joined us, that he was a Questioner, who

who, according to his description, is one who asks questions not with a design to receive information, but an affectation to shew his uneasiness for want of it. He went on in asserting, that there are crowds of that modest ambition, as to aim no farther than to demonstrate that they are in doubt. By this time Will Whynot was sat down by us. 'So 'gentlemen,' says he, 'in how many 'days, think you, shall we be masters 'of Tournay? Is the account of the 'action of the Vivarois to be depended 'upon? Could you have imagined Eng-'land had so much money in it as you 'see it has produced? Pray, Sirs, what 'do you think? Will the Duke of Sa-'voy make an irruption into France? 'But,' says he, 'time will clear all 'these mysteries.' His answer to himself gave me the altitude of his head, and to all his questions I thus answered very satisfactorily: 'Sir,' have you 'heard that this Slaughterford never 'owned the fact for which he died? 'Have the news-papers mentioned that 'matter?. But, pray, can you tell me 'what method will be taken to provide 'for these Palatines? But this, as you 'say, time will clear.'—'Aye, aye,' says he, and whispers me, 'they will 'never let us into these things before-'hand.' I whispered him again—'We 'shall know it as soon as there is a pro-'clamation.' He tells me in the other ear—'You are in the right of it.' Then he whispered my friend, to know what my name was; then made an obliging bow, and went to examine another table. This led my friend and me to weigh this wandering manner in many other incidents, and he took out of his pocket several little notes or tickets to solicit for votes to employments: as—'Mr. John Taplash having served all 'offices, and being reduced to great 'poverty, desires your votes for singing-'clerk of this parish.' Another has had ten children, all whom his wife has suckled herself; therefore humbly desires to be a school-master.

There is nothing so frequent as this way of application for offices. It is not that you are fit for the place, but because the place would be convenient for you, that you claim a merit to it. But commend me to the great Kerleus, who has lately set up for midwifery, and to help child-birth, for no other reason, but that he is himself the Unborn Doctor. The way is, to hit upon something that puts the vulgar upon the stare, or touches their compassion, which is often the weakest part about us. I know a good lady, who has taken her daughters from their old dancing-master, to place them with another, for no other reason but because the new man has broke his leg, which is so ill set that he can never dance more.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JULY 13.

As it is a frequent mortification to me to receive letters, wherein people tell me, without a name, they know I meant them in such and such a passage; so that very accusation is an argument that there are such beings in human life as fall under our description, and that our discourse is not altogether fantastical and groundless. But in this case I am treated as I saw a boy was the other day, who gave out pocky bills: every plain fellow took it that passed by, and went on his way without farther notice: and at last came one with his nose a little abridged; who knocks the lad down with a 'Why you son of a w——e, do 'you think I am p—d?' But Shakespeare has made the best apology for this way of talking against the public errors; he makes Jacques, in the play called As You Like It, express himself thus:

Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, the city woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or, what is he of basest function,
That says his bravery is not on my cost?
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech.
There then! How then? Then let me see wherein
My tongue has wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself: if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild goose flies
Unclaim'd of any man.

Nº XLII. SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1709.

———CELEBRARE DOMESTICA FACTA.

TO CELEBRATE ACTIONS DONE AT HOME.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JULY 15.

LOOKING over some old papers, I found a little treatise, written by my great-grandfather, concerning Bribery, and thought his manner of treating that subject not unworthy my remark. He there has a digression concerning a possibility, that in some circumstances a man may receive an injury, and yet be conscious to himself that he deserves it. There are abundance of fine things said on the subject; but the whole wrapped up in so much jingle and pun, which was the wit of those times, that it is scarce intelligible: but I thought the design was well enough in the following sketch of an old gentleman's poetry; for in this case, where two are rivals for the same thing, and propose to obtain it by presents, he that attempts the judge's honesty, by making him offers of reward, ought not to complain when he loses his cause by a better bidder. The good old doggrel runs thus:

A poor man once a judge besought
To judge aright his cause;
And with a pot of oil salutes
This judger of the laws.

'My friend,' quoth he, 'thy cause is good:'
He glad away did trudge;
Anon his wealthy foe did come
Before this partial judge.

A hog well fed this churl presents,
And craves a strain of law;
The hog receiv'd, the poor man's right
Was judg'd not worth a straw.

Therewith he cry'd—'O! partial judge,
'Thy doom has me undone;
'When oil I gave, my cause was good,
'But now to ruin run.'

'Poor man,' quoth he, 'I thee forgot,
'And see thy cause of foil;
'A hog came since into my house,
'And broke thy pot of oil.'

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY 15.

THE discourse happened this evening to fall upon characters drawn in plays; and a gentleman remarked, that there was no method in the world of knowing the taste of an age, or period of time, so good, as by the observations of the persons represented in their comedies. There were several instances produced, as Ben Johnson's bringing in a fellow smoaking, as a piece of foppery; but, said the gentleman who entertained us on this subject, this matter is no where so observable as in the difference of the characters of women on the stage in the last age and in this. It is not to be supposed that it was a poverty of genius in Shakespeare, that his women made so small a figure in his dialogues; but it certainly is, that he drew women as they then were in life: for that sex had not in those days that freedom in conversation; and their characters were only, that they were Mothers, Sisters, Daughters, and Wives. There were not then among the ladies, shining Wits, Politicians, Virtuose, Free-thinkers, and Disputants; nay, there was then hardly such a creature even as a Coquette: but vanity had quite another turn, and the most conspicuous woman at that time of day was only the best housewife. Were it possible to bring into life an assembly of matrons of that age, and introduce the learned Lady Woodby into their company, they would not believe the same nation could produce a creature so unlike any thing they ever saw in it.

But these ancients would be as much astonished to see in the same age so illustrious a pattern to all who love things praise-worthy as the divine Aspasia. Methinks, I now see her walking in her garden like our first parent, with unaffected charms, before beauty had spectators, and bearing celestial conscious virtue in her aspect. Her countenance is the lively picture of her mind, which is the seat of honour, truth, compassion, knowledge, and innocence.

There dwells the scorn of vice, and pity too.

In the midst of the most ample fortune, and veneration of all that behold and know her, without the least affectation, she consults retirement, the

contemplation of her own being, and that ſupreme Power which beſtowed it. Without the learning of ſchools, or knowledge of a long courſe of arguments, ſhe goes on in a ſteady courſe of uninterrupted piety and virtue, and adds to the ſeverity and privacy of the laſt age all the freedom and eaſe of this. The language and mien of a court ſhe is poſſeſſed of in the higheſt degree; but the ſimplicity and humble thoughts of a cottage are her more welcome entertainments. Aſpaſia is a female philoſopher, who does not only live up to the reſignation of the moſt retired lives of the ancient ſages, but alſo to the ſchemes and plans which they thought beautiful, though inimitable. This lady is the moſt exact œconomiſt, without appearing buſy; the moſt ſtrictly virtuous, without taſting the praiſe of it; and ſhuns applauſe with as much induſtry as others do reproach. This character is ſo particular, that it will very eaſily be fixed on her only, by all that know her; but, I dare ſay, ſhe will be the laſt that finds it out.

But, alas! if we have one or two ſuch ladies, how many dozens are there like the reſtleſs Poluglofia, who is acquainted with all the world but herſelf; who has the appearance of all, and poſſeſſion of no one virtue: ſhe has, indeed, ſhe in her practice the abſence of vice, but her diſcourſe is the continual hiſtory of it; and it is apparent, when ſhe ſpeaks of the criminal gratifications of others, that her innocence is only a reſtraint, with a certain mixture of envy. She is ſo perfectly oppoſite to the character of Aſpaſia, that as vice is terrible to her only as it is the object of reproach, ſo virtue is agreeable only as it is attended with applauſe.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY 15.

It is now twelve of the clock at noon, and no mail come in; therefore I am not without hopes that the town will allow me the liberty which my brother news-writers take, in giving them what may be for their information in another kind, and indulge me in doing an act of friendſhip, by publiſhing the following account of goods and moveables.

This is to give notice, that a magnificent palace, with great variety of gardens, ſtatues, and water-works, may be bought cheap in Drury Lane; where there are likewiſe ſeveral caſtles to be diſpoſed of, very delightfully ſituated; as alſo groves, woods, foreſts, fountains, and country ſeats, with very pleaſant proſpects on all ſides of them; being the moveables of Chriſtopher Rich, Eſquire, who is breaking up houſe-keeping, and has many curious pieces of furniture to diſpoſe of, which may be ſeen between the hours of ſix and ten in the evening.

THE INVENTORY.

Spirits of right Nantz brandy, for lambent flames and apparitions.

Three bottles and an half of lightning.

One ſhower of ſnow in the whiteſt French paper.

Two ſhowers of a browner ſort.

A ſea, conſiſting of a dozen large waves; the tenth bigger than ordinary, and a little damaged.

A dozen and half of clouds, trimmed with black, and well-conditioned.

A rainbow, a little faded.

A ſet of clouds after the French mode, ſtreaked with lightning, and furbelowed.

A new moon, ſomething decayed.

A pint of the fineſt Spaniſh waſh, being all that is left of two hogſheads ſent over laſt winter.

A coach very finely gilt, and little uſed, with a pair of dragons, to be ſold cheap.

A ſetting ſun, a pennyworth.

An imperial mantle, made for Cyrus the Great, and worn by Julius Cæſar, Bajazet, King Henry the Eighth, and Signior Valentini.

A baſket-hilted ſword, very convenient to carry milk in.

Roxana's night-gown.

Othello's handkerchief.

The imperial robes of Xerxes, never worn but once.

A wild boar killed by Mrs. Tofts and Diocleſian.

A ſerpent to ſting Cleopatra.

A muſtard-bowl to make thunder with.

Another of a bigger ſort, by Mr. Dennis's directions, little uſed.

Six elbow-chairs, very expert in country-dances, with ſix flower-pots for their partners.

The whiſkers of a Turkiſh Baſſa.

The complexion of a murderer in a band-box; conſiſting of a large piece of burnt cork, and a coal-black peruke.

A ſuit

A ſuit of cloaths for a ghoſt, viz. a bloody ſhirt, a doublet curiouſly pinked, and a coat with three great eyelet-eyes upon the breaſt.

A bale of red Spaniſh wool.

Modern plots, commonly known by the name of trap-doors, ladders of ropes, vizard-maſques, and tables with broad carpets over them.

Three oak cudgels, with one of crab-tree; all bought for the uſe of Mr. Pinkethman.

Materials for dancing; as maſques, caſtanets, and a ladder of ten rounds.

Aurengezebe's ſcymitar, made by Will. Brown in Piccadilly.

A plume of feathers; never uſed but by Oedipus and the Earl of Eſſex.

There are alſo ſwords, halberts, ſheep-hooks, cardinals hats, turbans, drums, gallipots, a gibbet, a cradle, a rack, a cart-wheel, an altar, an helmet, a back-piece, a breaſt-plate, a bell, a tub, and a jointed baby.

Theſe are the hard ſhifts we intelligencers are forced to; therefore our readers ought to excuſe us, if a weſterly wind blowing for a fortnight together, generally fills every paper with an order of battle; when we ſhew our martial ſkill in every line, and according to the ſpace we have to fill, we range our men in ſquadrons and battalions, or draw out company by company, and troop by troop; ever obſerving that no muſter is to be made, but when the wind is in a croſs point, which often happens at the end of a campaign, when half the men are deſerted or killed. The Courant is ſometimes ten deep, his ranks cloſe: the Poſtboy is generally in files, for greater exactneſs; and the Poſtman comes down upon you rather after the Turkiſh way, ſword in hand, pell-mell, without form or diſcipline; but ſure to bring men enough into the field, and wherever they are raiſed, never to loſe a battle for want of numbers.

Nº XLIII. TUESDAY, JULY 19, 1709.

——BENE NUMMATUM DECORAT SUADELA VENUSQUE.

HOR.

THE GODDESS OF PERSUASION FORMS HIS TRAIN,
AND VENUS DECKS THE WELL-BEMONEY'D SWAIN.

FRANCIS.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, JULY 18.

I Write from hence at preſent to complain, that wit and merit are ſo little encouraged by people of rank and quality, that the wits of the age are obliged to run within Temple-bar for patronage. There is a deplorable inſtance of this in the caſe of Mr. Durfey, who has dedicated his inimitable comedy, called, The Modern Prophets, to a worthy knight, to whom, it ſeems, he had before communicated his plan, which was, To ridicule the ridiculers of our eſtabliſhed doctrine. I have elſewhere celebrated the contrivance of this excellent drama; but was not, until I read the dedication, wholly let into the religious deſign of it. I am afraid, it has ſuffered diſcontinuance at this gay end of the town, for no other reaſon but the piety of the purpoſe. There is, however, in this epiſtle, the true life of panegyrical performance; and I do not doubt, but if the patron would part with it, I can help him to others with good pretenſions to it, viz. of Uncommon Underſtanding, who will give him as much as he gave for it. I know perfectly well a noble perſon, whom theſe words (which are the body of the panegyric) would fit to a hair:

'Your eaſineſs of humour, or rather 'your harmonious diſpoſition, is ſo admirably mixed with your compoſure, 'that the rugged cares and diſturbance 'that public affairs bring with it, which 'does ſo vexatiouſly affect the heads of 'other great men of buſineſs, &c. does 'ſcarce ever ruffle your unclouded brow 'ſo much as with a frown. And what 'above all is praiſe-worthy, you are ſo 'far from thinking yourſelf better than 'others, that a flouriſhing and opulent 'fortune, which, by a certain natural 'corruption in it's quality, ſeldom fails 'to infect other poſſeſſors with pride, 'ſeems in this caſe as if only providentially diſpoſed to enlarge upon humility.

'But I find, Sir, I am now got into 'a very large field, where though I 'could with great eaſe raiſe a number 'of plants in relation to your merit of 'this plauditory nature; yet, for fear 'of an author's general vice, and that 'the plain juſtice I have done you 'ſhould by my proceeding, and others 'miſtaken judgment, be imagined flat-'tery, a thing the bluntneſs of my na-'ture does not care to be concerned 'with, and which I alſo know you 'abominate.'

It is wonderful to ſee how many judges of theſe fine things ſpring up every day by the riſe of ſtocks, and other elegant methods of abridging the way to learning and criticiſm. But I do hereby forbid all dedications to any perſons within the city of London; except Sir Francis, Sir Stephen, and the Bank, will take epigrams and epiſtles as value received for their notes; and the Eaſt India Company accept of heroic poems for their ſealed bonds. Upon which bottom our publiſhers have full power to treat with the city in behalf of us authors, to enable traders to become patrons and fellows of the Royal Society, as well as receive certain degrees of ſkill in the Latin and Greek tongues, according to the quantity of the commodities which they take off our hands.

GRECIAN COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY 28.

THE learned have ſo long laboured under the imputation of dryneſs and dulneſs in their accounts of the phænomena, that an ingenious gentleman of our ſociety has reſolved to write a ſyſtem of philoſophy in a more lively method, both as to the matter and language, than has been hitherto attempted. He read to us the plan upon which he intends to proceed. I thought his account, by way of fable of the worlds about us, had ſo much vivacity in it, that I could not forbear tranſcribing his hypotheſis, to give the reader a taſte of my friend's treatiſe, which is now in the preſs.

'The inferior deities, having deſign-'ed on a day to play a game at football, 'kneaded together a numberleſs col-'lection of dancing atoms into the form 'of ſeven rolling globes: and that na-'ture might be kept from a dull inac-'tivity, each ſeparate party is endued 'with a principle of motion, or a power 'of attraction, whereby all the ſeveral 'parcels of matter draw each other pro-'portionably to their magnitudes and 'diſtances into ſuch a remarkable va-'riety of different forms, as to produce 'all the wonderful appearances we now 'obſerve in empire, philoſophy, and 'religion. But to proceed:

'At the beginning of the game, each 'of the globes, being ſtruck forward 'with a vaſt violence, ran out of ſight, 'and wandered in a ſtraight line through 'the infinite ſpaces. The nimble dei-'ties purſue, breathleſs almoſt, and 'ſpent in the eager chace; each of them 'caught hold of one, and ſtamped it 'with his name; as, Saturn, Jupiter, 'Mars, and ſo of the reſt. To pre-'vent this inconvenience for the future, 'the ſeven are condemned to a precipi-'tation, which in our inferior ſtile we 'call gravity. Thus the tangential 'and centripetal forces, by their coun-'ter-ſtruggle, make the celeſtial bodies 'deſcribe an exact ellipſis.

'There will be added to this, an Ap-'pendix, in defence of the firſt day of 'the term according to the Oxford Al-'manack, by a learned knight of this 'realm, with an apology for the ſaid 'knight's manner of dreſs; proving, 'that his habit, according to this hypo-'theſis, is the true modern and faſhion-'able; and that buckles are not to be 'worn, by this ſyſtem, until the tenth of 'March, in the year 1714, which, ac-'cording to the computation of ſome of 'our greateſt divines, is to be the firſt 'year of the Millennium; in which 'bleſſed age all habits will be reduced 'to a primitive ſimplicity; and who-'ever ſhall be found to have perſevered 'in a conſtancy of dreſs, in ſpite of all 'the allurements of prophane and hea-'then habits, ſhall be rewarded with a 'never-fading doublet of a thouſand 'years. All points in the ſyſtem which 'are doubted, ſhall be atteſted by the 'knight's extemporary oath, for the ſa-'tisfaction of his readers.'

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY 18.

WE were upon the heroic ſtrain this evening, and the queſtion was, What is the true Sublime? Many very good diſcourſes happened thereupon; after which a gentleman at the table, who is, it ſeems, writing on that ſubject, aſ-ſumed the argument; and though he

ran

ran through many instances of sublimity from the ancient writers, said, he had hardly known an occasion wherein the true greatness of soul, which animates a general in action, is so well represented, with regard to the person of whom it was spoken, and the time in which it was writ, as in a few lines in a modern poem: 'There is,' continued he, 'nothing so forced and constrained, as 'what we frequently meet with in tragedies; to make a man under the 'weight of great sorrow, or full of meditation upon what he is soon to execute, cast about for a simile to what 'he himself is, or the thing which he 'is going to act: but there is nothing 'more proper and natural for a poet, 'whose business it is to describe, and 'who is spectator of one in that circumstance, when his mind is working 'upon a great image, and that the 'ideas hurry upon his imagination; I 'say, there is nothing so natural, as for 'a poet to relieve and clear himself 'from the burden of thought at that 'time, by uttering his conception in 'simile and metaphor. The highest 'act of the mind of man is to possess itself with tranquillity in imminent 'danger, and to have it's thoughts so 'free, as to act at that time without 'perplexity. The ancient authors have 'compared this sedate courage to a rock 'that remains immoveable amidst the 'rage of winds and waves; but that is 'too stupid and inanimate a similitude, 'and could do no credit to the hero. 'At other times they are all of them 'wonderfully obliged to a Lybian lion, 'which may give, indeed, very agreeable 'terrors to a description, but is no compliment to the person to whom it is 'applied: eagles, tygers, and wolves, 'are made use of on the same occasion, 'and very often with much beauty; but 'this is still an honour done to the 'brute rather than the hero. Mars, 'Pallas, Bacchus, and Hercules, have 'each of them furnished very good similes in their time, and made, doubtless, a greater impression on the mind 'of a heathen, than they have on that 'of a modern reader. But the sublime 'image that I am talking of, and which 'I really think as great as ever entered 'into the thought of man, is in the 'poem called, The Campaign; where 'the simile of a ministering angel sets 'forth the most sedate and the most 'active courage, engaged in an uproar 'of nature, a confusion of elements, 'and a scene of divine vengeance. Add 'to all, that these lines compliment the 'general and his queen at the same time, 'and have all the natural horrors heightened by the image that was still fresh 'in the mind of every reader.

'Twas then great Marlbro's mighty soul was prov'd,
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid;
Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel, by divine command,
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

'The whole poem is so exquisitely noble and poetic, that I think it an honour to our nation and language.' The gentleman concluded his critique on this work, by saying that he esteemed it wholly new, and a wonderful attempt to keep up the ordinary ideas of a march of an army, just as they happened, in so warm and great a stile, and yet be at once familiar and heroic. Such a performance is a chronicle, as well as a poem, and will preserve the memory of our hero, when all the edifices and statues erected to his honour are blended with common dust.

N° XLIV. THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1709.

——NULLIS AMOR EST MEDICABILIS HERBIS. OVID.

NO HERB, ALAS! CAN CURE THE PANGS OF LOVE.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, JULY 19.

THIS day, passing through Covent Garden, I was stopped in the piazza by Pacolet, to observe what he called the Triumph of Love and Youth. I turned to the object he pointed at, and there I saw a gay gilt chariot drawn by fresh prancing horses; the coachman with

with a new cockade, and the lacqueys with inſolence and plenty in their countenances. I aſked immediately, what young heir or lover owned that glittering equipage: but my companion interrupted—'Do you not ſee there the mourning Æſculapius?'—'The mourning! ſaid I. 'Yes, Iſaac,' ſaid Pacolet, 'he is 'in deep mourning; and is the languiſhing, hopeleſs lover, of the divine Hebe, 'the emblem of youth and beauty. The 'excellent and learned ſage you behold 'in that furniture is the ſtrongeſt inſtance imaginable, that love is the 'moſt powerful of all things.

'You are not ſo ignorant as to be a 'ſtranger to the character of Æſculapius, as the patron and moſt ſucceſsful 'of all who profeſs the art of medicine. 'But as moſt of his operations are owing to a natural ſagacity or impulſe, 'he has very little troubled himſelf with 'the doctrine of drugs, but has always 'given Nature more room to help herſelf, than any of her learned aſſiſtants; 'and, conſequently, has done greater 'wonders than is in the power of art 'to perform: for which reaſon he is 'half deified by the people; and has 'ever been juſtly courted by all the 'world, as if he were a ſeventh ſon.

'It happened, that the charming Hebe 'was reduced, by a long and violent 'fever, to the moſt extreme danger of 'death; and when all ſkill failed, they 'went for Æſculapius. The renowned 'artiſt was touched with the deepeſt 'compaſſion to ſee the faded charms 'and faint bloom of Hebe; and had a 'generous concern in beholding a ſtruggle, not between life, but rather between youth and death. All his ſkill 'and his paſſion tended to the recovery 'of Hebe, beautiful even in ſickneſs: 'but, alas! the unhappy phyſician knew 'not, that in all his care he was only 'ſharpening darts for his own deſtruction. In a word, his fortune was the 'ſame with that of the ſtatuary who 'fell in love with the image of his own 'making; and the unfortunate Æſculapius is become the patient of her 'whom he lately recovered. Long before this diſaſter, Æſculapius was far 'gone in the unneceſſary and ſuperfluous amuſements of old age, in increaſing unwieldy ſtores, and providing, in the midſt of an incapacity of 'enjoyment of what he had, for a ſupply of more wants than he had calls 'for in youth itſelf. But theſe low 'conſiderations are now no more, and 'love has taken place of avarice, or 'rather is become an avarice of another 'kind, which ſtill urges him to purſue 'what he does not want. But behold 'the metamorphoſis; the anxious mean 'cares of an uſurer are turned into the 'languiſhments and complaints of a 'lover. "Behold," ſays the aged Æſculapius, "I ſubmit.—I own, great "Love, thy empire.—Pity, Hebe, the "fop which you have made. What have "I to do with gilding but on pills?" "Yet, O fair! for thee I ſit amidſt a "crowd of painted deities on my chariot, buttoned in gold, claſped in "gold, without having any value for "that beloved metal, but as it adorns "the perſon, and laces the hat of thy "dying lover. I aſk not to live, O "Hebe! give me but gentle death: "Euthanaſia, Euthanaſia, that is all "I implore." When Æſculapius had finiſhed his complaint, Pacolet went on in deep morals on the uncertainty of riches, with this remarkable exclamation: 'O wealth! how impo'tent art thou! and how little doſt thou 'ſupply us with real happineſs, when 'the uſurer himſelf can forget thee for 'the love of what is as foreign to his 'felicity as thou art!'

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY 19.

THE company here, who have all a delicate taſte of theatrical repreſentations, had made a gathering to purchaſe the moveables of the neighbouring playhouſe, for the encouragement of one which is ſetting up in the Haymarket. But the proceedings at the auction, by which method the goods have been ſold this evening, have been ſo unfair, that this generous deſign has been fruſtrated; for the Imperial mantle made for Cyrus was miſſing, as alſo the chariot and two dragons: but upon examination it was found, that a gentleman of Hampſhire had clandeſtinely bought them both, and is gone down to his country-ſeat; and that on Saturday laſt he paſſed through Staines attired in that robe, and drawn by the ſaid dragons, aſſiſted by two only of his own horſes. This theatrical traveller has alſo left orders with Mr. Hall to ſend the faded rainbow to the ſcowerer's; and when it comes home, to diſpatch it after him. At the ſame time,

time, Chriſtopher Rich, Eſquire, is invited to bring down his ſetting-ſun himſelf, and be box-keeper to a theatre erected by this gentleman near Southampton. Thus there has been nothing but artifice in the management of this affair; for which reaſon I beg pardon of the town, that I inſerted the inventory in my paper; and ſolemnly proteſt, I knew nothing of this artful deſign of vending theſe rarities; but I meant only the good of the world, in that and all other things which I divulge.

And now I am upon this ſubject, I muſt do myſelf juſtice, in relation to an article in a former paper, wherein I made mention of a perſon who keeps a puppet-ſhow in the town of Bath; I was tender of naming names, and only juſt hinted, that he makes larger promiſes, when he invites people to his dramatic repreſentations, than he is able to perform: but I am credibly informed, that he makes a prophane lewd jeſter, whom he calls Punch, ſpeak to the diſhonour of Iſaac Bickerſtaff with great familiarity; and, before all my learned friends in that place, takes upon him to diſpute my title to the appellation of Eſquire. I think I need not ſay much to convince all the world, that this Mr. Powel, for that is his name, is a pragmatical and vain perſon to pretend to argue with me on any ſubject. *Mecum certaſſe feretur*; that is to ſay, It will be an honour to him to have it ſaid he contended with me: but I would have him to know, that I can look beyond his wires, and know very well the whole trick of his art; and that it is only by theſe wires that the eye of the ſpectator is cheated, and hindered from ſeeing that there is a thread on one of Punch's chops, which draws it up, and lets it fall at the diſcretion of the ſaid Powel, who ſtands behind and plays him, and makes him ſpeak ſaucily of his betters. He! to pretend to make prologues againſt me!—But a man never behaves himſelf with decency in his own caſe; therefore I ſhall command myſelf, and never trouble me farther with this little fellow, who is himſelf but a tall puppet, and has not brains enough to make even wood ſpeak as it ought to do: and I, that have heard the groaning board, can deſpiſe all that his puppets ſhall be able to ſpeak as long as they live. But, *Ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius*—Every log of wood will not make a Mercury. He has pretended to write to me alſo from the Bath; and ſays, he thought to have deferred giving me an anſwer until he came to his books; but that my writings might do well with the waters: which are pert expreſſions that become a ſchool-boy, better than one that is to teach others. And when I have ſaid a civil thing to him, he cries—'Oh! 'I thank you for that——I am your 'humble ſervant for that.' Ah! Mr. Powel, theſe ſmart civilities will never run down men of learning: I know well enough your deſign is to have all men *Automata*, like your puppets; but the world is grown too wiſe, and can look through theſe thin devices. I know your deſign to make a reply to this: but be ſure you ſtick cloſe to my words; for if you bring me into diſcourſes concerning the government of your puppets, I muſt tell you, I neither am, nor have been, nor will be, at leiſure to anſwer you. It is really a burning ſhame this man ſhould be tolerated in abuſing the world with ſuch repreſentations of things: but his parts decay, and he is not much more alive than Partridge.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JULY 14.

I MUST beg pardon of my readers, that for this time I have, I fear, huddled up my diſcourſe, having been very buſy in helping an old friend of mine out of town. He has a very good eſtate; is a man of wit; but he has been three years abſent from town, and cannot bear a jeſt; for which reaſon I have, with ſome pains, convinced him, that he can no more live here than if he were a downright bankrupt. He was ſo fond of dear London, that he began to fret only inwardly; but being unable to laugh and be laughed at, I took a place in the northern coach for him and his family; and hope he is got to-night ſafe from all ſneerers in his own parlour.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY 20.

THIS morning we received by expreſs the agreeable news of the ſurrender of the town of Tournay, on the twenty-eighth inſtant, N. S. The place was aſſaulted at the attacks of General Schuylemberg, and that of General Lottum, at the ſame time. The action at both

thoſe

those parts of the town was very obstinate, and the Allies lost a considerable number at the beginning of the dispute; but the fight was continued with so great bravery, that the enemy observing our men to be masters of all the posts which were necessary for a general attack, beat the Chamade, and hostages were received from the town, and others sent from the besiegers, in order to come to a formal capitulation for the surrender of the place. We have also this day received advice, that Sir John Leak, who lies off Dunkirk, had intercepted several ships laden with corn from the Baltic; and that the Dutch privateers had fallen in with others, and carried them into Holland. The French letters advise, that the young son to the Duke of Anjou lived but eight days.

Nº XLV. SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1709.

CREDO PUDICITIAM SATURNO REGE MORATAM
IN TERRIS———

Juv. Sat. 6. ver. 1.

IN SATURN'S REIGN, AT NATURE'S EARLY BIRTH,
THERE WAS THAT THING CALL'D CHASTITY ON EARTH.
Dryden.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, JULY 22.

THE other day I took a walk a mile or two out of town, and strolling wherever chance led me, I was insensibly carried into a by-road, along which was a very agreeable quickset, of an extraordinary height, which surrounded a very delicious seat and garden. From one angle of the hedge, I heard a voice cry—'Sir, Sir.' This raised my curiosity, and I heard the same voice say, but in a gentle tone—'Come forward, 'come forward.' I did so; and one through the hedge called me by my name, and bid me go on to the left, and I should be admitted to visit an old acquaintance in distress. The laws of knight-errantry made me obey the summons without hesitation; and I was let in at the back-gate of a lovely house by a maid-servant, who carried me from room to room until I came into a gallery; at the end of which, I saw a fine lady dressed in the most sumptuous habit, as if she were going to a ball, but with the most abject and disconsolate sorrow in her face that I ever beheld. As I came near, she burst into tears, and cried—'Sir, do not you know the unhappy Teraminta?' I soon recollected her whole person: 'But,' said I, 'Madam, the simplicity of dress in which 'I have ever seen you at your good father's house, and the chearfulness of countenance with which you always 'appeared, are so unlike the fashion and 'temper you are now in, that I did not 'easily recover the memory of you. 'Your habit was then decent and modest, your looks serene and beautiful: 'whence, then, this unaccountable 'change? Nothing can speak so deep a 'sorrow as your present aspect; yet your 'dress is made for jollity and revelling.'— 'It is,' said she, 'an unspeakable pleasure 'to meet with one I know, and to bewail myself to any that is not an utter 'stranger to humanity.

'When your friend, my father, died, 'he left me to a wide world, with no 'defence against the insults of fortune; 'but rather, a thousand snares to intrap 'me in the dangers to which youth 'and innocence are exposed, in an age 'wherein honour and virtue are become 'mere words, and used only as they 'serve to betray those who understand 'them in their native sense, and obey 'them as the guides and motives of 'their being. The wickedest of all men 'living, the abandoned Decius, who has 'no knowledge of any good art or purpose of human life, but as it tends to 'the satisfaction of his appetites, had 'opportunities of frequently seeing and 'entertaining me at a house where mixed company boarded, and where he 'placed himself for the base intention 'which he has since brought to pass. 'Decius saw enough in me to raise his 'brutal desires, and my circumstances 'gave him hopes of accomplishing 'them. But all the glittering expecta-

'tions

'tions he could lay before me, joined by 'my private terrors of poverty itself, 'could not for some months prevail upon me; yet, however I hated his intention, I still had a secret satisfaction in 'his courtship, and always exposed myself to his solicitations. See here the bane of our sex! let the flattery be never so apparent, the flatterer never so ill thought of, his praises are still agreeable, and we contribute to our own deceit. I was therefore ever fond 'of all opportunities and pretences of being in his company. In a word, I 'was at last ruined by him, and brought 'to this place, where I have been ever 'since immured; and from the fatal 'day after my fall from innocence, my 'worshipper became my master and my 'tyrant.

'Thus you see me habited in the most 'gorgeous manner, not in honour of 'me as a woman he loves, but as 'this attire charms his own eye, and 'urges him to repeat the gratification 'he takes in me, as the servant of his 'brutish lusts and appetites. I know 'not where to fly for redress; but am 'here pining away life in the solitude 'and severity of a nun, but the con'science and guilt of an harlot. I live 'in this lewd practice with a religious 'awe of my minister of darkness, upbraided with the support I receive from 'him, for the inestimable possession of 'youth, of innocence, of honour, and 'of conscience. I see, Sir, my discourse 'grows painful to you: all I beg of you 'is, to paint it in so strong colours, as 'to let Decius see I am discovered to be 'in his possession, that I may be turned 'out of this detestable scene of regular 'iniquity, and either think no more, or 'sin no more. If your writings have the 'good effect of gaining my enlargement, I promise you I will atone for 'this unhappy step, by preferring an 'innocent laborious poverty to all the 'guilty affluence the world can offer 'me.'

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY 21.

To shew that I do not bear an irreconcileable hatred to my mortal enemy, Mr. Powel at Bath, I do his function the honour to publish to the world, that plays represented by puppets are permitted in our universities, and that sort of drama is not wholly thought unworthy the critique of learned heads; but as I have been conversant rather with the greater Ode, as I think the critics call it, I must be so humble as to make a request to Mr. Powel, and desire him to apply his thoughts to answering the difficulties with which my kinsman, the author of the following letter, seems to be embarrassed.

TO MY HONOURED KINSMAN, ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

DEAR COUSIN,

HAD the family of the Beadlestaffs, whereof I, though unworthy, am one, known of your being lately at Oxon, we had in our own name, and in the University's, as it is our office, made you a compliment: but your short stay here robbed us of an opportunity of paying our due respects, and you of receiving an ingenious entertainment, with which we at present divert ourselves and strangers. A puppet-show at this time supplies the want of an Act. And since the nymphs of this city are disappointed of a luscious music-speech, and the country ladies of hearing their sons or brothers speak verses; yet the vocal machines, like them, by the help of a prompter, say things as much to the benefit of the audience, and almost as properly their own. The licence of a *Terræ-Filius* is refined to the well-bred satire of Punchenello. Now, cousin Bickerstaff, though Punch has neither a French night-cap, nor long pockets, yet you must own him to be a Pretty Fellow, a Very Pretty Fellow: nay, since he seldom leaves the company without calling son of a whore, demanding satisfaction, and duelling, he must be owned a Smart Fellow too. Yet, by some indecencies towards the ladies, he seems to be of a third character, distinct from any you have yet touched upon. A young gentleman who sat next me, (for I had the curiosity of seeing this entertainment in a tusted gown, red stockings, and long wig, which I pronounce to be tantamount to red heels and a dangling cane) was enraged when Punchenello disturbed a soft love-scene with his ribaldry. You would oblige us mightily by laying down some rules for adjusting the extravagant behaviour of this Almanzor of the play, and by writing a treatise on this sort of dramatic poetry, so much favoured, and so little understood, by the learned world.

From it's being conveyed in a cart after the Thespian manner; all the parts being recited by one person, as the custom was before Æschylus; and from the behaviour of Punch, as if he had won the goal; you may possibly deduce it's antiquity, and settle the chronology, as well as some of our modern critics. In it's natural transitions from mournful to merry, as from the hanging of a lover to dancing upon the rope; from the stalking of a ghost to a lady's presenting you with a jig; you may discover such a decorum, as is not to be found elsewhere than in our tragi-comedies. But I forget myself; it is not for me to dictate: I thought fit, dear cousin, to give you these hints, to shew you, that the Beadlestaffs do not walk before men of letters to no purpose; and that though we do but hold up the train of Arts and Sciences, yet, like other pages, we are now and then let into our ladies secrets. I am, your most affectionate kinsman,

BENJAMIN BEADLESTAFF.

FROM MOTHER GOURDON'S, AT HEDINGTON, NEAR OXON, JUNE 18.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JULY 22.

I AM got hither safe, but never spent time with so little satisfaction as this evening; for you must know, I was five hours with three Merry, and two Honest Fellows. The former sang catches; and the latter even died with laughing at the noise they made. 'Well,' says Tom Bellfrey, 'you scholars, Mr. 'Bickerstaff, are the worst company in 'the world.'—'Ay,' says his opposite, 'you are dull to night; pr'ythee be 'merry.' With that I huzzaed, and took a jump cross the table, then came clever upon my legs, and fell a laughing. —'Let Mr. Bickerstaff alone,' says one of the Honest Fellows, 'when he is in a 'good humour, he is as good company 'as any man in England.' He had no sooner spoke, but I snatched his hat off his head, and clapped it upon my own, and burst out a laughing again; upon which we all fell a laughing for half an hour. One of the Honest Fellows got behind me in the interim, and hit me a sound slap on the back; upon which he got the laugh out of my hands; and it was such a twang on my shoulders, that I confess he was much merrier than I. I was half angry, but resolved to keep up the good humour of the company; and after hollowing as loud as I could possibly, I drank off a bumper of claret, that made me stare again. 'Nay,' says one of the Honest Fellows, 'Mr. Isaac is in the right, 'there is no conversation in this: 'what signifies jumping, or hitting one 'another on the back? Let us drink 'about.' We did so from seven of the clock until eleven: and now I am come hither; and, after the manner of the wise Pythagoras, begin to reflect upon the passages of the day. I remember nothing but that I am bruised to death; and as it is my way to write down all the good things I have heard in the last conversation, to furnish my paper, I can from this only tell you my sufferings and my bangs.

I named Pythagoras just now; and I protest to you, as he believed men after death entered into other species, I am now and then tempted to think other animals enter into men; and could name several on two legs, that never discover any sentiments above what is common with the species of a lower kind; as we see in these bodily wits with whom I was to-night, whose parts consist in strength and activity; but their boisterous mirth gives me great impatience for the return of such happiness as I enjoyed in a conversation last week. Among others in that company we had Florio, who never interrupted any man living when he was speaking; or ever ceased to speak, but others lamented that he had done. His discourse ever arises from the fulness of the matter before him, and not from ostentation or triumph of his understanding; for though he seldom delivers what he need fear being repeated, he speaks without having that end in view; and his forbearance of calumny or bitterness is owing rather to his good-nature than his discretion; for which reason he is esteemed a gentleman perfectly qualified for conversation, in whom a general good-will to mankind takes off the necessity of caution and circumspection.

We had at the same time that evening the best sort of companion that can be, a good-natured old man. This person, in the company of young men, meets with veneration for his benevolence; and is not only valued for the good qualities of which he is master, but reaps

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an acceptance from the pardon he gives to other mens faults: and the ingenuous sort of men with whom he converses have so just a regard for him, that he rather is an example than a check to their behaviour. For this reason, as Senecio never pretends to be a man of pleasure before youth, so young men never set up for wisdom before Senecio; so that you never meet, where he is, those monsters of conversation who are grave or gay above their years. He never converses but with followers of Nature and good-sense, where all that is uttered is only the effect of a communicable temper, and not of emulation to excel their companions; all desire of superiority being a contradiction to that spirit which makes a just conversation, the very essence of which is mutual good-will. Hence it is, that I take it for a rule, that the natural, and not the acquired man, is the companion. Learning, wit, gallantry, and good-breeding, are all but subordinate qualities in society; and are of no value, but as they are subservient to benevolence, and tend to a certain manner of being or appearing equal to the rest of the company; for conversation is composed of an assembly of men, as they are men, and not as they are distinguished by fortune: therefore he who brings his quality with him into conversation, should always pay the reckoning, for he came to receive homage, and not to meet his friends. —But the din about my ears from the clamour of the people I was with this evening, has carried me beyond my intended purpose; which was, to explain upon the order of Merry Fellows: but I think I may pronounce them, as I heard good Senecio, with a spice of the wit of the last age, say, viz. That a Merry Fellow is the Saddest Fellow in the world.

Nº XLVI. TUESDAY, JULY 26, 1709.

NON BENE CONVENIUNT, NEC IN UNA SEDE MORANTUR, MAJESTAS ET AMOR.——

Ovid. Met. l. 2. v. 88.

——LOVE BUT ILL AGREES WITH KINGLY PRIDE.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, JULY 25.

WE see every day volumes written against that tyrant of human life called Love, and yet there is no help found against his cruelties, or barrier against the inroads he is pleased to make in the mind of man. After this preface, you will expect I am going to give particular instances of what I have asserted. That expectation cannot be raised too high for the novelty of the history, and manner of life, of the Emperor Aurengezebe, who has resided for some years in the cities of London and Westminster, with the air and mien indeed of his imperial quality, but the equipage and appointment only of a private gentleman. This potentate, for a long series of time, appeared from the hour of twelve until that of two at a coffee-house near the Exchange, and had a seat (though without a canopy) sacred to himself, where he gave diurnal audiences concerning commerce, politics, tare and tret, usury and abatement, with all things necessary for helping the distressed, who are willing to give one limb for the better maintenance of the rest; or such joyous youths, whose philosophy is confined to the present hour, and were desirous to call in the revenue of the next half year to double the enjoyment of this. Long did this growing monarch employ himself after this manner: and as alliances are necessary to all great kingdoms, he took particularly the interests of Lewis the Fourteenth into his care and protection. When all mankind were attacking that unhappy monarch, and those who had neither valour or wit to oppose against him would be still shewing their impotent malice, by laying wagers in opposition to his interests; Aurengezebe ever took the part of his contemporary, and laid immense treasures on his side, in defence of his important magazine of Toulon. Aurengezebe also had all this while a constant intelligence with India; and his letters were answered in jewels, which he soon made brilliant, and caused to be affixed to his imperial castor, which he always wears cocked in front, to show

his defiance; with a heap of Imperial ſnuff in the middle of his ample viſage, to ſhow his ſagacity. The zealots for this little ſpot called Great Britain fell univerſally into this Emperor's policies, and paid homage to his ſuperior genius, in forfeiting their coffers to his treaſury.

But wealth and wiſdom are poſſeſſions too ſolemn not to give wearineſs to active minds, without the relief (in vacant hours) of wit and love, which are the proper amuſements of the powerful and the wiſe: this emperor therefore, with great regularity, every day at five in the afternoon, leaves his money-changers, his publicans, and little hoarders of wealth, to their low purſuits, and aſcends his chariot to drive to Will's; where the taſte is refined, and a reliſh given to mens poſſeſſions, by a polite ſkill in gratifying their paſſions and appetites. There it is that the Emperor has learned to live and to love, and not, like a miſer, to gaze only on his ingots or his treaſures; but, with a nobler ſatisfaction, to live the admiration of others, for his ſplendor and happineſs in being maſter of them. But a prince is no more to be his own caterer in his love than in his food; therefore Aurengezebe has ever in waiting two purveyors for his diſhes, and his wenches for his retired hours, by whom the ſcene of his diverſion is prepared in the following manner.

There is near Covent Garden a ſtreet known by the name of Drury, which, before the days of Chriſtianity, was purchaſed by the Queen of Paphos, and is the only part of Great Britain where the tenure of vaſſalage is ſtill in being. All that long courſe of building is under particular diſtricts or ladyſhips, after the manner of lordſhips in other parts, over which matrons of known abilities preſide, and have, for the ſupport of their age and infirmities, certain taxes paid out of the rewards of the amorous labours of the young. This ſeraglio of Great Britain is diſpoſed into convenient alleys and apartments, and every houſe, from the cellar to the garret, inhabited by nymphs of different orders, that perſons of every rank may be accommodated with an immediate conſort to allay their flames, and partake of their cares. Here it is, that when Aurengezebe thinks fit to give a looſe to dalliance, the purveyors prepare the entertainment; and what makes it more auguſt is, that every perſon concerned in the interlude has his ſet part, and the Prince ſends before-hand word what he deſigns to ſay, and directs alſo the very anſwer which ſhall be made to him.

It has been before hinted that this Emperor has a continual commerce with India; and it is to be noted, that the largeſt ſtone that rich earth has produced, is in our Aurengezebe's poſſeſſion.

But all things are now diſpoſed for his reception. At his entrance into the Seraglio, a ſervant delivers him his beaver of ſtate and love, on which is fixed this ineſtimable jewel as his diadem. When he is ſeated, the purveyors, Pandarus and Nuncio, marching on each ſide of the matron of the houſe, introduce her into his preſence. In the midſt of the room, they bow all together to the diadem.

When the matron——

'Whoever thou art, as thy awful 'aſpect ſpeaks thee a man of power, be 'propitious to this manſion of love, and 'let not the ſeverity of thy wiſdom diſ-'dain, that by the repreſentation of 'naked innocence, or paſtoral figures, 'we revive in thee the memory at leaſt 'of that power of Venus, to which all 'the wiſe and the brave are ſome part 'of their lives devoted.' Aurengezebe conſents by a nod, and they go out backward.

After this, an unhappy nymph, who is to be ſuppoſed juſt eſcaped from the hands of a raviſher, with her treſſes diſhevelled, runs into the room with a dagger in her hand, and falls before the Emperor.

'Pity! oh, pity, whoever thou art, 'an unhappy virgin, whom one of thy 'train has robbed of her innocence; her 'innocence, which was all her portion '——Or rather, let me die like the me-'morable Lucretia.' Upon which ſhe ſtabs herſelf. The body is immediately examined after the manner of our coroners. Lucretia recovers by a cup of right Nantz; and the matron, who is her next relation, ſtops all proceſs at law.

This unhappy affair is no ſooner over, but a naked mad woman breaks into the room, calls for her Duke, her Lord, her Emperor. As ſoon as ſhe ſpies Aurengezebe, the object of all her fury and love, ſhe calls for petticoats, is ready to ſink with ſhame, and is dreſſed

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in all haſte in new attire at his charge. This unexpected accident of the mad woman makes Aurengezebe curious to know, whether others who are in their ſenſes can gueſs at his quality. For which reaſon, the whole convent is examined one by one. The matron marches in with a tawdry country girl: 'Pray, 'Winifred,' ſays ſhe, 'who do you 'think that fine man with thoſe jewels 'and pearls is?'—'I believe,' ſays Winifred, 'it is our landlord—It muſt 'be the Eſquire himſelf.' The Emperor laughs at her ſimplicity: 'Go, 'fool,' ſays the matron: then turning to the Emperor—'Your greatneſs will 'pardon her ignorance!' After her, ſeveral others of different characters are inſtructed to miſtake who he is, in the ſame manner: then the whole ſiſterhood are called together, and the Emperor rides, and cocking his hat, declares he is the Great Mogul, and they his concubines. A general murmur goes through the whole aſſembly; and Aurengezebe, certifying that he keeps them for ſtate rather than uſe, tells them, they are permitted to receive all men into their apartments; then proceeds through the crowd, among whom he throws medals ſhaped like half-crowns, and returns to his chariot.

This being all that paſſed the laſt day in which Aurengezebe viſited the woman's apartment, I conſulted Pacolet concerning the foundation of ſuch ſtrange amuſements in old age: to which he anſwered—'You may remember, 'when I gave you an account of my 'good fortune in being drowned on the 'thirtieth day of my human life, I told 'you of the diſaſters I ſhould otherwiſe 'have met with before I arrived at the 'end of my Stamen, which was ſixty 'years. I may now add an obſervation 'to you, that all who exceed that pe'riod, except the latter part of it is 'ſpent in the exerciſe of virtue and con'templation of futurity, muſt neceſſa'rily fall into an indocent old age; be'cauſe, with regard to all the enjoy'ments of the years of vigour and 'manhood, childhood returns upon 'them: and as infants ride on ſticks, 'build houſes in dirt, and make ſhips 'in gutters, by a faint idea of things 'they are to act hereafter; ſo old men 'play the lovers, potentates, and em'perors, for the decaying image of the 'more perfect performances of their 'ſtronger years: therefore be ſure to in'ſert Æſculapius and Aurengezebe in 'your next bill of mortality of the me'taphorically defunct.'

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY 24.

As ſoon as I came hither this evening, no leſs than ten people produced the following poem, which they all reported was ſent to each of them by the penny-poſt from an unknown hand. All the battle-writers in the room were in debate, who could be the author of a piece ſo martially written; and every body applauded the addreſs and ſkill of the author, in calling it a poſtſcript: it being the nature of a poſtſcript to contain ſomething very material which was forgotten, or not clearly expreſſed in the letter itſelf. Thus the verſes being occaſioned by a march without beat of drum, and that circumſtance being no ways taken notice of in any of the ſtanzas, the author calls it a poſtſcript; not that it is a poſtſcript, but figuratively, becauſe it wants a poſtſcript. Common writers, when what they mean is not expreſſed in the book itſelf, ſupply it by a preface: but a poſtſcript ſeems to me the more juſt way of apology; becauſe otherwiſe a man makes an excuſe before the offence is committed. All the heroic poets were gueſſed at for it's author; but though he could not find out his name, yet one repeated a couplet in Hudibras, which ſpoke his qualifications—

I' th' midſt of all this warlike rabble,
Crowdero march'd, expert and able.

The poem is admirably ſuited to the occaſion: for to write, without diſcovering your meaning, bears a juſt reſemblance to marching without beat of drum.

ON THE MARCH TO TOURNAY WITHOUT BEAT OF DRUM.

THE BRUSSELS POSTSCRIPT.

COULD I with plaineſt words expreſs
That great man's wonderful addreſs,
His penetration, and his tow'ring thought;
It would the gazing world ſurprize,
To ſee one man at all times wiſe,
To view the wonders he with eaſe has wrought.

Refining ſchemes approach his mind,
Like breezes of a ſouthern wind,

To

To temperate a sultry glorious day;
Whose fannings, with an useful pride,
It's mighty heat do softly guide,
And, having clear'd the air, glide silently away.

Thus his immensity of thought
Is deeply form'd, and gently wrought,
His temper always softening life's disease;
That Fortune, when she does intend
To rudely frown, she turns his friend,
Admires his judgment, and applauds his ease.

His great address in this design,
Does now, and will for ever shine,
And wants a Waller but to do him right;
The whole amusement was so strong,
Like Fate, he doom'd them to be wrong,
And Tournay's took by a peculiar slight.

Thus, Madam, all mankind behold
Your vast ascendent, not by gold,
But by your wisdom and your pious life;
Your aim no more than to destroy
That which does Europe's ease annoy,
And supersede a reign of shame and strife.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY 24.

MY brethren of the quill, the ingenious society of News-writers, having with great spirit and elegance already informed the world, that the town of Tournay capitulated on the twenty-eighth instant; there is nothing left for me to say, but to congratulate the good company here, that we have reason to hope for an opportunity of thanking Mr. Withers next winter in this place, for the service he has done his country. No man deserves better of his friends than that gentleman, whose distinguishing character it is, that he gives his orders with the familiarity, and enjoys his fortune with the generosity, of a fellow-soldier. His Grace the Duke of Argyle had also an eminent part in the reduction of this important place. That illustrious youth discovers the peculiar turn of spirit and greatness of soul, which only make men of high birth and quality useful to their country; and considers nobility as an imaginary distinction, unless accompanied with the practice of those generous virtues by which it ought to be obtained. But that our military glory is arrived at it's present height, and that men of all ranks so passionately affect their share in it, is certainly owing to the merit and conduct of our glorious general: for as the great secret in chemistry, though not in nature, has occasioned many useful discoveries; and the fantastic notion of being wholly disinterested in friendship has made men do a thousand generous actions above themselves; so, though the present grandeur and fame of the Duke of Marlborough is a station of glory to which no one hopes to arrive, yet all carry their actions to a higher pitch, by having that great example laid before them.

Nº XLVII. THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1709.

QUICQUID AGUNT HOMINES——NOSTRI FARRAGO LIBELLI.
JUV. SAT. I. V. 84, 85.

WHATEVER GOOD IS DONE, WHATEVER ILL——
BY HUMAN KIND, SHALL THIS COLLECTION FILL.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, JULY 27.

MY friend Sir Thomas has communicated to me his letters from Epsom of the twenty fifth instant, which give, in general, a very good account of the present posture of affairs in that place; but that the tranquillity and correspondence of the company begins to be interrupted by the arrival of Sir Taffety Trippet, a fortune-hunter, whose follies are too gross to give diversion; and whose vanity is too stupid to let him be sensible that he is a public offence. If people will indulge a splenetic humour, it is impossible to be at ease, when such creatures as are the scandal of our species set up for gallantry and adventures. It will be much more easy therefore to laugh Sir Taffety into reason, than convert him from his foppery by any serious contempt. I knew a gentleman that made it a maxim to open his doors, and ever run into the way of bullies, to avoid their insolence. This rule will hold as well with coxcombs: they are never mortified, but when they see you receive and despise them; otherwise they rest assured, that it is your ignorance makes them out of your good graces; or that it is only want of admittance prevents their being amiable where they are shunned and avoided. But Sir Taffety is a fop of so sanguine a com-

a complexion, that I fear it will be very hard for the fair-one he at preſent purſues to get rid of the chace, without being ſo tired, as, for her own eaſe, to fall into the mouth of the mongrel ſhe runs from. But the hiſtory of Sir Taffety is as pleaſant as his character.

It happened, that when he firſt ſet up for a fortune-hunter, he choſe Tunbridge for the ſcene of action, where were at that time two ſiſters upon the ſame deſign. The knight believed of courſe the elder muſt be the better prize; and conſequently makes all his ſail that way. People that want ſenſe do always in an egregious manner want modeſty, which made our hero triumph in making his amour as public as was poſſible. The adored lady was no leſs vain of his public addreſſes. An attorney with one cauſe is not half ſo reſtleſs as a woman with one lover. Wherever they met, they talked to each other aloud, choſe each other partner at balls, ſaluted at the moſt conſpicuous parts of the ſervice of the church, and practiſed, in honour of each other, all the remarkable particularities which are uſual for perſons who admire one another, and are contemptible to the reſt of the world. Theſe two lovers ſeemed as much made for each other as Adam and Eve, and all pronounced it a match of Nature's own making; but the night before the nuptials, ſo univerſally approved, the younger ſiſter, envious of the good fortune even of her ſiſter, who had been preſent at moſt of their interviews, and had an equal taſte for the charms of a fop, as there are a ſet of women made for that order of men; the younger, I ſay, unable to ſee ſo rich a prize paſs by her, diſcovered to Sir Taffety, that a coquet air, much tongue, and three ſuits, was all the portion of his miſtreſs. His love vaniſhed that moment, himſelf and equipage the next morning. It is uncertain where the lover has been ever ſince engaged; but certain it is, he has not appeared in his character as a follower of love and fortune until he arrived at Epſom, where there is at preſent a young lady of youth, beauty, and fortune, who has alarmed all the vain and the impertinent to infeſt that quarter. At the head of this aſſembly, Sir Taffety ſhines in the brighteſt manner, with all the accompliſhments which uſually enſnare the heart of a woman; with this particular merit, which often is of great ſervice, that he is laughed at for her ſake. The friends of the fair-one are in much pain for the ſufferings ſhe goes through from the perſeverance of this hero; but they may be much more ſo from the danger of his ſucceeding, toward which they give a helping hand, if they diſſuade her with bitterneſs; for there is a fantaſtical generoſity in the ſex to approve creatures of the leaſt merit imaginable, when they ſee the imperfections of their admirers are become marks of deriſion for their ſakes; and there is nothing ſo frequent, as that he who was contemptible to a woman in her own judgment, has won her by being too violently oppoſed by others.

GRECIAN COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY 27.

In the ſeveral capacities I bear, of Aſtrologer, Civilian, and Phyſician, I have with great application ſtudied the public emolument: to this end ſerve all my lucubrations, ſpeculations, and whatever other labours I undertake, whether nocturnal or diurnal. On this motive am I induced to publiſh a never-failing medicine for the ſpleen: my experience in this diſtemper came from a very remarkable cure on my ever worthy friend Tom Spindle, who, through exceſſive gaiety, had exhauſted that natural ſtock of wit and ſpirits he had long been bleſſed with: he was ſunk and flattened to the loweſt degree imaginable, ſitting whole hours over the Book of Martyrs and Pilgrim's Progreſs; his other contemplations never riſing higher than the colour of his urine, or the regularity of his pulſe. In this condition I found him, accompanied by the learned Dr. Drachm, and a good old nurſe. Drachm had preſcribed magazines of herbs, and mines of ſteel. I ſoon diſcovered the malady, and deſcanted on the nature of it, until I convinced both the patient and his nurſe, that the ſpleen is not to be cured by medicine, but by poetry. Apollo, the author of phyſic, ſhone with diffuſive rays, the beſt of poets as well as of phyſicians; and it is in this double capacity that I have made my way; and have found ſweet, eaſy, flowing numbers, are oft ſuperior to our nobleſt medicines. When the ſpirits are low, and nature ſunk, the muſe, with ſprightly and harmonious notes, gives an unexpected turn with a grain of poetry; which I prepare without the uſe of mercury.

cury. I have done wonders in this kind; for the ſpleen is like the Tarantula, the effects of whoſe malignant poiſon are to be prevented by no other remedy but the charms of muſic: for you are to underſtand, that as ſome noxious animals carry antidotes for their own poiſons, ſo there is ſomething equally unaccountable in poetry; for though it is ſometimes a diſeaſe, it is to be cured only by itſelf. Now I, knowing Tom Spindle's conſtitution, and that he is not only a pretty gentleman, but alſo a pretty poet, found the true cauſe of his diſtemper was a violent grief, that moved his affections too ſtrongly: for during the late treaty of peace, he had writ a moſt excellent poem on that ſubject; and when he wanted but two lines in the laſt ſtanza for finiſhing the whole piece, there comes news that the French tyrant would not ſign. Spindle in a few days took his bed; and had lain there ſtill, had not I been ſent for. I immediately told him, there was great probability the French would now ſue to us for peace. I ſaw immediately a new life in his eyes; and I knew that nothing could help him forward ſo well, as hearing verſes which he would believe worſe than his own: I read him, therefore, the Bruſſels poſtſcript. After which I recited ſome heroic lines of my own, which operated ſo ſtrongly on the tympanum of his ear, that I doubt not but I have kept out all other ſounds for a fortnight; and have reaſon to hope, we ſhall ſee him abroad the day before his poem.

This, you ſee, is a particular ſecret I have found out, viz. that you are not to chuſe your phyſician for his knowledge in your diſtemper, but for having it himſelf. Therefore I am at hand for all maladies ariſing from poetical vapours, beyond which I never pretend. For being called the other day to one in love, I took, indeed, their three guineas, and gave them my advice, which was to ſend for Æſculapius. Æſculapius, aſſoon as he ſaw the patient, cries out—'It is love! it is love! Oh! the unequal 'pulſe! theſe are the ſymptoms a lover 'feels; ſuch ſighs, ſuch pangs, attend 'the uneaſy mind; nor can our art, or 'all our boaſted ſkill, avail—Yet, O 'fair! for thee—.' Thus the ſage ran on, and owned the paſſion which he pitied, as well as that he felt a greater pain than ever he cured: after which he concluded—'All I can adviſe, is mar-'riage: charms and beauty will give 'new life and vigour, and turn the 'courſe of nature to it's better proſpect.' This is the new way; and thus Æſculapius has left his beloved powders, and writes a recipe for a wife at ſixty. In ſhort, my friend followed the preſcription, and married youth and beauty in it's perfect bloom.

Supine in Silvia's ſnowy arms he lies,
And all the buſy cares of life defies:
Each happy hour is fill'd with freſh delight,
While peace the day, and pleaſure crowns the night.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JULY 27.

TRAGICAL paſſion was the ſubject of the diſcourſe where I laſt viſited this evening: and a gentleman who knows that I am at preſent writing a very deep tragedy, directed his diſcourſe in a particular manner to me. 'It is the com-'mon fault,' ſaid he, 'of you gentle-'men who write in the buſkin ſtile, that 'you give us rather the ſentiments of 'ſuch who behold tragical events, than 'of ſuch who bear a part in them them-'ſelves. I would adviſe all who pre-'tend this way, to read Shakeſpeare 'with care; and they will ſoon be de-'terred from putting forth what is uſu-'ally called Tragedy. The way of 'common writers in this kind is rather 'the deſcription than the expreſſion of 'ſorrow. There is no medium in theſe 'attempts; and you muſt go to the very 'bottom of the heart, or it is all mere 'language; and the writer of ſuch lines 'is no more a poet, than a man is a 'phyſician for knowing the names of 'diſtempers, without the cauſes of them. 'Men of ſenſe are profeſſed enemies to 'all ſuch empty labours: for he who 'pretends to be ſorrowful, and is not, 'is a wretch yet more contemptible than 'he who pretends to be merry, and is 'not. Such a tragedian is only maudlin 'drunk.' The gentleman went on with much warmth; but all he could ſay had little effect upon me; but when I came hither, I ſo far obſerved his counſel, that I looked into Shakeſpeare. The tragedy I dipped into was Henry the Fourth. In the ſcene where Morton is preparing to tell Northumberland of his ſon's death, the old man does not give him time to ſpeak, but ſays—

The

The whiteneſs of thy cheeks
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand;
Even ſuch a man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſs,
So dull, ſo dead in look, ſo woe-be-gone,
Drew Priam's curtain at the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burnt;
But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
And I my Piercy's death, ere thou report'ſt it.

The image in this place is wonderfully noble and great; yet this man in all this is but riſing towards his great affliction, and is ſtill enough himſelf, as you ſee, to make a ſimile. But when he is certain of his ſon's death, he is loſt to all patience, and gives up all the regards of this life; and ſince the laſt of evils is fallen upon him, he calls for it upon all the world.

Now let not Nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd; let order die,
And let the world no longer be a ſtage;
To feed contention in a lingring act;
But let one ſpirit of the firſt-born Cain
Reign in all boſoms, that each heart being ſet
On bloody courſes, the wide ſcene may end,
And darkneſs be the burier of the dead.

Reading but this one ſcene has convinced me, that he who deſcribes the concern of great men muſt have a ſoul as noble and as ſuſceptible of high thoughts as they whom he repreſents: I ſhall therefore lay by my drama for ſome time, and turn my thoughts to cares and griefs, ſomewhat below that of heroes, but no leſs moving. A misfortune, proper for me to take notice of, has too lately happened: the diſconſolate Maria has three days kept her chamber for the loſs of the beauteous Fidelia, her lap-dog. Leſbia herſelf did not ſhed more tears for her ſparrow. What makes her the more concerned, is, that we know not whether Fidelia was killed or ſtolen; but ſhe was ſeen in the parlour-window when the train-bands went by, and never ſince. Whoever gives notice of her, dead or alive, ſhall be rewarded with a kiſs of her lady.

N° XLVIII. SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1709.

VIRTUTEM VERBA PUTANT, UT LUCUM LIGNA

HOR. EP. 6. L. I. V. 31.

THEY LOOK ON VIRTUE AS AN EMPTY NAME.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JULY 29.

THIS day I obliged Pacolet to entertain me with matters which regarded perſons of his own character and occupation. We choſe to take our walk on Tower Hill; and as we were coming from thence in order to ſtroll as far as Garraway's, I obſerved two men, who had but juſt landed, coming from the water-ſide. I thought there was ſomething uncommon in their mien and aſpect; but though they ſeemed by their viſage to be related, yet was there a warmth in their manner, as if they differed very much in their ſentiments of the ſubject on which they were talking. One of them ſeemed to have a natural confidence, mixed with an ingenuous freedom in his geſture, his dreſs very plain, but very graceful and becoming; the other, in the midſt of an overbearing carriage, betrayed, by frequent looking round him, a ſuſpicion that he was not enough regarded by thoſe he met, or that he feared they would make ſome attack upon him. This perſon was much taller than his companion, and added to that height the advantage of a feather in his hat, and heels to his ſhoes ſo monſtrouſly high, that he had three or four times fallen down, had he not been ſupported by his friend. They made a full ſtop as they came within a few yards of the place where we ſtood. The plain gentleman bowed to Pacolet; the other looked upon him with ſome diſpleaſure: upon which I aſked him, who they both were; when he thus informed me of their perſons and circumſtances.

'You may remember, Iſaac, that I 'have often told you, there are beings 'of a ſuperior rank to mankind; who 'frequently viſit the habitations of men, 'in order to call them from ſome wrong 'purſuits in which they are actually 'engaged, or divert them from methods 'which will lead them into errors for 'the future. He that will carefully 'reflect upon the occurences of his life,

'will find he has been sometimes extricated out of difficulties, and received favours, where he could never have expected such benefits; as well as met with cross events, from some unseen hand, which has disappointed his best-laid designs. Such accidents arrive from the interventions of aerial beings, as they are benevolent or hurtful to the nature of man, and attend his steps in the tracks of ambition, of business, and of pleasure. Before I ever appeared to you in the manner I do now, I have frequently followed you in your evening-walks, and have often, by throwing some accident in your way, as the passing by of a funeral, or the appearance of some other solemn object, given your imagination a new turn, and changed a night you have destined to mirth and jollity, into an exercise of study and contemplation. I was the old soldier who met you last summer in Chelsea fields, and pretended that I had broken my wooden leg, and could not get home; but I snapped it short off, on purpose that you might fall into the reflections you did on that subject, and take me into your hack. If you remember, you made yourself very merry on that fracture, and asked me whether I thought I should next winter feel cold in the toes of that leg; as is usually observed, that those who lose limbs are sensible of pains in the extreme parts, even after those limbs are cut off. However, my keeping you then in the story of the battle of the Boyne prevented an assignation which would have led you into more disasters than I then related.

'To be short: those two persons you see yonder are such as I am; they are not real men, but are mere shades and figures; one is named Alethes, the other Verisimilis. Their office is to be the guardians and representatives of Conscience and Honour. They are now going to visit the several parts of the town, to see how their interests in the world decay or flourish, and to purge themselves from the many false imputations they daily meet with in the commerce and conversation of men. You observed Verisimilis frowned when he first saw me. What he is provoked at is, that I told him one day, though he strutted and dressed with so much ostentation, if he kept himself within his own bounds, he was but a lacquey, and wore only that gentleman's livery whom he is now with. This frets him to the heart; for you must know, he has pretended a long time to set up for himself, and gets among a crowd of the more unthinking part of mankind, who take him for a person of the first quality; though his introduction into the world was wholly owing to his present companion.'

This encounter was very agreeable to me, and I was resolved to dog them, and desired Pacolet to accompany me. I soon perceived what he told me in the gesture of the persons; for when they looked at each other in discourse, the well-dressed man suddenly cast down his eyes, and discovered that the other had a painful superiority over him. After some further discourse, they took leave. The plain gentleman went down towards Thames Street, in order to be present, at least, at the oaths taken at the Custom House; and the other made directly for the heart of the city. It is incredible how great a change there immediately appeared in the man of honour when he got rid of his uneasy companion: he adjusted the cock of his hat a-new, settled his sword-knot, and had an appearance that attracted a sudden inclination for him and his interests in all who beheld him. 'For my part,' said I to Pacolet, 'I cannot but think 'you are mistaken in calling this person 'of the lower quality; for he looks 'much more like a gentleman than the 'other. Do not you observe all eyes 'are upon him as he advances? how 'each sex gazes at his stature, aspect, 'address, and motion?' Pacolet only smiled, and shaked his head; as leaving me to be convinced by my own further observation. We kept on our way after him until we came to Exchange Alley, where the plain gentleman again came up to the other; and they stood together after the manner of eminent merchants, as if ready to receive application; but I could observe no man talk to either of them. The one was laughed at as a fop; and I heard many whispers against the other, as a whimsical sort of fellow, and a great enemy to trade. They crossed Cornhill together, and came into the full Exchange, where some bowed, and gave themselves airs in being

being known to so fine a man as Verisimilis, who, they said, had great interest in all princes courts; and the other was taken notice of by several, as one they had seen somewhere long before. One more particularly said, he had formerly been a man of consideration in the world; but was so unlucky, that they who dealt with him, by some strange infatuation or other, had a way of cutting off their own bills, and were prodigiously slow in improving their stock. But as much as I was curious to observe the reception these gentlemen met with upon the Exchange, I could not help being interrupted by one that came up towards us, to whom every body made their compliments. He was of the common height, and in his dress there seemed to be great care to appear no way particular, except in a certain exact and neat manner of behaviour and circumspection. He was wonderfully careful that his shoes and cloaths should be without the least speck upon them; and seemed to think, that on such an accident depended his very life and fortune. There was hardly a man on the Exchange who had not a note upon him; and each seemed very well satisfied that their money lay in his hands, without demanding payment. I asked Pacolet, what great merchant that was, who was so universally addressed to, yet made too familiar an appearance to command that extraordinary deference? Pacolet answered—'This person is the dæmon or genius of Credit: his name is Umbra. If you observe, he follows Alethes and Verisimilis at a distance; and indeed has no foundation for the figure he makes in the world, but that he is thought to keep their cash; though, at the same time, none who trust him would trust the others for a groat.' As the company rolled about, the three spectres were jumbled into one place. When they were so, and all thought there was an alliance between them, they immediately drew upon them the business of the whole Exchange. But their affairs soon increased to such an unwieldly bulk, that Alethes took his leave, and said he would not engage further than he had an immediate fund to answer. Verisimilis pretended, that though he had revenues large enough to go on his own bottom, yet it was below one of his family to condescend to trade in his own name; therefore he also retired. I was extremely troubled to see the glorious mart of London left with no other guardian but him of Credit. But Pacolet told me, that traders had nothing to do with the Honour and Conscience of their correspondents, provided they supported a general behaviour in the world, which could not hurt their credit or their purses: 'For,' said he, 'you may, in 'this one tract of building of London 'and Westminster, see the imaginary 'motives on which the greatest affairs 'move, as well as in rambling over the 'face of the earth. For though Alethes is the real governor, as well as 'legislator of mankind, he has very 'little business but to make up quarrels; and is only a general referee, to 'whom every man pretends to appeal, 'but is satisfied with his determinations 'no further than they promote his own 'interest. Hence it is, that the soldier 'and the courtier model their actions 'according to Verisimilis's manner, 'and the merchant according to that 'of Umbra. Among these men, Honour and Credit are not valuable 'possessions in themselves, or pursued 'out of a principle of justice; but 'merely as they are serviceable to ambition and to commerce. But the 'world will never be in any manner of 'order or tranquillity, until men are 'firmly convinced, that Conscience, 'Honour, and Credit, are all in one 'interest; and that without the concurrence of the former, the latter are but 'impositions upon ourselves and others. 'The force these delusive words have is 'not seen in the transactions of the busy 'world only, but also have their tyranny 'over the fair-sex. Were you to ask 'the unhappy Lais, what pangs of reflection preferring the consideration of 'her Honour to her Conscience has given her, she could tell you that it has 'forced her to drink up half a gallon 'this winter of Tom D. Ssapas's potions; 'that she still pines away for fear of 'being a mother; and knows not but, 'the moment she is such, she shall be a 'murderess: but if Conscience had as 'strong a force upon the mind as Honour, 'the first step to her unhappy condition had never been made; she had still 'been innocent, as she is beautiful. 'Were men so enlightened and studious 'of their own good, as to act by the 'dictates of their reason and reflection, 'and not the opinion of others, Con-

'science would be the steady ruler of 'human life; and the words, Truth, 'Law, Reason, Equity, and Religion, 'would be but synonymous terms for 'that only Guide which makes us pass 'our days in our own favour and ap'probation.'

Nº XLIX. TUESDAY, AUGUST 2, 1709.

QUICQUID AGUNT HOMINES——NOSTRI FARRAGO LIBELLI.
Juv. Sat. I. v. 84, 85.

WHATEVER GOOD IS DONE, WHATEVER ILL——
BY HUMAN KIND, SHALL THIS COLLECTION FILL.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, AUG. 4.

THE imposition of honest names and words upon improper subjects, has made so regular a confusion amongst us, that we are apt to sit down with our errors, well enough satisfied with the methods we are fallen into, without attempting to deliver ourselves from the tyranny under which we are reduced by such innovations. Of all the laudable motives of human life, none have suffered so much in this kind, as Love; under which revered name a brutal desire called Lust is frequently concealed and admitted; though they differ as much as a matron from a prostitute, or a companion from a buffoon. Philander, the other day, was bewailing this misfortune with much indignation, and upbraided me for having some time since quoted those excellent lines of the Satirist:

To an exact perfection they have brought
The action love, the passion is forgot.

'How could you,' said he, 'leave such 'a hint so coldly? How could Aspasia 'and Semphronia enter into your imagi'nation at the same time, and you ne'ver declare to us the different recep'tion you gave them?'

The figures which the ancient mythologists and poets put upon Love and Lust in their writings, are very instructive. Love is a beauteous blind child, adorned with a quiver and a bow, which he plays with, and shoots around him, without design or direction; to intimate to us, that the person beloved has no intention to give us the anxieties we meet with, but that the beauties of a worthy object are like the charms of a lovely infant; they cannot but attract your concern and fondness, though the child so regarded is as insensible of the value you put upon it, as it is that it deserves your benevolence. On the other side, the sages figured Lust in the form of a satyr; of shape, part human, part bestial; to signify that the followers of it prostitute the reason of a man to pursue the appetites of a beast. This satyr is made to haunt the paths and coverts of the wood-nymphs and shepherdesses, to lurk on the banks of rivulets, and watch the purling streams, as the resorts of retired virgins; to shew that lawless desire tends chiefly to prey upon innocence, and has something so unnatural in it, that it hates it's own make, and shuns the object it loved, as soon as it has made it like itself. Love therefore is a child that complains and bewails it's inability to help itself, and weeps for assistance, without an immediate reflection or knowledge of the food it wants: Lust, a watchful thief, which seizes it's prey, and lays snares for it's own relief; and it's principal object being innocence, it never robs, but it murders at the same time.

From this idea of a Cupid and a Satyr, we may settle our notions of these different desires, and accordingly rank their followers. Aspasia must therefore be allowed to be the first of the beauteous order of Love, whose unaffected freedom, and conscious innocence, give her the attendance of the Graces in all her actions. That awful distance which we bear towards her in all our thoughts of her, and that chearful familiarity with which we approach her, are certain instances of her being the truest object of love of any of her sex. In this accomplished lady, love is the constant effect, because it is never the design. Yet, though her mien carries much more invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check to loose behaviour; and to love her is a liberal education; for,

for, it being the nature of all love to create an imitation of the beloved perſon in the lover, a regard for Aſpaſia naturally produces decency of manners, and good conduct of life, in her admirers. If therefore the giggling Leucippe could but ſee her train of fops aſſembled, and Aſpaſia move by them, ſhe would be mortified at the veneration with which ſhe is beheld, even by Leucippe's own unthinking equipage, whoſe paſſions have long taken leave of their underſtandings.

As charity is eſteemed a conjunction of the good qualities neceſſary to a virtuous man, ſo love is the happy compoſition of all the accompliſhments that make a fine gentleman. The motive of a man's life is ſeen in all his actions; and ſuch as have the beauteous Boy for their inſpirer, have a ſimplicity of behaviour, and a certain evenneſs of deſire, which burns like the lamp of life in their boſoms; while they who are inſtigated by the Satyr, are ever tortured by jealouſies of the object of their wiſhes; often deſire what they ſcorn, and as often conciouſly and knowingly embrace where they are mutually indifferent.

Florio, that generous huſband, and Limberham, the kind keeper, are noted examples of the different effects which their deſires produce in the mind. Amanda, who is the wife of Florio, lives in the continual enjoyment of new inſtances of her huſband's friendſhip, and ſees it the end of all his ambition to make her life one ſeries of pleaſure and ſatisfaction; and Amanda's reliſh of the goods of life is all that makes them pleaſing to Florio: they behave themſelves to each other, when preſent, with a certain apparent benevolence, which tranſports above rapture; and they think of each other in abſence with a confidence unknown to the higheſt friendſhip. Their ſatisfactions are doubled, their ſorrows leſſened, by participation.

On the other hand, Corinna, who is the miſtreſs of Limberham, lives in conſtant torment: her equipage is an old woman, who was what Corinna is now; and an antiquated footman, who was pimp to Limberham's father; and a chambermaid, who is Limberham's wench by fits, out of a principle of politics, to make her jealous and watchful of Corinna. Under this guard, and in this converſation, Corinna lives in ſtate: the furniture of her habitation, and her own gorgeous dreſs, make her the envy of all the ſtrolling ladies in the town; but Corinna knows ſhe herſelf is but part of Limberham's houſhold-ſtuff, and is as capable of being diſpoſed of elſewhere, as any other moveable. But while her keeper is perſuaded by his ſpies, that no enemy has been within his doors ſince his laſt viſit, no Perſian prince was ever ſo magnificently bountiful: a kind look or falling tear is worth a piece of brocade; a ſigh is a jewel; and a ſmile is a cupboard of plate. All this is ſhared between Corinna and her guard in his abſence. With this great œconomy and induſtry does the unhappy Limberham purchaſe the conſtant tortures of jealouſy, the favour of ſpending his eſtate, and the opportunity of enriching one by whom he knows he is hated and deſpiſed. Theſe are the ordinary and common evils which attend keepers; and Corinna is a wench but of common ſize of wickedneſs, were you to know what paſſes under the roof where fair Meſſalina reigns with her humble adorer.

Meſſalina is the profeſſed miſtreſs of mankind; ſhe has left the bed of her huſband and beauteous offſpring to give a looſe to want of ſhame and fulneſs of deſire. Wretched Nocturnus, her feeble keeper! how the poor creature fribbles in his gait, and ſkuttles from place to place to diſpatch his neceſſary affairs in painful day-light, that he may return to the conſtant twilight preſerved in that ſcene of wantonneſs, Meſſalina's bed-chamber! How does he, while he is abſent from thence, conſider in his imagination the breadth of his porter's ſhoulders, the ſpruce night-cap of his valet, the ready attendance of his butler! any of all whom he knows ſhe admits, and profeſſes to approve of. This, alas! is the gallantry, this the freedom of our fine gentlemen; for this they preſerve their liberty, and keep clear of the bugbear, marriage. But he does not underſtand either vice or virtue, who will not allow, that life without the rules of morality is a wayward uneaſy being, with ſnatches only of pleaſure; but under the regulation of virtue, a reaſonable and uniform habit of enjoyment. I have ſeen, in a play of old Haywood's, a ſpeech at the end of an act, which touched this point with much ſpirit. He makes a married man in the play, upon ſome endearing occaſion, look at his

ſpouſe

spouse with an air of fondness, and fall into the following reflection on his condition.

Oh, marriage! happiest, easiest, safest state;
Let debauchees and drunkards scorn thy rites,
Who, in their nauseous draughts and lusts, profane
Both thee and Heaven, by whom thou wert ordain'd.
How can the savage call it loss of freedom,
Thus to converse with, thus to gaze at
A faithful, beauteous friend?
Blush not, my fair-one, that thy love applauds thee,
Nor be it painful to my wedded wife,
That my full heart o'erflows in praise of thee.
Thou art by law, by interest, passion, mine:
Passion and reason join in love of thee.
Thus, through a world of calumny and fraud,
We pass both unreproach'd, both undeceiv'd;
While in each other's interest and happiness,
We without art all faculties employ,
And all our senses without guilt enjoy.

N° L. THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1709.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, AUG 2.

THE HISTORY OF ORLANDO THE FAIR. CHAP. I.

WHATEVER malicious men may say of our lucubrations, we have no design but to produce unknown merit, or place in a proper light the actions of our contemporaries who labour to distinguish themselves, whether it be by vice or virtue. For we shall never give accounts to the world of any thing but what the lives and endeavours of the persons of whom we treat make the basis of their fame and reputation. For this reason, it is to be hoped that our appearance is reputed a public benefit; and though certain persons may turn what we mean for panegyric into scandal, let it be answered, once for all, that if our praises are really designed as raillery, such malevolent persons owe their safety from it only to their being too inconsiderable for history. It is not every man who deals in rats-bane, or is unseasonably amorous, that can adorn story like Æsculapius; nor every stock-jobber of the India Company can assume the port, and personate the figure, of Aurengezebe. My noble ancestor, Mr. Shakespeare, who was of the race of the Staffs, was not more fond of the memorable Sir John Falstaff, than I am of those worthies; but the Latins have an admirable admonition expressed in three words, to wit, *Ne quid nimis*, which forbids my indulging myself on those delightful subjects, and calls me to do justice to others, who make no less figures in our generation: of such, the first and most renowned is, that eminent hero and lover, Orlando the Handsome, whose disappointments in love, in gallantry, and in war, have banished him from public view, and made him voluntarily enter into a confinement, to which the ungrateful age would otherwise have forced him. Ten Lustra and more are wholly passed since Orlando first appeared in the metropolis of this island: his descent is noble, his wit humorous, his person charming. But to none of these recommendatory advantages was his title so undoubted, as that of his beauty. His complexion was fair, but his countenance manly; his stature of the tallest, his shape the most exact: and though in all his limbs he had a proportion as delicate as we see in the works of the most skilful statuaries, his body had a strength and firmness little inferior to the marble of which such images are formed. This made Orlando the universal flame of all the fair-sex; innocent virgins sighed for him, as Adonis; experienced widows, as Hercules. Thus did this figure walk along the pattern and ornament of our species, but of course the envy of all who had the same passions, without his superior merit and pretences to the favour of that enchanting creature, Woman. However, the generous Orlando believed himself formed for the world, and not to be engrossed by any particular affection. He sighed not for Delia, for Chloris, for Chloe, for Betty, nor my Lady, nor for the ready chambermaid, nor distant baroness: Woman was his mistress, and the whole sex his seraglio. His form was always irresistible: and if we consider, that not one of five hundred can bear the least favour from a lady without being exalted above himself; if also we must allow, that a smile from a side-box has made Jack Spruce half mad;

we

we cannot think it wonderful that Orlando's repeated conquests touched his brain: so it certainly did, and Orlando became an enthusiast in love; and in all his address contracted something out of the ordinary course of breeding and civility. However, powerful as he was, he would still add to the advantages of his person, that of a profession which the ladies always favour, and immediately commenced Soldier. Thus equipped for love and honour, our hero seeks distant climes and adventures, and leaves the despairing nymphs of Great Britain to the courtships of beaus and witlings until his return. His exploits in foreign nations and courts have not been regularly enough communicated unto us, to report them with that veracity which we profess in our narrations: but after many feats of arms, (which those who were witnesses to them have suppressed out of envy, but which we have had faithfully related from his own mouth in our public streets) Orlando returns home full, but not loaded, with years. Beaus born in his absence made it their business to decry his furniture, his dress, his manner; but all such rivalry he suppressed, as the philosopher did the sceptic, who argued there was no such thing as motion, by only moving. The beauteous Villaria, who only was formed for his paramour, became the object of his affection. His first speech to her was as follows:

MADAM,

IT is not only that Nature has made us two the most accomplished of each sex, and pointed to us to obey her dictates in becoming one; but that there is also an ambition in following the mighty persons you have favoured. Where kings and heroes, as great as Alexander, or such as could personate Alexander, have bowed, permit your general to lay his laurels.

According to Milton,

The fair with conscious majesty approv'd
His pleaded reason.———

Fortune having now supplied Orlando with necessaries for his high taste of gallantry and pleasure, his equipage and œconomy had something in them more sumptuous and gallant than could be received in our degenerate age; therefore his figure, though highly graceful, appeared so exotic, that it assembled all the Britons under the age of sixteen, who saw his grandeur, to follow his chariot with shouts and acclamations; which he regarded with the contempt which great minds affect in the midst of applauses. I remember, I had the honour to see him one day stop, and call the youths about him, to whom he spake as follows:

'Good bastards—Go to school, and 'do not lose your time in following my 'wheels: I am loth to hurt you, be-'cause I know not but you are all my 'own offspring.—Hark ye, you sirrah, 'with the white hair, I am sure you 'are mine: there is half a crown. Tell 'your mother, this, with the half crown 'I gave her when I got you, comes to 'five shillings. Thou hast cost me all 'that, and yet thou art good for no-'thing.—Why, you young dogs, did 'you never see a man before?'—'Never 'such a one as you, noble General,' replied a truant from Westminster. 'Sirrah, I believe thee: there is a crown 'for thee.—Drive on, coachman.'

This vehicle, though sacred to Love, was not adorned with Doves; but an hieroglyphic denoted too languishing a passion. Orlando therefore gave the Eagle, as being of a constitution which inclined him rather to seize his prey with talons, than pine for it with murmurs.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, AUG. 2.

I HAVE received the following letter from Mr. Powel of the Bath, who, I think, runs from the point between us, which I leave the whole world to judge.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

SIR,

HAVING a great deal of more advantageous business at present on my hands, I thought to have deferred answering your Tatler of the twenty-first instant until the company was gone, and season over; but having resolved not to regard any impertinences of your paper, except what relate particularly to me, I am the more easily induced to answer you, as I shall find time to do it. First, partly lest you should think yourself neglected, which I have reason to believe you would take heinously ill. Secondly, partly because it will increase

my

my fame, and consequently my audience, when all the quality shall see with how much wit and raillery I shew you ——I do not care a farthing for you. Thirdly, partly because being without books, if I do not shew much learning, it will not be imputed to my having none.

I have travelled Italy, France, and Spain; and fully comprehend whatever any German artist in the world can do: yet cannot I imagine, why you should endeavour to disturb the repose and plenty, which though unworthy, I enjoy at this place. It cannot be, that you take offence at my prologues and epilogues, which you are pleased to miscal foolish and abusive. No, no, until you give a better, I shall not forbear thinking, that the true reason of your picking a quarrel with me was, because it is more agreeable to your principles, as well as more to the honour of your assured victory, to attack a governor. Mr. Isaac, Mr. Isaac, I can see into a mill-stone as far as another, as the saying is; you are for sowing the seeds of sedition and disobedience among my puppets, and your zeal for the good old cause would make you persuade Punch to pull the strings from his chops, and not move his jaw when I have a mind he should harangue. Now I appeal to all men, if this be not contrary to that unaccountable and uncontroulable dominion which by the laws of Nature I exercise over them; for all sorts of wood and wire were made for the use and benefit of man. I have therefore an unquestionable right to frame, fashion, and put them together, as I please; and having made them what they are, my Puppets are my property, and therefore my slaves: nor is there in nature any thing more just than the homage which is paid by a less to a more excellent being; so that by the right, therefore, of a superior genius, I am their supreme Moderator, although you would insinuate, agreeably to your levelling principles, that I am myself but a great Puppet, and can therefore have but a co-ordinate jurisdiction with them. I suppose, I have now sufficiently made it appear, that I have a paternal right to keep a puppet-show; and this right I will maintain in my prologues on all occasions.

And therefore, if you write a defence of yourself against this my self-defence, I admonish you to keep within bounds; for every day will not be so propitious to you as the twenty-ninth of April; and perhaps my resentment may get the better of my generosity, and I may no longer scorn to fight one who is not my equal, with unequal wapons: there are such things as *Scandalums Magnatums*; therefore take heed hereafter how you write such things as I cannot easily answer, for that will put me in a passion.

I order you to handle only these two propositions, to which our dispute may be reduced: The first, whether I have not an absolute power, whenever I please, to light a pipe with one of Punch's legs, or warm my fingers with his whole carcase? The second, whether the devil would not be in Punch, should he by word or deed oppose my sovereign will and pleasure? And then perhaps, I may, if I can find leisure for it, give you the trouble of a second letter.

But if you intend to tell me of the original of puppet-shows, and the several changes and revolutions that have happened in them since Thespis, and I do not care who, that is *Noli me tangere*; I have solemnly engaged to say nothing of what I cannot approve: or, if you talk of certain contracts with the mayor and burgesses, or fees to the constables, for the privilege of acting, I will not write one single word about any such matters; but shall leave you to be mumbled by the learned and very ingenious author of a late book, who knows very well what is to be said and done in such cases. He is now shuffling the cards, and dealing to Timothy: but if he wins the game, I will send him to play at back-gammon with you; and then he will satisfy you, that duce-ace makes five.

And so, submitting myself to be tried by my country, and allowing any jury of twelve good men, and true, to be that country; not excepting any, unless Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff, to be of the pannel, for you are neither good nor true; I bid you heartily farewel; and am, Sir, your loving friend,

POWEL.

BATH, JULY 28.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

TO

EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGUE, Esq.

SIR,

WHEN I ſend you this volume, I am rather to make you a requeſt than a Dedication. I muſt deſire, that if you think fit to throw away any moments on it, you would not do it after reading thoſe excellent pieces with which you are uſually converſant. The images which you will meet with here will be very faint, after the peruſal of the Greeks and Romans, who are your ordinary companions. I muſt confeſs I am obliged to you for the taſte of many of their excellencies, which I had not obſerved until you pointed them to me. I am very proud that there are ſome things in theſe papers which I know you pardon; and it is no ſmall pleaſure to have one's labours ſuffered by the judgment of a man, who ſo well underſtands the true charms of eloquence and poeſy. But I direct this addreſs to you, not that I think I can entertain you with my writings, but to thank you for the new delight I have, from your converſation, in thoſe of other men.

May you enjoy a long continuance of the true reliſh of the happineſs Heaven has beſtowed upon you! I know not how to ſay a more affectionate thing to you, than to wiſh that you may be always what you are; and that you may ever think, as I know you now do, that you have a much larger fortune than you want.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient, and

moſt humble Servant,

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

THE

TATLER.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

Nº LI. SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1709.

QUICQUID AGUNT HOMINES——NOSTRI FARRAGO LIBELLI.
Juv. Sat. I. v. 85.

WHATEVER GOOD IS DONE, WHATEVER ILL——
BY HUMAN KIND, SHALL THIS COLLECTION FILL.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, AUG. 5.

THE HISTORY OF ORLANDO THE FAIR. CHAP. II.

FORTUNE being now propitious to the gay Orlando, he dreſſed, he ſpoke, he moved, as a man might be ſuppoſed to do in a nation of pygmies, and had an equal value for our approbation or diſlike. It is uſual for thoſe who profeſs a contempt of the world, to fly from it, and live in obſcurity; but Orlando, with a greater magnanimity, contemned it, and appeared in it to tell them ſo. If therefore his exalted mien met with an unwelcome reception, he was ſure always to double the cauſe which gave the diſtaſte. You ſee our beauties affect a negligence in the ornament of their hair, and adjuſting their head-dreſſes, as conſcious that they adorn whatever they wear. Orlando had not only this humour in common with other beauties, but alſo had a neglect whether things became him or not, in a world he contemned. For this reaſon, a noble particularity appeared in all his œconomy, furniture, and equipage. And to convince the preſent little race, how unequal all their meaſures were to an Antediluvian, as he called himſelf, in reſpect of the inſects which now appear for men, he ſometimes rode in an open tumbril, of leſs ſize than ordinary, to ſhow the largeneſs of his limbs, and the grandeur of his perſonage, to the greater advantage: at other ſeaſons, all his appointments had a magnificence, as if it were formed by the genius of Trimalchio of old, which ſhewed itſelf in doing ordinary things with an air of pomp and grandeur. Orlando therefore called for tea by beat of drum; his valet got ready to ſhave him by a trumpet to horſe; and water was brought for his teeth, when the ſound was changed to boots and ſaddle.

In all theſe glorious exceſſes from the common practice, did the happy Orlando live and reign in an uninterrupted tranquillity, until an unlucky accident brought to his remembrance, that one evening he was married before he courted the nuptials of Villaria. Several fatal memorandums were produced to revive the memory of this accident, and the unhappy lover was for ever baniſhed her preſence, to whom he owed the ſupport of his juſt renown and gallantry. But diſtreſs does not debaſe noble minds; it only changes the ſcene, and gives them new glory by that alteration. Orlando therefore now raves in a garret, and calls to his neighbour-ſkies to pity his dolours, and to find redreſs for an unhappy lover. All high ſpirits, in any great agitation of mind, are inclined to relieve themſelves by poetry: the renowned porter of Oliver had not more volumes around his cell in the college of Bedlam, than Orlando in his preſent apartment. And though inſerting poetry in the midſt of proſe be thought a licence among correct writers

not to be indulged, it is hoped the neceſſity of doing it, to give a juſt idea of the hero of whom we treat, will plead for a liberty we ſhall hereafter take, to print Orlando's ſoliloquies in verſe and proſe, after the manner of great wits, and ſuch as thoſe to whom they are near allied.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, AUG. 5.

A GOOD company of us were this day to ſee, or rather to hear, an artful perſon do ſeveral feats of activity with his throat and windpipe. The firſt thing wherewith he preſented us, was a ring of bells, which he imitated in a moſt miraculous manner; after that, he gave us all the different notes of a pack of hounds, to our great delight and aſtoniſhment. The company expreſſed their applauſe with much noiſe; and never was heard ſuch a harmony of men and dogs: but a certain plump merry fellow, from an angle of the room, fell a crowing like a cock ſo ingeniouſly, that he won our hearts from the other operator in an inſtant. As ſoon as I ſaw him, I recollected I had ſeen him on the ſtage, and immediately knew it to be Tom Mirrour, the comical actor. He immediately addreſſed himſelf to me, and told me, he was ſurpriſed to ſee a virtuoſo take ſatisfaction in any repreſentations below that of human life; and aſked me, whether I thought this acting bells and dogs was to be conſidered under the notion of Wit, Humour, or Satire? 'Were it not better,' continued he, 'to have ſome particular picture of man 'laid before your eyes, that might in'cite your laughter?' He had no ſooner ſpoke the word, but he immediately quitted his natural ſhape, and talked to me in a very different air and tone from what he had uſed before; upon which, all that ſat near us laughed; but I ſaw no diſtortion in his countenance, or any thing that appeared to me diſagreeable. I aſked Pacolet, what meant that ſudden whiſper about us, for I could not take the jeſt. He anſwered—'The gen'tleman you were talking to aſſumed 'your air and countenance ſo exactly, 'that all fell a laughing to ſee how little 'you knew yourſelf, and how much 'you were enamoured with your own 'image. But that perſon,' continued my monitor, 'if men would make the 'right uſe of him, might be as inſtru'mental to their reforming errors in 'geſture, language, and ſpeech, as a 'dancing-maſter, linguiſt, or orator. 'You ſee he laid yourſelf before you 'with ſo much addreſs, that you ſaw 'nothing particular in his behaviour: 'he has ſo happy a knack of repreſent'ing errors and imperfections, that you 'can bear your faults in him as well as 'in yourſelf: he is the firſt mimic that 'ever gave the beauties, as well as the 'deformities of the man he acted. What 'Mr. Dryden ſaid of a very great man 'may be well applied to him:

——————He ſeems to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.

'You are to know, that this panto'mime may be ſaid to be a ſpecies of him'ſelf: he has no commerce with the reſt 'of mankind, but as they are the ob'jects of imitation; like the Indian 'fowl, called the Mock-bird, who has 'no note of his own, but hits every 'ſound in the wood as ſoon as he hears 'it; ſo that Mirrour is at once a copy 'and an original. Poor Mirrour's fate, 'as well as talent, is like that of the bird 'we juſt now ſpoke of; the nightingale, 'the linnet, the lark, are delighted with 'his company; but the buzzard, the 'crow, and the owl, are obſerved to 'be his mortal enemies. Whenever 'Sophronius meets Mirrour, he receives 'him with civility and reſpect, and well 'knows a good copy of himſelf can 'be no injury to him; but Bathillus ſhuns 'the ſtreet where he expects to meet 'him; for he that knows his every ſtep 'and look is conſtrained and affected, 'muſt be afraid to be rivalled in his 'action, and of having it diſcovered to 'be unnatural, by it's being practiſed 'by another as well as himſelf.'

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, AUG. 5.

LETTERS from Coventry and other places have been ſent to me, in anſwer to what I ſaid in relation to my antagoniſt Mr. Powell; and adviſe me, with warm language, to keep to ſubjects more proper for me than ſuch high points. But the writers of theſe epiſtles miſtake the uſe and ſervice I propoſed to the learned world by ſuch obſervations: for you are to underſtand, that the title of this paper gives me a right of taking to

to myself, and inserting in it, all such parts of any book or letter which are foreign to the purpose intended, or professed, by the writer: so that suppose two great divines should argue, and treat each other with warmth and levity, unbecoming their subject or character, all that they say unfit for that place is very proper to be inserted here. Therefore from time to time, in all writings which shall hereafter be published, you shall have from me extracts of all that shall appear not to the purpose; and for the benefit of the gentle reader, I will shew what to turn over unread, and what to peruse. For this end I have a mathematical sieve preparing, in which I will sift every page and paragraph; and all that falls through I shall make bold with for my own use. The same thing will be as beneficial in speech; for all superfluous expressions in talk fall to me also: as, when a pleader at the bar designs to be extremely impertinent and troublesome, and cries—'Under favour 'of the court—With submission, my 'lord—I humbly offer'—and 'I think 'I have well considered this matter; 'for I would be very far from trifling 'with your lordship's time, or trespassing upon your patience—However, 'thus I will venture to say—' and so forth. Or else, when a sufficient self-conceited coxcomb is bringing out something in his own praise, and begins—'Without vanity, I must take this upon 'me to assert.' There is also a trick which the fair-sex have, that will greatly contribute to swell my volumes: as, when a woman is going to abuse her best friend—'Pray,' says she, 'have 'you heard what is said of Mrs. Such-'a-one? I am heartily sorry to hear any 'thing of that kind of one I have so 'great a value for: but they make no 'scruple of telling it; and it was not 'spoken of to me as a secret, for now 'the town rings of it.' All such flowers in rhetorick, and little refuges for malice, are to be noted, and naturally belong only to Tatlers. By this method you will immediately find folios contract themselves into octavos, and the labour of a fortnight got over in half a day.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, AUGUST 5.

LAST night arrived a mail from Lisbon, which gives a very pleasing account of the posture of affairs in that part of the world, the enemy having been necessitated wholly to abandon the blockade of Olivenza. These advices say, that Sir John Jennings is arrived at Lisbon. When that gentleman left Barcelona, his Catholic Majesty was taking all possible methods for carrying on an offensive war. It is observed with great satisfaction in the court of Spain, that there is a very good intelligence between the general officers; Count Staremberg and Mr. Stanhope acting in all things with such unanimity, that the public affairs receive great advantages from their personal friendship and esteem to each other, and mutual assistance in promoting the service of the common cause.

This is to give notice, that if any able-bodied Palatine will enter into bonds of matrimony with Betty Pepin, the said Palatine shall be settled in a freehold of forty shillings per annum in the county of Middlesex.

Nº LII. TUESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1709.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE HOUSE, AUG. 7.

DELAMIRA RESIGNS HER FAN.

LONG had the crowd of the gay and young stood in suspence, as to their fate in their passion to the beauteous Delamira; but all their hopes are lately vanished, by the declaration that she has made of her choice, to take the happy Archibald for her companion for life. Upon her making this known, the expence of sweet powder and jessamine are considerably abated; and the mercers and milliners complain of her want of public spirit, in not concealing longer a secret which was so much the benefit of trade. But so it happened; and no one was in confidence with her in carrying on this treaty, but the matchless Virgulta, whose despair of ever entering the matrimonial state made her, some nights before Delamira's resolution was published to the world, address herself to her in the following manner:

'Delamira! you are now going into 'that state of life, wherein the use of 'your

'your charms is wholly to be applied 'to the pleasing only one man. That 'swimming air of your body, that janty 'bearing of your head over one shoul-'der, and that inexpressible beauty in 'your manner of playing your fan, 'must be lowered into a more confined 'behaviour; to shew that you would 'rather shun than receive addresses for 'the future. Therefore, dear Dela-'mira, give me those excellencies you 'leave off, and acquaint me with your 'manner of charming: for I take the 'liberty of our friendship to say, that 'when I consider my own stature, mo-'tion, complexion, wit, or breeding, 'I cannot think myself any way your 'inferior; yet do I go through crowds 'without wounding a man, and all my 'acquaintance marry round me, while 'I live a virgin unasked, and, I think, 'unregarded.'

Delamira heard her with great atten-tion, and, with that dexterity which is natural to her, told her, that all she had above the rest of her sex and contem-porary beauties was wholly owing to a fan, (that was left her by her mother, and had been long in the family) which whoever had in possession, and used with skill, should command the hearts of all her beholders: 'And since,' said she, smiling, 'I have no more to do with 'extending my conquests or triumphs, 'I will make you a present of this in-'estimable rarity.' Virgulta made her expressions of the highest gratitude for so uncommon a confidence in her, and de-sired she would shew her what was pe-culiar in the management of that utensil, which rendered it of such general force while she was mistress of it. Delamira replied—'You see, Madam, Cupid is 'the principal figure painted on it; and 'the skill in playing this fan is, in your 'several motions of it, to let him appear 'as little as possible; for honourable 'lovers fly all endeavours to ensnare 'them; and your Cupid must hide his 'bow and arrow, or he will never be 'sure of his game. You may observe,' continued she, 'that in all public as-'semblies, the sexes seem to separate 'themselves, and draw up to attack 'each other with eye-shot: that is the 'time when the fan, which is all the 'armour of a woman, is of most use in 'our defence; for our minds are con-'strued by the waving of that little in-'strument, and our thoughts appear in 'composure or agitation according to 'the motion of it. You may observe, 'when Will Peregrine comes into the 'side-box, Miss Gatty flutters her fan 'as a fly does it's wings round a can-'dle; while her elder sister, who is as 'much in love with him as she is, is as 'grave as a vestal at his entrance, and 'the consequence is accordingly. He 'watches half the play for a glance 'from her sister, while Gatty is over-'looked and neglected. I wish you 'heartily as much success in the ma-'nagement of it as I have had: if you 'think fit to go on where I left off, I 'will give you a short account of the 'execution I have made with it.

'Cimon, who is the dullest of mor-'tals, and though a wonderful great 'scholar, does not only pause, but seems 'to take a nap with his eyes open be-'tween every other sentence in his dis-'course: him have I made a leader in 'assemblies; and one blow on the shoul-'der as I passed by him has raised him 'to a downright impertinent in all con-'versations. The airy Will Sampler 'is become as lethargic by this my 'wand, as Cimon is sprightly. Take 'it, good girl, and use it without mer-'cy; for the reign of beauty never 'lasted full three years, but it ended 'in marriage, or condemnation to vir-'ginity. As you fear therefore the 'one, and hope for the other, I expect 'an hourly journal of your triumphs; 'for I have it by certain tradition, 'that it was given to the first who wore 'it, by an enchantress, with this re-'markable power, that it bestows a 'husband in half a year on her who 'does not overlook her proper minute; 'but assigns to a long despair the wo-'man who is well offered, and neglects 'that proposal. May occasion attend 'your charms, and your charms slip no 'occasion. Give me, I say, an account 'of the progress of your forces at our 'next meeting; and you shall hear what 'I think of my new condition. I shall 'meet my future spouse this moment. 'Farewel. Live in just terror of the 'dreadful words—"She was."

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, AUG. 8.

I HAD the honour this evening to vi-sit some ladies, where the subject of the conversation was Modesty; which they commended as a quality quite as be-coming

coming in men as in women. I took the liberty to say, it might be as beautiful in our behaviour as in their's, yet it could not be said it was as successful in life; for as it was the only recommendation in them, so it was the greatest obstacle to us both in love and business. A gentleman present was of my mind, and said, that we must describe the difference between the modesty of women and that of men, or we should be confounded in our reasonings upon it; for this virtue is to be regarded with respect to our different ways of life. The woman's province is to be careful in her œconomy, and chaste in her affections: the man's, to be active in the improvement of his fortune, and ready to undertake whatever is consistent with his reputation for that end. Modesty therefore in a woman has a certain agreeable fear in all she enters upon; and in men, it is composed of a right judgment of what is proper for them to attempt. From hence it is, that a discreet man is always a modest one. It is to be noted, that modesty in a man is never to be allowed as a good quality, but a weakness, if it suppresses his virtue, and hides it from the world, when he has at the same time a mind to exert himself. A French author says very justly, that modesty is to the other virtues in a man, what shade in a picture is to the parts of the thing represented; it makes all the other beauties conspicuous, which would otherwise be but a wild heap of colours. This shade in our actions must therefore be very justly applied; for if there be too much, it hides our good qualities, instead of shewing them to advantage.

Nestor, in Athens, was an unhappy instance of this truth; for he was not only in his profession the greatest man of that age, but had given more proofs of it than any other man ever did; yet, for want of that natural freedom and audacity which is necessary in commerce with men, his personal modesty overthrew all his public actions. Nestor was in those days a skilful architect, and in a manner the inventor of the use of mechanic powers; which he brought to so great perfection, that he knew to an atom what foundation would bear such a superstructure: and they record of him, that he was so prodigiously exact, that, for the experiment's sake, he built an edifice of great beauty, and seeming strength; but contrived it so as to bear only it's own weight, and not to admit the addition of the least particle. This building was beheld with much admiration by all the virtuosi of that time, but fell down with no other pressure but the settling of a wren upon the top of it. Yet Nestor's modesty was such, that his art and skill were soon disregarded, for want of that manner with which men of the world support and assert the merit of their own performances. Soon after this instance of his art, Athens was, by the treachery of it's enemies, burned to the ground. This gave Nestor the greatest occasion that ever builder had to render his name immortal, and his person venerable: for all the new city rose according to his disposition, and all the monuments of the glories and distresses of that people were erected by that sole artist: nay, all their temples, as well as houses, were the effects of his study and labour; insomuch that it was said by an old sage —'Sure, Nestor will now be famous; 'for the habitations of gods, as well as 'men, are built by his contrivance.' But this bashful quality still put a damp upon his great knowledge, which has as fatal an effect upon men's reputations as poverty; for as it was said—'the 'poor man saved the city, and the poor 'man's labour was forgot;' so here we find, the modest man built the city, and the modest man's skill was unknown.

Thus we see every man is the maker of his own fortune; and, what is very odd to consider, he must, in some measure, be the trumpet of his fame: not that men are to be tolerated who directly praise themselves; but they are to be endued with a sort of defensive eloquence, by which they shall be always capable of expressing the rules and arts by which they govern themselves.

Varillus was the man, of all I have read, of the happiest in the true possession of this quality of modesty. My author says of him—Modesty in Varillus is really a virtue; for it is a voluntary quality, and the effect of good sense. He is naturally bold and enterprizing; but so justly discreet, that he never acts or speaks any thing; but those who behold him, know he has forborne much more than he has performed or uttered, out of deference to the persons before whom he is. This makes Varillus truly amiable, and all his attempts successful; for, as

bad

bad as the world is thought to be by those who are perhaps unskilled in it, want of success in our actions is generally owing to want of judgment in what we ought to attempt, or a rustic modesty, which will not give us leave to undertake what we ought. But how unfortunate this diffident temper is to those who are possessed with it, may be best seen in the success of such as are wholly unacquainted with it.

We have one peculiar elegance in our language above all others, which is conspicuous in the term Fellow. This word, added to any of our adjectives, extremely varies, or quite alters, the sense of that with which it is joined. Thus, though a modest man is the most unfortunate of all men, yet a modest fellow is as superlatively happy. A modest fellow is a ready creature, who with great humility, and as great forwardness, visits his patrons at all hours, and meets them in all places; and has so moderate an opinion of himself, that he makes his court at large. If you will not give him a great employment, he will be glad of a little one. He has so great a deference for his benefactor's judgment, that as he thinks himself fit for any thing he can get, so he is above nothing which is offered. He is like the young batchelor of arts, who came to town recommended to a chaplain's place; but none being vacant, modestly accepted that of a postilion.

We have very many conspicuous persons of this undertaking, yet modest turn. I have a grandson who is very happy in this quality. I sent him in the time of the last peace into France: as soon as he landed at Calais, he sent me an exact account of the nature of the people, and the policies of the King of France. I got him since chosen a member of a corporation: the modest creature, as soon as he came into the common council, told a senior burgess, he was perfectly out of the orders of their house. In other circumstances, he is so thoroughly modest a fellow, that he seems to pretend only to things he understands. He is a citizen only at court, and in the city a courtier. In a word, to speak the characteristical difference between a modest man and a modest fellow; the modest man is in doubt in all his actions; a modest fellow never has a doubt from his cradle to his grave.

Nº LIII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 1709.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, AUG. 10.

THE CIVIL HUSBAND.

THE fate and character of the inconstant Osmyn is a just excuse for the little notice taken by his widow of his departure out of this life, which was equally troublesome to Elmira, his faithful spouse, and to himself. That life passed between them after this manner, is the reason the town has just now received a lady with all that gaiety, after having been a relict but three months, which other women hardly assume under fifteen after such a disaster. Elmira is the daughter of a rich and worthy citizen, who gave her to Osmyn with a portion which might have obtained her an alliance with our noblest houses, and fixed her in the eye of the world, where her story had not been now to be related: for her good qualities had made her the object of universal esteem among the polite part of mankind, from whom she has been banished and immured until the death of her gaoler. It is now full fifteen years since that beauteous lady was given into the hands of the happy Osmyn, who, in the sense of all the world, received at that time a present more valuable than the possession of both the Indies. She was then in her early bloom, with an understanding and discretion very little inferior to the most experienced matrons. She was not beholden to the charms of her sex, that her company was preferable to any Osmyn could meet with abroad; for were all she said considered, without regard to her being a woman, it might stand the examination of the severest judges. She had all the beauty of her own sex, with all the conversation-accomplishments of our's. But Osmyn very soon grew surfeited with the charms of her person by possession, and of her mind by want of taste; for he was one of that loose sort of men, who have but one reason for setting any value upon the fair-sex; who consider even brides but

as

as new women, and consequently neglect them when they cease to be such. All the merit of Elmira could not prevent her becoming a mere wife within few months after her nuptials; and Osmyn had so little relish for her conversation, that he complained of the advantages of it. 'My spouse,' said he to one of his companions, 'is so very discreet, so 'good, so virtuous, and I know not 'what, that I think her person is rather 'the object of esteem than of love; and 'there is such a thing as a merit, which 'causes rather distance than passion.' But there being no medium in the state of, matrimony, their life began to take the usual gradations to become the most irksome of all beings. They grew in the first place very complaisant; and having at heart a certain knowledge that they were indifferent to each other, apologies were made for every little circumstance which they thought betrayed their mutual coldness. This lasted but few months, when they shewed a difference of opinion in every trifle; and, as a sign of certain decay of affection, the word Perhaps was introduced in all their discourse. 'I have a mind to go 'to the Park,' says she; 'but perhaps, my 'dear, you will want the coach on some 'other occasion.' He would very willingly carry her to the Play; but perhaps she had rather go to Lady Centaur's and play at ombre. They were both persons of good discerning, and soon found that they mortally hated each other, by their manner of hiding it. Certain it is, that there are some Genio' which are not capable of pure affection, and a man is born with talents for it as much as for poetry or any other science.

Osmyn began too late to find the imperfection of his own heart; and used all the methods in the world to correct it, and argue himself into return of desire and passion for his wife, by the contemplation of her excellent qualities, his great obligations to her, and the high value he saw all the world except himself did put upon her. But such is man's unhappy condition, that though the weakness of the heart has a prevailing power over the strength of the head, yet the strength of the head has but small force against the weakness of the heart. Osmyn, therefore, struggled in vain to revive departed desire; and for that reason resolved to retire to one of his estates in the country, and pass away his hours of wedlock in the noble diversions of the field; and in the fury of a disappointed lover, made an oath to leave neither stag, fox, or hare living, during the days of his wife. Besides that country sports would be an amusement, he hoped also, that his spouse would be half killed by the very sense of seeing this town no more, and would think her life ended as soon as she left it. He communicated his design to Elmira; who received it, as now she did all things, like a person too unhappy to be relieved or afflicted by the circumstance of place. This unexpected resignation made Osmyn resolve to be as obliging to her as possible; and if he could not prevail upon himself to be kind, he took a resolution at least to act sincerely, and communicate frankly to her the weakness of his temper, to excuse the indifference of his behaviour. He disposed his household in the way to Rutland, so as he and his lady travelled only in the coach for the conveniency of discourse. They had not gone many miles out of town, when Osmyn spoke to this purpose:

'My dear, I believe I look quite as 'silly, now I am going to tell you I do 'not love you, as when I first told you 'I did. We are now going into the 'country together, with only one hope 'for making this life agreeable, survivorship: desire is not in our power; 'mine is all gone for you. What shall 'we do to carry it with decency to the 'world, and hate one another with discretion?'

The lady answered, without the least observation on the extravagance of the speech—

'My dear, you have lived most of 'your days in a court, and I have not 'been wholly unacquainted with that sort 'of life. In courts, you see good-will 'is spoken with great warmth, ill-will 'covered with great civility. Men are 'long in civilities to those they hate, 'and short in expressions of kindness 'to those they love. Therefore, my 'dear, let us be well-bred still; and it 'is no matter, as to all who see us, 'whether we love or hate: and to let 'you see how much you are beholden 'to me for my conduct, I have both 'hated and despised you, my dear, this 'half year; and yet, neither in lan'guage or behaviour has it been visible.

'but that I loved you tenderly. Therefore, as I know you go out of town 'to divert life in purſuit of beaſts, and converſation with men juſt above them; 'ſo, my life, from this moment, I ſhall 'read all the learned cooks who have 'ever writ; ſtudy broths, plaiſters, and 'conſerves, until from a fine lady I 'become a notable woman. We muſt 'take our minds a note or two lower, 'or we ſhall be tortured by jealouſy or 'anger. Thus I am reſolved to kill 'all keen paſſions by employing my 'mind on little ſubjects, and leſſening 'the uneaſineſs of my ſpirit; while 'you, my dear, with much ale, exerciſe, and ill company, are ſo good 'as to endeavour to be as contemptible, 'as it is neceſſary for my quiet I ſhould 'think you.'

At Rutland they arrived, and lived with great, but ſecret, impatience, for many ſucceſſive years, until Oſmyn thought of an happy expedient to give their affairs a new turn. One day he took Elmira aſide, and ſpoke as follows:

'My dear, you ſee here the air is ſo 'temperate and ſerene; the rivulets, the 'groves, and ſoil, ſo extremely kind 'to nature; that we are ſtronger and 'firmer in our health ſince we left the 'town; ſo that there is no hope of a releaſe in this place: but if you will 'be ſo kind as to go with me to my 'eſtate in the Hundreds of Eſſex, it is 'poſſible ſome kind damp may one day 'or other relieve us. If you will condeſcend to accept of this offer, I will 'add that whole eſtate to your jointure 'in this county.'

Elmira, who was all goodneſs, accepted the offer, removed accordingly, and has left her ſpouſe in that place to reſt with his fathers.

This is the real figure in which Elmira ought to be beheld in this town; and not thought guilty of an indecorum, in not profeſſing the ſenſe, or bearing the habit of ſorrow, for one who robbed her of all the endearments of life, and gave her only common civility, inſtead of complacency of manners, dignity of paſſion, and that conſtant aſſemblage of ſoft deſires and affections which all feel who love, but none can expreſs.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, AUGUST 10.

MR. Trunnan, who is a mighty admirer of dramatic poetry, and knows I am about a tragedy, never meets me, but he is giving admonitions and hints for my conduct. 'Mr. Bickerſtaff,' ſaid he, 'I was reading laſt night your 'ſecond act you were ſo kind to lend 'me: but I find you depend mightily 'upon the retinue of your hero to make 'him magnificent. You make guards, 'and uſhers, and courtiers, and commons, and nobles, march before; 'and then enters your prince, and ſays, 'they cannot defend him from his love. 'Why, pr'ythee, Iſaac, who ever 'thought they could? Place me your 'loving monarch in a ſolitude; let him 'have no ſenſe at all of his grandeur, 'but let it be eaten up with his paſſion. 'He muſt value himſelf as the greateſt 'of lovers, not as the firſt of princes: 'and then let him ſay a more tender 'thing than ever man ſaid before—For 'his feather and eagle's beak are nothing at all. The man is to be expreſſed by his ſentiments and affections, and not by his fortune or equipage. You are alſo to take care, that 'at his firſt entrance he ſays ſomething, 'which may give us an idea of what 'we are to expect in a perſon of his 'way of thinking. Shakeſpeare is your 'pattern. In the tragedy of Cæſar he 'introduces his hero in his night-gown. 'He had at that time all the power of 'Rome: depoſed conſuls, ſubordinate 'generals, and captive princes, might 'have preceded him; but his genius 'was above ſuch mechanic methods of 'ſhewing greatneſs. Therefore, he 'rather preſents that great ſoul debating upon the ſubject of life and death 'with his intimate friends, without endeavouring to prepoſſeſs his audience 'with empty ſhew and pomp. When 'thoſe who attend talk of him the many 'omens which had appeared that day, 'he anſwers—

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taſte of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It ſeems to me moſt ſtrange that men ſhould fear;
Seeing that death, a neceſſary end,
Will come, when it will come.

'When the hero has ſpoken this ſentiment, there is nothing that is great 'which cannot be expected from one 'whoſe firſt poſition is the contempt of 'death to ſo great a degree, as to make 'his

'his exit a thing wholly indifferent, and 'not a part of his care, but that of 'Heaven and Fate.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, AUG. 10.

LETTERS from Bruſſels, of the fifteenth inſtant, N. S. ſay, that Major-general Ravignan returned on the eighth, with the French King's anſwer to the intended capitulation from the citadel of Tournay; which is, that he does not think fit to ſign that capitulation, except the Allies will grant a ceſſation of arms in general, during the time in which all acts of hoſtility were to have ceaſed between the citadel and the beſiegers. Soon after the receipt of this news, the cannon on each ſide began to play. There are two attacks againſt the citadel, commanded by General Lottum and General Schuylemberg, which are both carried on with great ſucceſs; and it is not doubted but the citadel will be in the hands of the Allies before the laſt day of this month. Letters from Ipres ſay, that on the ninth inſtant part of the garriſon in that place had mutinied in two bodies, each conſiſting of two hundred; who being diſperſed the ſame day, a body of eight hundred appeared in the market-place at nine the night following, and ſeized all manner of proviſions, but were with much difficulty quieted. The governor has not puniſhed any of the offenders, the diſſatisfaction being univerſal in that place; and it is thought the officers foment thoſe diſorders, that the miniſtry may be convinced of the neceſſity of paying thoſe troops, and ſupplying them with proviſions. Theſe advices add, that on the fourteenth the Marquis d'Eſte paſſed expreſs through Bruſſels from the Duke of Savoy, with advice that the army of his Royal Highneſs had forced the retrenchments of the enemy in Savoy, and defeated that body of men which guarded thoſe paſſes under the command of the Marquis de Thouy.

Nº LIV. SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1709.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, AUG. 12.

OF THE GOVERNMENT OF AFFECTION.

WHEN labour was pronounced to be the portion of man, that doom reached the affections of his mind, as well as his perſon, the matter on which he was to feed, and all the animal and vegetable world about him. There is therefore an aſſiduous care and cultivation to be beſtowed upon our paſſions and affections; for they, as they are the excreſcences of our ſouls, like our hair and beards, look horrid or becoming, as we cut or let them grow. All this grave preface is meant to aſſign a reaſon in nature for the unaccountable behaviour of Duumvir, the huſband and keeper. Ten thouſand follies had this unhappy man eſcaped, had he made a compact with himſelf to be upon his guard, and not permitted his vagrant eye to let in ſo many different inclinations upon him, as all his days he has been perplexed with. But indeed, at preſent, he has brought himſelf to be confined only to one prevailing miſtreſs; between whom and his wife Duumvir paſſes his hours in all the viciſſitudes which attend paſſion and affection, without the intervention of reaſon. Laura his wife, and Phillis his miſtreſs, are all with whom he has had, for ſome months, the leaſt amorous commerce. Duumvir has paſſed the noon of life; but cannot withdraw from thoſe entertainments which are pardonable only before that ſtage of our being, and which after that ſeaſon are rather puniſhments than ſatisfactions: for palled appetite is humorous, and muſt be gratified with ſauces rather than food. For which end Duumvir is provided with an haughty, imperious, expenſive, and fantaſtic miſtreſs, to whom he retires from the converſation of an affable, humble, diſcreet, and affectionate wife. Laura receives him, after abſence, with an eaſy and unaffected complacency; but that he calls inſipid: Phillis rates him for his abſence, and bids him return from whence he came; this he calls ſpirit and fire. Laura's gentleneſs is thought mean; Phillis's inſolence, ſprightly. Were you to ſee him at his own home, and his miſtreſs's lodgings, to Phillis he appears an obſequious lover, to Laura

an imperious master. Nay, so unjust is the taste of Duumvir, that he owns Laura has no ill quality, but that she is his wife; Phillis no good one, but that she is his mistress. And he has himself often said, were he married to any one else, he would rather keep Laura than any woman living; yet allows, at the same time, that Phillis, were she a woman of honour, would have been the most insipid animal breathing. The other day, Laura, who has a voice like an angel, began to sing to him—'Fie, 'Madam,' he cried, 'we must be past 'all these gaieties.' Phillis has a note as rude and as loud as that of a milk-maid: when she begins to warble—'Well,' says he, 'there is such a 'pleasing simplicity in all that wench 'does.' In a word, the affectionate part of his heart being corrupted, and his true taste that way wholly lost, he has contracted a prejudice to all the behaviour of Laura, and a general partiality in favour of Phillis. It is not in the power of the wife to do a pleasing thing, nor in the mistress to commit one that is disagreeable. There is something too melancholy in the reflection on this circumstance to be the subject of raillery. He said a sour thing to Laura at dinner the other day; upon which she burst into tears. 'What the devil, 'Madam,' says he, 'cannot I speak 'in my own house?' He answered Phillis a little abruptly at supper the same evening, upon which she threw his periwig into the fire. 'Well,' said he, 'thou 'art a brave termagant jade: do you 'know, hussy, that fair wig cost forty 'guineas?' Oh, Laura! is it for this that the faithful Cromius sighed for you in vain? How is thy condition altered, since crowds of youth hung on thy eye, and watched it's glances! It is not many months since Laura was the wonder and pride of her own sex, as well as the desire and passion of ours. At plays and at balls, the just turn of her behaviour, the decency of her virgin charms, chastised, yet added to diversions. At public devotions, her winning modesty, her resigned carriage, made virtue and religion appear with new ornaments, and in the natural apparel of simplicity and beauty. In ordinary conversations, a sweet conformity of manners, and an humility which heightened all the complacencies of good-breeding and education, gave her more slaves than all the pride of her sex ever made women wish for. Laura's hours are now spent in the sad reflection on her choice, and that deceitful vanity, almost inseparable from the sex, of believing, she could reclaim one that had so often ensnared others: as it now is, it is not even in the power of Duumvir himself to do her justice; for though beauty and merit are things real and independent on taste and opinion, yet agreeableness is arbitrary, and the mistress has much the advantage of the wife. But whenever Fate is so kind to her and her spouse as to end her days, with all this passion for Phillis, and indifference for Laura, he has a second wife in view, who may avenge the injuries done to her predecessor. Aglaura is the destined lady, who has lived in assemblies, has ambition and play for her entertainment, and thinks of a man, not as the object of love, but the tool of her interest or pride. If ever Aglaura comes to the empire of this inconstant, she will endear the memory of her predecessor. But in the mean time, it is melancholy to consider, that the virtue of a wife is like the merit of a poet, never justly valued until after death.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, AUG. 11.

As we have professed, that all the actions of men are our subject, the most solemn are not to be omitted, if there happen to creep into their behaviour any thing improper for such occasions. Therefore the offence mentioned in the following epistles, though it may seem to be committed in a place sacred from observation, is such, that it is our duty to remark upon it; for though he who does it is himself only guilty of an indecorum, he occasions a criminal levity in all others who are present at it.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

IT being mine, as well the opinion of many others, that your papers are extremely well fitted to reform any irregular or indecent practice, I present the following as one which requires your correction. Myself, and a great many good people who frequent the divine service at St. Paul's, have been a long time scandalized by the imprudent conduct of Stentor in that cathedral. This gentleman, you must know, is always very exact and zealous in his devotion, which I believe nobody blames; but then

then he is accuſtomed to roar and bellow ſo terribly loud in the reſponſes, that he frightens even us of the congregation who are daily uſed to him: and one of our petty canons, a punning Cambridge ſcholar, calls his way of worſhip a bull-offering. His harſh untunable pipe is no more fit than a raven's to join with the muſic of a choir; yet nobody having been enough his friend, I ſuppoſe, to inform him of it, he never fails, when preſent, to drown the harmony of every hymn and anthem, by an inundation of ſound beyond that of the bridge at the ebb of the tide, or the neighbouring lions in the anguiſh of their hunger. This is a grievance which, to my certain knowledge, ſeveral worthy people deſire to ſee redreſſed; and if by inſerting this epiſtle in your paper, or by repreſenting the matter your own way, you can convince Stentor, that diſcord in a choir is the ſame ſin that ſchiſm is in the church in general, you would lay a great obligation upon us; and make ſome atonement for certain of your paragraphs, which have not been highly approved by us. I am, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

JEOFFRY CHANTICLEER.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, AUG. 11.

It is wonderful there ſhould be ſuch a general lamentation, and the grievance ſo frequent, and yet the offender never know any thing of it. I have received the following letter from my kinſman at the Heralds-office near the ſame place.

DEAR COUSIN,

THIS office, which has had it's ſhare in the impartial juſtice of your cenſures, demands at preſent your vindication of their rights and privileges. There are certain hours when our young heralds are exerciſed in the faculties of making proclamation, and other vociferations, which of right belong to us only to utter: but at the ſame hours, Stentor in St. Paul's Church, in ſpite of the coaches, carts, London cries, and all other ſounds between us, exalts his throat to ſo high a key, that the moſt noiſy of our order is utterly unheard. If you pleaſe to obſerve upon this, you will ever oblige, &c.

There have been communicated to me ſome other ill conſequences from the ſame cauſe; as, the overturning of coaches by ſudden ſtarts of the horſes as they paſſed that way, women pregnant frightened, and heirs to families loſt; which are public diſaſters, though ariſing from a good intention: but it is hoped, after this admonition, that Stentor will avoid an act of ſo great ſupererogation, as ſinging without a voice.

But I am diverted from proſecuting Stentor's reformation, by an account, that the two faithful lovers, Liſander and Coriana, are dead; for no longer ago than the firſt day of the laſt month, they ſwore eternal fidelity to each other, and to love until death. Ever ſince that time, Liſander has been twice a day at the Chocolate-houſe, viſits in every circle, is miſſing four hours in four and twenty, and will give no account of himſelf. Theſe are undoubted proofs of the departure of a lover; and conſequently Coriana is alſo dead as a miſtreſs. I have written to Stentor to give this couple three calls at the church-door, which they muſt hear if they are living within the bills of mortality; and if they do not anſwer at that time, they are from that moment added to the number of my defunct.

N° LV. TUESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1709.

PAULO MAJORA CANAMUS.

VIRG. ECL. IV. VER. 1.

BEGIN A LOFTIER STRAIN.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, AUG. 15.

WHILE others are buſied in relations which concern the intereſts of princes, the peace of nations, and the revolutions of empire; I think, though theſe are very great ſubjects, my theme of diſcourſe is ſometimes to be of matters of a yet higher conſideration. The ſlow ſteps of Providence and Nature, and ſtrange

ſtrange events which are brought about in an inſtant, are what, as they come within our view and obſervation, ſhall be given to the public. Such things are not accompanied with ſhew and noiſe, and therefore ſeldom draw the eyes of the unattentive part of mankind; but are very proper at once to exerciſe our humanity, pleaſe our imaginations, and improve our judgments. It may not therefore be unuſeful to relate many circumſtances, which were obſervable upon a late cure done upon a young gentleman who was born blind, and on the twenty-ninth of June laſt, received his ſight at the age of twenty years, by the operation of an oculiſt. This happened no farther off than Newington; and the work was prepared for in the following manner.

The operator, Mr. Grant, having obſerved the eyes of his patient, and convinced his friends and relations, among others the Reverend Mr. Caſwell, miniſter of the place, that it was highly probable he ſhould remove the obſtacle which prevented the uſe of his ſight; all his acquaintance who had any regard for the young man, or curioſity to be preſent when one of full age and underſtanding received a new ſenſe, aſſembled themſelves on this occaſion. Mr. Caſwell, being a gentleman particularly curious, deſired the whole company, in caſe the blindneſs ſhould be cured, to keep ſecret; and let the patient make his own obſervations, without the direction of any thing he had received by his other ſenſes, or the advantage of diſcovering his friends by their voices. Among ſeveral others, the mother, brethren, ſiſters, and a young gentlewoman for whom he had a paſſion, were preſent. The work was performed with great ſkill and dexterity. When the patient firſt received the dawn of light, there appeared ſuch an extaſy in his action, that he ſeemed ready to ſwoon away in the ſurprize of joy and wonder. The ſurgeon ſtood before him with his inſtruments in his hands. The young man obſerved him from head to foot; after which he ſurveyed himſelf as carefully, and ſeemed to compare him to himſelf; and obſerving both their hands, ſeemed to think they were exactly alike, except the inſtruments, which he took for parts of his hands. When he had continued in this amazement ſome time, his mother could not longer bear the agitations of ſo many paſſions as thronged upon her; but fell upon his neck, crying out—'My ſon! my ſon!' The youth knew her voice, and could ſpeak no more than—'Oh, me! are you my 'mother?' and fainted. The whole room, you will eaſily conceive, were very affectionately employed in recovering him; but, above all, the young gentlewoman who loved him, and whom he loved, ſhrieked in the loudeſt manner. That voice ſeemed to have a ſudden effect upon him as he recovered, and he ſhewed a double curioſity in obſerving her as ſhe ſpoke and called to him; until at laſt he broke out—'What has 'been done to me? Whither am I car'ried? Is all this about me, the thing 'I have heard ſo often of? Is this the 'light? Is this ſeeing? Were you al'ways thus happy when you ſaid you 'were glad to ſee each other? Where 'is Tom, who uſed to lead me? But 'I could now, methinks, go any where 'without him.' He offered to move, but ſeemed afraid of every thing around him. When they ſaw his difficulty, they told him, until he became better acquainted with his new being, he muſt let the ſervant ſtill lead him. The boy was called for, and preſented to him. Mr. Caſwell aſked him, what ſort of thing he took Tom to be before he had ſeen him. He anſwered, he believed there was not ſo much of him as of himſelf; but he fancied him the ſame ſort of creature. The noiſe of this ſudden change made all the neighbourhood throng to the place where he was. As he ſaw the crowd thickening, he deſired Mr. Caſwell, to tell him how many there were in all to be ſeen. The gentleman, ſmiling, anſwered him, that it would be very proper for him to return to his late condition, and ſuffer his eyes to be covered, until they had received ſtrength; for he might remember well enough, that by degrees he had from little and little come to the ſtrength he had at preſent in his ability of walking and moving; and that it was the ſame thing with his eyes, which, he ſaid, would loſe the power of continuing to him that wonderful tranſport he was now in, except he would be contented to lay aſide the uſe of them, until they were ſtrong enough to bear the light without ſo much feeling as, he knew, he underwent at preſent.

preſent. With much reluctance he was prevailed upon to have his eyes bound; in which condition they kept him in a dark room, until it was proper to let the organ receive it's objects without farther precaution. During the time of this darkneſs, he bewailed himſelf in the moſt diſtreſſed manner; and accuſed all his friends, complaining that ſome incantation had been wrought upon him, and ſome ſtrange magic uſed to deceive him into an opinion, that he had enjoyed what they called ſight. He added, that the impreſſions then let in upon his ſoul would certainly diſtract him, if he were not ſo at that preſent. At another time, he would ſtrive to name the perſons he had ſeen among the crowd after he was couched, and would pretend to ſpeak, in perplexed terms of his own making, of what he in that ſhort time obſerved. But on the ſixth inſtant it was thought fit to unbind his head, and the young woman whom he loved was inſtructed to open his eyes accordingly; as well to endear herſelf to him by ſuch a circumſtance, as to moderate his extaſies by the perſuaſion of a voice, which had ſo much power over him as her's ever had. When this beloved young woman began to take off the binding of his eyes, ſhe talked to him as follows:

'Mr. William, I am now taking the 'binding off; though, when I conſider 'what I am doing, I tremble with the 'apprehenſion, that (though I have 'from my very childhood loved you, 'dark as you were, and though you had 'conceived ſo ſtrong a love for me, yet) 'you will find there is ſuch a thing as 'beauty, which may enſnare you into 'a thouſand paſſions of which you are 'now innocent, and take you from me 'for ever. But, before I put myſelf to 'that hazard, tell me in what manner 'that love you always profeſſed to me, 'entered into your heart; for it's uſual 'admiſſion is at the eyes.'

The young man anſwered—'Dear 'Lydia, if I am to loſe by ſight the ſoft 'pantings which I have always felt 'when I heard your voice; if I am no 'more to diſtinguiſh the ſtep of her I 'love when ſhe approaches me, but to 'change that ſweet and frequent plea'ſure for ſuch an amazement as I knew 'the little time I lately ſaw; or if I am 'to have any thing beſides, which may 'take from me the ſenſe I have of what 'appeared moſt pleaſing to me at that 'time, which apparition it ſeems was 'you; pull out theſe eyes, before they 'lead me to be ungrateful to you, or 'undo myſelf. I wiſhed for them but 'to ſee you; pull them out, if they are 'to make me forget you.'

Lydia was extremely ſatisfied with theſe aſſurances; and pleaſed herſelf with playing with his perplexities. In all his talk to her, he ſhewed but very faint ideas of any thing which had not been received at the ears; and cloſed his proteſtation to her, by ſaying, that if he were to ſee Valentia and Barcelona, whom he ſuppoſed the moſt eſteemed of all women, by the quarrel there was about them, he would never like any but Lydia.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, AUG. 15.

WE have repeated advices of the entire defeat of the Swediſh army near Pultowa, on the twenty-ſeventh of June, O. S. And letters from Berlin give the following account of the remains of the Swediſh army ſince the battle: Prince Menzikoff, being ordered to purſue the victory, came up with the Swediſh army, which was left to the command of General Lewenhaupt, on the thirtieth of June, O. S. on the banks of the Boriſthenes; whereupon he ſent General Lewenhaupt a ſummons to ſubmit himſelf to his preſent fortune: Lewenhaupt immediately diſpatched three general officers to that prince, to treat about a capitulation; but the Swedes, though they conſiſted of fifteen thouſand men, were in ſo great want of proviſion and ammunition, that they were obliged to ſurrender themſelves at diſcretion. His Czariſh Majeſty diſpatched an expreſs to General Goltz with an account of theſe particulars, and alſo with inſtructions to ſend out detachments of his cavalry to prevent the King of Sweden's joining his army in Poland. That prince made his eſcape with a ſmall party by ſwimming over the Boriſthenes; and it was thought he deſigned to retire into Poland by the way of Volhinia. Advices from Bern of the eleventh inſtant ſay, that the general diet of the Helvetic body held at Baden concluded on the ſixth; but the deputies of the ſix cantons, who

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are deputed to determine the affair of Tockenburg, continue their application to that buſineſs, notwithſtanding ſome new difficulties ſtarted by the Abbot of Saint Gall. Letters from Geneva of the ninth ſay, that the Duke of Savoy's cavalry had joined Count Thaun, as had alſo two Imperial regiments of huſſars; and that his Royal Highneſs's army was diſpoſed in the following manner: The troops under the command of Count Thaun are extended from Conſtans to Saint Peter D'Albigni. Small parties are left in ſeveral poſts from thence to Little St. Bernard, to preſerve the communication with Piedmont by the valley of Aoſta. Some forces are alſo poſted at Taloir, and in the caſtle of Doin, on each ſide of the lake of Anneci. General Rhebinder is encamped in the valley of Oulx with ten thouſand foot, and ſome detachments of horſe: his troops are extended from Exilles to Mount Genevre, ſo that he may eaſily penetrate into Dauphinè on the leaſt motion of the enemy; but the Duke of Berwick takes all neceſſary precautions to prevent ſuch an enterprize. That general's head quarters are at Francin; and he hath diſpoſed his army in ſeveral parties, to preſerve a communication with the Maurienne and Briançon. He hath no proviſions for his army but from Savoy; Provence and Dauphinè being unable to ſupply him with neceſſaries. He left two regiments of dragoons at Annen, who ſuffered very much in the late action at Teſſons, where they loſt fifteen hundred, who were killed on the ſpot, four ſtandards and three hundred priſoners, among whom were forty officers. The laſt letters from the Duke of Marlborough's camp at Orchies of the nineteenth inſtant adviſe, that Monſieur Ravignan being returned from the French court with an account that the King of France refuſed to ratify the capitulation for the ſurrender of the citadel of Tournay, the approaches have been carried on with great vigour and ſucceſs: our miners have diſcovered ſeveral of the enemy's mines, who have ſprung divers others, which did little execution; but for the better ſecurity of the troops, both aſſaults are carried on by the cautious way of ſapping. On the eighteenth, the confederate army made a general forage without any loſs. Marſhal Villars continues in his former camp, and applies himſelf with great diligence in caſting up new lines behind the old on the Scarp. The Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene deſigned to begin a general review of the army on the twentieth.

N° LVI. THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1709.

QUICQUID AGUNT HOMINES——NOSTRI FARRAGO LIBELLI.
Juv. Sat. 1. 85.

WHATEVER GOOD IS DONE, WHATEVER ILL——
BY HUMAN KIND, SHALL THIS COLLECTION FILL.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, AUG. 17.

THERE is a young foreigner committed to my care, who puzzles me extremely in the queſtions he aſks about the perſons of figure we meet in public places. He has but very little of our language, and therefore I am mightily at a loſs to expreſs to him things for which they have no word in that tongue to which he was born. It has been often my anſwer, upon his aſking who ſuch a fine gentleman is, that he is what we call a Sharper, and he wants my explication. I thought it would be be very unjuſt to tell him, he is the ſame the French call Coquin; the Latins, Nebulo; or the Greeks, Ρᾴσκαλ: for as cuſtom is the moſt powerful of all laws, and that the order of men we call Sharpers are received amongſt us, not only with permiſſion, but favour, I thought it unjuſt to uſe them like perſons upon no eſtabliſhment. Beſides, that it would be an unpardonable diſhonour to our country, to let him leave us with an opinion, that our nobility and gentry keep company with common thieves and cheats: I told him, they were a ſort of tame Huſſars, that were allowed in our cities, like the wild ones in our camp; who had all the privileges belonging to us, but at the ſame time were not tied to our diſcipline or laws.

Aletheus,

Aletheus, who is a gentleman of too much virtue for the age he lives in, would not let this matter be thus palliated; but told my pupil, that he was to underſtand that diſtinction, quality, merit, and induſtry, were laid aſide among us by the incurſions of theſe civil huſſars; who had got ſo much countenance, that the breeding and faſhion of the age turned their way to the ruin of order and œconomy in all places where they are admitted. But Sophronius, who never falls into heat upon any ſubject, but applies proper language, temper, and ſkill, with which the thing in debate is to be treated, told the youth, that gentleman had ſpoken nothing but what was literally true; but fell upon it with too much earneſtneſs to give a true idea of that ſort of people he was declaiming againſt, or to remedy the evil which he bewailed: for the acceptance of theſe men being an ill which hath crept into the converſation-part of our lives, and not into our conſtitution itſelf, it muſt be corrected where it began; and conſequently is to be amended only by bringing raillery and deriſion upon the perſons who are guilty, or thoſe who converſe with them. 'For 'the Sharpers,' continued he, 'at preſent are not, as formerly, under the acceptation of pick-pockets; but are by 'cuſtom erected into a real and venerable body of men, and have ſubdued 'us to ſo very particular a deference to 'them, that though they are known to 'be men without honour or conſcience, 'no demand is called a debt of honour 'ſo indiſputably as theirs. You may 'loſe your honour to them, but they 'lay none againſt you; as the prieſthood 'in Roman Catholic countries can purchaſe what they pleaſe for the church, 'but they can alienate nothing from it. 'It is from this toleration, that Sharpers 'are to be found among all ſorts of aſſemblies and companies; and every 'talent amongſt men is made uſe of by 'ſome one or other of the ſociety for 'the good of their common cauſe: ſo 'that an unexperienced young gentleman is as often enſnared by his underſtanding as his folly; for who could 'be unmoved to hear the eloquent 'Dromio explain the conſtitution, talk 'in the key of Cato, with the ſeverity 'of one of the ancient ſages, and debate the greateſt queſtion of ſtate in a 'common chocolate or coffee-houſe? 'Who could, I ſay, hear this generous 'declamator, without being fired at his 'noble zeal, and becoming his profeſſed follower, if he might be admitted? Monoculus's gravity would be 'no leſs inviting to a beginner in converſation; and the ſnare of his eloquence would equally catch one who 'had never ſeen an old gentleman ſo 'very wiſe, and yet ſo little ſevere.' Many other inſtances of extraordinary men among the brotherhood might be produced; but every man who knows the town can ſupply himſelf with ſuch examples without their being named. Will Vafer, who is ſkilful at finding out the ridiculous ſide of a thing, and placing it in a new and proper light, though he very ſeldom talks, thought fit to enter into this ſubject. He has lately loſt certain looſe ſums, which half the income of his eſtate will bring in within ſeven years: beſides which, he propoſes to marry, to ſet all right. He was therefore indolent enough to ſpeak of this matter with great impartiality. 'When 'I look around me,' ſaid this eaſy gentleman, 'and conſider in a juſt balance 'us bubbles, elder brothers, whoſe ſupport our dull fathers contrived to depend upon certain acres, with the 'rooks, whoſe anceſtors left them the 'wide world; I cannot but admire their 'fraternity and contemn my own. Is 'not Jack Heyday much to be preferred to the knight he has bubbled? Jack 'has his equipage, his wenches, and 'his followers; the knight, ſo far from 'a retinue, that he is almoſt one of 'Jack's. However, he is gay, you ſee, 'ſtill; a florid out-ſide——His habit 'ſpeaks the man—And ſince he muſt 'unbutton, he would not be reduced 'outwardly, but is ſtripped to his upper coat. But though I have great 'temptation to it, I will not at this 'time give the hiſtory of the loſing ſide; 'but ſpeak the effects of my thoughts, 'ſince the loſs of my money, upon the 'gaining people. This ill fortune makes 'moſt men contemplative and given to 'reading; at leaſt it has happened ſo to 'me; and the riſe and fall of the family of Sharpers in all ages has been 'my contemplation.'

I find, all times have had of this people: Homer, in his excellent heroic Poem, calls them Myrmidons, who were a body that kept among themſelves, and had nothing to loſe; therefore never

spared either Greek or Trojan, when they fell in their way, upon a party. But there is a memorable verse, which gives us an account of what broke that whole body, and made both Greeks and Trojans masters of the secret of their warfare and plunder. There is nothing so pedantic as many quotations; therefore I shall inform you only, that in this battalion there were two officers, called Thersites and Pandarus: they were both less renowned for their beauty than their wit; but each had this particular happiness, that they were plunged over head and ears in the same water which made Achilles invulnerable; and had ever after certain gifts, which the rest of the world were never to enjoy. Among others, they were never to know they were the most dreadful to the sight of all mortals, never to be diffident of their own abilities, never to blush, or ever to be wounded but by each other. Though some historians say, gaming began among the Lydians to divert hunger, I could cite many authorities to prove it had it's rise at the siege of Troy; and that Ulysses won the sevenfold shield at hazard. But be that as it may, the ruin of the corps of the Myrmidons proceeded from a breach between Thersites and Pandarus. The first of these was leader of a squadron wherein the latter was but a private man; but having all the good qualities necessary for a partizan, he was the favourite of his officer. But the whole history of the several changes in the order of Sharpers, from those Myrmidons to our modern men of address and plunder, will require that we consult some ancient manuscripts. As we make these enquiries, we shall diurnally communicate them to the public, that the Knights of the Industry may be better understood by the good people of England. These sort of men, in some ages, were sycophants and flatterers only, and were endued with arts of life to capacitate them for the conversation of the rich and great; but now the bubble courts the impostor, and pretends at the utmost to be but his equal. To clear up the reasons and causes in such revolutions, and the different conduct between fools and cheats, shall be one of our labours for the good of this kingdom. How therefore pimps, footmen, fiddlers, and jacqueys, are elevated into companions in this present age, shall be accounted for from the influence of the planet Mercury on this island; the ascendency of which Sharper over Sol, who is a patron of the muses and all honest professions, has been noted by the learned Job Gadbury to be the cause 'that cunning and trick are more 'esteemed than art and science.' It must be allowed also, to the memory of Mr. Partridge, late of Cecil Street in the Strand, that in his answer to an horary question, At what hour of the night to set a fox-trap in June 1705? he has largely discussed, under the character of Reynard, the manner of surprizing all Sharpers as well as him. But of these great points after more mature deliberation.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, AUG. 17.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

SIR,

WE have nothing at present new, but that we understand by some owlers, old people die in France. Letters from Paris of the tenth instant, N.S. say, that Monsieur d'Andre, Marquis d'Oraison, died in eighty-five: Monsieur Brumars, at one hundred and two years, died for love of his wife, who was ninety-two at her death, after seventy years cohabitation. Nicholas de Boutheiller, parish-preacher of Sasseville, being a batchelor, held out to one hundred and sixteen. Dame Claude de Massy, relict of Monsieur Peter de Monceaux, Grand Audiencer of France, died on the seventh instant, aged one hundred and seven. Letters of the seventeenth say, Monsieur Chrestien de Lamoignon died on the seventh instant, a person of great piety and virtue; but having died young, his age is concealed for reasons of state. On the fifteenth his Most Christian Majesty, attended by the Dauphin, the Duke of Burgundy, the Duke and Dutchess of Berry, assisted at the procession which he yearly performs in memory of a vow made by Louis the Thirteenth, in 1638. For which act of piety his Majesty received absolution of his confessor, for the breach of all inconvenient vows made by himself. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

HUMPHREY KIDNEY.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, AUG. 17.

I AM to acknowledge several letters which I have lately received; among others, one subscribed Philanthropos, another Emilia; both which shall be honoured.

noured. I have a third from an officer in the army, wherein he desires I would do justice to the many gallant actions which have been done by men of private characters, or officers of lower stations, during this long war; that their families may have the pleasure of seeing we lived in an age wherein men of all orders had their proper share in fame and glory. There is nothing I should undertake with greater pleasure than matters of this kind: if therefore they who are acquainted with such facts, would please to communicate them, by letters directed to me at Mr. Morphew's, no pains should be spared to put them in a proper and distinguishing light.

This is to admonish Stentor, that it was not admiration of his voice, but my publication of it, which has lately increased the number of his hearers.

Nº LVII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1709.

QUICQUID AGUNT HOMINES——NOSTRI FARRAGO LIBELLI.
JUV. SAT. 1. v. 85.

WHATEVER GOOD IS DONE, WHATEVER ILL——
BY HUMAN KIND, SHALL THIS COLLECTION FILL.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, AUGUST 19.

I Was this evening representing a complaint sent me out of the country from Emilia. She says, her neighbours there have so little sense of what a refined lady of the town is, that she, who was a celebrated wit in London, is in that dull part of the world in so little esteem, that they call her in their base style a Tongue-Pad. Old Truepenny bid me advise her to keep her wit until she comes to town again, and admonish her, that both wit and breeding are local; for a fine court-lady is as aukward among country housewives, as one of them would appear in a drawing-room. It is therefore the most useful knowledge one can attain at, to understand among what sort of men we make the best figure; for if there be a place where the beauteous and accomplished Emilia is unacceptable, it is certainly a vain endeavour to attempt pleasing in all conversations. Here is Will Ubi, who is so thirsty after the reputation of a companion, that his company is for any body that will accept of it; and for want of knowing whom to chuse for himself, is never chosen by others. There is a certain chastity of behaviour which makes a man desirable, and which if he transgresses, his wit will have the same fate with Delia's beauty, which no one regards, because all know it is within their power. The best course Emilia can take is, to have less humility; for if she could have as good an opinion of herself for having every quality, as some of her neighbours have of themselves with one, she would inspire even them with a sense of her merit, and make that carriage which is now the subject of their derision, the sole object of their imitation. Until she has arrived at this value of herself, she must be contented with the fate of that uncommon creature, a woman too humble.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, AUG. 19.

SINCE my last, I have received a letter from Tom Trump, to desire that I would do the fraternity of gamesters the justice to own, that there are notorious sharpers who are not of their class. Among others, he presented me with the picture of Harry Coppersmith, in little, who, he says, is at this day worth half a plumb, by means much more indirect than by false dice. I must confess, there appeared some reason in what he asserted; and he met me since, and accosted me in the following manner: 'It is wonderful to me, Mr. Bickerstaff, that you can pretend to be a man 'of penetration, and fall upon us Knights 'of the Industry as the wickedest of 'mortals, when there are so many who 'live in the constant practice of baser 'methods, unobserved. You cannot, 'though you know the story of myself 'and the North Briton, but allow I 'am an honester man than Will Copersmith, for all his great credit 'among the Lombards. I get my money by men's follies, and he gets his 'by their distresses. The declining

'merchant communicates his griefs to 'him, and he augments them by ex-'tortion. If therefore regard is to be 'had to the merit of the persons we in-'jure, who is the more blameable, he 'that oppresses an unhappy man, or he 'that cheats a foolish one? All man-'kind are indifferently liable to adverse 'strokes of fortune; and he who adds 'to them, when he might relieve them, 'is certainly a worse subject than he 'who unburdens a man whose pro-'sperity is unwieldy to him. Besides 'all which, he that borrows of Cop-'persmith does it out of necessity; he 'that plays with me does it out of 'choice.'

I allowed Trump there are men as bad as himself, which is the height of his pretensions: and must confess, that Coppersmith is the most wicked and impudent of all sharpers; a creature that cheats with credit, and is a robber in the habit of a friend. The contemplation of this worthy person made me reflect on the wonderful successes I have observed men of the meaneſt capacities meet with in the world, and recollect an observation I once heard a sage man make; which was, That he had observed, that in some professions, the lower the understanding, the greater the capacity. I remember, he instanced that of a banker, and said, that the fewer appetites, passions, and ideas a man had, he was the better for his business.

There is little Sir Triſtram, without connexion in his speech, or so much as common sense, has arrived by his own natural parts at one of the greatest estates amongst us. But honest Sir Triſtram knows himself to be but a repository for cash: he is just such an utensil as his iron chest, and may rather be said to hold money, than possess it. There is nothing so pleasant as to be in the conversation of these wealthy proficients. I had lately the honour to drink half a pint with Sir Triſtram, Harry Coppersmith, and Giles Twoshoes. These wags give one another credit in discourse, according to their purses; they jest by the pound, and make answers as they honour bills. Without vanity, I thought myself the prettiest fellow of the company; but I had no manner of power over one muscle in their faces, though they smirked at every word spoken by each other. Sir Triſtram called for a pipe of tobacco; and telling us tobacco was a pot-herb, bid the drawer bring him the other half-pint. Twoshoes laughed at the knight's wit without moderation; I took the liberty to say, it was but a pun. 'A pun!' says Coppersmith, 'you would be a better 'man by ten thousand pounds if you 'could pun like Sir Triſtram.' With that they all burst out together. The queer curs maintained this style of dialogue until we had drank our quarts a-piece by half-pints. All I could bring away with me is, that Twoshoes is not worth twenty thousand pounds; for his mirth, though he was as insipid as either of the others, had no more effect upon the company than if he had been a bankrupt.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, AUG. 19.

I HAVE heard, it has been advised by a diocesan to his inferior clergy, that, instead of broaching opinions of their own, and uttering doctrines which may lead themselves and hearers into error, they would read some of the most celebrated sermons, printed by others, for the instruction of their congregations. In imitation of such preachers at second-hand, I shall transcribe from Bruyere one of the most elegant pieces of raillery and satire which I have ever read. He describes the French, as if speaking of a people not yet discovered, in the air and style of a traveller:

'I have heard talk of a country 'where the old men are gallant, polite, 'and civil; the young men, on the con-'trary, stubborn, wild, without either 'manners or civility. They are free 'from passion for women at that age 'when in other countries they begin 'to feel it; and prefer beasts, victuals, 'and ridiculous amours, before them. 'Amongst these people, he is sober who 'is never drunk with any thing but 'wine, the too frequent use of it having 'rendered it flat and insipid to them: 'they endeavour by brandy, and other 'strong liquors, to quicken their taste, 'already extinguished, and want no-'thing to compleat their debauches 'but to drink aqua-fortis. The wo-'men of that country hasten the decay 'of their beauty by their artifices to 'preserve it: they paint their cheeks, 'eye-brows, and shoulders, which they 'lay open, together with their breasts, 'arms,

'arms, and ears, as if they were afraid 'to hide those places which they think 'will please, and never think they shew 'enough of them. The physiognomies 'of the people of that country are not 'at all neat, but confused and embar-'rassed with a bundle of strange hair, 'which they prefer before their natural: 'with this they weave something to 'cover their heads, which descends 'down half way their bodies, hides 'their features, and hinders you from 'knowing men by their faces. This 'nation has, besides this, their God 'and their King. The grandees go 'every day, at a certain hour, to a tem-'ple they call a church: at the upper 'end of that temple there stands an al-'tar consecrated to their God, where 'the priest celebrates some mysteries 'which they call holy, sacred, and tre-'mendous. The great men make a 'vast circle at the foot of the altar, 'standing with their backs to the priests 'and the holy mysteries, and their faces 'erected towards their king, who is 'seen on his knees upon a throne, and 'to whom they seem to direct the de-'sires of their hearts, and all their de-'votion. However, in this custom 'there is to be remarked a sort of su-'bordination; for the people appear 'adoring their prince, and their prince 'adoring God. The inhabitants of 'this region call it ———. It is from 'forty-eight degrees of latitude, and 'more than eleven hundred leagues by 'sea from the Iroquois and Hurons.'

Letters from Hampstead say, there is a coxcomb arrived there, of a kind which is utterly new. The fellow has courage, which he takes himself to be obliged to give proofs of every hour he lives. He is ever fighting with the men, and contradicting the women. A lady, who sent him to me, superscribed him with this description out of Suck-ling—

I am a man of war and might,
And know thus much, that I can fight,
Whether I am i' th' wrong or right,
Devoutly.

No woman under heaven I fear,
New oaths I can exactly swear;
And forty healths my brain will bear,
Most stoutly.

Nº LVIII. TUESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1709.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, AUG. 22.

POOR Cynthio, who does me the honour to talk to me now and then very freely of his most secret thoughts, and tells me his most private frailties, owned to me, that though he is in his very prime of life, love had killed all his desires, and he was now as much to be trusted with a fine lady as if he were eighty. 'That one passion for 'Clarissa has taken up,' said he, 'my 'whole soul; and all my idle flames are 'extinguished, as you may observe or-'dinary fires are often put out by the 'sunshine.'

This was a declaration not to be made but upon the highest opinion of a man's sincerity; yet, as much a subject of rail-lery as such a speech would be, it is certain, that chastity is a nobler quality, and as much to be valued in men as in women. The mighty Scipio, 'who,' as Bluffe says in the comedy, 'was a 'Pretty Fellow in his time,' was of this mind, and is celebrated for it by an au-thor of good sense. When he lived, wit, and humour, and raillery, and public success, were at as high a pitch at Rome as at present in England; yet, I believe, there was no man in those days thought that general at all ridicu-lous in his behaviour in the following account of him.

Scipio, at four-and-twenty years of age, had obtained a great victory; and a multitude of prisoners of each sex, and all conditions, fell into his posses-sion; among others, an agreeable virgin in her early bloom and beauty. He had too sensible a spirit to see the most lovely of all objects without being mov-ed with passion: besides which, there was no obligation of honour or virtue to restrain his desires towards one who was his by the fortune of war. But a noble indignation, and a sudden sorrow, which appeared in her countenance, when a conqueror cast his eyes upon her, raised his curiosity to know her story. He was informed, that she was a lady of the highest condition in that country,

country, and contracted to Indibilis, a man of merit and quality. The generous Roman soon placed himself in the condition of that unhappy man, who was to lose so charming a bride; and though a youth, a batchelor, a lover, and a conqueror, immediately resolved to resign all the invitations of his passion, and the rights of his power, to restore her to her destined husband. With this purpose he commanded her parents and relations, as well as her husband, to attend him at an appointed time. When they met, and were waiting for the general, my author frames to himself the different concern of an unhappy father, a despairing lover, and a tender mother, in the several persons who were so related to the captive. But for fear of injuring the delicate circumstances with an old translation, I shall proceed to tell you, that Scipio appears to them, and leads in his prisoner into their presence. The Romans, as noble as they were, seemed to allow themselves a little too much triumph over the conquered; therefore, as Scipio approached, they all threw themselves on their knees, except the lover of the lady: but Scipio observing in him a manly sullenness, was the more inclined to favour him, and spoke to him in these words:

'It is not the manner of the Romans 'to use all the power they justly may; 'we fight not to ravage countries, or 'to break through the ties of humanity; 'I am acquainted with your worth, and 'your interest in this lady: fortune has 'made me your master; but I desire to 'be your friend. This is your wife; 'take her, and may the gods bless you 'with her! But far be it from Scipio 'to purchase a loose and momentary 'pleasure at the rate of making an ho-'nest man unhappy.'

Indibilis's heart was too full to make him any answer; but he threw himself at the feet of the general, and wept aloud. The captive lady fell into the same posture, and they both remained so, until the father burst into the following words—'Oh, divine Scipio! the 'gods have given you more than hu-'man virtue. Oh, glorious leader! oh, 'wondrous youth! does not that oblig-'ed virgin give you, while she prays to 'the gods for your prosperity, and 'thinks you sent down from them, rap-'tures, above all the transports which 'you could have reaped from the pos-'session of her injured person?' The temperate Scipio answered him without much emotion; and saying—'Father, 'be a friend to Rome,' retired. An immense sum was offered as her ransom, but he sent it to her husband, and smiling, said—'This is a trifle after what 'I have given him already; but let In-'dibilis know, that chastity at my age 'is a much more difficult virtue to prac-'tise than generosity.'

I observed Cynthio was very much taken with my narrative; but told me, this was a virtue that would bear but a very inconsiderable figure in our days. However, I took the liberty to say, that we ought not to lose our ideas of things, though we had debauched our true relish in our practice. For after we have done laughing, solid virtue will keep it's place in men's opinions: and though custom made it not so scandalous as it ought to be, to enshare innocent women, and triumph in the falshood; such actions, as we have here related, must be accounted true gallantry, and rise higher in our esteem the farther they are removed from our imitation.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, AUG. 22.

A MAN would be apt to think, in this laughing town, that it were impossible a thing so exploded as speaking hard words should be practised by any one that had ever seen good company; but, as if there were a standard in our minds as well as bodies, you see very many just where they were twenty years ago, and more they cannot, will not arrive at. Were it not thus, the noble Martius would not be the only man in England whom nobody can understand, though he talks more than any man else.

Will Dactyle the epigrammatist, Jack Comma the grammarian, Nick Crossegrain who writes anagrams, and myself, made a pretty company at a corner of this room; and entered very peaceably upon a subject fit enough for us, which was, the examination of the force of the particle For, when Martius joined us. He, being well known to us all, asked what we were upon; for he had a mind to consummate the happiness of the day, which had been spent among the stars of the first magnitude, among the men of letters; and therefore, to put a period to it, as he had commenced it, he should be glad to be allowed to participate of

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the pleasure of our society. I told him the subject; 'Faith, gentlemen,' said Martius, 'your subject is humble; and 'if you would give me leave to elevate 'the conversation, I should humbly offer, that you would enlarge your enquiries to the word For-as-much; 'for though I take it,' said he, 'to be 'but one word, yet the particle Much 'implying quantity, the particle As 'similitude, it will be greater, and more 'like ourselves, to treat of For-as-much.' Jack Comma is always serious, and answered—'Martius, I must 'take the liberty to say, that you have 'fallen into all this error and profuse 'manner of speech by a certain hurry 'in your imagination, for want of being more exact in the knowledge of 'the parts of speech; and it is so with 'all men who have not well studied the 'particle For. You have spoken For 'without making any inference, which 'is the great use of that particle. There 'is no manner of force in your observation of quantity and similitude in 'the syllables As and Much. But it 'is ever the fault of men of great wit 'to be incorrect; which evil they run 'into by an indiscreet use of the word 'For. Consider all the books of controversy which have been written, and 'I will engage you will observe, that 'all the debate lies in this point, whether they brought in For in a just manner, or forced it in for their own use, 'rather than as understanding the use 'of the word itself: there is nothing like 'familiar instances; you have heard the 'story of the Irishman, who, reading—"Money for live hair," took a lodging, and expected to be paid for living at that house. If this man had 'known, For was in that place of a 'quite different signification from the 'particle To, he could not have fallen 'into the mistake of taking live for 'what the Latins call *vivere*, or rather '*habitare*.'

Martius seemed at a loss; and admiring his profound learning, wished he had been bred a scholar, for he did not take the scope of his discourse. This wise debate, of which we had much more, made me reflect upon the difference of their capacities, and wonder that there could be as it were a diversity in mens genius for nonsense; that one should bluster, while another crept, in absurdities. Martius moves like a blind man, lifting his legs higher than the ordinary way of stepping; and Comma, like one who is only short-sighted, picking his way when he should be marching on. Want of learning makes Martius a brisk entertaining fool, and gives himself a full scope; but that which Comma has, and calls learning, makes him diffident, and curb his natural misunderstanding to the great loss of the men of raillery. This conversation confirmed me in the opinion, that learning usually does but improve in us what nature endowed us with. He that wants good sense is unhappy in having learning, for he has thereby only more ways of exposing himself; and he that has sense knows that learning is not knowledge, but rather the art of using it.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, AUG. 22.

We have undoubted intelligence of the defeat of the King of Sweden; and that prince, who for some years had hovered like an approaching tempest, and was looked up at by all the nations of Europe, which seemed to expect their fate according to the course he should take, is now, in all probability, an unhappy exile, without the common necessaries of life. His Czarish Majesty treats his prisoners with great gallantry and distinction. Count Rhensfeildt has had particular marks of his Majesty's esteem, for his merit and services to his master; but Count Piper, whom his Majesty believes author of the most violent councils into which his prince entered, is disarmed, and entertained accordingly. That decisive battle was ended at nine in the mornings; and all the Swedish generals dined with the Czar that very day, and received assurances, that they should find Muscovy was not unacquainted with the laws of honour and humanity.

N° LIX. THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1709.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, AUG. 24.

ÆSOP has gained to himself an immortal renown for figuring the manners, desires, passions, and interests of men, by fables of beasts and birds. I shall, in my future accounts of our modern heroes and wits, vulgarly called Sharpers, imitate the method of that delightful moralist; and think I cannot represent those worthies more naturally than under the shadow of a pack of dogs; for this set of men are, like them, made up of finders, lurchers, and setters. Some search for the prey, others pursue, others take it; and if it be worth it, they all come in at the death, and worry the carcass. It would require a most exact knowledge of the field and the harbours where the deer lie, to recount all the revolutions in the chace.

But I am diverted from the train of my discourse of the fraternity about this town by letters from Hampstead, which give me an account, there is a late institution there, under the name of a Raffling-shop; which is, it seems, secretly supported by a person who is a deep practitioner in the law, and out of tenderness of conscience has, under the name of his maid Sisly, set up this easier way of conveyancing and alienating estates from one family to another. He is so far from having an intelligence with the rest of the fraternity, that all the humbler cheats, who appear there, are outfaced by the partners in the bank, and driven off by the reflection of superior brass. This notice is given to all the silly faces that pass that way, that they may not be decoyed in by the soft allurement of a fine lady, who is the sign to the pageantry. And at the same time, Signior Hawkfly, who is the patron of the houshold, is desired to leave off this interloping trade, or admit, as he ought to do, the Knights of the Industry to their share in the spoil. But this little matter is only by way of digression. Therefore, to return to our worthies.

The present race of terriers and hounds would starve, were it not for the inchanted Actæon, who has kept the whole pack for many successions of hunting seasons. Actæon has long tracts of rich soil; but had the misfortune in his youth to fall under the power of sorcery, and has been ever since, some parts of the year, a deer, and in some parts a man. While he is a man, such is the force of magic, he no sooner grows to such a bulk and fatness, but he is again turned into a deer, and hunted until he is lean; upon which he returns to his human shape. Many arts have been tried, and many resolutions taken, by Actæon himself, to follow such methods as would break the inchantment; but all have hitherto proved ineffectual. I have, therefore, by midnight watchings and much care, found out, that there is no way to save him from the jaws of his hounds, but to destroy the pack; which, by astrological prescience, I find I am destined to perform. For which end I have sent out my Familiar, to bring me a list of all the places where they are harboured, that I may know where to sound my horn, and bring them together, and take an account of their haunts and their marks, against another opportunity.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, AUG. 24.

THE author of the ensuing letter, by his name, and the quotations he makes from the ancients, seems a sort of spy from the old world, whom we moderns ought to be careful of offending; therefore I must be free, and own it a fair hit where he takes me, rather than disoblige him.

SIR,

HAVING a peculiar humour of desiring to be somewhat the better or wiser for what I read, I am always uneasy when, in any profound writer, for I read no others, I happen to meet with what I cannot understand. When this falls out, it is a great grievance to me that I am not able to consult the author himself about his meaning, for commentators are a sect that have little share in my esteem: your elaborate writings have, among many others, this advantage,

tage, that their author is ſtill alive, and ready, as his extenſive charity makes us expect, to explain whatever may be found in them too ſublime for vulgar underſtandings. This, Sir, makes me preſume to aſk you, how the Hampſtead hero's character could be perfectly new when the laſt letters came away, and yet Sir John Suckling ſo well acquainted with it ſixty years ago? I hope, Sir, you will not take this amiſs: I can aſſure you, I have a profound reſpect for you, which makes me write this, with the ſame diſpoſition with which Longinus bids us read Homer and Plato. 'When in reading,' ſays he, 'any of 'thoſe celebrated authors, we meet with 'a paſſage to which we cannot well re-'concile our reaſons, we ought firmly 'to believe, that were thoſe great wits 'preſent to anſwer for themſelves, we 'ſhould to our wonder be convinced, 'that we only are guilty of the miſtakes 'we before attributed to them.' If you think fit to remove the ſcruple that now torments me, it will be an encouragement to me to ſettle a frequent correſpondence with you; ſeveral things falling in my way which would not, perhaps, be altogether foreign to your purpoſe, and whereon your thoughts would be very acceptable to

Your moſt humble Servant,
OBADIAH GREENHAT.

I own this is clean; and Mr. Greenhat has convinced me that I have writ nonſenſe, yet am I not at all offended at him.

Scimus, et hanc veniam petimuſque; damuſque; viciſſim.
HOR. ARS. POET. VER. 11.

I own th'indulgence—Such I give and take.
FRANCIS.

This is the true art of raillery, when a man turns another into ridicule, and ſhews at the ſame time he is in good humour, and not urged on by malice againſt the perſon he raillies. Obadiah Greenhat has hit this very well: for to make an apology to Iſaac Bickerſtaff, an unknown ſtudent and horary hiſtorian, as well as aſtrologer, and with a grave face, to ſay he ſpeaks of him by the ſame rules with which he would treat Homer or Plato, is to place him in company where he cannot expect to make a figure; and makes him flatter himſelf, that it is only being named with them which renders him moſt ridiculous.

I have not known, and I am now paſt my grand climacteric, being ſixty-four years of age, according to my way of life; or rather, if you will allow punning in an old gentleman, according to my way of paſtime; I ſay, as old as I am, I have not been acquainted with many of the Greenhats. There is, indeed, one Zedekiah Greenhat, who is lucky alſo in his way. He has a very agreeable manner; for when he has a mind thoroughly to correct a man, he never takes from him any thing, but he allows him ſomething for it; or elſe he blames him for things wherein he is not defective, as well as for matters wherein he is. This makes a weak man believe he is in jeſt in the whole. The other day he told Beau Prim, who is thought impotent, that his miſtreſs had declared ſhe would not have him becauſe he was a ſloven, and had committed a rape. The beau bit at the banter, and ſaid very gravely, he thought to be clean was as much as was neceſſary; and that as to the rape, he wondered by what witchcraft that ſhould come to her ears; but it had indeed coſt him an hundred pounds to huſh the affair.

The Greenhats are a family with ſmall voices and ſhort arms, therefore they have power with none but their friends: they never call after thoſe who run away from them, or pretend to take hold of you, if you reſiſt. But it has been remarkable, that all who have ſhunned their company, or not liſtened to them, have fallen into the hands of ſuch as have knocked out their brains, or broken their bones. I have looked over our pedigree upon the receipt of this epiſtle, and find the Greenhats are a-kin to the Staffs. They deſcend from Maudlin, the left-handed wife of Nehemiah Bickerſtaff, in the reign of Harry the Second. And it is remarkable, that they are all left-handed, and have always been very expert at ſingle rapier. A man muſt be very much uſed to their play to know how to defend himſelf; for their poſture is ſo different from that of the right handed, that you run upon their ſwords if you puſh forward; and they are in with you, if you offer to fall back without keeping your guard.

There have been alſo letters lately ſent to me which relate to other people:

among the reſt, ſome whom I have heretofore declared to be ſo, are deceaſed. I muſt not, therefore, break through rules ſo far, as to ſpeak ill of the dead. This maxim extends to all but the late Partridge, who ſtill denies his death. I am informed, indeed, by ſeveral, that he walks; but I ſhall with all convenient ſpeed lay him.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, AUG. 24.

WE hear from Tournay, that on the night between the twenty-ſecond and twenty-third, they went on with their works in the enemy's mines, and levelled the earth which was taken out of them. The next day, at eight in the morning, when the French obſerved we were relieving our trenches, they ſprung a larger mine than any they had fired during the ſiege, which killed only four private centinels. The enſuing night we had three men and two officers killed, as alſo ſeven men wounded. Between the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth, we repaired ſome works which the enemy had ruined. On the next day, ſome of the enemy's magazines blew up; and it is thought they were deſtroyed on purpoſe by ſome of their men, who are impatient of the hardſhips of the preſent ſervice. There happened nothing remarkable for two or three days following. A deſerter, who came out of the citadel on the twenty-ſeventh, ſays the garriſon is brought to the utmoſt neceſſity; that their bread and water are both very bad; and that they were reduced to eat horſe-fleſh. The manner of fighting in this ſiege has diſcovered a gallantry in our men unknown to former ages; their meeting with adverſe parties under ground, where every ſtep is taken with apprehenſions of being blown up with mines below them, or cruſhed by the fall of the earth above them, and all this acted in darkneſs, has ſomething in it more terrible than ever is met with in any other part of a ſoldier's duty. However, this is performed with great chearfulneſs. In other parts of the war we have alſo good proſpects: Count Thaun has taken Annecy, and the Count de Merci marched into Franche Compté, while his Electoral Highneſs is much ſuperior in number to Monſieur d'Harcourt; ſo that both on the ſide of Savoy and Germany, we have reaſon to expect very ſuddenly ſome great event.

Nº LX. SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1709.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, AUG. 26.

TO proceed regularly in the hiſtory of my worthies, I ought to give an account of what has paſſed from day to day in this place; but a young fellow of my acquaintance has ſo lately been reſcued out of the hands of the Knights of the Inſtuſtry, that I rather chuſe to relate the manner of his eſcape from them, and the uncommon way which was uſed to reclaim him, than to go on in my intended diary.

You are to know then, that Tom Wildair is a ſtudent of the Inner Temple, and has ſpent his time, ſince he left the univerſity for that place, in the common diverſions of men of faſhion; that is to ſay, in whoring, drinking, and gaming. The two former vices he had from his father; but was led into the laſt by the converſation of a partizan of the Myrmidons, who had chambers near him. His allowance from his father was a very plentiful one for a man of ſenſe, but as ſcanty for a modern fine gentleman. His frequent loſſes had reduced him to ſo neceſſitous a condition, that his lodgings were always haunted by impatient creditors; and all his thoughts employed in contriving low methods to ſupport himſelf in a way of life from which he knew not how to retreat, and in which he wanted means to proceed. There is never wanting ſome good-natured perſon to ſend a man an account of what he has no mind to hear; therefore many epiſtles were conveyed to the father of this extravagant, to inform him of the company, the pleaſures, the diſtreſſes, and entertainments, in which his ſon paſſed his time. The old fellow received theſe advices with all the pain of a parent, but frequently conſulted his pillow to know how to behave himſelf on ſuch important occaſions, as the welfare of his ſon, and the ſafety of his fortune. After many agitations of mind, he reflected, that neceſſity was the uſual ſnare which made

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Plate XV.

Published as the Act directs by Harrison & Co. Nov. 19. 1785.

men fall into meanneſs, and that a liberal fortune generally made a liberal and honeſt mind; he reſolved, therefore, to ſave him from his ruin, by giving him opportunities of taſting what it is to be at eaſe, and incloſed to him the following order upon Sir Triſtram Caſh.

SIR,

PRAY pay to Mr. Thomas Wildair, or order, the ſum of one thouſand pounds, and place it to the account of

Yours,

HUMPHRY WILDAIR.

Tom was ſo aſtoniſhed at the receipt of this order, that though he knew it to be his father's hand, and that he had always large ſums at Sir Triſtram's, yet a thouſand pounds was a truſt of which his conduct had always made him appear ſo little capable, that he kept his note by him, until he writ to his father the following letter:

HONOURED FATHER,

I Have received an order under your hand for a thouſand pounds, in words at length; and, I think I could ſwear it is your own hand. I have looked it over and over twenty thouſand times. There is in plain letters, T,H,O,U,S,A,N,D; and after it, the letters P,O,U,N,D,S. I have it ſtill by me, and ſhall, I believe, continue reading it until I hear from you.

The old gentleman took no manner of notice of the receipt of his letter; but ſent him another order for three thouſand pounds more. His amazement on this ſecond letter was unſpeakable. He immediately double-locked his door, and ſat down carefully to reading and comparing both his orders. After he had read them until he was half mad, he walked ſix or ſeven turns in his chamber, then opens his door, then locks it again; and to examine thoroughly this matter, he locks his door again, puts his table and chairs againſt it; then goes into his cloſet, and locking himſelf in, read his notes over again about nineteen times, which did but increaſe his aſtoniſhment. Soon after, he began to recollect many ſtories he had formerly heard of perſons who had been poſſeſſed with imaginations and appearances which had no foundation in nature, but had been taken with ſudden madneſs in the midſt of a ſeeming clear and untainted reaſon. This made him very gravely conclude he was out of his wits; and with a deſign to compoſe himſelf, he immediately betakes him to his night-cap, with a reſolution to ſleep himſelf into his former poverty and ſenſes. To bed therefore he goes at noon-day; but ſoon roſe again, and reſolved to viſit Sir Triſtram upon this occaſion. He did ſo, and dined with the knight, expecting he would mention ſome advice from his father about paying him money; but no ſuch thing being ſaid—'Look you, 'Sir Triſtram,' ſaid he, 'you are to 'know, that an affair has happened, 'which—' 'Look you,' ſays Triſtram, 'I know, Mr. Wildair, you are 'going to deſire me to advance; but 'the late call of the Bank, where I have 'not yet made my laſt payment, has 'obliged me—' Tom interrupted him, by ſhewing him the bill of a thouſand pounds. When he had looked at it for a convenient time, and as often ſurveyed Tom's looks and countenance—'Look you, Mr. Wildair,' a thouſand 'pounds—' Before he could proceed, he ſhews him the order for three thouſand more. Sir Triſtram examined the orders at the light, and finding, at the writing the name, there was a certain ſtroke in one letter, which the father and he had agreed ſhould be to ſuch directions as he deſired might be more immediately honoured, he forthwith pays the money. The poſſeſſion of four thouſand pounds gave my young gentleman a new train of thoughts: he began to reflect upon his birth, the great expectations he was born to, and the unſuitable ways he had long purſued. Inſtead of that unthinking creature he was before, he is now provident, generous, and diſcreet. The father and ſon have an exact and regular correſpondence, with mutual and unreſerved confidence in each other. The ſon looks upon his father as the beſt tenant he could have in the country, and the father finds the ſon the moſt ſafe banker he could have in the city.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, AUG. 26.

THERE is not any thing in nature ſo extravagant but that you will find one man or other that ſhall practiſe or maintain it; otherwiſe Harry Spondee could not have made ſo long an harangue as

he did here this evening, concerning the force and efficacy of well-applied nonſenſe. Among ladies, he poſitively averred it was the moſt prevailing part of eloquence; and had ſo little complaiſance as to ſay, a woman is never taken by her reaſon, but always by her paſſion. He proceeded to aſſert, the way to move that, was only to aſtoniſh her. 'I know,' continued he, 'a very late 'inſtance of this; for being by acci-'dent in the room next to Strephon, I 'could not help over-hearing him as 'he made love to a certain great lady's 'woman. The true method in your 'application to one of this ſecond rank 'of underſtanding, is not to elevate and 'ſurprize, but rather to elevate and 'amaze.' Strephon is a perfect maſter in this kind of perſuaſion: his way 'is, to run over with a ſoft air a multitude of words, without meaning or 'connection; but ſuch as do each of 'them apart give a pleaſing idea, though 'they have nothing to do with each 'other as he aſſembles them. After 'the common phraſes of ſalutation, 'and making his entry into the room, 'I perceived he had taken the fair 'nymph's hand, and kiſſing it, ſaid— "Witneſs to my happineſs, ye groves!— "be ſtill, ye rivulets!—oh! woods, caves, "fountains, trees, dales, mountains, "hills, and ſtreams!—Oh, faireſt! could "you love me?" To which I over-'heard her anſwer, with a very pretty 'liſp—"Oh! Strephon, you are a dan-"gerous creature: why do you talk "theſe tender things to me? But you "men of wit——" "Is it then poſ-"ſible," ſaid the enamoured Strephon, "that ſhe regards my ſorrows!—Oh! "Pity, thou balmy cure to an heart "overloaded. If rapture, ſolicitation, "ſoft deſire, and pleaſing anxiety—But "ſtill I live in the moſt afflicting of all "circumſtances, doubt. Cannot my "charmer name the place and mo-"ment—

There all theſe joys inſatiably to prove,
With which rich beauty feeds the glutton Love.

"Forgive me, Madam; it is not that "my heart is weary of it's chain, but "——" This incoherent ſtuff was anſwered by a tender ſigh—"Why "do you put your wit to a weak wo-"man?" Strephon ſaw he had made 'ſome progreſs in her heart, and pur-'ſued it, by ſaying that he would cer-'tainly wait upon her at ſuch an hour 'near Roſamond's Pond; and the—the 'ſylvan deities, and rural powers of the 'place, ſacred and inviolable to Love; 'Love, the mover of all noble hearts, 'ſhould hear his vows repeated by the 'ſtreams and echoes. The aſſignation 'was accordingly made. This ſtyle he 'calls the unintelligible method of 'ſpeaking his mind; and I will engage, 'had this gallant ſpoken plain Engliſh, 'ſhe had never underſtood him half ſo 'readily: for we may take it for grant-'ed, that he will be eſteemed as a very 'cold lover who diſcovers to his miſ-'treſs that he is in his ſenſes.'

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, AUG. 26.

THE following letter came to my hand, with a requeſt to have the ſubject recommended to our readers, particularly the Smart Fellows; who are deſired to repair to Major Touch-hole, who can help them to firelocks that are only fit for exerciſe.

JUST READY FOR THE PRESS,

MARS Triumphant; or, London's Glory: Being the whole art of encampment, with the method of embattelling armies, marching them off, poſting the officers, forming hollow ſquares, and the various ways of paying the ſalute with the half-pike; as it was performed by the Trained Bands of London this year, one thouſand ſeven hundred and nine, in that nurſery of Bellona, the Artillery Ground. Wherein you have a new method how to form a ſtrong line of foot, with large intervals between each platoon, very uſeful to prevent the breaking in of horſe. A civil way of performing the military ceremony; wherein the major alights from his horſe, and at the head of his company ſalutes the lieutenant-colonel; and the lieutenant-colonel, to return the compliment, courteouſly diſmounts, and after the ſame manner ſalutes his major: exactly as it was performed, with abundance of applauſe, on the fifth of July laſt. Likewiſe an account of a new invention, made uſe of in the red regiment, to quell mutineering captains; with ſeveral other things alike uſeful for the public. To which is added, an appendix by Major Touch-hole; proving the method of diſcipline now uſed in our armies to be very defective: with

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an eſſay towards an amendment. Dedicated to the Lieutenant-Colonel of the firſt regiment.

Mr. Bickerſtaff has now in the preſs, A Defence of Aukward Fellows againſt the claſs of the Smarts: with a diſſertation upon the Gravity which becomes Weighty perſons. Illuſtrated by way of fable; and a diſcourſe on the nature of the elephant, the cow, the dray-horſe, and the dromedary, which have motions equally ſteady and grave. To this is added a treatiſe written by an elephant, according to Pliny, againſt receiving foreigners into the foreſt. Adapted to ſome preſent circumſtances. Together with alluſions to ſuch beaſts as declare againſt the poor Palatines.

N° LXI. TUESDAY, AUGUST 30, 1709.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, AUG. 29.

AMONG many phraſes which have crept into converſation, eſpecially of ſuch company as frequent this place, there is not one which miſleads me more than that of a 'Fellow of a great deal of 'Fire.' This metaphorical term, Fire, has done much good in keeping coxcombs in awe of one another; but at the ſame time it has made them troubleſome to every body elſe. You ſee, in the very air of a 'Fellow of Fire,' ſomething ſo expreſſive of what he would be at, that if it were not for ſelf-preſervation, a man would laugh out.

I had laſt night the fate to drink a bottle with two of theſe Firemen, who are indeed diſperſed like the Myrmidons in all quarters, and to be met with among thoſe of the moſt different education. One of my companions was a ſcholar with Fire; and the other a ſoldier of the ſame complexion. My learned man would fall into diſputes, and argue without any manner of provocation or contradiction: the other was deciſive without words, and would give a ſhrug or an oath to expreſs his opinion. My learned man was a mere ſcholar, and my man of war as mere a ſoldier. The particularity of the firſt was ridiculous; that of the ſecond, terrible. They were relations by blood, which in ſome meaſure moderated their extravagancies towards each other: I gave myſelf up merely as a perſon of no note in the company; but as if brought to be convinced, that I was an inconſiderable thing, any otherwiſe than that they would ſhew each other to me, and make me ſpectator of the triumph they alternately enjoyed. The ſcholar has been very converſant with books, and the other with men only; which makes them both ſuperficial; for the taſte of books is neceſſary to our behaviour in the beſt company, and the knowledge of men is required for a true reliſh of books: but they have both Fire, which makes one paſs for a man of ſenſe, and the other for a fine gentleman. I found I could eaſily enough paſs my time with the ſcholar: for if I ſeemed not to do juſtice to his parts and ſentiments, he pitied me, and let me alone. But the warrior could not let it reſt there; I muſt know all that happened within his ſhallow obſervations of the nature of the war: to all which he added an air of lazineſs, and contempt of thoſe of his companions who were eminent for delighting in the exerciſe and knowledge of their duty. Thus it is, that all the young fellows of much animal life, and little underſtanding, who repair to our armies, uſurp upon the converſation of reaſonable men, under the notion of having Fire.

The word has not been of greater uſe to ſhallow lovers, to ſupply them with chat to their miſtreſſes, than it has been to pretended men of pleaſure, to ſupport them in being pert and dull, and ſaying of every fool of their order—'Such a 'one has Fire.' There is Colonel Truncheon, who marches with diviſions ready on all occaſions; an hero who never doubted in his life, but is ever poſitively fixed in the wrong, not out of obſtinate opinion, but invincible ſtupidity.

It is very unhappy for this latitude of London, that it is poſſible for ſuch as can learn only faſhion, habit, and a ſet of common phraſes of ſalutation, to paſs with no other accompliſhments, in this nation of freedom, for men of converſation and ſenſe. All theſe ought to pretend to is, not to offend; but they carry

carry it so far, as to be negligent whether they offend or not; 'For they have 'Fire.' But their force differs from true spirit, as much as a vicious from a mettlesome horse. A man of Fire is a general enemy to all the waiters where you drink; is the only man affronted at the company's being neglected; and makes the drawers abroad, his valet de chambre and footman at home, know he is not to be provoked without danger.

This is not the Fire that animates the noble Marinus, a youth of good-nature, affability, and moderation. He commands his ship as an intelligence moves it's orb: he is the vital life, and his officers the limbs of the machine. His vivacity is seen in doing all the offices of life with readiness of spirit, and propriety in the manner of doing them. To be ever active in laudable pursuits, is the distinguishing character of a man of merit; while the common behaviour of every gay coxcomb of Fire is, to be confidently in the wrong, and dare to persist in it.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, AUG. 29.

It is a common objection against writings of a satirical mixture, that they hurt men in their reputations, and consequently in their fortunes and possessions: but a gentleman who frequents this room declared, he was of opinion it ought to be so, provided such performances had their proper restrictions. The greatest evils in human society are such as no law can come at; as in the case of ingratitude, where the manner of obliging very often leaves the benefactor without means of demanding justice, though that very circumstance should be more binding to the person who has received the benefit. On such an occasion, shall it be possible for the malefactor to escape? and is it not lawful to set marks upon persons who live within the law, and do base things? shall not we use the same protection of those laws to punish them, which they have to defend themselves? We shall therefore take it for a very moral action to find a good appellation for offenders, and to turn them into ridicule under feigned names.

I am advertised by a letter, of August the twenty-fifth, that the name of Coppersmith has very much wanted explanation in the city, and by that means unjustly given, by those who are conscious they deserve it themselves, to an honest and worthy citizen belonging to the Copper Office; but that word is framed out of a moral consideration of wealth amongst men, whereby he that has gotten any part of it by injustice and extortion is to be thought in the eye of virtuous men so much the poorer for such gain. Thus all the gold which is torn from our neighbours, by making advantage of their wants, is Copper; and I authorise the Lombards to distinguish themselves accordingly. All the honest, who make a reasonable profit, both for the advantage of themselves and those they deal with, are Goldsmiths; but those who tear unjustly all they can, Coppersmiths. At the same time I desire him who is most guilty, to sit down satisfied with riches and contempt, and be known by the title of 'The Copper-'smith;' as being the chief of that respected, contemptible fraternity.

This is the case of all others mentioned in our lucubrations; particularly of Stentor, who goes on in his vociferations at St. Paul's with so much obstinacy, that he has received admonition from Saint Peter's for it, from a person of eminent wit and piety; but who is by old age reduced to the infirmity of sleeping at a service, to which he has been fifty years attentive; and whose death, whenever it happens, may, with that of the saints, well be called, Falling asleep: for the innocence of his life makes him expect it as indifferently as he does his ordinary rest. This gives him a chearfulness of spirit to railly on his own weakness, and hath made him write to Stentor to hearken to my admonitions. 'Brother Stentor,' said he, 'for the 'repose of the church, hearken to Bick-'erstaff; and consider that while you 'are so devout at Saint Paul's, we can-'not sleep for you at Saint Peter's.'

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, AUG. 29.

There has been lately sent me a much harder question than was ever yet put to me, since I professed astrology; to wit, How far, and to what age, women ought to make their beauty their chief concern? The regard and care of their faces and persons are as variously to be considered, as their complexions themselves differ; but if one may transgress against the careful practice of the fair-sex so much as to give an opinion against it,

it, I humbly preſume, that leſs care, better applied, would encreaſe their empire, and make it laſt as long as life: whereas now, from their own example, we take our eſteem of their merit from it; for it is very juſt, that ſhe who values herſelf only on her beauty, ſhould be regarded by others on no other conſideration.

There is certainly a liberal and pedantic education among women, as well as men; and the merit laſts accordingly. She therefore that is bred with freedom, and in good company, conſiders men according to their reſpective characters and diſtinctions; while ſhe that is locked up from ſuch obſervations, will conſider her father's butler, not as a butler, but as a man. In like manner, when men converſe with women, the well-bred and intelligent are looked upon with an obſervation ſuitable to their different talents and accompliſhments, without reſpect to their ſex; while a mere woman can be obſerved under no conſideration but that of a woman; and there can be but one reaſon for placing any value upon her, or loſing time in her company. Wherefore I am of opinion, that the rule for pleaſing long is, to obtain ſuch qualifications as would make them ſo, were they not women.

Let the beauteous Cleomira then ſhew us her real face, and know that every ſtage of life has it's peculiar charms, and that there is no neceſſity for fifty to be fifteen: that childiſh colouring of her cheeks is now as ungraceful as that ſhape would have been when her face wore it's real countenance. She has ſenſe, and ought to know, that if ſhe will not follow nature, nature will follow her. Time then has made that perſon which had, when I viſited her grandfather, an agreeable bloom, ſprightly air, and ſoft utterance, now no leſs graceful in a lovely aſpect, an awful manner, and maternal wiſdom. But her heart was ſo ſet upon her firſt character, that ſhe neglects and repines at her preſent; not that ſhe is againſt a more ſtayed conduct in others, for ſhe recommends gravity, circumſpection, and ſeverity of countenance, to her daughter. Thus, againſt all chronology, the girl is the ſage, the mother the fine lady.

But theſe great evils proceed from an unaccountable wild method in the education of the better half of the world, the women. We have no ſuch thing as a ſtandard for good-breeding. I was the other day at my Lady Wealthy's, and aſked one of her daughters how ſhe did. She anſwered, ſhe never converſed with men. The ſame day I viſited at Lady Plantwell's, and aſked her daughter the ſame queſtion. She anſwers—'What is that to you, you old thief?' and gives me a ſlap on the ſhoulders.

I defy any man in England, except he knows the family before he enters, to be able to judge whether he ſhall be agreeable or not, when he comes into it. You find either ſome odd old woman, who is permitted to rule as long as ſhe lives, in hopes of her death, and to interrupt all things; or ſome impertinent young woman, who will talk fillily upon the ſtrength of looking beautifully. I will not anſwer for it, but it may be, that I (like all other old fellows) have a fondneſs for the faſhions and manners which prevailed when I was young and in faſhion myſelf. But certain it is, that the taſte of grace and beauty is very much lowered. The fine women they ſhew me now-a-days are at beſt but pretty girls to me who have ſeen Sacharilſa, when all the world repeated the poems ſhe inſpired; and Villaria, when a youthful king was her ſubject. The things you follow, and make ſongs on now, ſhould be ſent to knit, or ſit down to bobbins or bone-lace: they are indeed neat, and ſo are their ſempſtreſſes; they are pretty, and ſo are their handmaids; but that graceful motion, that awful mien, and that winning attraction, which grew upon them from the thoughts and converſations they met with in my time, are now no more ſeen. They tell me I am old: I am glad I am ſo; for I do not like your preſent young ladies.

Thoſe among us who ſet up for any thing of decorum, do ſo miſtake the matter, that they offend on the other ſide. Five young ladies, who are of no ſmall fame for their great ſeverity of manners, and exemplary behaviour, would lately go no where with their lovers but to an organ-loft in a church; where they had a cold treat, and ſome few opera ſongs, to their great refreſhment and edification. Whether theſe prudent perſons had not been as much ſo, if this had been done at a tavern, is not very hard to determine. It is ſuch ſilly ſtarts and incoherences as theſe, which undervalue the beauteous ſex, and

and puzzle us in our choice of sweetness of temper and simplicity of manners, which are the only lasting charms of women. But I must leave this important subject, at present, for some matters which press for publication; as you will observe in the following letter:

DEAR SIR,

IT is natural for distant relations to claim kindred with a rising family; though at this time, zeal to my country, not interest, calls me out. The city-forces being shortly to take the field, all good Protestants would be pleased that their arms and valour should shine with equal lustre. A council of war was lately held, the Honourable Colonel Mortar being president. After many debates, it was unanimously resolved, That Major Blunder, a most expert officer, should be detached for Birmingham, to buy arms, and to prove his firelocks on the spot, as well to prevent expence, as disappointment in the day of battle. The major, being a person of consummate experience, was invested with a discretionary power. He knew from ancient story, that securing the rear, and making a glorious retreat, was the most celebrated piece of conduct. Accordingly such measures were taken to prevent surprize in the rear of his arms, that even Pallas herself, in the shape of rust, could not invade them. They were drawn into close order, firmly embodied, and arrived securely without touch-holes. Great and national actions deserve popular applause; and as praise is no expence to the public, therefore, dearest kinsman, I communicate this to you, as well to oblige this nursery of heroes, as to do justice to my native country. I am your most affectionate kinsman,

OFFSPRING TWIG.

LONDON, AUG. 26.
ARTILLERY-GROUND.

A war-horse belonging to one of the colonels of the artillery, to be let or sold. He may be seen adorned with ribbands, and set forth to the best advantage, the next training day.

Nº LXII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1709.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, AUG. 31.

THIS place being frequented by persons of condition, I am desired to recommend a dog-kennel to any who shall want a pack. It lies not far from Suffolk Street, and is kept by two who were formerly dragoons in the French service, but left plundering for the more orderly life of keeping dogs: besides that, according to their expectation, they find it more profitable, as well as more conducing to the safety of their skin, to follow this trade, than the beat of drum. Their residence is very convenient for the dogs to whelp in, and bring up a right breed to follow the scent. The most eminent of the kennel are blood-hounds, which lead the van, and are as follow:

A LIST OF THE DOGS.

Jowler, of a right Irish breed, called Captain.

Rockwood, of French race, with long hair, by the courtesy of England called also Captain.

Pompey, a tall hound, kennelled in a convent in France, and knows a rich soil.

These two last hunt in couple, and are followed by—

Ringwood, a French black whelp of the same breed, a fine open-mouthed dog; and an old sick hound, always in kennel, but of the true blood, with a good nose, French breed.

There is also an Italian grey-hound, with good legs, and knows perfectly the ground from Ghent to Paris.

Ten setting-dogs, right English.

Four mongrels, of the same nation:

And twenty whelps, fit for any game.

These curs are so extremely hungry, that they are too keen at the sport, and worry their game before the keepers can come in. The other day a wild boar from the north rushed into the kennel, and at first indeed defended himself against the whole pack; but they proved at last too many for him, and tore twenty-five pounds of flesh from off his back, with which they filled their bellies, and made so great a noise in the neighbourhood, that the keepers are obliged to hasten

haſten the ſale. That quarter of the town where they are kennelled is generally inhabited by ſtrangers, whoſe blood the hounds have often ſucked in ſuch a manner, that many a German count, and other Virtuoſi, who came from the continent, have loſt the intention of their travels, and been unable to proceed on their journey.

If theſe hounds are not very ſoon diſpoſed of to ſome good purchaſer, as alſo thoſe at the kennels near Saint James's, it is humbly propoſed, that they may be all together tranſported to America, where the dogs are few, and the wild beaſts many: or, that during their ſtay in theſe parts, ſome eminent juſtice of the peace may have it in particular direction to viſit their harbours; and that the ſheriff of Middleſex may allow him the aſſiſtance of the common hangman to cut off their ears, or part of them, for diſtinction-ſake, that we may know the blood-hounds from the mongrels and ſetters. Until theſe things are regulated, you may enquire at an houſe belonging to Paris, at the upper end of Suffolk Street, or an houſe belonging to Ghent, oppoſite to the lower end of Pall Mall, and know further.

It were to be wiſhed that the curs were diſpoſed of; for it is a very great nuiſance to have them tolerated in cities. That of London takes care, that the Common Hunt, aſſiſted by the ſerjeants and bailiffs, expel them whenever they are found within the walls; though it is ſaid, ſome private families keep them, to the deſtruction of their neighbours: but it is deſired, that all who know of any of theſe curs, or have been bit by them, would ſend me their marks, and the houſes where they are harboured; and I do not doubt but I ſhall alarm the people ſo well, as to have them uſed like mad-dogs wherever the appear. In the mean time, I adviſe all ſuch as entertain this kind of vermin, that if they give me timely notice that their dogs are diſmiſſed, I ſhall let them go unregarded; otherwiſe am obliged to admoniſh my fellow-ſubjects in this behalf, and inſtruct them how to avoid being worried, when they are going about their lawful profeſſions and callings. There was lately a young gentleman bit to the bone; who has now indeed recovered his health, but is as lean as a ſkeleton. It grieved my heart to ſee a gentleman's ſon run among the hounds; but he is, they tell me, as fleet and as dangerous as the beſt of the pack.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, AUG. 31.

THIS evening was ſpent at our table in diſcourſe of propriety of words and thoughts, which is Mr. Dryden's definition of wit; but a very odd fellow, who would intrude upon us, and has a briſkneſs of imagination more like madneſs than regular thoughts, ſaid that Harry Jacks was the firſt who told him of the taking of the citadel of Tournay; 'And,' ſays he, 'Harry deſerves a ſtatue more than the boy who ran to the 'ſenate with a thorn in his foot, to tell 'of a victory.' We were aſtoniſhed at the aſſertion, and Spondee aſked him, 'What 'affinity is there between that boy and 'Harry, that you ſay their merit has ſo 'near a reſemblance as you juſt now 'told us?'—'Why,' ſays he, 'Harry, 'you know, is in the French intereſt; 'and it was more pain to him to tell 'the ſtory of Tournay, than to the boy 'to run upon a thorn to relate a vic-'tory which he was glad of.' The gentleman who was in the chair upon the ſubject of the propriety of words and thoughts, would by no means allow, that there was wit in this compariſon; and urged, that to have any thing gracefully ſaid, it muſt be natural; but that whatſoever was introduced in common diſcourſe with ſo much premeditation, was inſufferable. That critic went on—'Had Mr. Jacks,' ſaid he, 'told him 'the citadel was taken, and another had 'anſwered, He deſerves a ſtatue as well 'as the Roman boy, for he told it with 'as much pain, it might have paſſed 'for a ſprightly expreſſion; but there is 'a wit for diſcourſe, and a wit for writ-'ing. The eaſineſs and familiarity of 'the firſt is not to ſavour in the leaſt of 'ſtudy; but the exactneſs of the other 'is to admit of ſomething like the free-'dom of diſcourſe, eſpecially in treatiſes 'of humanity, and what regards the 'Belles Lettres. I do not in this al-'low that Bickerſtaff's Tatlers, or diſ-'courſe of wit by retail, and for the 'penny, ſhould come within the de-'ſcription of writing.' I bowed at his compliment, and—But he would not let me proceed.

'You ſee in no place of converſation 'the perfection of ſpeech ſo much as in

'an accomplished woman. Whether 'it be, that there is partiality irresistible 'when we judge of that sex, or what-'ever it is, you may observe a wonder-'ful freedom in their utterance, and an 'easy flow of words, without being dis-'tracted (as we often are who read 'much) in the choice of dictions and 'phrases. My Lady Courtly is an in-'stance of this: she was talking the 'other day of dress, and did it with so 'excellent an air and gesture, that you 'would have sworn she had learned her 'action from our Demosthenes. Be-'sides which, her words were so parti-'cularly well adapted to the matter she 'talked of, that though dress was a new 'thing to us men, she avoided the terms 'of art in it, and described an unaffect-'ed garb and manner in so proper terms, 'that she came up to that of Horace's 'Simplex Munditiis; which, whoever 'can translate in two words, has as much 'eloquence as Lady Courtly. I took 'the liberty to tell her, that all she had 'said with so much good grace, was 'spoken in two words in Horace, but 'would not undertake to translate them; 'upon which she smiled, and told me, 'she believed me a very great scholar; 'and I took my leave.'

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, AUG. 31.

I HAVE been just now reading the introduction to the history of Catiline by Sallust, an author who is very much in my favour: but when I reflect upon his professing himself wholly disinterested, and, at the same time, see how industriously he has avoided saying any thing to the praise of Cicero, to whose vigilance the commonwealth owed it's safety, it very much lessens my esteem for that writer; and is one argument, among others, for laughing at all who pretend to be out of the interests of the world, and profess purely to act for the service of mankind, without the least regard to themselves. I do not deny but that the rewards are different; some aim at riches, others at honour, by their public services: however, they are all pursuing some end to themselves, though indeed those ends differ as much as right and wrong. The most graceful way then, I should think, would be to acknowledge, that you aim at serving yourselves; but at the same time make it appear, it is for the service of others that you have these opportunities.

Of all the disinterested professors I have ever heard of, I take the boatswain of Dampier's ship to be the most impudent, but the most excusable. You are to know, that in the wild searches that navigator was making, they happened to be out at sea, far distant from any shore, in want of all the necessaries of life; insomuch, that they began to look, not without hunger, on each other. The boatswain was a fat, healthy, fresh fellow, and attracted the eyes of the whole crew. In such an extreme necessity, all forms of superiority were laid aside: the captain and lieutenant were safe only by being carrion, and the unhappy boatswain in danger only by being worth eating. To be short, the company were unanimous, and the boatswain must be cut up. He saw their intention, and desired he might speak a few words before they proceeded; which being permitted, he delivered himself as follows:

GENTLEMEN SAILORS,

FAR be it that I should speak it for any private interest of my own; but I take it, that I should not die with a good conscience, if I did not confess to you, that I am not sound. I say, gentlemen, justice, and the testimony of a good conscience, as well as love of my country, to which I hope you will all return, oblige me to own, that black Kate at Deptford has made me very unsafe to eat; and, I speak it with shame, I am afraid, gentlemen, I should poison you.

This speech had a good effect in the boatswain's favour; but the surgeon of the ship protested, he had cured him very well, and offered to eat the first steak of him himself.

The boatswain replied, like an orator, with a true notion of the people, and in hopes to gain time, that he was heartily glad if he could be for their service, and thanked the surgeon for his information. 'However,' said he, 'I 'must inform you, for your own good, 'that I have ever since my cure been 'very thirsty and dropsical; therefore I 'presume, it would be much better to 'tap me and drink me off, than eat 'me at once, and have no man in the 'ship fit to be drank.' As he was going on with this harangue, a fresh gale arose,

aroſe, and gave the crew hopes of a better repaſt at the neareſt ſhore, to which they arrived next morning.

Moſt of the ſelf-denials we meet with are of this ſort; therefore I think he acts faireſt who owns, he hopes at leaſt to have brother's fare, without profeſſing that he gives himſelf up with pleaſure to be devoured for the preſervation of his fellows.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, AUG. 31.

LETTERS from the Hague of the ſixth of September, N. S. ſay, that the governor of the citadel of Tournay, having offered their Highneſſes the Duke of Marlborough and the Prince of Savoy to ſurrender that place on the thirty-firſt of the laſt month, on terms which were not allowed them by thoſe princes, hoſtilities were thereupon renewed; but that on the third the place was ſurrendered, with a ſeeming condition granted to the beſieged above that of being priſoners of war; for they were forthwith to be conducted to Conde, but were to be exchanged for priſoners of the Allies, and particularly thoſe of Warneton were mentioned in the demand. Both armies having ſtretched towards Mons with the utmoſt diligence, that of the Allies, though they paſſed the much more difficult road, arrived firſt before that town, which they have now actually inveſted; and the quarter-maſter general was, at the time of diſpatching theſe letters, marking the ground for the encampment of the covering army.

TO THE BOOKSELLERS, OR OTHERS WHOM THIS ADVERTISEMENT MAY CONCERN.

MR. Omicron, the unborn poet, gives notice, that he writes all treatiſes, as well in verſe as proſe, being a ninth ſon; and tranſlates out of languages, without learning or ſtudy.

If any bookſeller will treat for his paſtoral on the ſiege and ſurrender of the citadel of Tournay, he muſt ſend in his propoſals before the news of a capitulation for any other town.

The undertaker for either play-houſe may have an opera written by him; or, if it ſhall ſuit their deſign, a ſatire upon operas; both ready for next winter.

This is to give notice, that Richard Farloe, M.A. well known for his acuteneſs in diſſection of dead bodies, and his great ſkill in oſteology, has now laid by that practice; and having, by great ſtudy and much labour, acquired the knowledge of an antidote for all the moſt common maladies of the ſtomach, is removed and may be applied to, at any time of the day, in the ſouth entrance from Newgate Street into Chriſt's Hoſpital.

Nº LXIII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1709.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, SEPT. 2.

OF THE ENJOYMENT OF LIFE WITH REGARD TO OTHERS.

I Have ever thought it the greateſt diminution to the Roman glory imaginable, that in their inſtitution of public triumphs, they led their enemies in chains when they were priſoners. It is to be allowed, that doing all honour to the ſuperiority of heroes above the reſt of mankind, muſt needs conduce to the glory and advantage of a nation; but what ſhocks the imagination to reflect upon, is, that a polite people ſhould think it reaſonable, that an unhappy man, who was no way inferior to the victor but by the chance of war, ſhould be led like a ſlave at the wheels of his chariot. Indeed, theſe other circumſtances of a triumph, that it was not allowed in a civil war, leſt part of it ſhould be in tears, while the other was making acclamations; that it ſhould not be granted, except ſuch a number were ſlain in battle; that the general ſhould be diſgraced who made a falſe muſter of his dead; theſe, I ſay, had great and politic ends in their being eſtabliſhed, and tended to the apparent benefit of the commonwealth. But this behaviour to the conquered had no foundation in nature and policy, only to gratify the inſolence of an haughty people, who triumphed over barbarous nations, by acting what was fit only for thoſe very barbarians to practiſe. It ſeems wonderful, that they who were ſo refined as to take care that, to complete the honour done to the victorious officer, no power ſhould be known above him in

the empire on the day of his triumph, but that the conſuls themſelves ſhould be but gueſts at his table that evening; could not take it into thought to make the man of chief note among his priſoners one of the company. This would have improved the gladneſs of the occaſion; and the victor had made a much greater figure, in that no other man appeared unhappy on his day, than becauſe no other man appeared great.

But we will wave at preſent ſuch important incidents, and turn our thoughts rather to the familiar part of human life; and we ſhall find, that the great buſineſs we contend for is in a leſs degree what thoſe Romans did on more ſolemn occaſions, to triumph over our fellow-creatures; and there is hardly a man to be found, who would not rather be in pain to appear happy, than be really happy and appear miſerable. This men attempt by ſumptuous equipages, ſplendid houſes, numerous ſervants, and all the cares and purſuits of an ambitious or faſhionable life.

Bromeo and Tabio are particularly ill-wiſhers to each other, and rivals in happineſs. There is no way in nature ſo good to procure the eſteem of the one, as to give him little notices of certain ſecret points, wherein the other is uneaſy. Gnatho has the ſkill of doing this, and never applauds the improvements Bromeo has been many years making, and ever will be making; but, he adds—'Now this very thing was my thought 'when Tabio was pulling up his under-'wood, yet he never would hear of it; 'but now your gardens are in this poſ-'ture, he is ready to hang himſelf. 'Well, to be ſincere, that ſituation of 'his can never make an agreeable ſeat; 'he may make his houſe and appurte-'nances what he pleaſes, but he cannot 'remove them to the ſame ground where 'Bromeo ſtands; and of all things un-'der the ſun, a man that is happy at 'ſecond-hand is the moſt monſtrous.' —'It is a very ſtrange madneſs,' anſwers Bromeo, 'if a man on theſe oc-'caſions can think of any end but pleaſ-'ing himſelf. As for my part, if things 'are convenient, I hate all oſtentation. 'There is no end of the folly of adapt-'ing our affairs to the imagination of 'others.' Upon which, the next thing he does is to enlarge whatever he hears his rival has attempted to imitate him in; but their misfortune is, that they are in their time of life, in their eſtates, and in their underſtandings, equal; ſo that the emulation may continue to the laſt day of their lives. As it ſtands now, Tabio has heard that Bromeo has lately purchaſed two hundred a year in the annuities ſince he laſt ſettled the account of their happineſs, in which he thought himſelf to have the balance. This may ſeem a very fantaſtical way of thinking in theſe men; but there is nothing ſo common, as a man's endeavouring rather to go further than ſome other perſon towards an eaſy fortune, than to form any certain ſtandard that would make himſelf happy.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, SEPT. 2.

MR. Dactyle has been this evening very profuſe of his eloquence upon the talent of turning things into ridicule; and ſeemed to ſay very juſtly, that there was generally in it ſomething too diſingenuous for the ſociety of liberal men, except it were governed by the circumſtances of perſons, time, and place. 'This talent,' continued he, 'is to be 'uſed as a man does his ſword, not to 'be drawn but in his own defence, or 'to bring pretenders and impoſtors in 'ſociety to a true light. But we have 'ſeen this faculty ſo miſtaken, that the 'burleſque of Virgil himſelf has paſſed, 'among men of little taſte, for wit; and 'the nobleſt thoughts that can enter 'into the heart of man levelled with 'ribaldry and baſeneſs: though, by the 'rules of juſtice, no man ought to be 'ridiculed for any imperfection, who 'does not ſet up for eminent ſufficiency 'in that way wherein he is defective. 'Thus cowards, who would hide them-'ſelves by an affected terror in their 'mien and dreſs; and pedants, who 'would ſhew the depth of their know-'ledge by a ſupercilious gravity; are 'equally the objects of laughter. Not 'that they are in themſelves ridiculous 'for their want of courage, or weak-'neſs of underſtanding; but that they 'ſeem inſenſible of their own place in 'life, and unhappily rank themſelves 'with thoſe whoſe abilities, compared 'to their defects, make them contempti-'ble.'

'At the ſame time, it muſt be remark-'ed, that riſibility being the effect of rea-'ſon, a man ought to be expelled from 'ſober company who laughs alone.'—

'Ha!

'Ha! ha!' says Will Truby, who sat by, 'will any man pretend to give me 'laws when I should laugh, or tell me 'what I should laugh at?'—'Look ye,' answered Humphry Slyboots, 'you are 'mightily mistaken; you may, if you 'please, make what noise you will, and 'nobody can hinder an English gentle-'man from putting his face into what 'posture he thinks fit; but, take my 'word for it, that motion which you 'now make with your mouth open, and 'the agitation of your stomach, which 'you relieve by holding your sides, is 'not laughter: laughter is a more weigh-'ty thing than you imagine; and I will 'tell you a secret, you never did laugh 'in your life; and truly I am afraid 'you never will, except you take great 'care to be cured of those convulsive 'fits.' Truby left us; and when he got two yards from us—'Well,' said he, 'you are strange fellows!' and was immediately taken with another fit.

The Trubies are a well-natured family, whose particular make is such, that they have the same pleasure out of good-will, which other people have in that scorn which is the cause of laughter: therefore their bursting into the figures of men, when laughing, proceeds only from a general benevolence they are born with; as the Slyboots smile only on the greatest occasion of mirth; which difference is caused rather from a different structure of their organs, than that one is less moved than the other. I know Sourly frets inwardly, when Will Truby laughs at him; but when I meet him, and he bursts out, I know it is out of his abundant joy to see me, which he expresses by that vociferation which is in others laughter. But I shall defer considering this subject at large, until I come to my treatise of oscitation, laughter, and ridicule.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 2.

THE following letter being a panegyric upon me for a quality which every man may attain, an acknowledgment of his faults; I thought it for the good of my fellow-writers to publish it.

SIR,

IT must be allowed, that Esquire Bickerstaff is of all authors the most ingenuous. There are few, very few, that will own themselves in a mistake, though all the world see them to be in downright nonsense. You will be pleased, Sir, to pardon this expression, for the same reason for which you once desired us to excuse you, when you seemed any thing dull. Most writers, like the generality of Claude Lorraine's saints, seem to place a peculiar vanity in dying hard; but you, Sir, to shew a good example to your brethren, have not only confessed, but of your own accord mended the indictment: nay, you have been so good-natured as to discover beauties in it, which, I will assure you, he that drew it never dreamed of; and, to make your civility the more accomplished, you have honoured him with the title of your kinsman, which, though derived by the left-hand, he is not a little proud of. My brother, for such Obadiah is, being at present very busy about nothing, has ordered me to return you his sincere thanks for all these favours; and, as a small token of his gratitude, to communicate to you the following piece of intelligence, which, he thinks, belongs more properly to you than to any others of our modern historians.

Madonella, who, as it was thought, had long since taken her flight towards the æthérial mansions, still walks, it seems, in the regions of mortality; where she has found, by deep reflections on the revolution mentioned in yours of June the twenty-third, that where early instructions have been wanting to imprint true ideas of things on the tender souls of those of her sex, they are never after able to arrive at such a pitch of perfection, as to be above the laws of matter and motion; laws which are considerably enforced by the principles usually imbibed in nurseries and boarding-schools. To remedy this evil, she has laid the scheme of a college for young damsels; where, instead of scissars, needles, and samplers; pens, compasses, quadrants, books, manuscripts, Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, are to take up their whole time. Only on holidays the students will, for moderate exercise, be allowed to divert themselves with the use of some of the lightest and most voluble weapons; and proper care will be taken to give them at least a superficial tincture of the ancient and modern Amazonian tactics. Of these military performances, the direction is undertaken by Epicene, the writer of memoirs from the

the Mediterranean, who, by the help of ſome artificial poiſons conveyed by ſmells, has within theſe few weeks brought many perſons of both ſexes to an untimely fate; and, what is more ſurprizing, has, contrary to her profeſſion, with the ſame odours, revived others who had long ſince been drowned in the whirlpools of Lethe. Another of the profeſſors is to be a certain lady, who is now publiſhing two of the choiceſt Saxon novels, which are ſaid to have been in as great repute with the ladies of Queen Emma's court, as the memoirs from the New Atalantis are with thoſe of ours. I ſhall make it my buſineſs to enquire into the progreſs of this learned inſtitution, and give you the firſt notice of their philoſophical tranſactions, and ſearches after nature. Yours, &c.

TOBIAH GREENHAT.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, SEPT. 2,

THIS day we have received advices by the way of Oſtend, which give an account of an engagement between the French and the Allies on the eleventh inſtant, N. S. Marſhal Boufflers arrived in the enemy's camp on the fifth, and acquainted Marſhal Villars, that he did not come in any character, but to receive his commands for the King's ſervice, and communicate to him his orders upon the preſent poſture of affairs. On the ninth, both armies advanced towards each other, and cannonaded all the enſuing day until the cloſe of the evening, and ſtood on their arms all that night. On the day of battle the cannonading was renewed about ſeven: the Duke of Argyle had orders to attack the wood Sart on the right, which he executed ſo ſucceſsfully, that he pierced through it, and won a conſiderable poſt. The Prince of Orange had the ſame good fortune in a wood on the left: after which the whole body of the confederates, joined by the forces from the ſiege, marched up and engaged the enemy, who were drawn up at ſome diſtance from theſe woods. The diſpute was very warm for ſome time; but towards noon, the French began to give ground from one wing to the other; which advantage being obſerved by our generals, the whole army was urged on with freſh vigour, and in a few hours the day ended with the entire defeat of the enemy.

Nº LXIV. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1709.

QUÆ CARET ORA CRUORE NOSTRO?

HOR. OD. 1. 1. 2. VER. 36.

WHAT COAST, ENCIRCLED BY THE BRINY FLOOD,
BOASTS NOT THE GLORIOUS TRIBUTE OF OUR BLOOD?

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 5,

WHEN I lately ſpoke of triumphs, and the behaviour of the Romans on thoſe occaſions, I knew by my ſkill in aſtrology, that there was a great event approaching to our advantage; but not having yet taken upon me to tell fortunes, I thought fit to defer the mention of the battle near Mons until it happened; which moderation was no ſmall pain to me: but I ſhould wrong my art, if I concealed that ſome of my aerial intelligencers had ſignified to me the news of it even from Paris, before the arrival of Lieutenant-colonel Graham in England. All nations, as well as perſons, have their good and evil genius attending them; but the kingdom of France has three, the laſt of which is neither for it nor againſt it in reality; but has for ſome months paſt acted an ambiguous part, and attempted to ſave it's ward from the incurſion of it's powerful enemies, by little ſubterfuges and tricks, which a nation is more than undone when it is reduced to practiſe. Thus, inſtead of giving exact accounts and repreſentations of things, they tell what is indeed true, but at the ſame time a falſhood, when all the circumſtances come to be related. Pacolet was at the court of France on Friday night laſt, when this genius of that kingdom came thither in the ſhape of a poſt-boy, and cried out, that Mons was relieved, and the Duke of Marlborough marched. Pacolet was much aſtoniſhed at this account, and immediately changed his form, and flew to the neighbourhood of Mons,

Mons, from whence he found the Allies had really marched; and began to enquire into the reasons of this sudden change, and half-feared he had heard a truth of the posture of the French affairs, even in their own country. But upon diligent enquiry among the aerials who attend those regions, and consultation with the neighbouring peasants, he was able to bring me the following account of the motions of the armies since they retired from about that place, and the action which followed thereupon.

On Saturday the seventh of September, N. S. the Confederate Army was alarmed in their camp at Havre, by intelligence, that the enemy were marching to attack the Prince of Hesse. Upon this advice, the Duke of Marlborough commanded that the troops should immediately move; which was accordingly performed, and they were all joined on Sunday the eighth at noon. On that day in the morning it appeared, that instead of being attacked, the advanced guard of the detachment, commanded by the Prince of Hesse, had dispersed and taken prisoners a party of the enemy's horse, which was sent out to observe the march of the Confederates. The French moved from Quiverain on Sunday in the morning, and inclined to the right from thence all that day. The ninth, the Monday following, they continued their march, until on Tuesday the tenth they possessed themselves of the woods of Dour and Blaugies. As soon as they came into that ground, they threw up entrenchments with all expedition. The Allies arrived within few hours after the enemy was posted; but the Duke of Marlborough thought fit to wait for the arrival of the reinforcement which he expected from the siege of Tournay. Upon notice that these troops were so far advanced, as to be depended on for an action the next day, it was accordingly resolved to engage the enemy.

It will be necessary for understanding the greatness of the action, and the several motions made in the time of the engagement, that you have in your mind an idea of the place. The two armies on the eleventh instant were both drawn up before the woods of Dour, Blaugies, Sart, and Jansart; the army of the Prince of Savoy on the right before that of Blaugies; the forces of Great Britain in the center on his left; those of the High Allies before the wood Sart, as well as a large interval of plain ground, and Jansart, on the left of the whole. The enemy were entrenched in the paths of the woods, and drawn up behind two entrenchments over-against them, opposite to the armies of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene. There were also two lines entrenched in the plains over-against the army of the States. This was the posture of the French and Confederate forces when the signal was given, and the whole line moved on to the charge.

The Dutch army, commanded by the Prince of Hesse, attacked with the most undaunted bravery; and, after a very obstinate resistance, forced the first entrenchment of the enemy in the plain between Sart and Jansart; but were repulsed in their attack on the second with great slaughter on both sides. The Duke of Marlborough, while this was transacting on the left, had with very much difficulty marched through Sart, and beaten the enemy from the several entrenchments they had thrown up in it. As soon as the Duke had marched into the plain, he observed the main body of the enemy drawn up and entrenched in the front of his army. This situation of the enemy, in the ordinary course of war, is usually thought an advantage hardly to be surmounted; and might appear impracticable to any, but that army which had just overcome greater difficulties. The Duke commanded the troops to form, but to forbear charging until farther orders. In the mean time he visited the left of our line, where the troops of the States had been engaged. The slaughter on this side had been very great, and the Dutch incapable of making further progress, except they were suddenly reinforced. The right of our line was attacked soon after their coming upon the plain; but they drove back the enemy with such bravery, that the victory began to incline to the Allies by the precipitate retreat of the French to their works, from whence they were immediately beaten. The Duke, upon observing this advantage on the right, commanded the Earl of Orkney to march with a sufficient number of battalions, to force the enemy from their entrenchments on the plain between the woods of Sart and Jansart; which being performed, the horse and the Allies marched into the plains,

plains, covered by their own foot, and forming themſelves in good order, the cavalry of the enemy attempted no more but to cover the foot in their retreat. The Allies made ſo good uſe of the beginning of the victory, that all their troops moved on with freſh reſolution, until they ſaw the enemy fly before them towards Conde and Maubeuge; after whom proper detachments were made, who made a terrible ſlaughter in the purſuit.

In this action, it is ſaid, Prince Eugene was wounded, as alſo the Duke of Aremberg, and Lieutenant-general Webb. The Count of Oxenſtern, Colonel Lalo, and Sir Thomas Pendergraſs, were killed.

This wonderful ſucceſs, obtained under all the difficulties that could be oppoſed in the way of an army, muſt be acknowledged as owing to the genius, courage, and conduct of the Duke of Marlborough, a conſummate hero; who has lived not only beyond the time in which Cæſar ſaid he was arrived at a ſatiety of life and glory; but alſo been ſo long the ſubject of panegyric, that it is as hard to ſay any thing new in his praiſe, as to add to the merit which requires ſuch eulogiums.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, SEPT. 5.

THE following letter being very explanatory of the true deſign of our lucubrations, and at the ſame time an excellent model for performing it, it is abſolutely neceſſary, for the better underſtanding our works, to publiſh it.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

SIR,

THOUGH I have not the honour to be of the family of the Staffs, nor related to any branch of it, yet I applaud your wholeſome project of making wit uſeful.

This is what has been, or ſhould have been, intended by the beſt comedies. But nobody, I think, before you, thought of a way to bring the ſtage as it were into the coffee-houſe, and there attack thoſe gentlemen who thought themſelves out of the reach of raillery, by prudently avoiding it's chief walks and diſtricts. I ſmile when I ſee a ſolid citizen of threeſcore read the article from Will's coffee-houſe, and ſeem to be juſt beginning to learn his alphabet of wit in ſpectacles; and to hear the attentive table ſometimes ſtop him with pertinent queries, which he is puzzled to anſwer, and then join in commending it the ſincereſt way, by freely owning he does not underſtand it.

In purſuing this deſign, you will always have a large ſcene before you, and can never be at a loſs for characters to entertain a town ſo plentifully ſtocked with them. The follies of the fineſt minds, which a philoſophical ſurgeon knows how to diſſect, will beſt employ your ſkill: and of this ſort, I take the liberty to ſend you the following ſketch.

Cleontes is a man of good family, good learning, entertaining converſation, and acute wit. He talks well, is maſter of ſtile, and writes not contemptibly in verſe. Yet all this ſerves but to make him politely ridiculous; and he is above the rank of common characters, only to have the privilege of being laughed at by the beſt. His family makes him proud and ſcorning; his learning, aſſuming and abſurd; and his wit, arrogant and ſatirical. He mixes ſome of the beſt qualities of the head with the worſt of the heart. Every body is entertained by him, while nobody eſteems him. I am, Sir,

Your moſt affectionate monitor,

JOSIAH COUPLET.

Loſt, from the Cocoa-tree in Pall-mall, two Iriſh dogs, belonging to the pack of London; one a tall white wolf-dog; the other a black nimble grey-hound, not very ſound, and ſuppoſed to be gone to the Bath by inſtinct for cure. The man of the inn from whence they ran, being now there, is deſired, if he meets either of them, to tie them up. Several others are loſt about Tunbridge and Epſom; which whoever will maintain, may keep.

Nº LXV. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1709.

QUICQUID AGUNT HOMINES——NOSTRI FARRAGO LIBELLI.
JUV. SAT. I. VER. 85.

WHATEVER GOOD IS DONE, WHATEVER ILL——
BY HUMAN KIND, SHALL THIS COLLECTION FILL.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, SEPT. 7.

I Came hither this evening, and expected nothing elſe but mutual congratulations in the company on the late victory; but found our room, which one would have hoped to have ſeen full of good-humour and alacrity upon ſo glorious an occaſion, full of ſour animals, enquiring into the action, in doubt of what had happened, and fearful of the ſucceſs of their countrymen. It is natural to believe eaſily, what we wiſh heartily; and a certain rule, that they are not friends to a glad occaſion, who ſpeak all they can againſt the truth of it; who end their argument againſt our happineſs, that they wiſh it otherwiſe. When I came into the room, a gentleman was declaiming—'If,' ſays he, 'we have ſo great and compleat a victory, why have we not the names of 'the priſoners? why is not an exact relation of the conduct of our generals 'laid before the world? why do we not 'know where or whom to applaud? If 'we are victorious, why do we not give 'an account of our captives and our 'ſlain? But we are to be ſatisfied with 'general notices we are conquerors, 'and to believe it ſo. Sure this is approving the deſpotic way of treating 'the world, which we pretend to fight 'againſt, if we ſit down ſatisfied with 'ſuch contradictory accounts, which 'have the words of triumph, but do 'not bear the ſpirit of it.' I whiſpered Mr. Greenhat—'Pray, what can that 'diſſatisfied man be?'—'He is,' anſwered he, 'a character you have not 'yet, perhaps, obſerved. You have 'heard of battle-painters, have mentioned a battle-poet; but this is a battle-critic. He is a fellow that lives 'in a government ſo gentle, that though 'it ſees him an enemy, ſuffers his malice, becauſe they know his impotence. He is to examine the weight 'of an advantage before the company 'will allow it.' Greenhat was going on in his explanation, when Sir George England thought fit to take up the diſcourſe in the following manner:

'Gentlemen, the action you are in 'ſo great doubt to approve of is greater 'than ever has been performed in any 'age; and the value of it I obſerve from 'your diſſatisfaction: for battle-critics 'are like all others; you are the more 'offended, the more you ought to be, 'and are convinced you ought to be, 'pleaſed. Had this engagement happened in the time of the old Romans, 'and ſuch things been acted in their 'ſervice, there would not be a foot of 'the wood which was pierced, but had 'been conſecrated to ſome deity, or 'made memorable by the death of him 'who expired in it for the ſake of his 'country. It had been ſaid on ſome 'monument at the entrance—"Here "the Duke of Argyle drew his ſword, "and ſaid—"March."—Here Webb, "after having an accompliſhed ſame "for gallantry, expoſed himſelf like a "common ſoldier.—Here Rivett, who "was wounded at the beginning of "the day, and carried off as dead, returned to the field, and received his "death." Medals had been ſtruck for 'our general's behaviour when he firſt 'came into the plain. "Here was the "fury of the action; and here the hero "ſtood as fearleſs as if invulnerable." 'Such certainly had been the cares 'of that ſtate for their own honour, 'and in gratitude to their heroic ſubjects. But the wood intrenched, the 'plain made more impaſſable than the 'wood; and all the difficulties oppoſed 'to the moſt gallant army, and moſt 'intrepid leaders that ever the ſun ſhone 'upon, are treated by the talk of ſome 'in this room as objections to the merit of our general and our army: but,' continued he, 'I leave all the examination of this matter, and a proper diſcourſe on our ſenſe of public actions, 'to my friend Mr. Bickerſtaff; who 'may let beaus and gameſters reſt,

'until he has examined into the reasons
'of men's being malecontents, in the
'only nation that suffers profested ene-
'mies to breathe in open air.'

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 7.

THE following letters are sent to me from relations; and though I do not know who and who are intended, I publish them. I have only writ nonsense, if there is nothing in them; and done a good action, if they alarm any heedless men against the fraternity of the knights whom the Greeks call Ῥάσκαλς.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

IT is taken very ill by several gentlemen here, that you are so little vigilant, as to let the dogs run from their kennels to this place. Had you done your duty, we should have had notice of their arrival; but the Sharpers are now become so formidable here, that they have divided themselves into nobles and commons; Beau Bogg, Beau Pert, Rake, and Tallboy, are of their upper house; broken captains, ignorant attornies, and such other bankrupts from industrious professions, compose their lower order. Among these two sets of men, there happened here lately some unhappy differences. Esquire Humphry came down among us with four hundred guineas: his raw appearance, and certain signals in the good-natured muscles of Humphry's countenance, alarmed the societies; for Sharpers are as skilful as beggars in physiognomy, and know as well where to hope for plunder as the others to ask for alms. Pert was the man exactly fitted for taking with Humphry, as a fine gentleman; for a raw fool is ever enamoured with his contrary, a coxcomb; and a coxcomb is what the booby, who wants experience, and is unused to company, regards as the first of men. He ever looks at him with envy, and would certainly be such, if he were not oppressed by his rusticity or bashfulness. There arose an entire friendship by this sympathy between Pert and Humphry, which ended in stripping the latter. We now could see this forlorn youth for some days moneyless, without sword, and one day without his hat, and with secret melancholy pining for his snuff-box; the jest of the whole town, but most of those who robbed him.

At last fresh bills came down, when immediately their countenances cleared up, ancient kindnesses and familiarity renewed, and to dinner he was invited by the fraternity. Your are to know, that while he was in his days of solitude, a commoner, who was excluded from his share of the prey, had whispered the Esquire, that he was bit, and cautioned him of venturing again. However, hopes of recovering his snuff-box, which was given him by his aunt, made him fall to play after dinner; yet mindful of what he was told, he saw something that provoked him to tell them, they were a company of Sharpers. Presently Tallboy fell on him, and being too hard at fifty-cuffs, drove him out of doors. The valiant Pert followed, and kicked him in his turn; which the Esquire resented, as being near his match; so challenged him: but differing about time and place, friends interposed, for he had still money left, and persuaded him to ask pardon for provoking them to beat him, and they asked his for doing it. The house, consulting whence Humphry could have his information, concluded it must be from some malicious commoner; and to be revenged, Beau Bogg watched their haunts, and in a shop where some of them were at play with ladies, shewed dice which he found, or pretended to find, upon them; and declaring how false they were, warned the company to take care who they played with. By his seeming candour, he cleared his reputation at least to fools, and some silly women; but it was still blasted by the Esquire's story with thinking men: however, he gained a great point by it; for the next day he got the company shut up with himself and fellow-members, and robbed them at discretion.

I cannot express to you with what indignation I behold the noble spirit of gentlemen degenerated to that of private cut-purses. It is in vain to hope a remedy, whilst so many of the fraternity get and enjoy estates of twenty, thirty, and fifty thousand pounds, with impunity; creep into the best conversations, and spread their infectious villainy through the nation; while the lesser rogues, that rob for hunger or nakedness, are sacrificed by the blind, and, in this respect, partial and defective law. Could you open men's eyes against the occasion of all this, the great

great corrupter of our manners and morality, the author of more bankrupts than the war, and ſure bane of all induſtry, frugality, and good-nature; in a word, of all virtues, (I mean public or private play at cards or dice) how willingly would I contribute my utmoſt, and poſſibly ſend you ſome memoirs of the lives and politics of ſome of the fraternity of great figure, that might be of uſe to you in ſetting this in a clear light againſt next ſeſſion; that all who care for their country or poſterity, and ſee the pernicious effects of ſuch a public vice, may endeavour it's deſtruction by ſome effectual laws. In concurrence to this good deſign, I remain

Your humble Servant, &c.

BATH, AUG. 30.

MR. BICKERSTAFF, FRIDAY, SEPT. 2.

I Heartily join with you in your laudable deſign againſt the Myrmidons, as well as your late inſinuations againſt Coxcombs of Fire; and I take this opportunity to congratulate you on the ſucceſs of your labours, which I obſerved yeſterday in one of the hotteſt Fire-men in town; who not only affects a ſoft ſmile, but was ſeen to be thrice contradicted, without ſhewing any ſign of impatience. Theſe, I ſay, ſo happy beginnings promiſe fair, and on this account I rejoice you have undertaken to unkennel the curs; a work of ſuch uſe, that I admire it ſo long eſcaped your vigilance; and exhort you, by the concern you have for the good people of England, to purſue your deſign: and that theſe vermin may not flatter themſelves that they paſs undiſcovered, I deſire you would acquaint Jack Haughty, that the whole ſecret of his bubbling his friend with the Swiſs at the Thatched-houſe is well known, as alſo his ſweetening the knight; and I ſhall acknowledge the favour.

Your moſt humble Servant, &c.

Nº LXVI. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1709.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, SEPT. 9.

THE ſubject of the diſcourſe this evening was Eloquence and Graceful Action. Lyſander, who is ſomething particular in his way of thinking and ſpeaking, told us, a man could not be eloquent without action: for the deportment of the body, the turn of the eye, and an apt ſound to every word that is uttered, muſt all conſpire to make an accompliſhed ſpeaker. Action in one that ſpeaks in public is the ſame thing as a good mien in ordinary life. Thus, as a certain inſenſibility in the countenance recommends a ſentence of humour and jeſt, ſo it muſt be a very lively conſciouſneſs that gives grace to great ſentiments. The jeſt is to be a thing unexpected; therefore your undeſigning manner is a beauty in expreſſions of mirth; but when you are to talk on a ſet ſubject, the more you are moved yourſelf, the more you will move others.

'There is,' ſaid he, 'a remarkable 'example of that kind. Æſchines, a 'famous orator of antiquity, had pleaded 'at Athens in a great cauſe againſt Demoſthenes; but having loſt it, retired 'to Rhodes: eloquence was then the 'quality moſt admired among men; 'and the magiſtrates of that place, 'having heard he had a copy of the 'ſpeech of Demoſthenes, deſired him 'to repeat both their pleadings. After his own, he recited alſo the oration of his antagoniſt. The people 'expreſſed their admiration of both, 'but more of that of Demoſthenes. "If you are," ſaid he, "thus touched "with hearing only what that great "orator ſaid, how would you have been "affected had you ſeen him ſpeak? for "he who hears Demoſthenes only, loſes "much the better part of the oration." 'Certain it is, that they who ſpeak 'gracefully are very lamely repreſented 'in having their ſpeeches read or repeated by unſkilful people; for there 'is ſomething native to each man, ſo 'inherent to his thoughts and ſentiments, which it is hardly poſſible for 'another to give a true idea of. You 'may obſerve in common talk, when a 'ſentence of any man's is repeated, an 'acquaintance of his ſhall immediately 'obſerve—"That is ſo like him, me-"thinks I ſee how he looked when he "ſaid it."

'But of all the people on the earth, 'there are none who puzzle me ſo much 'as the Clergy of Great Britain, who

'are, I believe, the moſt learned body 'of men now in the world; and yet this 'art of ſpeaking, with the proper or-'naments of voice and geſture, is whol-'ly neglected among them; and I will 'engage, were a deaf man to behold 'the greater part of them preach, he 'would rather think they were reading 'the contents only of ſome diſcourſe 'they intended to make, than actually 'in the body of an oration, even when 'they are upon matters of ſuch a na-'ture as one would believe it were 'impoſſible to think of without emo-'tion.

'I own there are exceptions to this 'general obſervation, and that the dean 'we heard the other day together is an 'orator. He has ſo much regard to 'his congregation, that he commits to 'his memory what he is to ſay to them; 'and has ſo ſoft and graceful a beha-'viour, that it muſt attract your atten-'tion. His perſon, it is to be con-'feſſed, is no ſmall recommendation; 'but he is to be highly commended for 'not loſing that advantage; and adding 'to the propriety of ſpeech, which might 'paſs the criticiſm of Longinus, an 'action which would have been ap-'proved by Demoſthenes. He has a 'peculiar force in his way, and has 'many of his audience who could not 'be intelligent hearers of his diſcourſe, 'were there not explanation as well as 'grace in his action. This art of his 'is uſed with the moſt exact and honeſt 'ſkill: he never attempts your paſſions 'until he has convinced your reaſon. 'All the objections which he can form 'are laid open and diſperſed, before he 'uſes the leaſt vehemence in his ſermon; 'but when he thinks he has your head, 'he very ſoon wins your heart; and 'never pretends to ſhew the beauty of 'holineſs, until he hath convinced you 'of the truth of it.

'Would every one of our clergymen 'be thus careful to recommend truth 'and virtue in their proper figures, and 'ſhew ſo much concern for them as to 'give them all the additional force they 'were able, it is not poſſible that non-'ſenſe ſhould have ſo many hearers as 'you find it has in diſſenting congre-'gations, for no reaſon in the world, 'but becauſe it is ſpoken extempore: 'for ordinary minds are wholly go-'verned by their eyes and ears; and there 'is no way to come at their hearts, but 'by power over their imaginations.

'There is my friend and merry com-'panion Daniel: he knows a great deal 'better than he ſpeaks, and can form 'a proper diſcourſe as well as any or-'thodox neighbour. But he knows 'very well that to bawl out—"My "beloved!" and the words "Grace! re-"generation! ſanctification! a new light! "the day! the day!—aye, my beloved, "the day! or rather the night! the night "is coming! and judgment will come "when we leaſt think of it!" and ſo 'forth. He knows, to be vehement is 'the only way to come at his audience. 'Daniel, when he ſees my friend Green-'hat come in, can give a good hint, 'and cry out—"This is only for the "ſaints! the regenerated!" By this 'force of action, though mixed with all 'the incoherence and ribaldry ima-'ginable, Daniel can laugh at his dio-'ceſan, and grow fat by voluntary 'ſubſcription, while the parſon of the 'pariſh goes to law for half his dues. 'Daniel will tell you—"It is not the "ſhepherd, but the ſheep with the bell, "which the flock follows."

'Another thing very wonderful this 'learned body ſhould omit, is, learning 'to read; which is a moſt neceſſary part 'of eloquence in one who is to ſerve at 'the altar: for there is no man but muſt 'be ſenſible, that the lazy tone, and 'inarticulate ſound of our common 'readers, depreciates the moſt proper 'form of words that were ever extant 'in any nation or language, to ſpeak 'their own wants, or his power from 'whom we aſk relief.

'There cannot be a greater inſtance 'of the power of action than in little 'parſon Dapper, who is the common 'relief to all the lazy pulpits in town. 'This ſmart youth has a very good me-'mory, a quick eye, and a clean hand-'kerchief. Thus equipped, he opens 'his text, ſhuts his book fairly, ſhews 'he has no notes in his Bible, opens 'both palms, and ſhews all is fair there 'too. Thus, with a deciſive air, my 'young man goes on without heſitation; 'and though from the beginning to the 'end of his pretty diſcourſe he has not 'uſed one proper geſture, yet at the 'concluſion the churchwarden pulls his 'gloves from off his hands—"Pray, "who is this extraordinary young man?"

'Thus

'Thus the force of action is such, that 'it is more prevalent, even when improper, than all the reason and argu-'ment in the world without it.' This gentleman concluded his discourse by saying, 'I do not doubt but if our 'preachers would learn to speak, and 'our readers to read, within six months 'time, we should not have a dissenter 'within a mile of a church in Great 'Britain.'

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 9.

I HAVE a letter from a young fellow who complains to me that he was bred a mercer, and is now just out of his time; but unfortunately, (for he has no manner of education suitable to his present estate) an uncle has left him one thousand pounds *per annum*. The young man is sensible, that he is so spruce, that he fears he shall never be genteel as long as he lives; but applies himself to me, to know what method to take to help his air, and be a fine gentleman.

He says, that several of those ladies who were formerly his customers, visit his mother on purpose to fall in his way, and fears he shall be obliged to marry against his will; 'For,' says he, 'if any 'one of them should ask me, I shall not 'be able to deny her. I am,' says he further, 'utterly at a loss how to deal 'with them; for though I was the most 'pert creature in the world when I was 'foreman, and could hand a woman 'of the first quality to her coach as well 'as her own gentleman-usher, I am now 'quite out of my way, and speechless 'in their company. They commend 'my modesty to my face. No one 'scruples to say, I should certainly 'make the best husband in the world, 'a man of my sober education. Mrs. 'Would-be watches all opportunities 'to be alone with me: therefore, good 'Mr. Bickerstaff, here are my writings 'inclosed; if you can find any flaw in 'my title, so as it may go to the next 'heir, who goes to St. James's coffee-'house, and White's, and could enjoy 'it, I should be extremely well pleased 'with two thousand pounds to set up 'my trade, and live in a way I know I 'should become, rather than be laugh-'ed at all my life among too good com-'pany. If you could send for my cou-'sin, and persuade him to take the estate 'on these terms, and let nobody know 'it, you would extremely oblige me.'

Upon first sight, I thought this a very whimsical proposal; however, upon more mature consideration, I could not but admire the young gentleman's prudence and good sense; for there is nothing so irksome as living in a way a man knows he does not become. I consulted Mr. Obadiah Greenhat on this occasion, and he is so well pleased with the man, that he has half a mind to take the estate himself; but upon second thoughts he proposed this expedient: 'I should be 'very willing,' said he, 'to keep the 'estate where it is, if we could make 'the young man any way easy; there-'fore I humbly propose, he should take 'to drinking for one half year, and 'make a sloven of him, and from thence 'begin his education a-new: for it is 'a maxim, that one who is ill-taught 'is in a worse condition than he who 'is wholly ignorant; therefore a spruce 'mercer is farther off the air of a fine 'gentleman than a downright clown. 'To make our patient any thing better, 'we must unmake him what he is.' I indeed proposed to flux him; but Green-hat answered, that if he recovered, he would be as prim and feat as ever he was: therefore he would have it his way, and our friend is to drink until he is carbuncled and tun-bellied; after which we will send him down to smoke, and be buried with his ancestors in Der-byshire. I am, indeed, desirous he should have his life in the estate, because he has such a just sense of himself and his abilities, as to know that it is an unhappi-ness to him to be a man of fortune.

This youth seems to understand, that a gentleman's life is that of all others the hardest to pass through with propriety of behaviour; for though he has a support without art or labour, yet his manner of enjoying that circumstance is a thing to be considered; and you see among men, who are honoured with the common appellation of gentlemen, so many contradictions to that character, that it is the utmost ill-fortune to bear it: for which reason I am obliged to change the circumstances of several about this town. Harry Lacker is so very exact in his dress, that I shall give his estate to his younger brother, and make him a dancing-master. Nokes Light-foot is so nimble, and values himself so much

much upon it, that I have thoughts of making him huntſman to a pack of beagles, and give his land to ſomebody that will ſtay upon it.

Now I am upon the topic of becoming what we enjoy, I forbid all perſons who are not of the firſt quality, or who do not bear ſome important office that requires ſo much diſtinction, to go to Hyde Park with ſix horſes; for I cannot but eſteem it the higheſt inſolence. Therefore hereafter no man ſhall do it merely becauſe he is able, without any other pretenſion. But, what may ſerve all purpoſes quite as well, it ſhall be allowed all ſuch who think riches the chief diſtinction, to appear in the Ring with two horſes only, and a rent-roll hanging out of each ſide of their coach. This is a thought of Mr. Greenhat's, who deſigns very ſoon to publiſh a ſumptuary diſcourſe upon the ſubject of equipage, wherein he will give us rules on that ſubject, and aſſign the proper duties and qualifications of maſters and ſervants, as well as that of huſbands and wives; with a treatiſe of œconomy without doors, or the complete art of appearing in the world. This will be very uſeful to all who are ſuddenly rich, or are aſhamed of being poor.

——Sunt certa piacula, quæ te
Ter purè lecto poterunt recreare libello.
HOR. EP. I. l. I. VER. 36.

And, like a charm, to th' upright mind and pure,
If thrice read o'er, will yield a certain cure.

I have notice of a new pack of dogs, of quite another ſort than hitherto mentioned. I have not an exact account of their way of hunting, the following letter giving only a bare notice of them.

SIR, SEPT. 7.

THERE are another pack of dogs to be diſpoſed of, who kennel about Charing Croſs, at the old Fat Dog's at the corner of Buckingham Court, near Spring Garden: two of them are ſaid to be whelped in Alſatia, now in ruins; but they, with the reſt of the pack, are as pernicious, as if the old kennel had never been broken down. The ancients diſtinguiſhed this ſort of curs by the name of Hæredipetes, the moſt pernicious of all biters, for ſeizing young heirs, eſpecially when their eſtates are entailed; whom they reduce by one good bite to ſuch a condition, that they cannot ever after come to the uſe of their teeth, or get ſmelling of a cruſt. You are deſired to diſpoſe of theſe as ſoon as you can, that the breed may not increaſe; and your care in tying them up will be acknowledged by, Sir, your humble ſervant,

PHILANTHROPOS.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, SEPT. 9.

WE have received letters from the Duke of Marlborough's camp, which bring us farther particulars of the great and glorious victory obtained over the enemy on the eleventh inſtant, N. S. The number of the wounded and priſoners is much greater than was expected from our firſt account. The day was doubtful until after twelve of the clock; but the enemy made little reſiſtance after their firſt line on the left began to give way. An exact narration of the whole affair is expected next poſt. The French have had two days allowed them to bury their dead, and carry off their wounded men, upon parole. Thoſe regiments of Great Britain which ſuffered moſt are ordered into garriſon, and freſh troops commanded to march into the field. The States have alſo directed troops to march out of the towns, to relieve thoſe who loſt ſo many men in attacking the ſecond entrenchment of the French in the plain between Sart and Janſart.

N° LXVII. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1709.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 12.

NO man can conceive, until he comes to try it, how great a pain it is to be a public-ſpirited perſon. I am ſure I am unable to expreſs to the world what great anxiety I have ſuffered, to ſee of how little benefit my lucubrations have been to my fellow-ſubjects. Men will go on in their own way in ſpite of all my labour. I gave Mr. Didapper a private reprimand for wearing red-heeled

heeled ſhoes, and at the ſame time was ſo indulgent as to connive at him for fourteen days, becauſe I would give him the wearing of them out; but after all this, I am informed he appeared yeſterday with a new pair of the ſame ſort. I have no better ſucceſs with Mr. What-d'ye-call, as to his buttons: Stentor ſtill roars; and box and dice rattle as loud as they did before I writ againſt them. Partridge walks about at noon-day, and Æſculapius thinks of adding a new lace to his livery. However, I muſt ſtill go on in laying theſe enormities before mens eyes, and let them anſwer for going on in their practice.

My province is much larger than at firſt ſight men would imagine, and I ſhall loſe no part of my juriſdiction, which extends not only to futurity, but alſo is retroſpect to things paſt; and the behaviour of perſons, who have long ago acted their parts, is as much liable to my examination, as that of my own contemporaries.

In order to put the whole race of mankind in their proper diſtinctions, according to the opinion their cohabitants conceived of them, I have with very much care, and depth of meditation, thought fit to erect a chamber of Fame; and eſtabliſhed certain rules, which are to be obſerved in admitting members into this illuſtrious ſociety.

In this chamber of Fame there are to be three tables, but of different lengths; the firſt is to contain exactly twelve perſons; the ſecond, twenty; and the third, an hundred. This is reckoned to be the full number of thoſe who have any competent ſhare of Fame. At the firſt of theſe tables are to be placed in their order the twelve moſt famous perſons in the world; not with regard to the things they are famous for, but according to the degree of their fame, whether in valour, wit, or learning. Thus, if a ſcholar be more famous than a ſoldier, he is to ſit above him. Neither muſt any preference be given to virtue, if the perſon be not equally famous.

When the firſt table is filled, the next in renown muſt be ſeated at the ſecond, and ſo on in like manner to the number of twenty; as alſo in the ſame order at the third, which is to hold an hundred. At theſe tables, no regard is to be had to ſeniority: for if Julius Cæſar ſhall be judged more famous than Romulus and Scipio, he muſt have the precedence. No perſon who has not been dead an hundred years, muſt be offered to a place at any of theſe tables: and becauſe this is altogether a lay-ſociety, and that ſacred perſons move upon greater motives than that of Fame, no perſons celebrated in Holy Writ, or any eccleſiaſtical men whatſoever, are to be introduced here.

At the lower end of the room is to be a ſide-table for perſons of great fame, but dubious exiſtence; ſuch as Hercules, Theſeus, Æneas, Achilles, Hector, and others. But becauſe it is apprehended, that there may be great contention about precedence, the propoſer humbly deſires the opinion of the learned towards his aſſiſtance in placing every perſon according to his rank, that none may have juſt occaſion of offence.

The merits of the cauſe ſhall be judged by plurality of voices.

For the more impartial execution of this important affair, it is deſired, that no man will offer his favourite Hero, Soldier, or Poet; and that the learned will be pleaſed to ſend to Mr. Bickerſtaff, at Mr. Morphew's near Stationers Hall, their ſeveral liſts for the firſt table only, and in the order they would have them placed; after which the propoſer will compare the ſeveral liſts, and make another for the public, wherein every name ſhall be ranked according to the the voices it has had. Under this chamber is to be a dark vault for the ſame number of perſons of evil Fame.

It is humbly ſubmitted to conſideration, whether the project would not be better if the perſons of true Fame meet in a middle room, thoſe of dubious exiſtence in an upper room, and thoſe of evil Fame in a lower dark room.

It is to be noted, that no hiſtorians are to be admitted at any of theſe tables; becauſe they are appointed to conduct the ſeveral perſons to their ſeats, and are to be made uſe of as uſhers to the aſſemblies.

I call upon the learned world to ſend me their aſſiſtance towards this deſign, it being a matter of too great moment for any one perſon to determine. But I do aſſure them, their liſts ſhall be examined with great fidelity, and thoſe that are expoſed to the public, made with all the caution imaginable.

In the mean time, while I wait for theſe liſts, I am employed in keeping people in a right way, to avoid the contrary

trary to Fame and Applauſe, to wit, Blame and Deriſion. For this end, I work upon that uſeful project of the penny-poſt, by the benefit of which it is propoſed, that a charitable ſociety be eſtabliſhed: from which ſociety there ſhall go every day circular letters to all parts within the bills of mortality, to tell people of their faults in a friendly and private manner, whereby they may know what the world thinks of them, before it is declared to the world that they are thus faulty. This method cannot fail of univerſal good conſequences: for it is further added, that they who will not be reformed by it, muſt be contented to ſee the ſeveral letters printed, which were not regarded by them, that when they will not take private reprehenſion, they may be tried further by a public one. I am ſorry I am obliged to print the following epiſtles of that kind to ſome perſons; and the more, becauſe they are of the fair-ſex. This went on Friday laſt to a very fine lady.

MADAM,

I Am highly ſenſible, that there is nothing of ſo tender a nature as the reputation and conduct of ladies; and that when there is the leaſt ſtain got into their fame, it is hardly ever to be waſhed out. When I have ſaid this, you will believe I am extremely concerned to hear, at every viſit I make, that your manner of wearing your hair is a mere affectation of beauty, as well as that your neglect of powder has been a common evil to your ſex. It is to you an advantage to ſhew that abundance of fine treſſes: but I beſeech you to conſider, that the force of your beauty, and the imitation of you, coſts Eleonora great ſums of money to her tire-woman for falſe locks, beſides what is allowed to her maid for keeping the ſecret, that ſhe is grey. I muſt take leave to add to this admonition, that you are not to reign above four months and odd days longer. Therefore I muſt deſire you to raiſe and friz your hair a little, for it is downright inſolence to be thus handſome without art; and you will forgive me for entreating you to do now, out of compaſſion, what you muſt ſoon do out of neceſſity. I am, Madam,

Your moſt obedient,
and moſt humble Servant.

This perſon dreſſes juſt as ſhe did before I writ; as does alſo the lady to whom I addreſſed the following billet the ſame day.

MADAM,

LET me beg of you to take off the patches at the lower end of your left-cheek, and I will allow two more under your left-eye, which will contribute more to the ſymmetry of your face; except you would pleaſe to remove the ten black atoms on your ladyſhip's chin, and wear one large patch inſtead of them. If ſo, you may properly enough retain the three patches above-mentioned. I am, &c.

This, I thought, had all the civility and reaſon in the world in it; but whether my letters are intercepted, or whatever it is, the lady patches as ſhe uſed to do. It is to be obſerved by all the charitable ſociety, as an inſtruction in their epiſtles, that they tell people of nothing but what is in their power to mend. I ſhall give another inſtance of this way of writing: two ſiſters in Eſſex Street are eternally gaping out of the window, as if they knew not the value of time, or would call in companions. Upon which I writ the following line:

DEAR CREATURES,

ON the receipt of this, ſhut your caſements.

But I went by yeſterday, and found them ſtill at the window. What can a man do in this caſe, but go on, and wrap himſelf up in his own integrity, with ſatisfaction only in this melancholy truth, that virtue is it's own reward; and that if no one is the better for his admonitions, yet he is himſelf the more virtuous in that he gave thoſe advices.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, SEPT. 12.

LETTERS of the thirteenth inſtant, from the Duke of Marlborough's camp at Havre, adviſe, that the neceſſary diſpoſitions were made for opening the trenches before Mons. The direction of the ſiege is to be committed to the Prince of Orange, who deſigned to take his poſt accordingly with thirty battalions and thirty ſquadrons on the day following. On the ſeventeenth, Lieutenant-

tenant-general Cadogan set out for Brussels, to hasten the ammunition and artillery which is to be employed in this enterprize; and the Confederate Army was extended from the Haisne to the Trouille, in order to cover the siege. The loss of the Confederates in the late battle is not exactly known; but it appears by a list transmitted to the States General, that the number of the killed and wounded in their service amounts to above eight thousand. It is computed, that the English have lost fifteen hundred men, and the rest of the Allies above five thousand, including the wounded. The States General have taken the most speedy and effectual measures for reinforcing their troops; and it is expected, that in eight or ten days the army will be as numerous as before the battle. The affairs in Italy afford us nothing remarkable; only that it is hoped, the difference between the courts of Vienna and Turin will be speedily accommodated. Letters from Poland present us with a near prospect of seeing King Augustus re-established on the throne, all parties being very industrious to reconcile themselves to his interests.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, SEPT. 12.

Of all the pretty arts in which our modern writers excel, there is not any which is more to be recommended to the imitation of beginners, than the skill of transition from one subject to another. I know not whether I make myself well understood; but it is certain, that the way of stringing a discourse, used in the Mercury Gallant, the Gentleman's Journal, and other learned writings; not to mention how naturally things present themselves to such as harangue in pulpits, and other occasions which occur to the learned; are methods worthy commendation. I shall attempt this stile myself in few lines. Suppose I were discoursing upon the King of Sweden's passing the Boristhenes. The Boristhenes is a great river, and puts me in mind of the Danube and the Rhine. The Danube I cannot think of without reflecting on that unhappy prince who had such fair territories on the banks of it; I mean the Duke of Bavaria, who by our last letters is retired from Mons. Mons is as strong a fortification as any which has no citadel: and places which are not compleatly fortified are, methinks, lessons to princes, that they are not omnipotent, but liable to the strokes of fortune. But as all princes are subject to such calamities, it is the part of men of letters to guard them from the observations of all small writers: for which reason, I shall conclude my present remarks by publishing the following advertisement, to be taken notice of by all who dwell in the suburbs of learning.

Whereas the King of Sweden has been so unfortunate as to receive a wound in his heel; we do hereby prohibit all epigrammatists in either language and both universities, as well as all other poets, of what denomination soever, to make any mention of Achilles having received his death's wound in the same part.

We do likewise forbid all comparisons in coffee-houses between Alexander the Great and the said King of Sweden, and from making any parallels between the death of Patkul and Philotas; we being very apprehensive of the reflections that several politicians have ready by them to produce on this occasion; and being willing, as much as in us lies, to free the town from all impertinencies of this nature.

Nº LXVIII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1709.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 14.

THE progress of our endeavours will of necessity be very much interrupted, except the learned world will please to send their lists to the chamber of Fame with all expedition. There is nothing can so much contribute to create a noble emulation in our youth, as the honourable mention of such whose actions have outlived the injuries of time, and recommended themselves so far to the world, that it is become learning to know the least circumstance of their affairs. It is a great incentive to see, that some men have raised themselves so highly above their fellow-creatures, that the lives of ordinary men are spent in enquiries

quiries after the particular actions of the moſt illuſtrious. True it is, that without this impulſe to fame and reputation, our induſtry would ſtagnate, and that lively deſire of pleaſing each other die away. This opinion was ſo eſtabliſhed in the heathen world, that their ſenſe of living appeared inſipid, except their being was enlivened with a conſciouſneſs that they were eſteemed by the reſt of the world.

Upon examining the proportion of men's fame for my Table of Twelve, I thought it no ill way, (ſince I had laid it down for a rule, that they were to be ranked ſimply as they were famous, without regard to their virtue) to aſk my ſiſter Jenny's advice; and particularly mentioned to her the name of Ariſtotle. She immediately told me, he was a very great ſcholar, and that ſhe had read him at the boarding-ſchool. She certainly means a trifle ſold by the hawkers called Ariſtotle's Problems. But this raiſed a great ſcruple in me, whether a fame increaſed by impoſition of others is to be added to his account, or that theſe excreſcences, which grow out of his real reputation, and give encouragement to others to paſs things under the covert of his name, ſhould be conſidered in giving him his ſeat in the chamber? This punctilio is referred to the learned. In the mean time, ſo ill-natured are mankind, that I believe I have names already ſent me ſufficient to fill up my liſts for the dark room, and every one is apt enough to ſend in their accounts of ill deſervers. This malevolence does not proceed from a real diſlike of virtue, but a diabolical prejudice againſt it, which makes men willing to deſtroy what they care not to imitate. Thus you ſee the greateſt characters among your acquaintance, and thoſe you live with, are traduced by all below them in virtue, who never mention them but with an exception. However, I believe I ſhall not give the world much trouble about filling my tables for thoſe of evil fame; for I have ſome thoughts of clapping up the ſharpers there as faſt as I can lay hold of them.

At preſent, I am employed in looking over the ſeveral notices which I have received of their manner of dexterity, and the way at dice of making all Rugg, as the cant is. The whole art of ſecuring a die has lately been ſent me, by a perſon who was of the fraternity, but is diſabled by the loſs of a finger; by which means he cannot practiſe that trick as he uſed to do. But I am very much at a loſs how to call ſome of the fair-ſex, who are accomplices with the Knights of Induſtry; for my metaphorical dogs are eaſily enough underſtood; but the feminine gender of dogs has ſo harſh a ſound, that we know not how to name it. But I am credibly informed, that there are female dogs as voracious as the males, and make advances to young fellows, without any other deſign but coming to a familiarity with their purſes. I have alſo long liſts of perſons of condition, who are certainly of the ſame regimen with theſe banditti, and inſtrumental to their cheats upon undiſcerning men of their own rank. Theſe add their good reputation to carry on the impoſtures of others, whoſe very names would elſe be defence enough againſt falling into their hands. But, for the honour of our nation, theſe ſhall be unmentioned; provided we hear no more of ſuch practices, and that they ſhall not from henceforward ſuffer the ſociety of ſuch, as they know to be the common enemies of order, diſcipline, and virtue. If it appear that they go on in encouraging them, they muſt be proceeded againſt according to the ſeveral rules of hiſtory, where all is to be laid before the world with impartiality, and without reſpect to perſons.

So let the ſtricken deer go weep.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, SEPT. 14.

I FIND left here for me the following epiſtle.

SIR,

HAVING lately read your diſcourſe about the family of Trubies, wherein you obſerve, that there are ſome who fall into laughter out of a certain benevolence in their temper, and not out of the ordinary motive, viz. contempt, and triumph over the imperfections of others; I have conceived a good idea of your knowledge of mankind. And, as you have a tragi-comic genius, I beg the favour of you to give us your thoughts of a quite different effect, which alſo is cauſed by other motives than what are commonly taken notice of. What I would have you treat of, is the cauſe of ſhedding tears. I deſire you would diſcuſs it a little, with obſervations upon the

the various occaſions which provoke us to that expreſſion of our concern, &c.

To obey this complaiſant gentleman, I know no way ſo ſhort as examining the various touches of my own boſom, on ſeveral occurrences in a long life to the evening of which I am arrived, after as many various incidents as any body has met with. I have often reflected, that there is a great ſimilitude in the motions of the heart in mirth and in ſorrow; and I think the uſual occaſion of the latter, as well as the former, is ſomething which is ſudden and unexpected. The mind has not a ſufficient time to recollect it's force, and immediately guſhes into tears before we can utter ourſelves by ſpeech or complaint. The moſt notorious cauſes of theſe drops from our eyes, are pity, ſorrow, joy, and reconciliation.

The fair-ſex, who are made of man, and not of earth, have a more delicate humanity than we have; and pity is the moſt common cauſe of their tears: for as we are inwardly compoſed of an aptitude to every circumſtance of life, and every thing that befalls any one perſon might have happened to any other of human race; ſelf-love, and a ſenſe of the pain we ourſelves ſhould ſuffer in the circumſtances of any whom we pity, is the cauſe of that compaſſion. Such a reflection in the breaſt of a woman, immediately inclines her to tears; but, in a man, it makes him think how ſuch a one ought to act on that occaſion, ſuitably to the dignity of his nature. Thus a woman is ever moved for thoſe whom ſhe hears lament, and a man for thoſe whom he obſerves to ſuffer in ſilence. It is a man's own behaviour in the circumſtances he is under, which procures him the eſteem of others, and not merely the affliction itſelf which demands our pity; for we never give a man that paſſion which he falls into for himſelf. He that commends himſelf never purchaſes our applauſe; nor he who bewails himſelf, our pity.

Going through an alley the other day, I obſerved a noiſy impudent beggar bawl out, that he was wounded in a merchant-man; that he had loſt his poor limbs, and ſhewed a leg clouted up. All that paſſed by made what haſte they could out of his ſight and hearing; but a poor fellow at the end of the paſſage, with a ruſty coat, a melancholy air, and ſoft voice, deſired them to look upon a man not uſed to beg. The latter received the charity of almoſt every one that went by. The ſtrings of the heart, which are to be touched to give us compaſſion, are not ſo played on but by the fineſt hand. We ſee, in tragical repreſentations, it is not the pomp of language, nor the magnificence of dreſs, in which the paſſion is wrought, that touches ſenſible ſpirits; but ſomething of a plain and ſimple nature which breaks in upon our ſouls, by that ſympathy which is given us for our mutual good-will and ſervice.

In the tragedy of Macbeth, where Wilks acts the part of a man whoſe family has been murdered in his abſence, the wildneſs of his paſſion, which is run over in a torrent of calamitous circumſtances, does but raiſe my ſpirits, and give the alarm: but when he ſkilfully ſeems to be out of breath, and is brought too low to ſay more, and upon a ſecond reflection cries only, wiping his eyes—'What, both 'children!' Both, both my children 'gone!' there is no reſiſting a ſorrow which ſeems to have caſt about for all the reaſons poſſible for it's conſolation, but has no reſource. 'There is not 'one left; but both, both are murder-'ed!' Such ſudden ſtarts from the thread of the diſcourſe, and a plain ſentiment expreſſed in an artleſs way, are the irreſiſtible ſtrokes of eloquence and poetry. The ſame great maſter, Shakeſpeare, can afford us inſtances of all the places where our ſouls are acceſſible; and ever commands our tears. But it is to be obſerved, that he draws them from ſome unexpected ſource, which ſeems not wholly of a piece with the diſcourſe. Thus, when Brutus and Caſſius had a debate in the tragedy of Cæſar, and roſe to warm language againſt each other, inſomuch that it had almoſt come to ſomething that might be fatal, until they recollected themſelves; Brutus does more than make an apology for the heat he had been in, by ſaying—'Porcia is dead.' Here Caſſius is all tenderneſs, and ready to diſſolve, when he conſiders, that the mind of his friend had been employed on the greateſt affliction imaginable, when he had been adding to it by a debate on trifles; which makes him in the anguiſh of his heart cry out—'How 'ſcaped I killing 'when I thus provoked you?' This is

an incident which moves the ſoul in all it's ſentiments; and Caſſius's heart was at once touched with all the ſoft pangs of pity, remorſe, and reconciliation. It is ſaid, indeed, by Horace—'If you 'would have me weep, you muſt firſt 'weep yourſelf.' This is not literally true; for it would have been as rightly ſaid, if we obſerve nature, that I ſhall certainly weep, if you do not: but what is intended by that expreſſion is, that it is not poſſible to give paſſion, except you ſhew that you ſuffer yourſelf. Therefore, the true art ſeems to be, that when you would have the perſon you repreſent pitied, you muſt ſhew him at once in the higheſt grief, and ſtruggling to bear it with decency and patience. In this caſe, we ſigh for him, and give him every groan he ſuppreſſes.

I remember, when I was young enough to follow the ſports of the field, I have more than once rode off at the death of a deer, when I have ſeen the animal in an affliction which appeared human, without the leaſt noiſe, let fall tears when he was reduced to extremity; and I have thought of the ſorrow I ſaw him in, when his haunch came to the table. But our tears are not given only to objects of pity, but the mind has recourſe to that relief in all occaſions which give us much emotion. Thus, to be apt to ſhed tears is a ſign of a great as well as little ſpirit. I have heard ſay, the preſent Pope never paſſes through the people, who always kneel in crowds, and aſk his benediction, but the tears are ſeen to flow from his eyes. This muſt proceed from an imagination that he is the father of all thoſe people; and that he is touched with ſo extenſive a benevolence, that it breaks out into a paſſion of tears. You ſee friends, who have been long abſent, tranſported in the ſame manner: a thouſand little images croud upon them at their meeting, as all the joys and griefs they have known during their ſeparation; and in one hurry of thought, they conceive how they ſhould have participated in thoſe occaſions; and weep, becauſe their minds are too full to wait the flow expreſſion of words.

Hic lacrymis vitam damus, et miſereſcimus ultro. VIRG. ÆN. 2. v. 145.

With tears the wretch confirm'd his tale of woe;
And ſoft-ey'd Pity pleaded for the foe.
R. WYNNE.

There is lately broke looſe from the London pack, a very tall dangerous biter. He is now at the Bath, and it is feared will make a damnable havock amongſt the game. His manner of biting is new; and he is called the Top. He ſecures one die betwixt his two fingers: the other is fixed, by the help of a famous wax, invented by an apothecary, ſince a gameſter; a little of which he puts upon his forefinger, and that holds the die in the box at his devotion. Great ſums have been lately won by theſe ways; but it is hoped, that this hint of his manner of cheating will open the eyes of many who are every day impoſed upon.

There is now in the preſs, and will be ſuddenly publiſhed, a book entitled —'An Appendix to the Contempt of 'the Clergy;' wherein will be ſet forth at large, that all our diſſenſions are owing to the lazineſs of perſons in the ſacred miniſtry; and that none of the preſent ſchiſms could have crept into the flock, but by the negligence of the paſtors. There is a digreſſion in this treatiſe, proving, that the pretences made by the prieſthood from time to time, that the church was in danger, is only a trick to make the laity paſſionate for that of which they themſelves have been negligent. The whole concludes with an exhortation to the Clergy, to the ſtudy of eloquence, and practice of piety, as the only method to ſupport the higheſt of all honours, that of a prieſt, who lives and acts according to his character.

Nº LXIX. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1709.

——————QUID OPORTET
NOS FACERE, A VULGO LONGE LATEQUE REMOTOS?
HOR. SAT. 6. L. 1. V. 17.

BUT HOW SHALL WE, WHO DIFFER FAR AND WIDE,
FROM THE MERE VULGAR, THIS GREAT POINT DECIDE? FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 16.

IT is, as far as it relates to our present being, the great end of education to raise ourselves above the Vulgar; but what is intended by the vulgar is not, methinks, enough understood. In me, indeed, that word raises a quite different idea from what it usually does in others; but perhaps that proceeds from my being old, and beginning to want the relish of such satisfactions as are the ordinary entertainment of men. However, such as my opinion is in this case, I will speak it; because it is possible that turn of thought may be received by others, who may reap as much satisfaction from it as I do myself.

It is to me a very great meanness, and something much below a philosopher, which is what I mean by a Gentleman, to rank a man among the vulgar for the condition of life he is in, and not according to his behaviour, his thoughts, and sentiments, in that condition. For if a man be loaded with riches and honours, and in that state of life has thoughts and inclinations below the meanest artificer; is not such an artificer, who within his power is good to his friends, moderate in his demands for his labour, and chearful in his occupation, very much superior to him who lives for no other end but to serve himself, and assumes a preference in all his words and actions to those who act their part with much more grace than himself? Epictetus has made use of the similitude of a stage-play to human life with much spirit. 'It is not,' says he, 'to be considered among the actors, who is Prince, 'or who is Beggar; but who acts Prince 'or Beggar best. The circumstance of 'life should not be that which gives us 'place, but our behaviour in that circumstance is what should be our solid 'distinction. Thus a wise man should 'think no man above him or below him, 'any further than it regards the outward order or discipline of the world: 'for if we conceive too great an idea of 'the eminence of our superiors, or subordination of our inferiors, it will have 'an ill effect upon our behaviour to 'both. He who thinks no man above 'him but for his virtue, none below 'him but for his vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong place; 'but will frequently emulate men in 'rank below him, and pity those about 'him.'

This sense of mankind is so far from a levelling principle, that it only sets us upon a true basis of distinction, and doubles the merit of such as become their condition. A man in power, who can, without the ordinary prepossessions which stop the way to the true knowledge and service of mankind, overlook the little distinctions of fortune, raise obscure merit, and discountenance successful indesert, has, in the minds of knowing men, the figure of an angel rather than a man; and is above the rest of men in the highest character he can be, even that of their benefactor.

Turning my thoughts, as I was taking my pipe this evening, after this manner, it was no small delight to me to receive advice from Felicia, that Eboracensis was appointed a governor of one of their plantations. As I am a great lover of mankind, I took part in the happiness of that people who were to be governed by one of so great humanity, justice, and honour. Eboracensis has read all the schemes which writers have formed of government and order, and been long conversant with men who have the reins in their hands; so that he can very well distinguish between chimerical and practical politics. It is a great blessing, when men have to deal with such different characters in the same species as those of freemen and slaves, that they who command have a just sense of human nature itself, by which they can temper the haughtiness of the master, and

and soften the servitude of the slave. *Hæ tibi erunt artes.* This is the notion with which those of the plantation receive Eboracensis: and as I have cast his nativity, I find there will be a record made of this person's administration; and on that part of the shore from whence he embarks to return from his government, there will be a monument with these words—'Here the people wept, 'and took leave of Eboracensis, the first 'governor our mother Felicia sent, who, 'during his command here, believed 'himself her subject.'

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, SEPT. 16.

THE following letter wants such sudden dispatch, that all things else must wait for this time.

SEPT. 13, EQUAL DAY AND NIGHT.

SIR,

THERE are two ladies, who, having a good opinion of your taste and judgment, desire you to make use of them in the following particular, which perhaps you may allow very extraordinary. The two ladies before-mentioned have, a considerable time since, contracted a more sincere and constant friendship than their adversaries, the men, will allow consistent with the frailty of female nature; and being, from a long acquaintance, convinced of the perfect agreement of their tempers, have thought upon an expedient to prevent their separation; and cannot think any so effectual (since it is common for love to destroy friendship) as to give up both their liberties to the same person in marriage. The gentleman they have pitched upon is neither well-bred nor agreeable, his understanding moderate, and his person never designed to charm women; but having so much self-interest in his nature, as to be satisfied with making double contracts, upon condition of receiving double fortunes; and most men being so far sensible of the uneasiness that one woman occasions; they think him, for these reasons, the most likely person of their acquaintance to receive these proposals. Upon all other accounts, he is the last man either of them would chuse, yet for this preferable to all the rest. They desire to know your opinion the next post, resolving to defer farther proceeding, until they have received it. I am, Sir, your unknown, unthought of, humble servant,

BRIDGET EITHERSIDE.

This is very extraordinary; and much might be objected by me, who am something of a civilian, to the case of two marrying the same man: but these ladies are, I perceive, Free-thinkers; and therefore I shall speak only to the prudential part of this design, merely as a philosopher, without entering into the merit of it in the ecclesiastical or civil law. These constant friends, Piladea and Orestea, are at a loss to preserve their friendship from the encroachments of love; for which end they have resolved upon a fellow who cannot be the object of affection or esteem to either, and consequently cannot rob one of the place each has in her friend's heart. But in all my reading, (and I have read all that the sages of love have writ) I have found the greatest danger in jealousy. The ladies, indeed, to avoid this passion, chuse a sad fellow; but if they would be advised by me, they had better have each her worthless man; otherwise, he that was despicable while he was indifferent to them, will become valuable when he seems to prefer one to the other.

I remember, in the History of Don Quixote of la Mancha, there is a memorable passage which opens to us the weakness of our nature in such particulars. The Don falls into discourse with a gentleman whom he calls the Knight of the Green Cassock, and is invited to his house. When he comes there, he runs into discourse and panegyric upon the œconomy, the government, and order of his family, the education of his children; and, lastly, on the singular wisdom of him who disposes things with that exactness. The gentleman makes a soliloquy to himself—'O irresistible 'power of flattery! Though I know 'this is a madman, I cannot help be-'ing taken with his applause.' The ladies will find this much more true in the case of their lover; and the woman he most likes will certainly be more pleased, she whom he slights, more offended, than she can imagine before she has tried. Now I humbly propose, that they both marry coxcombs whom they are sure they cannot like, and then they may be pretty secure against the change of affection, which they fear; and, by that

that means, preserving the temperature under which they now write, enjoy, during life, 'equal day and night.'

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, SEPT. 16.

THERE is no manner of news; but people now spend their time in coffee-houses in reflections upon the particulars of the late glorious day, and collecting the several parts of the action, as they are produced in letters from private hands, or notices given to us by accounts in public papers. A pleasant gentleman, alluding to the great fences through which we pierced, said this evening—'The French thought themselves on the 'right side of the hedge, but it proved 'otherwise.' Mr. Kidney, who has long conversed with, and filled tea for, the most consummate politicians, was pleased to give me an account of this piece of ribaldry; and desired me on that occasion to write a whole paper on the subject of valour, and explain how that quality, which must be possessed by whole armies, is so highly preferable in one man rather than another; and how the same actions are but mere acts of duty in some, and instances of the most heroic virtue in others. He advises me not to fail, in this discourse, to mention the gallantry of the Prince of Nassau in his last engagement; who, when a battalion made a halt in the face of the enemy, snatched the colours out of the hands of the ensign, and planted them just before the line of the enemy, calling to that battalion to take care of their colours, if they had no regard to him. Mr. Kidney has my promise to obey him in this particular, on the first occasion that offers.

Mr. Bickerstaff is now compiling exact accounts of the pay of the militia, and the commission-officers under the respective lieutenancies of Great Britain; in the first place, of those of London and Westminster; and in regard that there are no common soldiers, but all housekeepers, or representatives of housekeepers in these bodies, the sums raised by the officers shall be looked into; and their fellow-soldiers, or rather fellow-travellers from one part of the town to the other, not defrauded of the ten pounds allowed for the subsistence of the troops.

Whereas, not very long since, at a tavern between Fleet Bridge and Charing Cross, some certain polite gentlemen thought fit to perform the Bacchanalian exercises of devotion by dancing without cloaths on, after the manner of the Præ-Adamites: this is to certify those persons, that there is no manner of wit or humour in the said practice; and that the beadles of the parish are to be at their next meeting, where it is to be examined, whether they are arrived at want of feeling, as well as want of shame?

Whereas a chapel-clerk was lately taken in a garret on a flock-bed with two of the fair-sex, who are usually employed in sifting cinders; this is to let him know, that if he persists in being a scandal both to laity and clergy, as being as it were both and neither, the names of the nymphs who were with him shall be printed; therefore he is desired, as he tenders the reputation of his ladies, to repent.

Mr. Bickerstaff has received information, that an eminent and noble preacher in the chief congregation of Great Britain, for fear of being thought guilty of Presbyterian fervency and extemporary prayer, lately read his, before sermon; but the same advices acknowledging that he made the congregation large amends by the shortness of his discourse, it is thought fit to make no further observation upon it.

Nº LXX. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1709.

QUICQUID AGUNT HOMINES——NOSTRI FARRAGO LIBELLI.
JUV. SAT. I. v. 85.

WHATEVER GOOD IS DONE, WHATEVER ILL——
BY HUMAN KIND, SHALL THIS COLLECTION FILL.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 19.

THE following letter, in prosecution of what I have lately asserted, has urged that matter so much better than I had, that I insert it as I received it. These testimonials are customary with us learned men, and sometimes are suspected to be written by the author,

author; but I fear no one will ſuſpect me of this.

SIR, LONDON, SEPT. 15, 1709.

HAVING read your lucubrations of the tenth inſtant, I cannot but entirely agree with you in your notion of the ſcarcity of men who can either read or ſpeak. For my part, I have lived theſe thirty years in the world, and yet have but obſerved very few who could do either in any tolerable manner; among which few, you muſt underſtand that I reckon myſelf. How far eloquence, ſet off with the proper ornaments of voice and geſture, will prevail over the paſſions, and how cold and unaffecting the beſt oration in the world would be without them, there are two remarkable inſtances in the caſe of Ligarius, and that of Milo. Cæſar had condemned Ligarius. He came indeed to hear what might be ſaid; but thinking himſelf his own maſter, reſolved not to be biaſſed by any thing Cicero could ſay in his behalf: but in this he was miſtaken; for when the orator began to ſpeak, the Hero is moved, he is vanquiſhed, and at length the criminal abſolved. It muſt be obſerved, that this famous orator was leſs renowned for his courage than his eloquence; for though he came, at another time, prepared to defend Milo, with one of the beſt orations that antiquity has produced; yet being ſeized with a ſudden fear by ſeeing ſome armed men ſurrounding the Forum, he faltered in his ſpeech, and became unable to exert that irreſiſtible force and beauty of action which would have ſaved his client, and for want of which he was condemned to baniſhment. As the ſucceſs the former of theſe orations met with, appears chiefly owing to the life and graceful manner with which it was recited, (for ſome there are who think it may be read without tranſport) ſo the latter ſeems to have failed of ſucceſs for no other reaſon, but becauſe the orator was not in a condition to ſet it off with thoſe ornaments. It muſt be confeſſed, that artful ſound will with the crowd prevail even more than ſenſe; but thoſe who are maſters of both, will ever gain the admiration of all their hearers: and there is, I think, a very natural account to be given of this matter; for the ſenſation of the head and heart are cauſed in each of theſe parts by the outward organs of the eye and ear: that therefore which is conveyed to the underſtanding and paſſions by only one of theſe organs, will not affect us ſo much as that which is tranſmitted through both. I cannot but think your charge is juſt againſt a great part of the learned clergy of Great Britain, who deliver the moſt excellent diſcourſes with ſuch coldneſs and indifference, that it is no great wonder the unintelligent many of their congregations fall aſleep. Thus it happens that their orations meet with a quite contrary fate to that of Demoſthenes you mentioned; for as that loſt much of it's beauty and force, by being repeated to the magiſtrates of Rhodes without the winning action of that great orator; ſo the performances of theſe gentlemen never appear with ſo little grace, and to ſo much diſadvantage, as when delivered by themſelves from the pulpit. Hippocrates, being ſent for to a patient in this city, and having felt his pulſe, enquired into the ſymptoms of his diſtemper; and finding that it proceeded in great meaſure from want of ſleep, adviſes his patient with an air of gravity to be carried to church to hear a ſermon, not doubting but that it would diſpoſe him for the reſt he wanted. If ſome of the rules Horace gives for the theatre were, not improperly, applied to our pulpits, we ſhould not hear a ſermon preſcribed as a good opiate.

——Si vis me fiere, dolendum eſt
Primum ipſe tibi——

HOR. ARS POET. VER. 102.

If you would have me weep, begin the ſtrain.
FRANCIS.

A man muſt himſelf expreſs ſome concern and affection in delivering his diſcourſe, if he expects his auditory ſhould intereſt themſelves in what he propoſes. For otherwiſe, notwithſtanding the dignity and importance of the ſubject he treats of; notwithſtanding the weight and argument of the diſcourſe itſelf; yet too many will ſay—

——Male ſi mandata loquéris,
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo——

HOR. ARS POET. VER. 104.

But if, unmov'd, you act not what you ſay,
I'll ſleep, or laugh, the lifeleſs theme away.

If there be a deficiency in the ſpeaker, there will not be a ſufficient attention and regard paid to the thing ſpoken: but,

but, Mr. Bickerſtaff, you know, that as too little action is cold, ſo too much is fulſome. Some, indeed, may think themſelves accompliſhed ſpeakers, for no other reaſon than becauſe they can be loud and noiſy; for ſurely Stentor muſt have ſome deſign in his vociferations. But, dear Mr. Bickerſtaff, convince them, that as harſh and irregular ſound is not harmony; ſo neither is banging a cuſhion, oratory: and, therefore, in my humble opinion, a certain divine of the firſt order, whom I allow otherwiſe to be a great man, would do well to leave this off; for I think his ſermons would be more perſuaſive, if he gave his auditory leſs diſturbance. Though I cannot ſay, that this action would be wholly improper to a prophane oration; yet, I think, in a religious aſſembly, it gives a man too warlike, or perhaps too theatrical a figure, to be ſuitable to a chriſtian congregation.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant, &c.

The moſt learned and ingenious Mr. Roſehat is alſo pleaſed to write to me on this ſubject.

SIR,

I Read with great pleaſure, in the Tatler of Saturday laſt, the converſation upon Eloquence: permit me to hint to you one thing the great Roman orator obſerves upon this ſubject: *Caput enim arbitrabatur oratoris*, (he quotes Menedemus an Athenian) *ut ipſis apud quos ageret talis qualem ipſe optaret videretur; id fieri vitæ dignitate.* Tull. de Orat. It is the firſt rule in oratory, that a man muſt appear ſuch as he would perſuade others to be; and that can be accompliſhed only by the force of his life. I believe it might be of great ſervice to let our public orators know, that an unnatural gravity, or an unbecoming levity, in their behaviour out of the pulpit, will take very much from the force of their eloquence in it. Excuſe another ſcrap of Latin; it is from one of the fathers: I think it will appear a juſt obſervation to all, and it may have authority with ſome—*Qui autem docent tantùm, nec faciunt, ipſi præceptis ſuis detrahunt pondus: Quis enim obtemperet, cum ipſi præceptores doceant non obtemperare?* Thoſe who teach, but do not act agreeably to the inſtructions they give to others, take away all weight from their doctrine: for who will obey the precepts they inculcate, if they themſelves teach us by their practice to diſobey them? I am, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

JONATHAN ROSEHAT.

P. S. You were complaining in that paper, that the clergy of Great Britain had not yet learned to ſpeak: a very great defect indeed; and therefore I ſhall think myſelf a well-deſerver of the church, in recommending all the dumb clergy to the famous ſpeaking doctor at Kenſington. This ingenious gentleman, out of compaſſion to thoſe of a bad utterance, has placed his whole ſtudy in the new-modelling the organs of voice; which art he has ſo far advanced, as to be able even to make a good orator of a pair of bellows. He lately exhibited a ſpecimen of his ſkill in this way, of which I was informed by the worthy gentlemen then preſent; who were at once delighted and amazed to hear an inſtrument of ſo ſimple an organization uſe an exact articulation of words, a juſt cadency in it's ſentences, and a wonderful pathos in it's pronunciation: not that he deſigns to expatiate on this practice; becauſe he cannot, as he ſays, apprehend what uſe it may be of to mankind, whoſe benefit he aims at in a more particular manner: and for the ſame reaſon, he will never more inſtruct the feathered kind, the parrot having been his laſt ſcholar in that way. He has a wonderful faculty in making and mending echoes; and this he will perform at any time for the uſe of the ſolitary in the country; being a man born for univerſal good, and for that reaſon recommended to your patronage, by, Sir, yours, &c.

Another learned gentleman gives me alſo this encomium.

SIR, SEPT. 16.

YOU are now got into a uſeful and noble ſubject; take care to handle it with judgment and delicacy. I wiſh every young divine would give yours of Saturday laſt a ſerious peruſal. And now you are entered upon the action of an orator, if you would proceed to favour the world with ſome remarks on the myſtical enchantments of pronunciation, what a ſecret force there is in the accents of a tunable voice, and wherefore the works of two very great men

of the profeſſion could never pleaſe ſo well when read as heard, I ſhall trouble you with no more ſcribble. You are now in the method of being truly profitable and delightful. If you can keep up to ſuch great and ſublime ſubjects, and purſue them with a ſuitable genius, go on and proſper. Farewel.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, SEPT. 19.

THIS was left for me here for the uſe of the company of the houſe.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

SIR, SEPT. 15.

THE account you gave lately of a certain dog-kennel in or near Suffolk Street, was not ſo punctual as to the liſt of the dogs, as might have been expected from a perſon of Mr. Bickerſtaff's intelligence; for if you will diſpatch Pacolet thither ſome evening, it is ten to one but he finds, beſides thoſe you mentioned,

Towzer, a large French mongrel, that was not long ago in a tattered condition, but has now got new hair; is not fleet, but, when he grapples, bites even to the marrow.

Spring, a little French greyhound, that lately made a falſe trip to Tunbridge.

Sly, an old battered fox-hound, that began the game in France.

Lightfoot, a fine-ſkinned Flanders dog, that belonged to a pack at Ghent; but having loſt fleſh, is gone to Paris for the benefit of the air.

With ſeveral others, that in time may be worth notice.

Your Familiar will ſee alſo, how anxious the keepers are about the prey, and indeed not without very good reaſon, for they have their ſhare of every thing; nay, not ſo much as a poor rabbit can be run down, but theſe carnivorous curs ſwallow a quarter of it. Some mechanics in the neighbourhood, that have entered into this civil ſociety, and who furniſh part of the carrion and oatmeal for the dogs, have the ſkin; and the bones are picked clean by a little French ſhock that belongs to the family, &c. I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant, &c.

I had almoſt forgot to tell you, that Ringwood bites at Hampſtead with falſe teeth.

N° LXXI. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1709.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 21.

I Have long been, againſt my inclination, employed in ſatire, and that in proſecution of ſuch perſons who are below the dignity of the true ſpirit of it; ſuch who, I fear, are not to be reclaimed by making them only ridiculous. The ſharpers ſhall therefore have a month's time to themſelves free from the obſervation of this paper; but I muſt not make a truce without letting them know, that at the ſame time I am preparing for a more vigorous war: for a friend of mine has promiſed me, he will employ his time in compiling ſuch a tract, before the ſeſſion of the enſuing parliament, as ſhall lay gaming home to the boſoms of all who love their country or their families; and he doubts not but it will create an act, that ſhall make theſe rogues as ſcandalous as thoſe leſs miſchievous ones on the high road.

I have received private intimations to take care of my walks, and remember there are ſuch things as ſtabs and blows: but as there never was any thing in this deſign which ought to diſpleaſe a man of honour, or which was not deſigned to offend the raſcals, I ſhall give myſelf very little concern for finding what I expected, that they would be highly provoked at theſe lucubrations. But though I utterly deſpiſe the pack, I muſt confeſs I am at a ſtand at the receipt of the following letter, which ſeems to be written by a man of ſenſe and worth, who has miſtaken ſome paſſage that I am ſure was not levelled at him. This gentleman's complaints give me compunction, when I neglect the threats of the raſcals. I cannot be in jeſt with the rogues any longer, ſince they pretend to threaten. I do not know whether I ſhall allow them the favour of tranſportation.

MR.

MR. BICKERSTAFF, SEPT. 13.

OBSERVING you are not content with laſhing the many vices of the age, without illuſtrating each with particular characters, it is thought nothing would more contribute to the impreſſion you deſign by ſuch, than always having regard to truth. In your Tatler of this day, I obſerve you allow, that nothing is ſo tender as a lady's reputation; that a ſtain once got in their fame, is hardly ever to be waſhed out. This you grant, even when you give yourſelf leave to trifle. If ſo, what caution is neceſſary in handling the reputation of a man whoſe well-being in this life, perhaps, entirely depends on preſerving it from any wound, which, once there received, too often becomes fatal and incurable! Suppoſe ſome villainous hand, through perſonal prejudice, tranſmits materials for this purpoſe, which you publiſh to the world, and afterwards become fully convinced you were impoſed on; as by this time you may be of a character you have ſent into the world; I ſay, ſuppoſing this, I would be glad to know, what reparation you think ought to be made the perſon ſo injured, admitting you ſtood in his place. It has always been held, that a generous education is the ſureſt mark of a generous mind. The former is indeed perſpicuous in all your papers; and I am perſuaded, though you affect often to ſhew the latter, yet you would not keep any meaſures, even of Chriſtianity, with thoſe who ſhould handle you in the manner you do others. The application of all this is from your having very lately glanced at a man, under a character which, were he conſcious to deſerve, he would be the firſt to rid the world of himſelf; and would be more juſtifiable in it to all ſorts of men, than you in your committing ſuch a violence on his reputation, which perhaps you may be convinced of in another manner than you deſerve from him.

A man of your capacity, Mr. Bickerſtaff, ſhould have more noble views, and purſue the true ſpirit of ſatire; but I will conclude, leſt I grow out of temper, and will only beg you, for your own preſervation, to remember the proverb of the pitcher. I am yours, &c.

A. J.

The proverb of the pitcher I have no regard to; but it would be an inſenſibility not to be pardoned, if a man could be untouchſed at ſo warm an accuſation, and that laid with ſo much ſeeming temper. All I can ſay to it is, that if the writer, by the ſame method whereby he conveyed this letter, ſhould give me an inſtance wherein I have injured any good man, or pointed at any thing which is not the true object of raillery, I ſhall acknowledge the offence in as open a manner as the preſs can do it, and lay down this paper for ever.

There is ſomething very terrible in unjuſtly attacking men in a way that may prejudice their honour or fortune; but when men of too modeſt a ſenſe of themſelves will think they are touched, it is impoſſible to prevent ill conſequences from the moſt innocent and general diſcourſes. This I have known happen in circumſtances the moſt foreign to theirs who have taken offence at them. An advertiſement lately publiſhed, relating to Omicron, alarmed a gentleman of good ſenſe, integrity, honour, and induſtry, who is, in every particular, different from the trifling pretenders pointed at in that advertiſement. When the modeſty of ſome is as exceſſive as the vanity of others, what defence is there againſt miſinterpretation? However, giving diſturbance, though not intended, to men of virtuous characters, has ſo ſincerely troubled me, that I will break from this ſatirical vein; and to ſhew I very little value myſelf upon it, ſhall from this month enſuing leave the ſharper, the fop, the pedant, the proud man, the inſolent, in a word, all the train of knaves and fools, to their own devices, and touch on nothing but panegyric. This way is ſuitable to the true genius of the Staffs, who are much more inclined to reward than puniſh. If, therefore, the author of the above-mentioned letter does not command my ſilence wholly, as he ſhall if I do not give him ſatisfaction, I ſhall for the above-mentioned ſpace turn my thoughts to raiſing merit from it's obſcurity, celebrating virtue in it's diſtreſs, and attacking vice by no other method, but ſetting innocence in a proper light.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, SEPT. 15.

I FIND here for me the following letter,

ESQUIRE BICKERSTAFF,

FINDING your advice and censure to have a good effect, I desire your admonition to our vicar and schoolmaster, who, in his preaching to his auditors, stretches his jaws so wide, that instead of instructing youth, it rather frightens them: likewise in reading prayers, he has such a careless loll, that people are justly offended at his irreverent posture; besides the extraordinary charge they are put to in sending their children to dance, to bring them off of those ill gestures. Another evil faculty he has, in making the bowling-green his daily residence, instead of his church, where his curate reads prayers every day. If the weather is fair, his time is spent in visiting; if cold or wet, in bed, or at least at home, though within a hundred yards of the church. These, out of many such irregular practices, I write for his reclamation: but, two or three things more before I conclude; to wit, that generally when his curate preaches in the afternoon, he sleeps sitting in the desk on a hassock. With all this he is so extremely proud, that he will go but once to the sick, except they return his visit.

I was going on in reading my letter, when I was interrupted by Mr. Greenhat, who has been this evening at the play of Hamlet. 'Mr. Bickerstaff,' said he, 'had you been to-night at the 'playhouse, you had seen the force of 'act on in perfection: your admired 'Mr. Betterton behaved himself so well, 'that, though now about seventy, he 'acted youth; and by the prevalent 'power of proper manner, gesture, and 'voice, appeared through the whole 'drama a young man of great expectation, vivacity, and enterprize. The 'soliloquy, where he began the celebrated sentence of—"To be, or not to "be!" the expostulation where he explains with his mother in her closet; 'the noble ardour, after seeing his father's ghost; and his generous distress 'for the death of Op'lia; are each of 'them circumstances which dwell strongly upon the minds of the audience, 'and would certainly affect their behaviour on any parallel occasions in their 'own lives. Pray, Mr. Bickerstaff, 'let us have y'rue thus represented on 'the stage with it's proper ornaments, 'or let these ornaments be added to her 'in places more sacred. As for my 'part,' said he, 'I carried my cousin 'Jerry, this little boy, with me; and 'shall always love the child for his partiality in all that concerned the fortune of Hamlet. This is entering 'youth into the affections and passions 'of manhood before-hand; and, as it 'were, antedating the effects we hope 'from a long and liberal education.'

I cannot, in the midst of many other things which press, hide the comfort that this letter from my ingenious kinsman gives me.

TO MY HONOURED KINSMAN, ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

DEAR COUSIN, OXFORD, SEPT. 18.

I Am sorry, though not surprized, to find that you have rallied the men of dress in vain; that the amber-headed cane still maintains it's unstable post; that pockets are but few inches shortened; and a beau is still a beau, from the crown of his night-cap to the heels of his shoes. For your comfort, I can assure you, that your endeavours succeed better in this famous seat of learning. By them, the manners of our young gentlemen are in a fair way of amendment, and their very language is mightily refined. To them it is owing, that not a servitor will sing a catch, nor a senior fellow make a pun, nor a determining batchelor drink a bumper; and I believe a gentleman-commoner would as soon have the heels of his shoes red as his stockings. When a witling stands at a coffee-house door, and sneers at those who pass by, to the great improvement of his hopeful audience, he is no longer surnamed a Slicer, but a Man of Fire is the word. A beauty, whose health is drank from Heddington to Hinksey; who has been the theme of the Muses, her cheeks painted with roses, and her bosom planted with orange-boughs; has no more the title of Lady, but reigns an undisputed toast. When to the plain garb of gown and band a spark adds an inconsistent long wig, we do not say, 'Now he Boshes,' but 'There goes 'a Smart Fellow.' If a virgin blushes, we no longer cry, 'She Blues. He that drinks until he stares is no more Tow-row, but Honest. A Youngster in a Scrape is a word out of date; and what bright man says, 'I was Joabed by the 'Dean?'

'Deans' Bambouzling is exploded; a Shat is a Tatler; and if the muſcular motion of a man's face be violent, no mortal ſays, he raiſes a Horſe, but he is a Merry Fellow.

I congratulate you, my dear kinſman, upon theſe conqueſts; ſuch as Roman emperors lamented they could not gain; and in which you rival your correſpondent Louis le Grand, and his dictating academy.

Be yours the glory to perform, mine to record, as Mr. Dryden has ſaid before me to his kinſman; and while you enter triumphant into the temple of the Muſes, I, as my office requires, will, with my ſtaff on my ſhoulder, attend and conduct you. I am, dear couſin, your moſt affectionate kinſman,

BENJAMIN BEADLESTAFF.

Upon the humble application of certain perſons who have made heroic figures in Mr. Bickerſtaff's narrations, notice is hereby given, that no ſuch ſhall ever be mentioned for the future, except thoſe who have ſent menaces, and not ſubmitted to admonition.

Nº LXXII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1709.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, SEPT. 23.

I Have taken upon me no very eaſy taſk in turning all my thoughts on panegyric, when moſt of the advices I receive tend to the quite contrary purpoſe; and I have few notices but ſuch as regard follies and vices. But the propereſt way for me to treat is, to keep in general upon the paſſions and affections of men, with as little regard to particulars as the nature of the thing will admit. However, I think there is ſomething ſo paſſionate in the circumſtances of the lovers mentioned in the following letter, that I am willing to go out of my way to obey what is commanded in it.

SIR, LONDON, SEPT. 17.

YOUR deſign of entertaining the town with the characters of the ancient heroes, as perſons ſhall ſend an account to Mr. Morphew's, encourages me and others to beg of you, that in the mean time, if it is not contrary to the method you have propoſed, you would give us one paper upon the ſubject of the death of Pætus and his wife, when Nero ſent him an order to kill himſelf: his wife, ſetting him the example, died with theſe words—'Pætus, it is not painful.' You muſt know the ſtory, and your obſervations upon it will oblige, Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant.

When the worſt man that ever lived in the world had the higheſt ſtation in it, human life was the object of his diverſion; and he ſent orders frequently, out of mere wantonneſs, to take off ſuch and ſuch, without ſo much as being angry with them. Nay, frequently his tyranny was ſo humorous, that he put men to death becauſe he could not but approve of them. It came one day to his ear, that a certain married couple, Pætus and Arria, lived in a more happy tranquillity and mutual love than any other perſons who were then in being. He liſtened with great attention to the account of their manner of ſpending their time together, of the conſtant pleaſure they were to each other in all their words and actions; and found by exact information, that they were ſo treaſonable, as to be much more happy than his Imperial Majeſty himſelf. Upon which he writ Pætus the following billet:

'PÆTUS, you are hereby deſired to diſpatch yourſelf. I have heard a very good character of you; and therefore leave it to yourſelf, whether you will die by dagger, ſword, or poiſon. If you outlive this order above an hour, I have given directions to put you to death by torture. 'NERO.'

This familiar epiſtle was delivered to his wife Arria, who opened it.

One muſt have a ſoul very well turned for love, pity, and indignation, to comprehend the tumult this unhappy lady was thrown into upon this occaſion. The paſſion of love is no more to be underſtood by ſome tempers, than a problem in a ſcience by an ignorant man: but he that knows what affection is, will have, upon conſidering the condition of Arria, ten thouſand thoughts flowing

flowing upon him, which the tongue was not formed to expreſs; but the charming ſtatue is now before my eyes, and Arria, in her unutterable ſorrow, has more beauty than ever appeared in youth, in mirth, or in triumph. Theſe are the great and noble incidents which ſpeak the dignity of our nature, in our ſufferings and diſtreſſes. Behold her tender affection for her huſband ſinks her features into a countenance, which appears more helpleſs than that of an infant: but again, her indignation ſhews in her viſage and her boſom a reſentment, as ſtrong as that of the braveſt man. Long ſhe ſtood in this agony of alternate rage and love; but at laſt compoſed herſelf for her diſſolution, rather than ſurvive her beloved Pætus. When he came into her preſence, he found her with the tyrant's letter in one hand, and a dagger in the other. Upon his approach to her, ſhe gave him the order; and at the ſame time ſtabbing herſelf—'Pætus,' ſaid ſhe, 'it is not painful,' and expired. Pætus immediately followed her example. The paſſion of theſe memorable lovers was ſuch, that it illuded the rigour of their fortune, and baffled the force of a blow, which neither felt, becauſe each received it for the ſake of the other. The woman's part in this ſtory is by much the more heroic, and has occaſioned one of the beſt epigrams tranſmitted to us from antiquity.

When Arria pull'd the dagger from her ſide,
Thus to her conſort ſp ke th' illuſtrious bride:
The wound I gave myſelf I do not grieve,
I die by that which Pætus muſt receive.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 13.

THE boy ſays, one in a black hat left the following letter:

19TH OF THE SEVENTH MONTH.

FRIEND,

BEING of that part of Chriſtians whom men call Quakers, and being a ſeeker of the right way, I was perſuaded yeſterday to hear one of your moſt noted teachers; the matter he treated was the neceſſity of well living, grounded upon a future ſtate. I was attentive; but the man did not appear in earneſt. He read his diſcourſe, notwithſtanding thy rebukes, ſo heavily, and with ſo little air of being convinced himſelf, that I thought he would have ſlept, as I obſerved many of his hearers did. I came home unedified, and troubled in mind. I dipt into the Lamentations, and from thence turning to the 34th chapter of Ezekiel, I found theſe words: 'Wo 'be to the ſhepherds of Iſrael that do 'feed themſelves! Should not the ſhep-'herds feed the flock? Ye eat the fat, 'and ye clothe you with the wool: ye 'kill them that are fed; but ye feed 'not the flock. The diſeaſed have ye 'not ſtrengthened; neither have ye healed 'that which was ſick; neither have ye 'bound up that which was broken; nei-'ther have ye brought again that which 'was driven away; neither have ye 'ſought that which was loſt; but with 'force and with cruelty have ye ruled 'them,' &c. Now, I pray thee, friend, as thou art a man ſkilled in many things, tell me who is meant by the Diſeaſed, the Sick, the Broken, the Driven away, and the Loſt; and whether the prophecy in this chapter be accompliſhed, or yet to come to paſs; and thou wilt oblige thy friend, though unknown.

This matter is too ſacred for this paper; but I cannot ſee what injury it would do any clergyman to have it in his eye, and believe all that are taken from him by his want of induſtry, are to be demanded of him. I dare ſay, Favonius has very few of theſe loſſes. Favonius, in the midſt of a thouſand impertinent aſſailants of the divine truths, is an undiſturbed defender of them. He protects all under his care, by the clearneſs of his underſtanding, and the example of his life: he viſits dying men with the air of a man who hoped for his own diſſolution, and enforces in others a contempt of this life by his own expectation of the next. His voice and behaviour are the lively images of a compoſed and well-governed zeal. None can leave him for the frivolous jargon uttered by the ordinary teachers among the diſſenters, but ſuch who cannot diſtinguiſh vociferation from eloquence, and argument from railing. He is ſo great a judge of mankind, and touches our paſſions with ſo ſuperior a command, that he who deſerts his congregation muſt be a ſtranger to the dictates of Nature, as well as thoſe of Grace.

But I muſt proceed to other matters, and reſolve the queſtions of other enquirers; as in the following:

SIR,

Plate XIII.

Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co Nov.r 5 1785.

SIR, HEDDINGTON, SEPT. 19.

UPON reading that part of the Tatler, Number LXIX. where mention is made of a certain Chapel-Clerk, there aroſe a diſpute, and that produced a wager, whether by the words Chapel-Clerk was meant a clergyman or layman: by a clergyman, I mean one in holy orders. It was not that any body in the company pretended to gueſs who the perſon was; but ſome aſſerted, that by Mr. Bickerſtaff's words muſt be meant a clergyman only: others ſaid, that thoſe words might have been ſaid of any clerk of a pariſh; and ſome of them more properly of a layman. The wager is half a dozen bottles of wine; in which, if you pleaſe to determine it, your health, and all the family of the Staffs, ſhall certainly be drank; and you will ſingularly oblige another very conſiderable family; I mean that of your humble ſervants,

THE TRENCHER-CAPS.

It is very cuſtomary with us learned men to find perplexities where no one elſe can ſee any. The honeſt gentlemen who writ me this, are much at a loſs to underſtand what I thought very plain; and, in return, their epiſtle is ſo plain, that I cannot underſtand it. This, perhaps, is at firſt a little like nonſenſe; but I deſire all perſons to examine theſe writings with an eye to my being far gone in the occult ſciences; and remember, that it is the privilege of the learned and the great to be underſtood when they pleaſe: for as a man of much buſineſs may be allowed to leave company when he pleaſes; ſo one of high learning may be above your capacity when he thinks fit. But without further ſpeeches or fooling, I muſt inform my friends the Trencher Caps in plain words, that I meant in the place they ſpeak of, a drunken Clerk of a church: and I will return their civility among my relations, and drink their healths as they do ours.

Nº LXXIII. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1709.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, SEPT. 26.

I Cannot expreſs the confuſion the following letter gave me, which I received by Sir Thomas this morning. There cannot be a greater ſurprize than to meet with ſudden enmity in the midſt of a familiar and friendly correſpondence; which is my caſe in relation to this epiſtle: and I have no way to purge myſelf to the world, but by publiſhing both it and my anſwer.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

YOU are a very impudent fellow to put me into the Tatler. Rot you, Sir, I have more wit than you; and rot me, I have more money than moſt fools I have bubbled. All perſons of quality admire me; though, rot me, if I value a blue garter any more than I do a blue apron. Every body knows I am brave; therefore have a care how you provoke

MONOCULUS.

THE ANSWER.

SIR,

DID I not very well know your hand, as well by the ſpelling as the character, I ſhould not have believed your's of to-day had come from you. But when all men are acquainted, that I have had all my intelligence from you relating to your fraternity, let them pronounce who is the more impudent. I confeſs, I have had a peculiar tenderneſs for you, by reaſon of that luxuriant eloquence of which you are maſter, and have treated you accordingly; for which you have turned your florid violence againſt your ancient friend and ſchool-fellow. You know in your own conſcience, you gave me leave to touch upon your vein of ſpeaking, provided I hid your other talents; in which I believed you ſincere, becauſe, like the ancient Sinon, you have before now ſuffered yourſelf to be defaced to carry on a plot. Beſides, Sir, is 'rot me,' language for a perſon of your preſent ſtation! Fy, fy, I am really aſhamed for you; and ſhall no more depend upon your intelligence. Keep your temper, waſh your face, and go to-bed.

ISAAC BICKERTAFF.

For aught I know, this fellow may have confuſed the deſcription of the pack, on purpoſe to enſnare the game, while I have all along believed he was deſtroying them as well as myſelf; but becauſe

because they pretend to bark more than ordinary, I shall let them see that I will not throw away the whip, until they know better how to behave themselves. But I must not, at the same time, omit the praises of their œconomy expressed in the following advice.

MR. BICKERSTAFF, SEPT. 17.

THOUGH your thoughts are at present employed upon the Tables of Fame, and marshalling your illustrious Dead, it is hoped the living may not be neglected, nor defrauded of their just honours; and since you have begun to publish to the world the great sagacity and vigilance of the Knights of the Industry, it will be expected you shall proceed to do justice to all the societies of them you can be informed of; especially since their own great industry covers their actions as much as possible from that public notice which is their due.

Paulum sepultæ distat inertiæ
Celata Virtus. HOR. OD. 9. l. 4. v. 29.

Hidden vice, and concealed virtue, are much alike.

Be pleased therefore to let the following memoirs have a place in their history.

In a certain part of the town, famous for the freshest oysters and the plainest English, there is a house, or rather a college, sacred to hospitality, and the industrious arts. At the entrance is hieroglyphically drawn a cavalier contending with a monster, with jaws expanded, just ready to devour him.

Hitherto the brethren of the Industry resort; but to avoid ostentation, they wear no habits of distinction; and perform their exercises with as little noise and shew as possible. Here are no undergraduates, but each is master of his art. They are distributed according to their various talents, and detached abroad in parties, to divide the labours of the day. They have dogs as well nosed and as fleet as any, and no sportsmen shew greater activity. Some beat for the game, some hunt it, others come in at the death; and my honest landlord makes very good venison sauce, and eats his share of the dinner.

I would fain pursue my metaphors; but a venerable person who stands by me, and waits to bring you this letter, and whom, by a certain benevolence in his look, I suspect to be Pacolet, reproves me, and obliges me to write in plainer terms, that the society had fixed their eyes on a gay young gentleman who has lately succeeded to a title and an estate; the latter of which they judged would be very convenient for them. Therefore, after several attempts to get into his acquaintance, my landlord finds an opportunity to make his court to a friend of the young spark in the following manner:

'Sir, as I take you to be a lover of 'ingenuity and plain dealing, I shall 'speak very freely to you. In few 'words then, you are acquainted with 'Sir Liberal Brisk. Providence has for 'our emolument sent him a fair estate; 'for men are not born for themselves. 'Therefore, if you will bring him to 'my house, we will take care of him, 'and you shall have half the profits. 'There is Ace and Cutter will do his 'business to a hair. You will tell me, 'perhaps, he is your friend; I grant 'it, and it is for that I propose it, to 'prevent his falling into ill hands.

We'll carve him like a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him like a carcase fit for hounds.

'In short, there are to my certain 'knowledge a hundred mouths open 'for him. Now if we can secure him 'to ourselves, we shall disappoint all 'those rascals that do not deserve him. 'Nay, you need not start at it. Sir, it 'is for your own advantage. Besides, 'Partridge has cast me his nativity, and 'I find by certain destiny his oaks must 'be felled.'

The gentleman, to whom this honest proposal was made, made little answer; but said he would consider of it, and immediately took coach to find out the young baronet, and told him all that had passed, together with a new salvo to satisfy a man's conscience in sacrificing his friend. Sir Brisk was fired, swore a dozen oaths, drew his sword, put it up again, called for his man, beat him, and bid him fetch a coach. His friend asked him, What he designed, and whither he was going? He answered, to find out the villains and fight them. To which his friend agreed, and promised to be his second, on condition he would first divide his estate to them, and reserve only a proportion to himself, that so he might have the justice of fighting his equals. His next resolution was to play with them, and let them see he was not the bubble they took him for. But he

he ſoon quitted that, and reſolved at laſt to tell Bickerſtaff of them, and get them enrolled in the order of the Induſtry; with this caution to all young landed-Knights and Eſquires, that whenever they are drawn to play, they would conſider it as calling them down to a ſentence already pronounced upon them, and think of the ſound of theſe words —'his oaks muſt be felled.' I am, Sir, your faithful humble ſervant,

WILL. TRUSTY.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 26.

IT is wonderful to conſider what a pitch of confidence this world is arrived at. Do people believe I am made up of patience? I have long told them, that I will ſuffer no enormity to paſs, without I have an underſtanding with the offenders by way of huſh-money; and yet the candidates at Queen-Hithe ſend coals to all the town but me. All the public papers have had this advertiſement:

LONDON, SEPT. 22, 1709.

TO THE ELECTORS OF AN ALDERMAN FOR THE WARD OF QUEENHITHE.

WHEREAS an evil and pernicious cuſtom has of late very much prevailed at the election of aldermen for this city, by treating at taverns and alehouſes, thereby engaging many unwarily to give their votes: which practice appearing to Sir Arthur de Bradly to be of dangerous conſequence to the freedom of elections, he hath avoided the exceſs thereof. Nevertheleſs, to make an acknowledgment to this ward for their intended favour, he hath depoſited in the hands of Mr. ———, one of the preſent common-council, four hundred and fifty pounds, to be diſpoſed of as follows, provided the ſaid Sir Arthur de Bradly be the alderman; viz.

All ſuch that ſhall poll for Sir Arthur de Bradly, ſhall have one chaldron of good coals gratis.

And half a chaldron to every one that ſhall not poll againſt him.

And the remainder to be laid out in a clock, dial, or otherwiſe, as the common-councilmen of the ſaid ward ſhall think fit.

And if any perſon ſhall refuſe to take the ſaid coals to himſelf, he may aſſign the ſame to any poor electors in the ward.

I Do acknowledge to have received the ſaid four hundred and fifty pounds for the purpoſes above-mentioned, for which I have given a receipt.

J—N M—Y.

Witneſs, J——S H——T,
J——Y G——H,
E——D D——S.

N.B. Whereas ſeveral perſons have already engaged to poll for Sir Humphry Greenhat; it is hereby farther declared, that every ſuch perſon as doth poll for Sir Humphry Greenhat, and doth alſo poll for Sir Arthur de Bradly, ſhall each of them receive a chaldron of coals gratis, on the proviſo above-mentioned.

This is certainly the moſt plain dealing that ever was uſed, except that the juſt quantity which an elector may drink without exceſs, and the difference between an acknowledgment and a bribe, wants explanation. Another difficulty with me is, how a man who is bargained with for a chaldron of coals for his vote, ſhall be ſaid to have that chaldron gratis? If my kinſman Greenhat had given me the leaſt intimation of his deſign, I ſhould have prevented his publiſhing nonſenſe; nor ſhould any knight in England have put my relation at the bottom of the leaf as a poſtſcript, when after all it appears Greenhat has been the more popular man. There is here ſuch open contradiction, and clumſy art to palliate the matter, and prove to the people that the freedom of election is ſafer when laid out in coals than ſtrong drink, that I can turn this only to a religious uſe, and admire the diſpenſation of things; for if theſe fellows were as wiſe as they are rich, where would be our liberty? This reminds me of a memorable ſpeech made to a city almoſt in the ſame latitude with Weſtminſter: 'When I think 'of your wiſdom, I admire your wealth; 'when I think of your wealth, I admire your wiſdom.'

Nº LXXIV. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1709.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, SEPT. 28.

THE writer of the following letter has made an use of me, which I did not forsee I should fall into. But the gentleman having assured me that he has a most tender passion for the fair-one, and speaking his intention with so much sincerity, I am willing to let them contrive an interview by my means.

SIR,

I Earnestly entreat you to publish the inclosed; for I have no other way to come at her, or return to myself.

A. L.

P. S. MR. BICKERSTAFF,

You cannot imagine how handsome she is: the superscription of my letter will make her recollect the man that gazed at her. Pray put it in.

I can assure the young lady, the gentleman is in the true trammels of love: how else would he make his superscription so very much longer than his billet? He superscribes—

'To the younger of the two ladies in 'mourning, (who sat in the hindmost 'seat of the middle box at Mr. Win-'stanley's Water-works on Tuesday 'was fortnight, and had with them 'a brother, or some acquaintance 'that was as careless of that pretty 'creature as a brother; which seem-'ing brother ushered them to their 'coach) with great respect. Present.'

MADAM,

I Have a very good estate, and wish myself your husband: let me know by this way where you live; for I shall be miserable until we live together.

ALEXANDER LANDLORD.

This is the modern way of bargain and sale; a certain short-hand writing, in which laconic elder brothers are very successful. All my fear is, that the nymph's elder sister is unmarried; if she is, we are undone: but perhaps the careless fellow was her husband, and then she will let us go on.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 28.

THE following letter has given me a new sense of the nature of my writings. I have the deepest regard to conviction, and shall never act against it. However, I do not yet understand what good man he thinks I have injured: but his epistle has such weight in it, that I shall always have respect for his admonition, and desire the continuance of it. I am not conscious that I have spoke any faults a man may not mend if he pleases.

MR. BICKERSTAFF, SEPT. 25.

WHEN I read your paper of Thursday, I was surprized to find mine of the thirteenth inserted at large; I never intended myself or you a second trouble of this kind, believing I had sufficiently pointed out the man you had injured, and that by this time you were convinced that silence would be the best answer: but finding your reflections are such as naturally call for a reply, I take this way of doing it; and, in the first place, return you thanks for the compliment made me of my seeming sense and worth. I do assure you, I shall always endeavour to convince mankind of the latter, though I have no pretence to the former. But to come a little nearer, I observe you put yourself under a very severe restriction, even the laying down the Tatler for ever, if I can give you an instance where you have injured any good man, or pointed at any thing which is not the true object of raillery.

I must confess, Mr. Bickerstaff, if the making a man guilty of vices that would shame the gallows, be the best method to point at the true object of raillery, I have until this time been very ignorant; but if it be so, I will venture to assert one thing, and lay it down as a maxim, even to the Staffian race, viz. that that method of pointing ought no more to be pursued, than those people ought to cut your throat who suffer by it; because I take both to be murder, and the law is not in every private man's hands to execute: but indeed, Sir, were you the only person would suffer by the Tatler's discontinuance, I have malice enough

enough to puniſh you in the manner you preſcribe; but I am not ſo great an enemy to the town or my own pleaſures, as to wiſh it; nor that you would lay aſide laſhing the reigning vices, ſo long as you keep to the true ſpirit of ſatire, without deſcending to rake into characters below it's dignity; for as you well obſerve, there is ſomething very terrible in unjuſtly attacking men in a way that may prejudice their honour or fortune; and indeed, where crimes are enormous, the delinquent deſerves little pity, yet the reporter may deſerve leſs: and here I am naturally led to that celebrated author of The Whole Duty of Man, who hath ſet this matter in a true light in his treatiſe of the government of the tongue; where, ſpeaking of uncharitable truths, he ſays, a diſcovery of this kind ſerves not to reclaim, but enrage the offender, and precipitate him into farther degrees of ill. Modeſty and fear of ſhame is one of thoſe natural reſtraints, which the wiſdom of Heaven has put upon mankind; and he that once ſtumbles, may yet by a check of that bridle recover again: but when by a public detection he is fallen under that infamy he feared, he will then be apt to diſcard all caution, and to think he owes himſelf the utmoſt pleaſures of vice, as the price of his reputation. Nay, perhaps he advances farther, and ſets up for a reverſed ſort of fame, by being eminently wicked; and he who before was but a clandeſtine diſciple, becomes a doctor of impiety, &c. This ſort of reaſoning, Sir, moſt certainly induced our wiſe legiſlators very lately to repeal that law which put the ſtamp of infamy in the face of felons; therefore you had better give an act of oblivion to your delinquents, at leaſt for tranſportation, than continue to mark them in ſo notorious a manner. I cannot but applaud your deſigned attempt of raiſing merit from obſcurity, celebrating virtue in diſtreſs, and attacking vice in another method, by ſetting innocence in a proper light. Your purſuing theſe noble themes will make a greater advance to the reformation you ſeem to aim at, than the method you have hitherto taken, by putting mankind beyond the power of retrieving themſelves, or indeed to think it poſſible. But if, after all your endeavours in this new way, there ſhould then remain any hardened impenitents, you muſt even give them up to the rigour of the law, as delinquents not within the benefit of their clergy. Pardon me, good Mr. Bickerſtaff, for the tediouſneſs of this epiſtle, and believe it is not from any ſelf-conviction I have taken up ſo much of your time, or my own; but ſuppoſing you mean all your lucubrations ſhould tend to the good of mankind, I may the eaſier hope your pardon; being, Sir, yours, &c.

GRECIAN COFFEE-HOUSE, SEPT. 29.

THIS evening I thought fit to notify to the Literati of this houſe, and by that means to all the world, that on Saturday the fifteenth of October next enſuing, I deſign to fix my firſt table of Fame; and deſire that ſuch as are acquainted with the characters of the twelve moſt famous men that have ever appeared in the world, would ſend in their liſts, or name any one man for that table, aſſigning alſo his place at it before that time, upon pain of having ſuch his man of fame poſtponed, or placed too high for ever. I ſhall not, upon any application whatever, alter the place which upon that day I ſhall give to any of theſe worthies. But whereas there are many who take upon them to admire this hero, or that author, upon ſecond hand, I expect each ſubſcriber ſhould underwrite his reaſon for the place he allots his candidate.

The thing is of the laſt conſequence; for we are about ſettling the greateſt point that ever has been debated in any age; and I ſhall take precautions accordingly. Let every man who votes, conſider, that he is now going to give away that for which the ſoldier gave up his reſt, his pleaſure, and his life; the ſcholar reſigned his whole ſeries of thought, his midnight repoſe, and his morning ſlumbers. In a word, he is, as I may ſay, to be judge of that after life, which noble ſpirits prefer to their very real beings. I hope I ſhall be forgiven, therefore, if I make ſome objections againſt their jury, as they ſhall occur to me. The whole of the number by whom they are to be tried, are to be ſcholars. I am perſuaded alſo, that Ariſtotle will be put up by all of that claſs of men. However, in behalf of others, ſuch as wear the livery of Ariſtotle, the two famous univerſities are called upon on this occaſion; but I ex-

cept the men of Queen's, Exeter, and Jeſus colleges, in Oxford, who are not to be electors, becauſe he ſhall not be crowned from an implicit faith in his writings, but receive his honour from ſuch judges as ſhall allow him to be cenſured. Upon this election, as I was juſt now going to ſay, I baniſh all who think and ſpeak after others to concern themſelves in it. For which reaſon all illiterate, diſtant admirers, are forbidden to corrupt the voices, by ſending, according to the new mode, any poor ſtudents coals and candles for their votes in behalf of ſuch worthies, as they pretend to eſteem. All news-writers are alſo excluded, becauſe they conſider fame as it is a report which gives foundation to the filling up their rhapſodies, and not as it is the emanation or conſequence of good and evil actions. Theſe are excepted againſt as juſtly as butchers in caſe of life and death: their familiarity with the greateſt names takes off the delicacy of their regard, as dealing in blood makes the Lanii leſs tender of ſpilling it.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, SEPT. 28.

LETTERS from Liſbon, of the twenty-fifth inſtant, N. S. ſpeak of a battle which has been fought near the River Cinca, in which General Staremberg had overthrown the army of the Duke of Anjou. The perſons who ſend this, excuſe their not giving particulars, becauſe they believed an account muſt have arrived here before we could hear from them. They had advices from different parts, which concurred in the circumſtances of the action; after which the army of his Catholic Majeſty advanced as far as Fraga, and the enemy retired to Saragoſſa. There are reports, that the Duke of Anjou was in the engagement; but letters of good authority ſay, that prince was on the road towards the camp when he received the news of the defeat of his troops. We promiſe ourſelves great conſequences from ſuch an advantage obtained by ſo accompliſhed a general as Staremberg; who, among the men of this preſent age, is eſteemed the third in military fame and reputation.

Nº LXXV. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1709.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 30.

I Am called off from public diſſertations by a domeſtic affair of great importance, which is no leſs than the diſpoſal of my ſiſter Jenny for life. The girl is a girl of great merit, and pleaſing converſation; but I being born of my father's firſt wife, and ſhe of his third, ſhe converſes with me rather like a daughter than a ſiſter. I have, indeed, told her, that if ſhe kept her honour, and behaved herſelf in ſuch a manner as became the Bickerſtaffs, I would get her an agreeable man for her huſband; which was a promiſe I made her after reading a paſſage in Pliny's epiſtles. That polite author had been employed to find out a conſort for his friend's daughter, and gives the following character of the man he had pitched upon.

'*Aciliano plurimum vigoris et induſ-*
'*triæ quanquam in maxima verecundia:*
'*eſt illi facies liberalis, multo ſanguine,*
'*multo rubore, ſuffuſa: eſt ingenua totius*
'*corporis pulchritudo, et quidam honeſta-*
'*rius decor, quæ ego nequaquam arbitror*
'*negligenda: debet enim hoc caſtitati*
'*puellarum quaſi præmium dari.*'

'Acilianus (for that was the gentle-
'man's name) is a man of extraordinary
'vigour and induſtry, accompanied with
'the greateſt modeſty: he has very much
'of the gentleman, with a lively colour,
'and fluſh of health in his aſpect. His
'whole perſon is finely turned, and
'ſpeaks him a man of quality: which
'are qualifications that, I think, ought
'by no means to be overlooked; and
'ſhould be beſtowed on a daughter as
'the reward of her chaſtity.'

A woman that will give herſelf liberties, need not put her parents to ſo much trouble; for if ſhe does not poſſeſs theſe ornaments in a huſband, ſhe can ſupply herſelf elſewhere. But this is not the caſe of my ſiſter Jenny, who, I may ſay without vanity, is as unſpotted a ſpinſter as any in Great Britain. I ſhall take this occaſion to recommend the conduct of our own family in this particular.

We have in the genealogy of our houſe, the deſcriptions and pictures of our anceſtors from the time of King Arthur;

Arthur; in whoſe days there was one of my own name, a knight of his Round Table, and known by the name of Sir Iſaac Bickerſtaff. He was low of ſtature, and of a very ſwarthy complexion, not unlike a Portugueze Jew. But he was more prudent than men of that height uſually are, and would often communicate to his friends his deſign of lengthening and whitening his poſterity. His eldeſt ſon Ralph (for that was his name) was for this reaſon married to a lady who had little elſe to recommend her, but that ſhe was very tall and very fair. The iſſue of this match, with the help of high ſhoes, made a tolerable figure in the next age; though the complexion of the family was obſcure until the fourth generation from that marriage: from which time, until the reign of William the Conqueror, the females of our houſe were famous for their needlework and fine ſkins. In the male line, there happened an unlucky accident in the reign of Richard the Third; the eldeſt ſon of Philip, then chief of the family, being born with an humpback and very high noſe. This was the more aſtoniſhing, becauſe none of his forefathers ever had ſuch a blemiſh; nor indeed was there any in the neighbourhood of that make, except the butler, who was noted for round ſhoulders, and a Roman noſe: what made the noſe the leſs excuſable was, the remarkable ſmallneſs of his eyes.

Theſe ſeveral defects were mended by ſucceeding matches; the eyes were opened in the next generation, and the hump fell in a century and half: but the greateſt difficulty was, how to reduce the noſe; which I do not find was accompliſhed until about the middle of Henry the Seventh's reign, or rather the beginning of that of Henry the Eighth.

But while our anceſtors were thus taken up in cultivating the eyes and noſe, the face of the Bickerſtaffs fell down inſenſibly into chin; which was not taken notice of, their thoughts being ſo much employed upon the more noble features, until it became almoſt too long to be remedied.

But length of time, and ſucceſſive care in our alliances, have cured this alſo, and reduced our faces into that tolerable oval which we enjoy at preſent. I would not be tedious in this diſcourſe, but cannot but obſerve, that our race ſuffered very much about three hundred years ago, by the marriage of one of our heireſſes with an eminent courtier, who gave us ſpindle ſhanks, and cramps in our bones; inſomuch that we did not recover our health and legs until Sir Walter Bickerſtaff married Maud the milk-maid; of whom the then Garter King at Arms, a facetious perſon, ſaid pleaſantly enough, that ſhe had ſpoiled our blood, but mended our conſtitutions.

After this account of the effect our prudent choice of matches has had upon our perſons and features, I cannot but obſerve, that there are daily inſtances of as great changes made by marriage upon men's minds and humours. One might wear any paſſion out of a family by culture, as ſkilful gardeners blot a colour out of a tulip that hurts it's beauty. One might produce an affable temper out of a ſhrew, by grafting the mild upon the choleric; or raiſe a jack-pudding from a prude, by inoculating mirth and melancholy. It is for want of care in the diſpoſing of our children, with regard to our bodies and minds, that we go into an houſe and ſee ſuch different complexions and humours in the ſame race and family. But to me it is as plain as a pike-ſtaff, from what mixture it is, that this daughter ſilently lours, the other ſteals a kind look at you, a third is exactly well behaved, a fourth a ſplenetic, and a fifth a coquette.

In this diſpoſal of my ſiſter, I have choſen with an eye to her being a wit, and provided, that the bridegroom be a man of ſound and excellent judgment, who will ſeldom mind what ſhe ſays when ſhe begins to harangue: for Jenny's only imperfection is an admiration of her parts, which inclines her to be a little, but a very little, fluttiſh; and you are ever to remark, that we are apt to cultivate moſt, and bring into obſervation, what we think moſt excellent in ourſelves, or moſt capable of improvement. Thus my ſiſter, inſtead of conſulting her glaſs and her toilet for an hour and an half after her private devotions, ſits with her noſe full of ſnuff, and a man's night-cap on her head, reading plays and romances. Her wit ſhe thinks her diſtinction; therefore knows nothing of the ſkill of dreſs, or making her perſon agreeable. It would make you laugh to ſee me often, with my ſpectacles on, lacing her ſtays; for ſhe is ſo very a wit, that ſhe underſtands no ordinary thing in the world.

For

For this reaſon, I have diſpoſed of her to a man of buſineſs, who will ſoon let her ſee, that to be well dreſſed, in good humour, and chearful in the command of her family, are the arts and ſciences of female life. I could have beſtowed her upon a fine gentleman, who extremely admired her wit, and would have given her a coach and ſix; but I found it abſolutely neceſſary to croſs the ſtrain; for had they met, they had eternally been rivals in diſcourſe, and in continual contention for the ſuperiority of underſtanding, and brought forth critics, pedants, or pretty good poets. As it is, I expect an offspring fit for the habitation of the city, town, or country; creatures that are docile and tractable in whatever we put them to.

To convince men of the neceſſity of taking this method, let any one, even below the ſkill of an aſtrologer, behold the turn of faces he meets as ſoon as he paſſes Cheapſide Conduit, and you ſee a deep attention and a certain unthinking ſharpneſs in every countenance. They look attentive, but their thoughts are engaged on mean purpoſes. To me it is very apparent, when I ſee a citizen paſs by, whether his head is upon woollen, ſilks, iron, ſugar, indigo, or ſtocks. Now this trace of thought appears or lies hid in the race for two or three generations.

I know at this time a perſon of a vaſt eſtate, who is the immediate deſcendant of a fine gentleman, but the great grandſon of a broker, in whom his anceſtor is now revived. He is a very honeſt gentleman in his principles, but cannot for his blood talk fairly: he is heartily ſorry for it; but he cheats by conſtitution, and over-reaches by inſtinct.

The happineſs of the man who marries my ſiſter will be, that he has no faults to correct in her but her own, a little bias of fancy, or particularity of manners, which grew in herſelf, and can be amended by her. From ſuch an untainted couple, we can hope to have our family riſe to it's ancient ſplendor of face, air, countenance, manner, and ſhape, without diſcovering the product of ten nations in one houſe. Obadiah Greenhat ſays, he never comes into any company in England, but he diſtinguiſhes the different nations of which we are compoſed: there is ſcarce ſuch a living creature as a true Briton. We ſit down indeed all friends, acquaintance, and neighbours; but after two bottles, you ſee a Dane ſtart up and ſwear, the kingdom is his own. A Saxon drinks up the whole quart, and ſwears, he will diſpute that with him. A Norman tells them both, he will aſſert his liberty: and a Welſhman cries, they are all foreigners and intruders of yeſterday, and beats them out of the room. Such accidents happen frequently among neighbours children and couſin-germans. For which reaſon, I ſay, ſtudy your race, or the ſoil of your family will dwindle into cits or eſquires, or run up into wits or madmen.

Nº LXXVI. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1709.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCT. 3.

IT is a thing very much to be lamented, that a man muſt uſe a certain cunning to caution people againſt what it is their intereſt to avoid. All men will allow, that it is a great and heroic work to correct men's errors, and at the price of being called a common enemy, to go on in being a common friend to my fellow-ſubjects and citizens. But I am forced in this work to revolve the ſame thing in ten thouſand lights, and caſt them in as many forms, to come at men's minds and affections, in order to lead the innocent in ſafety, as well as diſappoint the artifices of betrayers. Since therefore I can make no impreſſion upon the offending ſide, I ſhall turn my obſervations upon the offended; that is to ſay, I muſt whip my children for going into bad company, inſtead of railing at bad company for enſnaring my children.

The greateſt misfortunes men fall into, ariſe from themſelves; and that temper which is called very often, though with great injuſtice, good-nature, is the ſource of a numberleſs train of evils. For which reaſon we are to take this as a rule, that no action is commendable which is not voluntary; and we have made this a maxim, That a man, who is commonly called good-natured, is hardly to be thanked for any thing he does, becauſe half that is acted about him,

him, is done rather by his ſufferance than approbation. It is generally lazineſs of diſpoſition, which chuſes rather to let things paſs the worſt way, than to go through the pain of examination. It muſt be confeſſed, ſuch a one has ſo great a benevolence in him, that he bears a thouſand uneaſineſſes, rather than he will incommode others; nay, often, when he has juſt reaſon to be offended, chuſes rather to ſit down with a ſmall injury, than bring it into reprehenſion, out of pure compaſſion to the offender. Such a perſon has it uſually ſaid of him, he is no man's enemy but his own; which is in effect ſaying, he is a friend to every man but himſelf and his friends: for by a natural conſequence of his neglecting himſelf, he either incapacitates himſelf to be another's friend, or makes others ceaſe to be his. If I take no care of my own affairs, no man that is my friend can take it ill if I am negligent alſo of his. This ſoft diſpoſition, if it continues uncorrected, throws men into a ſea of difficulties.

There is Euphuſius, with all the good qualities in the world, deſerves well of nobody: that univerſal good-will, which is ſo ſtrong in him, expoſes him to the aſſault of every invader upon his time, his converſation, and his property. His diet is butchers meat, his wenches are in plain pinners and Norwich crapes, his dreſs like other people, his income great; and yet has he ſeldom a guinea at command. From theſe eaſy gentlemen, are collected eſtates by ſervants or gameſters; which latter fraternity are excuſable, when we think of this clan, who ſeem born to be their prey. All therefore of the family of Actæon are to take notice, that they are hereby given up to the brethren of the Induſtry, with this reſerve only, that they are to be marked as ſtricken deer, not for their own ſakes, but to preſerve the herd from following them, and coming within the ſcent.

I am obliged to leave this important ſubject, without telling whoſe quarters are ſevered, who has the humbles, who the haunch, and who the ſides, of the laſt ſtag that was pulled down; but this is only deferred in hopes my deer will make their eſcape without more admonitions or examples, of which they have had, in mine and the town's opinion, too great a plenty. I muſt, I ſay, at preſent go to other matters of moment.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, OCT. 3.

THE lady has anſwered the letter of Mr. Alexander Landlord, which was publiſhed on Thurſday laſt, but in ſuch a manner as I do not think fit to proceed in the affair; for ſhe has plainly told him, that love is her deſign, but marriage her averſion. Bleſs me! what is this age come to, that people can think to make a pimp of an aſtronomer.

I ſhall not promote ſuch deſigns, but ſhall leave her to find out her admirer, while I ſpeak to another caſe ſent to me by a letter of September the thirtieth, ſubſcribed, Lovewell Barebones, where the author deſires me to ſuſpend my care of the dead, until I have done ſomething for the dying. His caſe is, that the lady he loves is ever accompanied by a kinſwoman, one of thoſe gay cunning women, who prevent all the love which is not addreſſed to themſelves. This creature takes upon her in his miſtreſs's preſence to aſk him, Whether Mrs. Florimel, that is the cruel one's name, is not very handſome? Upon which he looks ſilly, then they both laugh out, and ſhe will tell him, that Mrs. Florimel had an equal paſſion for him, but deſired him not to expect the firſt time to be admitted in private; but that now he was at liberty before her only, who was her friend, to ſpeak his mind, and that his miſtreſs expected it. Upon which Florimel acts a virgin confuſion, and with ſome diſorder waits his ſpeech. Here ever follows a deep ſilence; after which a loud laugh. Mr. Barebones applies himſelf to me on this occaſion. All the advice I can give him is to find a lover for the confident, for there is no other bribe will prevail; and I ſee by her carriage, that it is no hard matter, for ſhe is too gay to have a particular paſſion, or to want a general one.

Some days ago the town had a full charge laid againſt my Eſſays, and printed at large. I altered not one word of what he of the contrary opinion ſaid, but have blotted out ſome warm things ſaid for me; therefore pleaſe to hear the council for the defendant, though I ſhall be ſo no otherwiſe than to take a middle way, and, if poſſible, keep commendations from being inſipid to men's taſte, or raillery pernicious to their characters.

MR.

MR. BICKERSTAFF, SEPT. 30.

AS I always looked upon ſatire as the beſt friend to reformation, whilſt it's laſhes were general; ſo that gentleman * muſt excuſe me, if I do not ſee the inconvenience of a method he is ſo much concerned at. The errors he aſſigns in it, I think, are compriſed in the deſperation men are generally driven to, when by a public detection they fall under the infamy they feared, who otherwiſe, by checking their bridle, might have recovered their ſtumble, and through a ſelf-conviction become their own reformers: ſo he that was before but a clandeſtine diſciple (to uſe his own quotation) is now become a doctor in impiety. The little ſucceſs that is to be expected by theſe methods from a hardened offender, is too evident to inſiſt on; yet it is true, there is a great deal of charity in this ſort of reaſoning, whilſt the effects of thoſe crimes extend not beyond themſelves. But what relation has this to your proceedings? It is not a circumſtantial gueſſing will ſerve the turn, for there are more than one to pretend to any of your characters; but there muſt at leaſt be ſomething that muſt amount to a nominal deſcription, before even common fame can ſeparate me from the reſt of mankind to dart at. A general repreſentation of an action, either ridiculous or enormous, may make thoſe which we find too much ſimilitude in the character with themſelves to plead not guilty; but none but a witneſs to the crime can charge them with the guilt, whilſt the indictment is general, and the offender has the aſylum of the whole world to protect him. Here can then be no injuſtice, where no one is injured; for it is themſelves muſt appropriate the ſaddle, before ſcandal can ride them.

Your method then, in my opinion, is no way ſubject to the charge brought againſt it; but, on the contrary, I believe this advantage is too often drawn from it, that whilſt we laugh at, or deteſt, the uncertain ſubject of the ſatire, we often find ſomething in the error a parallel to ourſelves; and being inſenſibly drawn to the compariſon we would get rid of, we plunge deeper into the mire, and ſhame prejudices that which advice has been too weak to; and you, Sir, get converts you never thought of.

As for deſcending to characters below the dignity of ſatire; what men think are not beneath commiſſion, I muſt aſſure him, I think are not beneath reproof: for as there is as much folly in a ridiculous deportment, as there is enormity in a criminal one, ſo neither the one nor the other ought to plead exemption. The kennel of curs are as much enemies to the ſtate, as Greg for his confederacy; for as this betrayed our government, ſo the other does our property, and one without the other is equally uſeleſs. As for the act of oblivion he ſo ſtrenuouſly inſiſts on, Le Roy s'aviſera † is a faſhionable anſwer; and for his modus of panegyric, the hint was unneceſſary, where virtue need never aſk twice for her laurel. But as for his reformation by oppoſites, I again muſt aſk his pardon, if I think the effects of theſe ſort of reaſonings, by the paucity of converts, are too great an argument, both of their imbecility and unſucceſsfulneſs, to believe it will be any better than miſpending of time, by ſuſpending a method that will turn more to advantage, and which has no other danger of loſing ground, but by diſcontinuance. And as I am certain, of what he ſuppoſes, that your lucubrations are intended for the public benefit; ſo I hope you will not give them ſo great an interruption, by laying aſide the only method that can render you beneficial to mankind, and, among others, agreeable to, Sir,

Your humble Servant, &c.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, OCT. 3.

LETTERS from the camp at Havre of the ſeventh inſtant, N. S. adviſe, that the trenches were opened before Mons on the twenty-ſeventh of the laſt month, and the approaches were carried on at two attacks with great application and ſucceſs, notwithſtanding the rains which had fallen; that the beſiegers had made themſelves maſters of ſeveral redoubts, and other outworks, and had advanced the approaches within ten paces of the counterſcarps of the hornwork. Lieutenant-general Cadogan received a ſlight wound in the neck ſoon after opening the trenches.

The enemy were throwing up intrenchments between Queſnoy and Valleneiennes, and the Chevalier de Luxem-

* See Tatler, N° 74. September 29.

† i. e. The king will conſider it.

burg

burg was encamped near Charleroy with a body of ten thouſand men. Advices from Catalonia by the way of Genoa import, that Count Staremberg having paſſed the Segra, advanced towards Balaguier, which place he took after a few hours reſiſtance, and made the garriſon, conſiſting of three Spaniſh battalions, priſoners of war. Letters from Bern ſay, that the army under the command of Count Thaun had began to repaſs the mountains, and would ſhortly evacuate Savoy.

Whereas Mr. Bickerſtaff has received intelligence, that a young gentleman, who has taken my diſcourſes upon John Partridge and others in too literal a ſenſe, and is ſuing an elder brother to an ejectment; the aforeſaid young gentleman is hereby adviſed to drop his action, no man being eſteemed dead in law, who eats and drinks, and receives his rents.

N° LXXVII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1709.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCT. 5.

AS bad as the world is, I find by very ſtrict obſervation upon virtue and vice, that if men appeared no worſe than they really are, I ſhould have leſs work than at preſent I am obliged to undertake for their reformation. They have generally taken up a kind of inverted ambition, and affect even faults and imperfections of which they are innocent. The other day in a coffee-houſe I ſtood by a young heir, with a freſh, ſanguine, and healthy look, who entertained us with an account of his claps and his diet-drink; though, to my knowledge, he is as ſound as any of his tenants.

This worthy youth put me into reflections upon that ſubject; and I obſerved the fantaſtical humour to be ſo general, that there is hardly a man who is not more or leſs tainted with it. The firſt of this order of men are the Valetudinarians, who are never in health; but complain of want of ſtomach or reſt every day until noon, and then devour all which comes before them. Lady Dainty is convinced, that it is neceſſary for a gentlewoman to be out of order; and to preſerve that character, ſhe dines every day in her cloſet at twelve, that ſhe may become her table at two, and be unable to eat in public. About five years ago, I remember it was the faſhion to be ſhort-ſighted. A man would not own an acquaintance until he had firſt examined him with his glaſs. At a lady's entrance into the play-houſe, you might ſee tubes immediately levelled at her from every quarter of the pit and ſide-boxes. However, that mode of infirmity is out, and the age has recovered it's ſight; but the blind ſeem to be ſucceeded by the lame, and a janty limp is the preſent beauty. I think I have formerly obſerved, a cane is part of the dreſs of a prig, and always worn upon a button, for fear he ſhould be thought to have an occaſion for it, or be eſteemed really, and not genteelly a cripple. I have conſidered, but could never find out the bottom of his vanity. I indeed have heard of a Gaſcon general, who by the lucky grazing of a bullet on the roll of his ſtocking, took occaſion to halt all his life after. But as for our peaceable cripples, I know no foundation for their behaviour, without it may be ſuppoſed that in this warlike age, ſome think a cane the next honour to a wooden leg. This ſort of affectation I have known run from one limb or member to another. Before the Limpers came in, I remember a race of Liſpers, fine perſons, who took an averſion to particular letters in our language: ſome never uttered the letter H; and others had as mortal an averſion to S. Others have had their faſhionable defect in their ears, and would make you repeat all you ſaid twice over. I know an ancient friend of mine, whoſe table is every day ſurrounded with flatterers, that makes uſe of this, ſometimes as a piece of grandeur, and at others as an art, to make them repeat their commendations. Such affectations have been indeed in the world in ancient times; but they fell into them out of politic ends. Alexander the Great had a wry neck, which made it the faſhion in his court to carry their heads on one ſide when they came into the preſence. One who thought to outſhine the whole court, carried his head ſo over complaiſantly, that this martial prince gave him ſo great a box on the ear, as ſet all the heads of the court upright.

This humour takes place in our minds as well as bodies. I know at this time a young gentleman, who talks atheiſtically all day in coffee-houſes, and in his degrees of underſtanding ſets up for a Free-thinker; though it can be proved upon him, he ſays his prayers every morning and evening. But this claſs of modern wits I ſhall reſerve for a chapter by itſelf.

Of the like turn are all your Marriage-haters, who rail at the nooſe, at the words—'for ever and aye,' and at the ſame time are ſecretly pining for ſome young thing or other that makes their hearts ache by her refuſal. The next to theſe are ſuch as pretend to govern their wives; and boaſt how ill they uſe them; when, at the ſame time, go to their houſes, and you ſhall ſee them ſtep as if they feared making a noiſe, and are as fond as an alderman. I do not know but ſometimes theſe pretences may ariſe from a deſire to conceal a contrary defect than that they ſet up for. I remember, when I was a young fellow, we had a companion of a very fearful complexion, who, when we ſat in to drink, would deſire us to take his ſword from him when he grew fuddled, for it was his misfortune to be quarrelſome.

There are many, many of theſe evils, which demand my obſervation; but becauſe I have of late been thought ſomewhat too ſatirical, I ſhall give them warning, and declare to the whole world, that they are not true, but falſe hypocrites; and make it out, that they are good men in their hearts. The motive of this monſtrous affectation in the above-mentioned, and the like particulars, I take to proceed from that noble thirſt of fame and reputation which is planted in the hearts of all men. As this produces elegant writings and gallant actions in men of great abilities, it alſo brings forth ſpurious productions in men who are not capable of diſtinguiſhing themſelves by things which are really praiſe-worthy. As the deſire of fame in men of true wit and gallantry ſhews itſelf in proper inſtances, the ſame deſire in men who have the ambition without proper faculties, runs wild, and diſcovers itſelf in a thouſand extravagancies, by which they would ſignalize themſelves from others, and gain a ſet of admirers. When I was a middle-aged man, there were many ſocieties of ambitious young men in England, who, in their purſuits after fame, were every night employed in roaſting porters, ſmoaking cobblers, knocking down watchmen, overturning conſtables, breaking windows, blackening ſign-poſts, and the like immortal enterprizes, that diſperſed their reputation throughout the whole kingdom. One could hardly find a knocker at a door in a whole ſtreet after a midnight expedition of theſe *Beaux Eſprits*. I was lately very much ſurprized by an account of my maid, who entered my bed-chamber this morning in a very great fright, and told me ſhe was afraid my parlour was haunted; for that ſhe had found ſeveral panes of my windows broken, and the floor ſtrewed with halfpence. I have not yet a full light into this new way, but am apt to think that it is a generous piece of wit that ſome of my contemporaries make uſe of, to break windows, and leave money to pay for them.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, OCT. 5.

I HAVE no manner of news more than what the whole town had the other day; except that I have the original letter of the Marſhal Boufflers to the French King, after the late battle in the woods, which I tranſlate for the benefit of the Engliſh reader.

SIRE,

THIS is to let your Majeſty underſtand, that to your immortal honour, and the deſtruction of the Confederates, your troops have loſt another battle. Artagnan did wonders, Rohan performed miracles, Guiche did wonders, Gattion performed miracles, the whole army diſtinguiſhed themſelves, and every body did wonders. And, to conclude the wonders of the day, I can aſſure your Majeſty, that though you have loſt the field of battle, you have not loſt an inch of ground. The enemy marched behind us with reſpect, and we ran away from them as bold as lions.

Letters have been ſent to Mr. Bickerſtaff, relating to the preſent ſtate of the town of Bath, wherein the people of that place have deſired him to call home the phyſicians. All gentlemen, therefore, of that profeſſion, are hereby directed to return forthwith to their places of

of practice; and the ſtage-coaches are required to take them in before other paſſengers, until there ſhall be a certificate ſigned by the mayor or Mr. Powel, that there are but two doctors to one patient left in town.

Nº LXXVIII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1709.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCT. 7.

AS your painters, who deal in hiſtory-pieces, often entertain themſelves upon broken ſketches, and ſmaller flouriſhes of the pencil; ſo I find ſome relief in ſtriking out miſcellaneous hints, and ſudden ſtarts of fancy, without any order or connection, after having ſpent myſelf on more regular and elaborate diſſertations. I am at preſent in this eaſy ſtate of mind ſat down to my ſcrutoir; where, for the better diſpoſition of my correſpondence, I have writ upon every drawer the proper title of it's contents; as Hypocriſy, Dice, Patches, Politics, Love, Duels, and ſo forth. My various advices are ranged under ſuch ſeveral heads, ſaving only that I have a particular box for Pacolet, and another for Monoculus. I cannot but obſerve, that my duel-box, which is filled by the lettered men of honour, is ſo very ill ſpelt, that it is hard to decypher their writings. My love-box, though on a quite contrary ſubject, filled with the works of the faireſt hands in Great Britain, is almoſt as unintelligible. The private drawer, which is ſacred to politics, has in it ſome of the moſt refined panegyrics and ſatires that any age has produced.

I have now before me ſeveral recommendations for places at my Table of Fame: three of them are of an extraordinary nature, in which I find I am miſunderſtood, and ſhall therefore beg leave to produce them. They are from a Quaker, a Courtier, and a Citizen.

ISAAC,

THY Lucubrations, as thou loveſt to call them, have been peruſed by ſeveral of our friends, who have taken offence: foraſmuch as thou excludeſt out of the brotherhood all perſons who are praiſe-worthy for religion, we are afraid that thou wilt fill thy table with none but heathens, and cannot hope to ſpy a brother there; for there are none of us who can be placed among murdering heroes, or ungodly wits; ſince we do not aſſail our enemies with the arm of fleſh, nor our gainſayers with the vanity of human wiſdom. If therefore thou wilt demean thyſelf on this occaſion with a right judgment, according to the gifts that are in thee, we deſire thou wilt place James Naylor at the upper end of thy table.

EZEKIEL STIFFRUMP.

In anſwer to my good friend Ezekiel, I muſt ſtand to it, that I cannot break my rule for the ſake of James Naylor; not knowing whether Alexander the Great, who is a choleric hero, would not reſent his ſitting at the upper end of the table with his hat on.

But to my Courtier.

SIR,

I Am ſurprized that you loſe your time in complimenting the dead, when you may make your court to the living. Let me only tell you in the ear, Alexander and Cæſar, as generous as they were formerly, have now not a groat to diſpoſe of. Fill your table with good company: I know a perſon of quality that ſhall give you one hundred pounds for a place at it. Be ſecret, and be rich. Your's. You know my hand.

This gentleman ſeems to have the true ſpirit, without the formality, of an under-courtier; therefore I ſhall be plain with him, and let him leave the name of his courtier and one hundred pounds in Morphew's hands: if I can take it, I will.

My Citizen writes the following:

MR. ISAAC BICKERSTAFF,

SIR,

YOUR Tatler, the thirteenth of September, I am now reading; and in your liſt of famous men, deſire you not to forget Alderman Whittington, who began the world with a cat, and died worth three hundred and fifty thouſand pounds ſterling, which he left to an only daughter three years after his mayoralty.

If you want any further particulars of ditto alderman, daughter, or cat, let me know, and per first will advise the needful: which concludes, your loving friend,

LEMUEL LEGER.

I shall have all due regard to this gentleman's recommendation; but cannot forbear observing how wonderfully this sort of style is adapted for the dispatch of business, by leaving out insignificant particles: besides that, the dropping of the first person is an artful way to disengage a man from the guilt of rash words or promises. But I am to consider, that a citizen's reputation is credit, not fame; and am to leave these lofty subjects for a matter of private concern in the next letter before me.

SIR,

I Am just recovered out of a languishing sickness by the care of Hippocrates, who visited me throughout my whole illness; and was so far from taking any fee, that he enquired into my circumstances, and would have relieved me also that way, but I did not want it. I know no method of thanking him, but recommending it to you to celebrate so great humanity in the manner you think fit, and to do it with the spirit and sentiments of a man just relieved from grief, misery, and pain, to joy, satisfaction, and ease: in which you will represent the grateful sense of your obedient servant,

T. B.

I think the writer of this letter has put the matter in as good a dress as I can for him; yet I cannot but add my applause to what this distressed man has said. There is not a more useful man in a commonwealth than a good physician; and by consequence no worthier a person than he that uses his skill with generosity, even to persons of condition, and compassion to those who are in want: which is the behaviour of Hippocrates, who shews as much liberality in his practice, as he does wit in his conversation, and skill in his profession. A wealthy doctor, who can help a poor man, and will not without a fee, has less sense of humanity than a poor ruffian, who kills a rich man to supply his necessities. It is something monstrous to consider a man of a liberal education tearing out the bowels of a poor family, by taking for a visit what would keep them a week. Hippocrates needs not the comparison of such extortion to set off his generosity; but I mention his generosity to add shame to such extortion.

This is to give notice to all ingenious gentlemen, in and about the cities of London and Westminster, who have a mind to be instructed in the noble sciences of music, poetry, and politics, that they repair to the Smyrna Coffee-house in Pall Mall, betwixt the hours of eight and ten at night, where they may be instructed gratis, with elaborate essays by word of mouth on all or any of the above-mentioned arts. The disciples are to prepare their bodies with three dishes of bohea, and purge their brains with two pinches of snuff. If any young student gives indication of parts, by listening attentively, or asking a pertinent question, one of the professors shall distinguish him, by taking snuff out of his box in the presence of the whole audience.

N.B. The seat of learning is now removed from the corner of the chimney on the left-hand towards the window, to the round table in the middle of the floor over-against the fire; a revolution much lamented by the porters and chairmen, who were much edified through a pane of glass that remained broken all the last summer.

I cannot forbear advertising my correspondents, that I think myself treated by some of them after too familiar a manner, and in phrases that neither become them to give, nor me to take. I shall therefore desire for the future, that if any one returns me an answer to a letter, he will not tell me he has received the favour of my letter; but if he does not think fit to say he has received the honour of it, that he tell me in plain English, he has received my letter of such a date. I must likewise insist, that he would conclude with, 'I am, with great respect,' or plainly, 'I am,' without farther addition; and not insult me by an assurance of his being, with great truth and esteem, my humble servant. There is likewise another mark of superiority which I cannot bear, and therefore must inform my correspondents, that I discard all faithful humble servants, and am resolved to read no letters that are not subscribed, 'Your most obedient,' or 'most humble servant,' or both.

These

E. F. Burney del. Walker sculp.

Vol. III. Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co. Augt 1st 1785.

These may appear niceties to vulgar minds, but they are such as men of honour and distinction must have regard to. And I very well remember a famous duel in France, where four were killed on one side, and three of the other, occasioned by a gentleman's subscribing himself a most affectionate friend.

ONE IN THE MORNING OF
THE EIGHTH OF OCTOBER, 1709.

I was this night looking on the moon, and find by certain signs in that luminary, that a certain person under her dominion, who has been for many years distempered, will within a few hours publish a pamphlet, wherein he will pretend to give my Lucubrations to a wrong person; and I require all sober disposed persons to avoid meeting the said lunatic, or giving him any credence any farther than pity demands; and to lock up the said person wherever they find him, keeping him from pen, ink, and paper. And I hereby prohibit any person to take upon him my writings, on pain of being sent by me into Lethe with the said lunatic and all his works.

N° LXXIX. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1709.

FELICES TER, ET AMPLIUS,
QUOS IRRUPTA TENET COPULA; NEC MALIS
DIVULSUS QUERIMONIIS
SUPREMA CITIUS SOLVET AMOR DIE.
HOR. OD. 13. L. 2. VER. 17.

THRICE HAPPY THEY, IN PURE DELIGHTS,
WHOM LOVE IN MUTUAL BONDS UNITES,
UNBROKEN BY COMPLAINTS OR STRIFE,
EVEN TO THE LATEST HOURS OF LIFE. FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCT. 10.

MY sister Jenny's lover, the honest Tranquillus, for that shall be his name, has been impatient with me to dispatch the necessary directions for his marriage; that while I am taken up with imaginary schemes, as he calls them, he might not burn with real desire, and the torture of expectation. When I had reprimanded him for the ardour wherein he expressed himself, which I thought had not enough of that veneration with which the marriage-bed is to be ascended, I told him the day of his nuptials should be on the Saturday following, which was the eighth instant. On the seventh in the evening, poor Jenny came into my chamber, and having her heart full of the great change of life from a virgin condition to that of a wife, she long sat silent. I saw she expected me to entertain her on this important subject, which was too delicate a circumstance for herself to touch upon; whereupon I relieved her modesty in the following manner: 'Sister,' said I, 'you 'are now going from me; and be con-'tented that you leave the company of 'a talkative old man for that of a sober 'young one: but take this along with 'you, that there is no mean in the state 'you are entering into, but you are to 'be exquisitely happy or miserable; and 'your fortune in this way of life will 'be wholly of your own making. In 'all the marriages I have ever seen, most 'of which have been unhappy ones, 'the great cause of evil has proceeded 'from slight occasions; and I take it to 'be the first maxim in a married con-'dition, that you are to be above trifles. 'When two persons have so good an 'opinion of each other as to come to-'gether for life, they will not differ in 'matters of importance, because they 'think of each other with respect, in 'regard to all things of consideration 'that may affect them, and are pre-'pared for mutual assistance and relief 'in such occurrences; but for less oc-'casions, they have formed no resolu-'tions, but leave their minds unpre-'pared.

'This, dear Jenny, is the reason 'that the quarrel between Sir Harry 'Willit and his lady, which began 'about her squirrel, is irreconcileable. 'Sir Harry was reading a grave author; 'she runs into his study, and in a play-'ing humour, claps the squirrel upon 'the folio: he threw the animal in a

'rage

'rage on the floor; she snatches it up 'again, calls Sir Harry a sour pedant, 'without good-nature or good manners. This cast him into such a rage, 'that he threw down the table before 'him, kicked the book round the room; 'then recollected himself—"Lord, "Madam," said he, "why did you "run into such expressions? I was," 'said he, "in the highest delight with "that author, when you clapped your "squirrel upon my book;" and smiling, added, upon recollection—"I "have a great respect for your favou-"rite; and pray let us all be friends." 'My lady was so far from accepting 'this apology, that she immediately 'conceived a resolution to keep him 'under for ever; and, with a serious 'air, replied—"There is no regard to "be had to what a man says, who can "fall into so indecent a rage, and such "an abject submission, in the same mo-"ment, for which I absolutely despise "you." Upon which she rushed out 'of the room. Sir Harry staid some 'minutes behind, to think and com-'mand himself; after which he follow-'ed her into her bed-chamber, where 'she was prostrate upon the bed, tear-'ing her hair, and naming twenty cox-'combs who would have used her other-'wise. This provoked him to so high 'a degree, that he forbore nothing but 'beating her; and all the servants of 'the family were at their several stations 'listening, whilst the best man and wo-'man, the best master and mistress, de-'famed each other in a way that is not 'to be repeated even at Billingsgate. 'You know this ended in an immediate 'separation: she longs to return home, 'but knows not how to do it; he in-'vites her home every day, and lies 'with every woman he can get. Her 'husband requires no submission of her; 'but she thinks her very return will 'argue she is to blame, which she is 'resolved to be for ever, rather than 'acknowledge it.

'Thus, dear Jenny, my great advice 'to you is, be guarded against giv-'ing or receiving little provocations. 'Great matters of offence I have no 'reason to fear either from you or your 'husband.' After this, we turned our discourse into a more gay style, and parted: but before we did so, I made her resign her snuff-box for ever, and half drown herself with washing away the stench of the musty.

But the wedding morning arrived, and our family being very numerous, there was no avoiding the inconvenience of making the ceremony and festival more public than the modern way of celebrating them makes me approve of. The bride next morning came out of her chamber, dressed with all the art and care that Mrs. Toilet the tire-woman could bestow on her. She was on her wedding-day three and twenty: her person is far from what we call a regular beauty; but a certain sweetness in her countenance, an ease in her shape and motion, with an unaffected modesty in her looks, had attractions beyond what symmetry and exactness can inspire without the addition of these endowments. When her lover entered the room, her features flushed with shame and joy; and the ingenuous manner, so full of passion and of awe, with which Tranquillus approached to salute her, gave me good omens of his future behaviour towards her. The wedding was wholly under my care. After the ceremony at church, I was resolved to entertain the company with a dinner suitable to the occasion, and pitched upon the Apollo, at the Old Devil at Temple Bar, as a place sacred to mirth, tempered with discretion, where Ben Jonson and his sons used to make their liberal meetings. Here the chief of the Staffian race appeared; and as soon as the company were come into that ample room, Lepidus Wagstaff began to make me compliments for chusing that place, and fell into a discourse upon the subject of pleasure and entertainment, drawn from the rules of Ben's club, which are in gold letters over the chimney. Lepidus has a way very uncommon, and speaks on subjects on which any man else would certainly offend, with great dexterity. He gives us a large account of the public meetings of all the well-turned minds who had passed through this life in ages past, and closed his pleasing narrative with a discourse on marriage, and a repetition of the following verses out of Milton:

Hail, wedded love! mysterious law! true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In paradise, of all things common else.
By thee adult'rous lust was driven from men
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee,
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations

Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, ſon, and brother, firſt were known.
Perpetual fountain of domeſtic ſweets,
Whoſe bed is undefil'd, and chaſte pronounc'd,
Preſent or paſt, as ſaints or patriarchs us'd.
Here Love his golden ſhafts employs; here lights
His conſtant lamp, and waves his purple wings:
Reigns here, and revels not in the bought ſmile
Of harlots, loveleſs, joyleſs, unendear'd,
Caſual fruition; nor in court amours,
Mix'd dance, or wanton maſk, or midnight ball,
Or ſerenade, which the ſtarv'd lover ſings
To his proud fair, beſt quitted with diſdain.

In theſe verſes, all the images that can come into a young woman's head on ſuch an occaſion are raiſed; but that in ſo chaſte and elegant a manner, that the bride thanked him for his agreeable talk, and we ſat down to dinner.

Among the reſt of the company, there was got in a fellow you call a Wag. This ingenious perſon is the uſual life of all feaſts and merriments, by ſpeaking abſurdities, and putting every body of breeding and modeſty out of countenance. As ſoon as we ſat down, he drank to the bride's diverſion that night; and then made twenty double meanings on the word Thing. We are the beſt bred family, for one ſo numerous, in this kingdom; and indeed we ſhould all of us have been as much out of countenance as the bride, but that we were relieved by an honeſt rough relation of ours at the lower end of the table, who is a lieutenant of marines. The ſoldier and ſailor had good plain ſenſe, and ſaw what was wrong as well as another; he had a way of looking at his plate, and ſpeaking aloud in an inward manner; and whenever the wag mentioned the word Thing, or the words, 'that ſame,' the lieutenant in that voice cried—'Knock 'him down.' The merry man, wondering, angry, and looking round, was the diverſion of the table. When he offered to recover, and ſay—'To the 'bride's beſt thoughts;'—'Knock him 'down,' ſays the lieutenant, and ſo on. This ſilly humour diverted, and ſaved us from the fulſome entertainment of an ill-bred coxcomb; and the bride drank the lieutenant's health. We returned to my lodging; and Tranquillus led his wife to her apartment, without the ceremony of throwing the ſtocking, which generally coſts two or three maidenheads, without any ceremony at all.

N° LXXX. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1709.

GRECIAN COFFEE-HOUSE, OCT. 12.

THIS learned board has complained to me of the exorbitant price of late years put upon books, and conſequently on learning, which has raiſed the reward demanded by learned men for their advice and labour. In order to regulate and fix a ſtandard in theſe matters, divines, phyſicians, and lawyers, have ſent in large propoſals, which are of great light and inſtruction. From the peruſal of theſe memorials, I am come to this immediate reſolution, until I have leiſure to treat the matter at large, viz. in divinity, fathers ſhall be valued according to their antiquity; ſchoolmen by the pound weight; and ſermons by their goodneſs. In my own profeſſion, which is moſtly phyſic, authors ſhall be rated according to their language. The Greek is ſo rarely underſtood, and the Engliſh ſo well, I judge them of no value; ſo that only Latin ſhall bear a price, and that too according to it's purity, and as it ſerves beſt for preſcription. In law, the value muſt be ſet according to the intricacy and obſcurity of the author, and blackneſs of the letter; provided always, that the binding be of calves-ſkin. This method I ſhall ſettle alſo with relation to all other writings; inſomuch that even theſe our lucubrations, though hereafter printed by Aldus, Elzevir, or Stephanus, ſhall not advance above one ſingle penny.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, OCT. 12.

IT will be allowed me, that I have all along ſhewed great reſpect in matters which concern the fair-ſex; but the inhumanity with which the author of the following letter has been uſed, is not to be ſuffered.

SIR, OCT. 9.

YESTERDAY I had the misfortune to drop in at my Lady Haughty's, upon her viſiting-day. When I entered

entered the room where she receives company, they all stood up indeed; but they stood as if they were to stare at rather than to receive me. After a long pause, a servant brought a round stool, on which I sat down at the lower end of the room, in the presence of no less than twelve persons, gentlemen and ladies, lolling in elbow-chairs. And, to complete my disgrace, my mistress was of the society. I tried to compose myself in vain, not knowing how to dispose of either my legs or arms, nor how to shape my countenance; the eyes of the whole room being still upon me in a profound silence. My confusion was at last so great, that without speaking, or being spoken to, I fled for it, and left the assembly to treat me at their discretion. A lecture from you upon these inhuman distinctions in a free nation, will, I doubt not, prevent the like evils for the future, and make it, as we say, as cheap sitting as standing. I am, with the greatest respect, Sir, your most humble, and most obedient servant,

J. R.

P. S. I had almost forgot to inform you, that a fair young lady sat in an armless chair upon my right-hand, with manifest discontent in her looks.

Soon after the receipt of this epistle, I heard a very gentle knock at my door: my maid went down, and brought up word, that a tall, lean, black man, well dressed, who said he had not the honour to be acquainted with me, desired to be admitted. I bid her shew him up, met him at my chamber-door, and then fell back a few paces. He approached me with great respect, and told me with a low voice, he was the gentleman that had been seated upon the round stool. I immediately recollected, that there was a joint-stool in my chamber, which I was afraid he might take for an instrument of distinction, and therefore winked at my boy to carry it into my closet; I then took him by the hand, and led him to the upper end of my room, where I placed him in my great elbow-chair; at the same time drawing another without arms to it, for myself to sit by him. I then asked him, at what time this misfortune befel him; he answered, between the hours of seven and eight in the evening. I farther demanded of him, what he had eat or drank that day; he replied—'Nothing 'but a dish of water-gruel, with a few 'plumbs in it.' In the next place, I felt his pulse, which was very low and languishing. These circumstances confirmed me in an opinion, which I had entertained upon the first reading of his letter, that the gentleman was far gone in the spleen. I therefore advised him to rise the next morning, and plunge into the cold-bath, there to remain under water until he was almost drowned. This I ordered him to repeat six days successively; and on the seventh, to repair at the wonted hour to my Lady Haughty's, and to acquaint me afterwards with what he shall meet with there; and particularly to tell me, whether he shall think they stared upon him so much as the time before. The gentleman smiled; and by his way of talking to me, shewed himself a man of excellent sense in all particulars, unless when a cane-chair, a round or joint-stool, were spoken of. He opened his heart to me at the same time concerning several other grievances; such as being overlooked in public assemblies, having his bows unanswered, being helped last at table, and placed at the back part of a coach; with many other distresses, which have withered his countenance, and worn him to a skeleton. Finding him a man of reason, I entered into the bottom of his distemper. 'Sir,' said I, 'there are more of your constitution 'in this island of Great Britain, than 'in any other part of the world; and I 'beg the favour of you to tell me, whether you do not observe, that you meet 'with most affronts in rainy days?' He answered candidly, that he had long observed, that people were less saucy in sunshine than in cloudy weather. Upon which I told him plainly, his distemper was the spleen; and that though the world was very ill-natured, it was not so bad as he believed it. I farther assured him, that his use of the cold-bath, with a course of steel which I should prescribe him, would certainly cure most of his acquaintance of their rudeness, ill-behaviour, and impertinence. My patient smiled, and promised to observe my prescriptions, not forgetting to give me an account of their operation. This distemper being pretty epidemical, I shall, for the benefit of mankind, give the public an account of the progress I make in the cure of it.

FROM

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCT. 12.

THE author of the following letter behaves himself so ingenuously, that I cannot defer answering him any longer.

HONOURED SIR, OCT. 6.

I Have lately contracted a very honest and undissembled claudication in my left-foot, which will be a double affliction to me, if, according to your Tatler of this day, it must pass upon the world for a piece of singularity and affectation. I must therefore humbly beg leave to limp along the streets after my own way, or I shall be inevitably ruined in coach-hire. As soon as I am tolerably recovered, I promise to walk as upright as a ghost in a tragedy, being not of a stature to spare an inch of height that I can any way pretend to. I honour your lucubrations; and am, with the most profound submission, honoured Sir, your most dutiful, and most obedient servant, &c.

Not doubting but the case is as the gentleman represents, I do hereby order Mr. Morphew to deliver him out a licence, upon paying his fees, which shall impower him to wear a cane until the thirteenth of March next; five months being the most I can allow for a sprain.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, OCT. 12.

WE received this morning a mail from Holland, which brings advice that the siege of Mons is carried on with so great vigour and bravery, that we hope very suddenly to be masters of the place. All things necessary being prepared for making the assault on the horn-work and ravelin of the attack of Bertamont, the charge began with the fire of bombs and grenadoes, which was so hot, that the enemy quitted their post, and we lodged ourselves on those works without opposition. During this storm, one of our bombs fell into a magazine of the enemy, and blew it up. There are advices which say, the court of France had made new offers of peace to the Confederates; but this intelligence wants confirmation.

Nº LXXXI. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1709.

HIC MANUS OB PATRIAM PUGNANDO VULNERA PASSI,—
QUIQUE PII VATES, ET PHOEBO DIGNA LOCUTI;
INVENTAS AUT QUI VITAM EXCOLUERE PER ARTES,
QUIQUE SUI MEMORES ALIOS FECERE MERENDO.

VIRG. ÆN. 6. v. 660.

HERE PATRIOTS LIVE, WHO FOR THEIR COUNTRY'S GOOD,
IN FIGHTING FIELDS WERE PRODIGAL OF BLOOD;——
HERE POETS, WORTHY THEIR INSPIRING GOD,
AND OF UNBLEMISH'D LIFE, MAKE THEIR ABODE:
AND SEARCHING WITS, OF MORE MECHANIC PARTS,
WHO GRAC'D THEIR AGE WITH NEW-INVENTED ARTS:
THOSE WHO TO WORTH THEIR BOUNTY DID EXTEND;
AND THOSE WHO KNEW THAT BOUNTY TO COMMEND. DRYDEN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCT. 14.

THERE are two kinds of immortality; that which the soul really enjoys after this life, and that imaginary existence by which men live in their fame and reputation. The best and greatest actions have proceeded from the prospect of the one or the other of these; but my design is to treat only of those who have chiefly proposed to themselves the latter, as the principal reward of their labours. It was for this reason that I excluded from my Tables of Fame all the great founders and votaries of religion; and it is for this reason also, that I am more than ordinary anxious to do justice to the persons of whom I am now going to speak; for since Fame was the only end of all their enterprizes and studies, a man cannot be too scrupulous in allotting them their due proportion of it. It was this consideration which made me call the whole body of the learned to my assistance; to many of whom I must own my obligations for the catalogues of illustrious persons, which they have sent me in upon this occasion. I yesterday employed the whole afternoon in compar-

ing them with each other; which made so strong an impression upon my imagination, that they broke my sleep for the first part of the following night, and at length threw me into a very agreeable vision, which I shall beg leave to describe in all it's particulars.

I dreamed that I was conveyed into a wide and boundless plain, that was covered with prodigious multitudes of people, which no man could number. In the midst of it there stood a mountain, with it's head above the clouds. The sides were extremely steep, and of such a particular structure, that no creature which was not made in an human figure could possibly ascend it. On a sudden there was heard from the top of it a sound like that of a trumpet; but so exceeding sweet and harmonious, that it filled the hearts of those who heard it with raptures, and gave such high and delightful sensations, as seemed to animate and raise human nature above itself. This made me very much amazed to find so very few in that innumerable multitude, who had ears fine enough to hear or relish this music with pleasure: but my wonder abated when, upon looking round me, I saw most of them attentive to three Sirens cloathed like goddesses, and distinguished by the names of Sloth, Ignorance, and Pleasure. They were seated on three rocks, amidst a beautiful variety of groves, meadows, and rivulets, that lay on the borders of the mountain. While the base and grovelling multitude of different nations, ranks, and ages, were listening to these delusive deities; those of a more erect aspect and exalted spirit, separated themselves from the rest, and marched in great bodies towards the mountain from whence they heard the sound, which still grew sweeter, the more they listened to it.

On a sudden methought this select band sprang forward, with a resolution to climb the ascent, and follow the call of that heavenly music. Every one took something with him, that he thought might be of assistance to him in his march. Several had their swords drawn, some carried rolls of paper in their hands, some had compasses, others quadrants, others telescopes, and others pencils: some had laurels on their heads, and others buskins on their legs; in short, there was scarce any instrument of a mechanic art or liberal science, which was not made use of on this occasion. My good dæmon, who stood at my right-hand during the course of this whole vision, observing in me a burning desire to join that glorious company, told me, he highly approved that generous ardor with which I seemed transported; but at the same time advised me to cover my face with a mask all the while I was to labour on the ascent. I took his counsel, without enquiring into his reasons. The whole body now broke into different parties, and began to climb the precipice by ten thousand different paths. Several got into little alleys, which did not reach far up the hill, before they ended and led no farther; and I observed, that most of the artizans, which considerably diminished our number, fell into these paths.

We left another considerable body of adventurers behind us, who thought they had discovered by-ways up the hill, which proved so very intricate and perplexed, that after having advanced in them a little, they were quite lost among the several turns and windings; and though they were as active as any in their motions, they made but little progress in the ascent. These, as my guide informed me, were men of subtle tempers, and puzzled politics, who would supply the place of real wisdom with cunning and artifice. Among those who were far advanced in their way, there were some that by one false step fell backward, and lost more ground in a moment than they had gained for many hours, or could be ever able to recover. We were now advanced very high, and observed, that all the different paths, which ran about the sides of the mountain, began to meet in two great roads; which insensibly gathered the whole multitude of travellers into two great bodies. At a little distance from the entrance of each road, there stood an hideous phantom, that opposed our further passage. One of these apparitions had his right-hand filled with darts, which he brandished in the face of all who came up that way: crowds ran back at the appearance of it, and cried out, 'Death!' The spectre that guarded the other road was Envy: she was not armed with weapons of destruction, like the former; but by dreadful hissings, noises of reproach, and a horrid distracted laughter, she appeared more frightful than Death itself, insomuch that abundance of our company were

were discouraged from passing any further, and some appeared ashamed of having come so far. As for myself, I must confess my heart shrunk within me at the sight of these ghastly appearances: but on a sudden, the voice of the trumpet came more full upon us, so that we felt a new resolution reviving in us; and in proportion as this resolution grew, the terrors before us seemed to vanish. Most of the company, who had swords in their hands, marched on with great spirit, and an air of defiance, up the road that was commanded by Death; while others, who had Thought and Contemplation in their looks, went forward in a more composed manner up the road possessed by Envy. The way above these apparitions grew smooth and uniform, and was so delightful, that the travellers went on with pleasure, and in a little time arrived at the top of the mountain. They here began to breathe a delicious kind of æther, and saw all the fields about them covered with a kind of purple light, that made them reflect with satisfaction on their past toils; and diffused a secret joy through the whole assembly, which shewed itself in every look and feature. In the midst of these happy fields there stood a palace of a very glorious structure: it had four great folding-doors, that faced the four several quarters of the world. On the top of it was enthroned the goddess of the mountain, who smiled upon her votaries, and sounded the silver trumpet which had called them up, and cheared them in their passage to her palace. They had now formed themselves into several divisions; a band of historians taking their stations at each door, according to the persons whom they were to introduce.

On a sudden, the trumpet, which had hitherto sounded only a march, or point of war, now swelled all it's notes into triumph and exultation: the whole fabric shook, and the doors flew open. The first who stepped forward, was a beautiful and blooming hero, and as I heard by the murmurs round me, Alexander the Great. He was conducted by a crowd of historians. The person who immediately walked before him, was remarkable for an embroidered garment, who not being well acquainted with the place, was conducting him to an apartment appointed for the reception of fabulous heroes. The name of this false guide was Quintus Curtius. But Arrian and Plutarch, who knew better the avenues of this palace, conducted him into the great hall, and placed him at the upper end of the first table. My good dæmon, that I might see the whole ceremony, conveyed me to a corner of this room, where I might perceive all that passed, without being seen myself. The next who entered was a charming virgin, leading in a venerable old man that was blind. Under her left-arm she bore a harp, and on her head a garland. Alexander, who was very well acquainted with Homer, stood up at his entrance, and placed him on his right-hand. The virgin, who it seems was one of the nine sisters that attended on the Goddess of Fame, smiled with an ineffable grace at their meeting, and retired.

Julius Cæsar was now coming forward; and though most of the historians offered their service to introduce him, he left them at the door, and would have no conductor but himself.

The next who advanced was a man of a homely but chearful aspect, and attended by persons of greater figure than any that appeared on this occasion. Plato was on his right-hand, and Xenophon on his left. He bowed to Homer, and sat down by him. It was expected that Plato would himself have taken a place next to his master Socrates; but on a sudden there was heard a great clamour of disputants at the door, who appeared with Aristotle at the head of them. That philosopher with some rudeness, but great strength of reason, convinced the whole table, that a title to the fifth place was his due, and took it accordingly.

He had scarce sat down, when the same beautiful virgin that had introduced Homer brought in another, who hung back at the entrance, and would have excused himself, had not his modesty been overcome by the invitation of all who sat at the table. His guide and behaviour made me easily conclude it was Virgil. Cicero next appeared, and took his place. He had enquired at the door for one Lucceius to introduce him; but not finding him there, he contented himself with the attendance of many other writers, who all, except Sallust, appeared highly pleased with the office.

We waited some time in expectation of the next worthy, who came in with a great retinue of historians, whose names

I could not learn, moſt of them being natives of Carthage. The perſon thus conducted, who was Hannibal, ſeemed much diſturbed, and could not forbear complaining to the board, of the affronts he had met with among the Roman hiſtorians, 'Who attempted,' ſays he, 'to carry me into the ſubterraneous 'apartment; and perhaps would have 'done it, had it not been for the im-'partiality of this gentleman,' pointing to Polybius, 'who was the only perſon, 'except my own countrymen, that was 'willing to conduct me hither.'

The Carthaginian took his ſeat; and Pompey entered with great dignity in his own perſon, and preceded by ſeveral hiſtorians. Lucan the poet was at the head of them, who obſerving Homer and Virgil at the table, was going to ſit down himſelf, had not the latter whiſpered him, that whatever pretence he might otherwiſe have had, he forfeited his claim to it, by coming in as one of the hiſtorians. Lucan was ſo exaſperated with the repulſe, that he muttered ſomething to himſelf; and was heard to ſay, that ſince he could not have a ſeat among them himſelf, he would bring in one who alone had more merit than their whole aſſembly: upon which he went to the door, and brought in Cato of Utica. That great man approached the company with ſuch an air, that ſhewed he contemned the honour which he laid a claim to. Obſerving the ſeat oppoſite to Cæſar was vacant, he took poſſeſſion of it, and ſpoke two or three ſmart ſentences upon the nature of precedency, which, according to him, conſiſted not in place, but in intrinſic merit; to which he added, that the moſt virtuous man, wherever he was ſeated, was always at the upper end of the table. Socrates, who had a great ſpirit of raillery with his wiſdom, could not forbear ſmiling at a virtue which took ſo little pains to make itſelf agreeable. Cicero took the occaſion to make a long diſcourſe in praiſe of Cato, which he uttered with much vehemence. Cæſar anſwered him with a great deal of ſeeming temper; but as I ſtood at a great diſtance from them, I was not able to hear one word of what they ſaid. But I could not forbear taking notice, that in all the diſcourſe which paſſed at the table, a word or nod from Homer decided the controverſy.

After a ſhort pauſe, Auguſtus appeared, looking round him with a ſerene and affable countenance upon all the writers of his age, who ſtrove among themſelves which of them ſhould ſhew him the greateſt marks of gratitude and reſpect. Virgil roſe from the table to meet him; and though he was an acceptable gueſt to all, he appeared more ſuch to the learned than the military worthies. The next man aſtoniſhed the whole table with his appearance: he was ſlow, ſolemn, and ſilent in his behaviour, and wore a raiment curiouſly wrought with hieroglyphics. As he came into the middle of the room, he threw up the ſkirt of it, and diſcovered a golden thigh. Socrates, at the ſight of it, declared againſt keeping company with any who were not made of fleſh and blood; and therefore deſired Diogenes the Laertian to lead him to the apartment allotted for fabulous heroes, and worthies of dubious exiſtence. At his going out, he told them that they did not know whom they diſmiſſed; that he was now Pythagoras, the firſt of philoſophers; and that formerly he had been a very brave man at the ſiege of Troy. 'That may be very true,' ſaid Socrates; 'but you forget that you have 'likewiſe been a very great harlot in 'your time.' This excluſion made way for Archimedes, who came forward with a ſcheme of mathematical figures in his hand; among which I obſerved a cone and cylinder.

Seeing this table full, I deſired my guide, for variety, to lead me to the fabulous apartment, the roof of which was painted with Gorgons, Chimæras, and Centaurs, with many other emblematical figures, which I wanted both time and ſkill to unriddle. The firſt table was almoſt full: at the upper end ſat Hercules, leaning an arm upon his club; on his right-hand were Achilles and Ulyſſes, and between them Æneas; on his left were, Hector, Theſeus, and Jaſon: the lower end had Orpheus, Æſop, Phalaris, and Muſæus. The uſhers ſeemed at a loſs for a twelfth man, when, methought, to my great joy and ſurprize, I heard ſome at the lower end of the table mention Iſaac Bickerſtaff: but thoſe of the upper end received it with diſdain; and ſaid, if they muſt have a Britiſh worthy, they would have Robin Hood.

While I was tranſported with the honour that was done me, and burning with

with envy againſt my competitor. I was awakened by the noiſe of the cannon which were then fired for the taking of Mons. I ſhould have been very much troubled at being thrown out of ſo pleaſing a viſion on any other occaſion; but thought it an agreeable change to have my thoughts diverted from the greateſt among the dead and fabulous heroes, to the moſt famous among the real and the living.

Nº LXXXII. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1709.

UBI IDEM ET MAXIMUS ET HONESTISSIMUS AMOR EST, ALIQUANDO PRÆSTAT MORTE JUNGI, QUAM VITA DISTRAHI. VAL. MAX.

WHERE THERE IS THE GREATEST AND MOST HONOURABLE LOVE, IT IS SOMETIMES BETTER TO BE JOINED IN DEATH, THAN SEPARATED IN LIFE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCT. 17.

AFTER the mind has been employed on contemplations ſuitable to it's greatneſs, it is unnatural to run into ſudden mirth or levity; but we muſt let the ſoul ſubſide, as it roſe, by proper degrees. My late conſiderations of the ancient Heroes impreſſed a certain gravity upon my mind, which is much above the little gratifications received from ſtarts of humour and fancy, and threw me into a pleaſing ſadneſs. In this ſtate of thought I have been looking at the fire, and in a penſive manner reflecting upon the great misfortunes and calamities incident to human life; among which there are none that touch ſo ſenſibly as thoſe which befal perſons who eminently love, and meet with fatal interruptions of their happineſs when they leaſt expect it. The piety of children to parents, and the affection of parents to their children, are the effects of inſtinct: but the affection between lovers and friends is founded on reaſon and choice, which has always made me think the ſorrows of the latter much more to be pitied than thoſe of the former. The contemplation of diſtreſſes of this ſort ſoftens the mind of man, and makes the heart better; it extinguiſhes the ſeeds of envy and ill-will towards mankind, corrects the pride of proſperity, and beats down all that fierceneſs and inſolence which are apt to get into the minds of the daring and fortunate.

For this reaſon, the wiſe Athenians, in their theatrical performances, laid before the eyes of the people the greateſt afflictions which could befal human life, and inſenſibly poliſhed their tempers by ſuch repreſentations. Among the moderns, indeed, there has aroſe a chimerical method of diſpoſing the fortune of the perſons repreſented, according to what they call poetical juſtice; and letting none be unhappy but thoſe who deſerve it. In ſuch caſes, an intelligent ſpectator, if he is concerned, knows he ought not to be ſo; and can learn nothing from ſuch a tenderneſs, but that he is a weak creature, whoſe paſſions cannot follow the dictates of his underſtanding. It is very natural, when one is got into ſuch a way of thinking, to recollect thoſe examples of ſorrow which have made the ſtrongeſt impreſſion upon our imaginations. An inſtance or two of ſuch you will give me leave to communicate.

A young gentleman and lady, of ancient and honourable houſes in Cornwall, had from their childhood entertained for each other a generous and noble paſſion, which had been long oppoſed by their friends, by reaſon of the inequality of their fortunes; but their conſtancy to each other, and obedience to thoſe on whom they depended, wrought ſo much upon their relations, that theſe celebrated lovers were at length joined in marriage. Soon after their nuptials, the bridegroom was obliged to go into a foreign country to take care of a conſiderable fortune, which was left him by a relation, and came very opportunely to improve their moderate circumſtances. They received the congratulations of all the country on this occaſion; and I remember it was a common ſentence in every one's mouth—'You ſee how faithful love is rewarded.'

He took this agreeable voyage, and ſent home every poſt freſh accounts of his ſucceſs in his affairs abroad; but at laſt, though he deſigned to return with the next ſhip, he lamented in his letters, that buſineſs would detain him ſome time longer from home; becauſe he would give

give himself the pleasure of an unexpected arrival.

The young lady, after the heat of the day, walked every evening on the seashore, near which she lived, with a familiar friend, her husband's kinswoman; and diverted herself with what objects they met there, or upon discourse of the future methods of life, in the happy change of their circumstances. They stood one evening on the shore together in a perfect tranquillity, observing the setting of the sun, the calm face of the deep, and the silent heaving of the waves, which gently rolled towards them, and broke at their feet; when at a distance her kinswoman saw something float on the waters, which she fancied was a chest; and with a smile told her, she saw it first, and if it came ashore full of jewels, she had a right to it. They both fixed their eyes upon it, and entertained themselves with the subject of the wreck, the cousin still asserting her right; but promising, if it was a prize, to give her a very rich coral for the child of which she was then big, provided she might be godmother. Their mirth soon abated, when they observed, upon the nearer approach, that it was a human body. The young lady, who had a heart naturally filled with pity and compassion, made many melancholy reflections on the occasion. 'Who knows,' said she, 'but 'this man may be the only hope and 'heir of a wealthy house; the darling 'of indulgent parents, who are now in 'impertinent mirth, and pleasing themselves with the thoughts of offering 'him a bride they have got ready for 'him? or may he not be the master of 'a family that wholly depended upon 'his life? There may, for aught we 'know, be half a dozen fatherless children, and a tender wife, now exposed 'to poverty by his death. What pleasure might he have promised himself 'in the different welcome he was to 'have from her and them? But let us 'go away; it is a dreadful sight. The 'best office we can do, is to take care 'that the poor man, whoever he is, 'may be decently buried.' She turned away, when a wave threw the carcase on the shore. The kinswoman immediately shrieked out—'Oh, my cousin!' and fell upon the ground. The unhappy wife went to help her friend, when she saw her own husband at her feet, and dropped in a swoon upon the body. An old woman, who had been the gentleman's nurse, came out about this time to call the ladies in to supper, and found her child, as she always called him, dead on the shore, her mistress and kinswoman both lying dead by him. Her loud lamentations, and calling her young master to life, soon awaked the friend from her trance; but the wife was gone for ever.

When the family and neighbourhood got together round the bodies, no one asked any question, but the objects before them told the story.

Incidents of this nature are the more moving when they are drawn by persons concerned in the catastrophe, notwithstanding they are often oppressed beyond the power of giving them in a distinct light, except we gather their sorrow from their inability to speak it.

I have two original letters written both on the same day, which are to me exquisite in their different kinds. The occasion was this: a gentleman who had courted a most agreeable young woman, and won her heart, obtained also the consent of her father, to whom she was an only child. The old man had a fancy that they should be married in the same church where he himself was, in a village in Westmorland, and made them set out while he was laid up with the gout at London. The bridegroom took only his man, and the bride her maid: they had the most agreeable journey imaginable to the place of marriage; from whence the bridegroom writ the following letter to his wife's father.

SIR, MARCH 18, 1672.

AFTER a very pleasant journey hither, we are preparing for the happy hour in which I am to be your son. I assure you the bride carries it, in the eye of the vicar who married you, much beyond her mother; though he says your open sleeves, pantaloons, and shoulder-knot, made a much better show than the finical dress I am in. However, I am contented to be the second fine man this village ever saw, and shall make it very merry before night, because I shall write myself from thence,

Your most dutiful son,

T. D.

The bride gives her duty, and is as handsome as an angel—I am the happiest man breathing!

The

Cadwallader del.

Pierrell sculp.

Plate XII.

Published as the Act directs by Harrison & Co. Oct. 29. 1745.

The villagers were assembling about the church, and the happy couple took a walk in a private garden. The bridegroom's man knew his master would leave the place on a sudden after the wedding, and seeing him draw his pistols the night before, took this opportunity to go into his chamber and charge them. Upon their return from the garden, they went into that room: and after a little fond raillery on the subject of their courtship, the lover took up a pistol, which he knew he had unloaded the night before, and presenting it to her, said, with the most graceful air, whilst she looked pleased at his agreeable flattery—'Now, 'Madam, repent of all those cruelties 'you have been guilty of to me; con-'sider, before you die, how often you 'have made a poor wretch freeze under 'your casement; you shall die, you 'tyrant, you shall die, with all those 'instruments of death and destruction 'about you, with that inchanting smile, 'those killing ringlets of your hair——' 'Give fire,' said she, laughing. He did so; and shot her dead. Who can speak his condition? But he bore it so patiently as to call up his man. The poor wretch entered, and his master locked the door upon him. 'Will,' said he, 'did you charge these pistols?' He answered—'Yes.' Upon which he shot him dead with that remaining. After this, amidst a thousand broken sobs, piercing groans, and distracted motions, he writ the following letter to the father of his dead mistress.

SIR,

I Who two hours ago told you truly, I was the happiest man alive, am now the most miserable. Your daughter lies dead at my feet, killed by my hand, through a mistake of my man's charging my pistols unknown to me. Him have I murdered for it. Such is my wedding day!——I will immediately follow my wife to her grave: but before I throw myself upon my sword, I command my distraction so far as to explain my story to you. I fear my heart will not keep together until I have stabbed it. Poor good old man!—Remember, he that killed your daughter, died for it. In the article of death, I give you my thanks, and pray for you, though I dare not for myself. If it be possible, do not curse me.

N° LXXXIII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1709.

SENILIS STULTITIA, QUÆ DELIRATIO APPELLARI SOLET, SENUM LEVIUM EST, NON OMNIUM. M.T.C.

THAT WHICH IS USUALLY CALLED DOTAGE IS NOT THE FOIBLE OF ALL OLD MEN, BUT ONLY OF SUCH AS ARE REMARKABLE FOR THEIR LEVITY AND INCONSTANCY.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCT. 19.

IT is my frequent practice to visit places of resort in this town where I am least known, to observe what reception my works meet with in the world, and what good effects I may promise myself from my labours: and it being a privilege asserted by Monsieur Montaigne, and others, of vain-glorious memory, that we writers of essays may talk of ourselves; I take the liberty to give an acount of the remarks which I find are made by some of my gentle readers upon these my dissertations.

I happened this evening to fall into a coffee-house near the Exchange, where two persons were reading my account of the Table of Fame. The one of these was commenting as he read, and explaining who was meant by this and the other worthy as he passed on. I observed the person over against him wonderfully intent and satisfied with his explanation. When he came to Julius Cæsar, who is said to have refused any conductor to the Table—'No, no,' said he, 'he is 'in the right of it, he has money enough 'to be welcome wherever he comes;' and then whispered, he means a certain colonel of the train-bands. Upon reading, that Aristotle made his claim with some rudeness, but great strength of reason—'Who can that be, so rough 'and so reasonable? It must be some 'Whig, I warrant you. There is no-'thing but party in these public papers.' Where Pythagoras is said to have a golden thigh, 'Ay, aye,' said he, 'he 'has money enough in his breeches; 'that

'that is the alderman of our ward.' You must know, whatever he read, I found he interpreted from his own way of life and acquaintance. I am glad my readers can construe for themselves these difficult points; but for the benefit of posterity, I design, when I come to write my last paper of this kind, to make it an explanation of all my former. In that piece, you shall have all I have commended, with their proper names. The faulty characters must be left as they are, because we live in an age wherein vice is very general, and virtue very particular; for which reason the latter only wants explanation.

But I must turn my present discourse to what is of yet greater regard to me than the care of my writings; that is to say, the preservation of a lady's heart. Little did I think I should ever have business of this kind on my hands more; but as little as any one who knows me would believe it, there is a lady at this time who professes love to me. Her passion and good-humour you shall have in her own words.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

I Had formerly a very good opinion of myself; but it is now withdrawn, and I have placed it upon you, Mr. Bickerstaff, for whom I am not ashamed to declare, I have a very great passion and tenderness. It is not for your face, for that I never saw; your shape and height I am equally a stranger to: but your understanding charms me, and I am lost if you do not dissemble a little love for me. I am not without hopes; because I am not like the tawdry gay things that are fit only to make bone-lace. I am neither childish-young, nor bedlam-old; but, the world says, a good agreeable woman.

Speak peace to a troubled heart, troubled only for you; and in your next paper let me find your thoughts of me.

Do not think of finding out who I am; for notwithstanding your interest in dæmons, they cannot help you either to my name, or a sight of my face; therefore do not let them deceive you.

I can bear no discourse, if you are not the subject; and believe me, I know more of love than you do of astronomy.

Pray, say some civil things in return to my generosity, and you shall have my very best pen employed to thank you, and I will confirm it. I am your admirer,

MARIA.

There is something wonderfully pleasing in the favour of women; and this letter has put me in so good an humour, that nothing could displease me since I received it. My boy breaks glasses and pipes, and instead of giving him a knock on the pate, as my way is, for I hate scolding at servants, I only say—'Ah, 'Jack! thou hast a head, and so has a 'pin,' or some such merry expression. But, alas! how am I mortified when he is putting on my fourth pair of stockings on these poor spindles of mine! The fair-one understands love better than I astronomy! I am sure, without the help of that art, this poor meagre trunk of mine is a very ill habitation for love. She is pleased to speak civilly of my sense, but *ingenium mala habitat* is an invincible difficulty in cases of this nature. I had always, indeed, from a passion to please the eyes of the fair, a great pleasure in dress. Add to this, that I have writ songs since I was sixty, and have lived with all the circumspection of an old beau, as I am. But my friend Horace has very well said—'Every year takes something from us;' and instructed me to form my pursuits and desires according to the stage of my life: therefore, I have no more to value myself upon, than that I can converse with young people without peevishness, or wishing myself a moment younger. For which reason, when I am amongst them, I rather moderate than interrupt their diversions. But though I have this complacency, I must not pretend to write to a lady civil things, as Maria desires, Time was, when I could have told her, I had received a letter from her fair hands; and, that if this paper trembled as she read it, it then best expressed it's author, or some other gay conceit. Though I never saw her, I could have told her, that good sense and good-humour smiled in her eyes; that constancy and good-nature dwelt in her heart; that beauty and good-breeding appeared in all her actions. When I was five and twenty, upon sight of one syllable, even wrong spelt, by a lady I never saw, I could tell her, that her height was that which was fit for inviting our approach, and commanding our respect; that a smile

ſmile ſat on her lips, which prefaced her expreſſions before ſhe uttered them, and her aſpect prevented her ſpeech. All ſhe could ſay, though ſhe had an infinite deal of wit, was but a repetition of what was expreſſed by her form; her form! which ſtruck her beholders with ideas more moving and forcible than ever were inſpired by muſic, painting, or eloquence. At this rate I panted in thoſe days; but, ah! ſixty-three! I am very ſorry I can only return the agreeable Maria a paſſion expreſſed rather from the head than the heart.

DEAR MADAM,

YOU have already ſeen the beſt of me; and I ſo paſſionately love you, that I deſire we may never meet. If you will examine your heart, you will find that you join the man with the philoſopher: and if you have that kind opinion of my ſenſe as you pretend, I queſtion not, but you add to it complexion, air, and ſhape: but, dear Molly, a man in his grand climacteric is of no ſex. Be a good girl; and conduct yourſelf with honour and virtue, when you love one younger than myſelf. I am, with the greateſt tenderneſs, your innocent lover,

I. B.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, OCT. 19.

THERE is nothing more common than the weakneſſes mentioned in the following epiſtle; and I believe there is hardly a man living who has not been more or leſs injured by it.

SIR, LAND'S-END, OCT. 12.

I Have left the town ſome time; and much the ſooner, for not having had the advantage, when I lived there, of ſo good a pilot as you are to this preſent age. Your cautions to the young men againſt the vices of the town are very well: but there is one not leſs needful, which I think you have omitted. I had from the Rough Diamond, (a gentleman ſo called from an honeſt blunt wit he had) not long ſince dead, this obſervation, that a young man muſt be at leaſt three or four years in London before he dares ſay, No.

You will eaſily ſee the truth and force of this obſervation; for I believe more people are drawn away againſt their inclinations, than with them. A young man is afraid to deny any body going to a tavern to dinner; or, after being gorged there, to repeat the ſame with another company at ſupper; or to drink exceſſively, if deſired, or go to any other place, or commit any other extravagancy propoſed. The fear of being thought covetous, to have no money, or to be under the dominion or fear of his parents and friends, hinder him from the free exerciſe of his underſtanding, and affirming boldly the true reaſon, which is, his real diſlike of what is deſired. If you could cure this ſlaviſh facility, it would ſave abundance at their firſt entrance into the world. I am, Sir, Yours,

SOLOMON AFTERWIT.

This epiſtle has given an occaſion to a treatiſe on this ſubject, wherein I ſhall lay down rules when a young ſtripling is to ſay, No; and a young virgin, Yes.

N. B. For the publication of this diſcourſe, I wait only for ſubſcriptions from the under-graduates of each univerſity, and the young ladies in the boarding-ſchools of Hackney and Chelſea.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, OCT. 19.

LETTERS from the Hague of the twenty-fifth of October, N. S. adviſe, that the garriſon of Mons marched out on the twenty-third inſtant, and a garriſon of the Allies marched into the town. All the forces in the field, both of the enemy and the confederates, are preparing to withdraw into winter-quarters.

Nº LXXXIV. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1709.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCT. 21.

I Have received a letter ſubſcribed A. B. wherein it has been repreſented to me as an enormity, that there are more than ordinary crowds of women at the Old Bailey when a rape is to be tried: but by Mr. A. B's favour, I cannot tell who are ſo much concerned in that part of the law as the ſex he men-

tions, they being the only persons liable to such insults. Nor indeed do I think it more unreasonable that they should be inquisitive on such occasions than men of honour, when one is tried for killing another in a duel. It is very natural to enquire how the fatal pass was made, that we may the better defend ourselves when we come to be attacked. Several eminent ladies appeared lately at the Court of Justice on such an occasion, and with great patience and attention staid the whole trials of two persons for the abovesaid crime. The law to me indeed seems a little defective in this point; and it is a very great hardship, that this crime, which is committed by men only, should have men only on their jury. I humbly therefore propose, that on future trials of this sort, half of the twelve may be women; and those such whose faces are well known to have taken notes, or may be supposed to remember what happened in former trials in the same place. There is the learned Androgyne, that would make a good forewoman of the panel, who, by long attendance, understands as much law and anatomy as is necessary in this case. Until this is taken care of, I am humbly of opinion, it would be much more expedient that the fair were wholly absent: for to what end can it be, that they should be present at such examinations, when they can only be perplexed with a fellow-feeling for the injured, without any power to avenge their sufferings? It is an unnecessary pain which the fair ones give themselves on these occasions. I have known a young woman shriek out at some parts of the evidence; and have frequently observed, that when the proof grew particular and strong, there has been such an universal flutter of fans, that one would think the whole female audience were falling into fits. Nor indeed can I see how men themselves can be wholly unmoved at such tragical relations.

In short, I must tell my female readers, and they may take an old man's word for it, that there is nothing in woman so graceful and becoming as modesty: it adds charms to their beauty, and gives a new softness to their sex. Without it, simplicity and innocence appear rude; reading and good sense, masculine; wit and humour, lascivious. This is so necessary a qualification for pleasing, that the loose part of womankind, whose study it is to ensnare men's hearts, never fail to support the appearance of what they know is so essential to that end: and I have heard it reported by the young fellows in my time, as a maxim of the celebrated Madam Bennet, that a young wench, though never so beautiful, was not worth her board when she was past her blushing. This discourse naturally brings into my thoughts a letter I have received from the virtuous Lady Whittlestick, on the subject of Lucretia.

FROM MY TEA-TABLE, OCT. 17.

COUSIN ISAAC,

I Read your Tatler of Saturday last, and was suprised to see you so partial to your own sex, as to think none of ours worthy to sit at your first table; but sure you cannot but own Lucretia as famous as any you have placed there, who first parted with her virtue, and afterwards with her life to preserve her fame.

Mrs. Biddy Twig has written me a letter to the same purpose: but in answer to both my pretty correspondents and kinswomen, I must tell them, that although I know Lucretia would have made a very graceful figure at the upper end of the table, I did not think it proper to place her there, because I knew she would not care for being in the company of so many men without her husband. At the same time I must own, that Tarquin himself was not a greater lover and admirer of Lucretia than I myself am in an honest way. When my sister Jenny was in her sampler, I made her get the whole story without book, and tell it me in needle-work. This illustrious lady stands up in history as the glory of her own sex, and the reproach of ours; and the circumstances under which she fell were so very particular, that they seem to make adultery and murder meritorious. She was a woman of such transcendent virtue, that her beauty, which was the greatest of the age and country in which she lived, and is generally celebrated as the highest of praise in other women, is never mentioned as a part of her character. But it would be declaiming to dwell upon so celebrated a story, which I mentioned only in respect to my kinswomen; and to make reparation for the omission they complain

C. F. Burney del. Heath sculp.

VIII.

Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co. Oct. 1. 1785.

complain of, do further promiſe them, that if they can furniſh me with inſtances to fill it, there ſhall be a ſmall tea-table ſet apart in my palace of fame for the reception of all of her character.

GRECIAN COFFEE-HOUSE, OCT. 21.

I WAS this evening communicating my deſign of producing obſcure merit into public view; and propoſed to the learned, that they would pleaſe to aſſiſt me in the work. For the ſame end I publiſh my intention to the world, that all men of liberal thoughts may know they have an opportunity of doing juſtice to ſuch worthy perſons as have come within their reſpective obſervation, and who by misfortune, modeſty, or want of proper writers to recommend them, have eſcaped the notice of the reſt of mankind. If therefore any one can bring any tale or tidings of illuſtrious perſons, or glorious actions, that are not commonly known, he is deſired to ſend an account thereof to me at J. Morphew's, and they ſhall have juſtice done them. At the ſame time that I have this concern for men and things that deſerve reputation and have it not, I am reſolved to examine into the claims of ſuch ancients and moderns as are in poſſeſſion of it, with a deſign to diſplace them, in caſe I find their titles defective. The firſt whoſe merits I ſhall enquire into, are ſome merry gentlemen of the French nation, who have written very advantageous hiſtories of their exploits in war, love, and politics, under the title of Memoirs. I am afraid I ſhall find ſeveral of theſe gentlemen tardy, becauſe I hear of them in no writings but their own. To read the narrative of one of theſe authors, you would fancy that there was not an action in a whole campaign which he did not contrive or execute; yet if you conſult hiſtory, or gazettes of thoſe times, you do not find him ſo much as at the head of a party from one end of the ſummer to the other. But it is the way of theſe great men, when they lie behind their lines, and are in a time of inaction, as they call it, to paſs away their time in writing their exploits. By this means ſeveral who are either unknown or deſpiſed in the preſent age, will be famous in the next, unleſs a ſudden ſtop be put to ſuch pernicious practices. There are others of that gay people, who, as I am informed, will live half a year together in a garret, and write an hiſtory of their intrigues in the court of France. As for politicians, they do not abound with that ſpecies of men ſo much as we; but as ours are not ſo famous for writing, as for extemporary diſſertations in coffee-houſes, they are more annoyed with memoirs of this nature alſo than we are. The moſt immediate remedy that I can apply to prevent this growing evil, is, That I do hereby give notice to all booksellers and tranſlators whatſoever, that the word Memoir is French for a novel; and to require of them, that they ſell and tranſlate it accordingly.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, OCT. 21.

COMING into this place to-night, I met an old friend of mine, who a little after the Reſtoration writ an epigram with ſome applauſe, which he has lived upon ever ſince; and by virtue of it, has been a conſtant frequenter of this coffee-houſe for forty years. He took me aſide, and with a great deal of friendſhip told me, he was glad to ſee me alive; 'For,' ſays he, 'Mr. Bickerſtaff, I am 'ſorry to find you have raiſed many 'enemies by your lucubrations. There 'are indeed ſome,' ſays he, 'whoſe enmity is the greateſt honour they can 'ſhew a man; but have you lived to 'theſe years, and do not know, that the 'ready way to diſoblige, is to give advice? You may endeavour to guard 'your children, as you call them; but—' He was going on; but I found the diſagreeableneſs of giving advice without being aſked, by my own impatience of what he was about to ſay: in a word, I begged him to give me the hearing of a ſhort fable.

'A gentleman,' ſays I, 'who was 'one day ſlumbering in an arbour, was 'on a ſudden awakened by the gentle 'biting of a lizard, a little animal re'markable for it's love to mankind. 'He threw it from his hand with ſome 'indignation, and was riſing to kill it, 'when he ſaw an huge venomous ſer'pent ſliding towards him on the other 'ſide, which he ſoon deſtroyed; reflect'ing afterwards with gratitude upon 'his friend that ſaved him, and with 'anger againſt himſelf, that had ſhewn 'ſo little ſenſe of a good office.'

Nº LXXXV. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1709.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCT. 24.

MY brother Tranquillus, who is a man of buſineſs, came to me this morning into my ſtudy, and after very many civil expreſſions in return for what good offices I had done him, told me, he deſired to carry his wife, my ſiſter, that very morning to his own houſe. I readily told him I would wait upon him, without aſking why he was ſo impatient to rob us of his good company. He went out of my chamber, and I thought ſeemed to have a little heavineſs upon him, which gave me ſome diſquiet. Soon after my ſiſter came to me with a very matron-like air, and moſt ſedate ſatisfaction in her looks, which ſpoke her very much at eaſe, but the traces of her countenance ſeemed to diſcover that ſhe had been lately in a paſſion, and that air of content to flow from a certain triumph upon ſome advantage obtained. She no ſooner ſat down by me, but I perceived ſhe was one of thoſe ladies who begin to be managers within the time of their being brides. Without letting her ſpeak, which I ſaw ſhe had a mighty inclination to do, I ſaid—'Here has been your huſband, who tells me he has a mind to go home this very morning, and I have conſented to it.'—'It is well,' ſaid ſhe, 'for you muſt know——' 'Nay, Jenny,' ſaid I, 'I beg your pardon, for it is you muſt know—— You are to underſtand, that now is the time to fix or alienate your huſband's heart for ever; and I fear you have been a little indiſcreet in your expreſſions or behaviour towards him, even here in my houſe.'—'There has,' ſays ſhe, 'been ſome words: but I will be judged by you if he was not in the wrong: nay, I need not be judged by any body, for he gave it up himſelf, and ſaid not a word when he ſaw me grow paſſionate, but—"Madam, you are perfectly in the right of it:" as you ſhall judge—' 'Nay, Madam,' ſaid I, 'I am judge already, and tell you, that you are perfectly in the wrong of it; for if it was a matter of importance, I know he has better ſenſe than you; if a trifle, you know what I told you on your wedding-day, that you were to be above little provocations.' She knows very well I can be four upon occaſion, therefore gave me leave to go on.

'Siſter,' ſaid I, 'I will not enter into the diſpute between you, which I find his prudence put an end to before it came to extremity, but charge you to have a care of the firſt quarrel, as you tender your happineſs; for then it is, that the mind will reflect harſhly upon every circumſtance that has ever paſſed between you. If ſuch an accident is ever to happen, which I hope never will, be ſure to keep to the circumſtance before you; make no alluſions to what is paſt, or concluſions referring to what is to come: do not ſhew an hoard of matter for diſſention in your breaſt; but, if it is neceſſary, lay before him the thing as you underſtand it, candidly, without being aſhamed of acknowledging an error, or proud of being in the right. If a young couple be not careful in this point, they will get into an habit of wrangling; and when to diſpleaſe is thought of no conſequence, to pleaſe is always of as little moment. There is a play, Jenny, I have formerly been at when I was a ſtudent: we got into a dark corner with a porringer of brandy, and threw raiſins into it, then ſet it on fire. My chamber-fellow and I diverted ourſelves with the ſport of venturing our fingers for the raiſins; and the wantonneſs of the thing was, to ſee each other look like a dæmon, as we burnt ourſelves, and ſnatched out the fruit. This fantaſtical mirth was called Snap-Dragon. You may go into many a family, where you ſee the man and wife at this ſport: every word at their table alludes to ſome paſſage between themſelves; and you ſee by the paleneſs and emotion in their countenances, that it is for your ſake, and not their own, that they forbear playing out the whole game in burning each other's fingers. In this caſe, the whole purpoſe of life is inverted, and the ambition turns upon a certain contention, who ſhall contradict beſt, and not upon an inclination

'clination to excel in kindneſs and 'good offices. Therefore, dear Jen-'ny, remember me, and avoid Snap-'Dragon.'

'I thank you, brother,' ſaid ſhe: 'but 'you do not know how he loves me; I 'find I can do any thing with him.'— 'If you can ſo, why ſhould you deſire 'to do any thing but pleaſe him? But 'I have a word or two more before you 'go out of the room; for I ſee you do 'not like the ſubject I am upon: let 'nothing provoke you to fall upon an 'imperfection he cannot help; for if he 'has a reſenting ſpirit, he will think 'your averſion as immoveable as the 'imperfection with which you upbraid 'him. But above all, dear Jenny, be 'careful of one thing, and you will be 'ſomething more than woman; that is, 'a levity you are almoſt all guilty of, 'which is, to take a pleaſure in your 'power to give pain. It is even in a 'miſtreſs an argument of meanneſs of 'ſpirit, but in a wife it is injuſtice and 'ingratitude. When a ſenſible man 'once obſerves this in a woman, he muſt 'have a very great or very little ſpirit, 'to overlook it. A woman ought there-'fore to conſider very often, how few 'men there are who will regard a me-'ditated offence as a weakneſs of tem-'per.'

I was going on in my confabulation, when Tranquillus entered. She caſt all her eyes upon him with much ſhame and confuſion, mixed with great com-placency and love, and went up to him. He took her in his arms, and looked ſo many ſoft things at one glance, that I could ſee he was glad I had been talking to her, ſorry ſhe had been troubled, and angry at himſelf that he could not diſ-guiſe the concern he was in an hour be-fore. After which he ſays to me, with an air aukward enough, but methought not unbecoming—'I have altered my 'mind, brother; we will live upon you 'a day or two longer.' I replied— 'That is what I have been perſuading 'Jenny to aſk of you; but ſhe is re-'ſolved never to contradict your in-'clination, and refuſed me.'

We were going on in that way which one hardly knows how to expreſs; as when two people mean the ſame thing in a nice caſe, but come at it by talking as diſtantly from it as they can; when very opportunely came in upon us an honeſt inconſidereble fellow, Tim Dap-per, a gentleman well known to us both. Tim is one of thoſe who are very ne-ceſſary, by being very inconſiderable. Tim dropped in at an incident when we knew not how to fall into either a grave or a merry way. My ſiſter took this occaſion to make off; and Dapper gave us an account of all the company he had been in to-day, who was and who was not at home where he viſited. This Tim is the head of a ſpecies: he is a little out of his element in this town; but he is a relation of Tranquillus, and his neighbour in the country, which is the true place of reſidence for this ſpe-cies. The habit of a Dapper, when he is at home, is a light broad-cloth, with calamanco or red waiſtcoat and breeches; and it is remarkable, that their wigs ſeldom hide the collar of their coats. They have always a peculiar ſpring in their arms, a wriggle in their bodies, and a trip in their gait: all which mo-tions they expreſs at once in their drink-ing, bowing, or ſaluting ladies; for a diſtant imitation of a forward fop, and a reſolution to overtop him in his way, are the diſtinguiſhing marks of a Dap-per. Theſe under-characters of men are parts of the ſociable world by no means to be neglected: they are like pegs in a building; they make no figure in it, but hold the ſtructure together, and are as abſolutely neceſſary as the pillars and columns. I am ſure we found it ſo this morning; for Tran-quillus and I ſhould perhaps have looked cold at each other the whole day, but Dapper fell in with his briſk way, ſhook us both by the hand, raillied the bride, miſtook the acceptance he met with amongſt us for extraordinary perfection in himſelf, and heartily pleaſed, and was pleaſed, all the while he ſtayed. His company left us all in good-humour, and we were not ſuch fools as to let it ſink, before we confirmed it by great chearfulneſs and openneſs in our car-riage the whole evening.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, OCT. 24.

I HAVE been this evening to viſit a lady who is a relation of the enamoured Cynthio, and there heard the melancholy news of his death. I was in hopes that fox-hunting and October would have recovered him from his unhappy paſſion. He went into the country with a deſign to leave behind him all thoughts of Cla-riſſa;

riſſa; but he found that place only more convenient to think of her without interruption. The country gentlemen were very much puzzled upon his caſe, and never finding him merry or loud in their company, took him for a Roman Catholic, and immediately upon his death ſeized his French valet de chambre for a prieſt; and it is generally thought in the country it will go hard with him next ſeſſions. Poor Cynthio never held up his head after having received a letter of Clariſſa's marriage. The lady who gave me this account being far gone in poetry and romance, told me, if I would give her an Epitaph, ſhe would take care to have it placed on his tomb; which ſhe herſelf had deviſed in the following manner: it is to be made of black marble, and every corner to be crowned with weeping Cupids. Their quivers are to be hung up upon two tall cypreſs-trees, which are to grow on each ſide of the monument, and their arrows to be laid in a great heap, after the manner of a funeral pile, on which is to lie the body of the deceaſed. On the top of each cypreſs is to ſtand the figure of a mourning turtle-dove. On the uppermoſt part of the monument, the goddeſs, to whom theſe birds are ſacred, is to ſit in a dejected poſture, as weeping for the death of her votary. I need not tell you this lady's head is a little turned: however, to be rid of importunities, I promiſed her an epitaph, and told her I would take for my pattern that of Don Alonzo, who was no leſs famous in his age than Cynthio is in our's.

THE EPITAPH.

Here lies Don Alonzo,
Slain by a wound receiv'd under
His left pap;
The orifice of which was ſo
Small, no ſurgeon could
Diſcover it.

READER;
If thou would'ſt avoid ſo ſtrange
A death,
Look not upon Lucinda's eyes.

Nº LXXXVI. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1709.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCT. 25.

WHEN I came home laſt night, my ſervant delivered me the following letter.

SIR, OCT. 24.

I Have orders from Sir Harry Quickſet of Staffordſhire, baronet, to acquaint you, that his honour Sir Harry himſelf, Sir Giles Wheelbarrow, Knight, Thomas Rentfree, Eſquire, Juſtice of the Quorum, Andrew Windmill, Eſquire, and Mr. Nicholas Doubt of the Inner Temple, Sir Harry's grandſon, will wait upon you at the hour of nine to-morrow morning, being Tueſday the twenty-fifth of October, upon buſineſs which Sir Harry will impart to you by word of mouth. I thought it proper to acquaint you before hand ſo many perſons of quality came, that you might not be ſurprized therewith. Which concludes, though by many years abſence ſince I ſaw you at Stafford, unknown, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

JOHN THRIFTY.

I received this meſſage with leſs ſurprize than I believe Mr. Thrifty imagined; for I knew the good company too well to feel any palpitations at their approach: but I was in a very great concern how I ſhould adjuſt the ceremonial, and demean myſelf to all theſe great men, who perhaps had not ſeen any thing above themſelves for theſe twenty years laſt paſt. I am ſure that is the caſe of Sir Harry. Beſides which, I was ſenſible that there was a great point in adjuſting my behaviour to the ſimple Eſquire, ſo as to give him ſatisfaction, and not diſoblige the Juſtice of the Quorum.

The hour of nine was come this morning, and I had no ſooner ſet chairs, by the ſteward's letter, and fixed my tea-equipage, but I heard a knock at my door, which was opened, but no one entered; after which followed a long ſilence, which was broke at laſt by—'Sir, I beg your pardon; I think I know 'better:' and another voice—'Nay, 'good Sir Giles—' I looked out from my window, and ſaw the good company all with their hats off, and arms ſpread, offering the door to each other. After many offers, they entered with much ſolemnity, in the order Mr. Thrifty was ſo kind as to name them to me. But they are now got to my chamber-door, and

and I saw my old friend Sir Harry enter. I met him with all the respect due to so reverend a vegetable; for you are to know, that is my sense of a person who remains idle in the same place for half a century. I got him with great success into his chair by the fire, without throwing down any of my cups. The knight-batchelor told me, he had a great respect for my whole family, and would, with my leave, place himself next to Sir Harry, at whose right-hand he had sat at every quarter-sessions these thirty years, unless he was sick. The steward in the rear whispered the Templar—'That is true to my knowledge.' I had the misfortune, as they stood cheek by jole, to desire the Esquire to sit down before the Justice of the Quorum, to the no small satisfaction of the former, and resentment of the latter: but I saw my error too late, and got them as soon as I could into their seats. 'Well,' said I, 'gentlemen, after I 'have told you how glad I am of this 'great honour, I am to desire you to 'drink a dish of tea.' They answered one and all, that they never drank tea in a morning. 'Not in a morning!' said I, staring round me. Upon which the pert jackanapes, Nic Doubt, tipped me the wink, and put out his tongue at his grandfather. Here followed a profound silence; when the steward in his boots and whip proposed, that we should adjourn to some public-house, where every body might call for what they pleased, and enter upon the business. We all stood up in an instant, and Sir Harry filed off from the left, very discreetly, counter-marching behind the chairs towards the door: after him, Sir Giles in the same manner. The simple Esquire made a sudden start to follow; but the Justice of the Quorum whipped between upon the stand of the stairs. A maid, going up with coals, made us halt, and put us into such confusion that we stood all in a heap, without any visible possibility of recovering our order: for the young jackanapes seemed to make a jest of this matter, and had so contrived, by pressing amongst us, under pretence of making way, that his grandfather was got into the middle, and he knew nobody was of quality to stir a step, until Sir Harry moved first. We were fixed in this perplexity for some time, until we heard a very loud noise in the street; and Sir Harry asking what it was, I, to make them move, said, it was fire. Upon this, all ran down as fast as they could, without order or ceremony, until we got into the street; where we drew up in very good order, and filed off down Sheer Lane; the impertinent Templar driving us before him, as in a string, and pointing to his acquaintance who passed by.

I must confess, I love to use people according to their own sense of good breeding, and therefore whipped in between the Justice and the Esquire. He could not properly take this ill; but I overheard him whisper the steward, that he thought it hard that a common conjuror should take place of him, though an elder Esquire. In this order we marched down Sheer Lane, at the upper end of which I lodge. When we came to Temple Bar, Sir Harry and Sir Giles got over; but a run of the coaches kept the rest of us on this side of the street: however, we all at last landed, and drew up in very good order before Ben Took's shop, who favoured our rallying with great humanity. From whence we proceeded again, until we came to Dick's Coffee-house, where I designed to carry them. Here we were at our old difficulty, and took up the street upon the same ceremony. We proceeded through the entry, and were so necessarily kept in order by the situation, that we were now got into the coffee-house itself; where, as soon as we arrived, we repeated our civilities to each other; after which, we marched up to the high table, which has an ascent to it inclosed in the middle of the room. The whole house was alarmed at this entry, made up of persons of so much state and rusticity. Sir Harry called for a mug of ale, and Dyer's Letter. The boy brought the ale in an instant; but said, they did not take in the letter. 'No!' says Sir Harry, 'then take back 'your mug; we are like, indeed, to 'have good liquor at this house.' Here the Templar tipped me a second wink; and if I had not looked very grave upon him, I found he was disposed to be very familiar with me. In short, I observed, after a long pause, that the gentlemen did not care to enter upon business until after their morning draught, for which reason I called for a bottle of mum; and finding that had no effect upon them, I ordered a second, and a third: after which, Sir Harry reached over to me, and

and told me in a low voice, that the place was too public for buſineſs; but he would call upon me again to-morrow morning at my own lodgings, and bring ſome more friends with him.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, OCT. 26.

THOUGH this place is frequented by a more mixed company than it uſed to be formerly; yet you meet very often ſome whom one cannot leave without being the better for their converſation. A gentleman this evening, in a dictating manner, talked I thought very pleaſingly in praiſe of modeſty, in the midſt of ten or twelve libertines, upon whom it ſeemed to have had a good effect: he repreſented it as the certain indication of a great and noble ſpirit. 'Modeſty,' ſaid he, 'is the virtue 'which makes men prefer the public 'to their private intereſt, the guide of 'every honeſt undertaking, and the 'great guardian of innocence. It 'makes men amiable to their friends, 'and reſpected by their very enemies. 'In all places, and on all occaſions, it 'attracts benevolence, and demands 'approbation.

'One might give inſtances, out of antiquity, of the irreſiſtible force of this 'quality in great minds; Cicereius, and 'Cneius Scipio, the ſon of the great Africanus, were competitors for the office 'of prætor. The crowd followed Cicereius, and left Scipio unattended. 'Cicereius ſaw this with much concern; 'and deſiring an audience of the people, 'he deſcended from the place where the 'candidates were to ſit, in the eye of the 'multitude; pleaded for his adverſary; 'and with an ingenuous modeſty, which 'it is impoſſible to feign, repreſented to 'them, how much it was to their diſhonour, that a virtuous ſon of Africanus ſhould not be preferred to him, 'or any other man whatſoever. This 'immediately gained the election for 'Scipio; but all the compliments and 'congratulations upon it were made to 'Cicereius. It is eaſier in this caſe to 'ſay who had the office, than the honour. There is no occurrence in life 'where this quality is not more ornamental than any other. After the 'battle of Pharſalia, Pompey marching 'towards Lariſſus, the whole people of 'that place came out in proceſſion to do 'him honour. He thanked the magiſtrates for their reſpect to him; but 'deſired them to perform theſe ceremonies to the conqueror. This gallant 'ſubmiſſion to his fortune, and diſdain of making any appearance but 'like Pompey, was owing to his modeſty, which would not permit him to 'be ſo diſingenuous, as to give himſelf 'the air of proſperity, when he was in 'the contrary condition.'

This I ſay of modeſty, as it is the virtue which preſerves a decorum in the general courſe of our life; but conſidering it alſo as it regards our mere bodies, it is the certain character of a great mind. It is memorable of the mighty Cæſar, that when he was murdered in the Capitol, at the very moment in which he expired, he gathered his robe about him, that he might fall in a decent poſture. 'In this manner,' ſays my author, 'he went off, not like a man that 'departed out of life, but a deity that 'returned to his abode.'

N° LXXXVII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1709.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, OCT. 28.

THERE is nothing which I contemplate with greater pleaſure than the dignity of human nature, which often ſhews itſelf in all conditions of life: for notwithſtanding the degeneracy and meanneſs that is crept into it, there are a thouſand occaſions in which it breaks through it's original corruption, and ſhews what it once was, and what it will be hereafter. I conſider the ſoul of man, as the ruin of a glorious pile of building; where amidſt great heaps of rubbiſh, you meet with noble fragments of ſculpture, broken pillars and obeliſks, and magnificence in confuſion. Virtue and Wiſdom are continually employed in clearing the ruins, removing theſe diſorderly heaps, recovering the noble pieces that lie buried under them, and adjuſting them as well as poſſible according to their ancient ſymmetry and beauty. A happy education, converſation with the fineſt ſpirits, looking abroad into the works of nature, and obſervations upon mankind,

mankind, are the great assistances to this necessary and glorious work. But even among those who have never had the happiness of any of these advantages, there are sometimes such exertions of the greatness that is natural to the mind of man, as shew capacities and abilities, which only want these accidental helps to fetch them out, and shew them in a proper light. A plebeian soul is still the ruin of this glorious edifice, though incumbered with all it's rubbish. This reflection rose in me from a letter which my servant dropped as he was dressing me, and which he told me was communicated to him, as he is an acquaintance of some of the persons mentioned in it. The epistle is from one Serjeant Hall, of the foot-guards. It is directed—'To Serjeant Cabe, in the Coldstream 'regiment of foot-guards, at the Red 'Lettice in the Butcher Row, near 'Temple Bar.'

I was so pleased with several touches in it, that I could not forbear shewing it to a cluster of critics, who instead of considering it in the light I have done, examined it by the rules of epistolary writing: for as these gentlemen are seldom men of any great genius, they work altogether by mechanical rules, and are able to discover no beauties that are not pointed out by Bouhours and Rapin. The letter is as follows:

FROM THE CAMP BEFORE MONS, SEPT. 26.

COMRADE,

I Received yours, and am glad yourself and your wife are in good health, with all the rest of my friends. Our battalion suffered more than I could wish in the action. But who can withstand fate? Poor Richard Stevenson had his fate with a great many more: he was killed dead before we entered the trenches. We had above two hundred of our battalion killed and wounded; we lost ten serjeants, six are as followeth: Jennings, Castles, Roach, Sherring, Meyrick, and my son Smith. The rest are not your acquaintance. I have received a very bad shot in my head myself, but am in hopes, and please God, I shall recover. I continue in the field, and lie at my colonel's quarters. Arthur is very well; but I can give you no account of Elms; he was in the hospital before I came into the field. I will not pretend to give you an account of the battle; knowing you have a better in the prints. Pray give my service to Mrs. Cook and her daughter, to Mr. Stoffet and his wife, and to Mr. Lyver, and Thomas Hogsdon, and to Mr. Ragdell, and to all my friends and acquaintance in general who do ask after me. My love to Mrs. Stevenson. I am sorry for the sending such ill news. Her husband was gathering a little money together to send to his wife, and put it into my hands. I have seven shillings and three-pence, which I shall take care to send her. Wishing your wife a safe delivery, and both of you all happiness, rest your assured friend, and comrade,

JOHN HALL.

We had but an indifferent breakfast; but the Mounseers never had such a dinner in their lives.

My kind love to my comrade Hinton, and Mrs. Morgan, and to John Brown and his wife. I sent two shillings, and Stevenson sixpence, to drink with you at Mr. Cook's; but I have heard nothing from him. It was by Mr. Edgar.

Corporal Hartwell desires to be remembered to you, and desires you to enquire of Edgar, what is become of his wife Pegg; and when you write, to send word in your letter what trade she drives.

We have here very bad weather, which I doubt will be an hindrance to the siege; but I am in hopes we shall be masters of the town in a little time; and then I believe we shall go to garrison.

I saw the critics prepared to nibble at my letter; therefore examined it myself, partly in their way, and partly my own. 'This is,' said I, 'truly a letter, and 'an honest representation of that chearful heart which accompanies the poor 'soldier in his warfare. Is not there 'in this all the topic of submitting to 'our destiny as well discussed, as if a 'greater man had been placed, like 'Brutus, in his tent at midnight, re'flecting on all the occurrences of past 'life, and saying fine things on being 'itself? What Serjeant Hall knows of 'the matter is, that he wishes there had 'not been so many killed; and he had 'himself a very bad shot in his head, 'and should recover if it pleased God. 'But be that as it will, he takes care, 'like a man of honour, as he certainly

'is, to let the widow Stevenſon know, 'that he had ſeven and three-pence for 'her, and that if he lives, he is ſure he 'ſhall go into garriſon at laſt. I doubt 'not but all the good company at the 'Red Lettice drank his health with as 'much real eſteem as we do of any of 'our friends. All that I am concern-'ed for is, that Mrs. Peggy Hartwell 'may be offended at ſhewing this letter, 'becauſe her conduct in Mr. Hartwell's 'abſence is a little enquired into. But 'I could not ſink that circumſtance, 'becauſe you critics would have loſt 'one of the parts which I doubt not 'but you have much to ſay upon, whe-'ther the familiar way is well hit in 'this ſtile or not? As for myſelf, I 'take a very particular ſatisfaction in 'ſeeing any letter that is fit only for 'thoſe to read who are concerned in it, 'but eſpecially on ſuch a ſubject.

'If we conſider the heap of an army, 'utterly out of all proſpect of riſing and 'preferment, as they certainly are, and 'ſuch great things executed by them, 'it is hard to account for the motive of 'their gallantry. But to me, who was 'a cadet at the battle of Coldſtream in 'Scotland, when Monk charged at the 'head of the regiment, now called Cold-'ſtream from the victory of that day; 'I remember it as well as if it were 'yeſterday; I ſtood on the left of old 'Weſt, who I believe is now at Chel-'ſea; I ſay, to me, who know very 'well this part of mankind, I take the 'gallantry of private ſoldiers to proceed 'from the ſame, if not from a nobler, 'impulſe than that of gentlemen and 'officers. They have the ſame taſte of 'being acceptable to their friends, and 'go through the difficulties of that 'profeſſion by the ſame irreſiſtible charm 'of fellowſhip, and the communication 'of joys and ſorrows, which quickens 'the reliſh of pleaſure, and abates the 'anguiſh of pain. Add to this, that 'they have the ſame regard to fame, 'though they do not expect ſo great a 'ſhare as men above them hope for; 'but I will engage Serjeant Hall would 'die ten thouſand deaths, rather than 'a word ſhould be ſpoken at the Red 'Lettice, or any part of the Butcher 'Row, in prejudice to his courage or 'honeſty. If you will have my opinion 'then of the ſerjeant's letter, I pro-'nounce the ſtile to be mixed, but truly 'epiſtolary; the ſentiment relating to 'his own wound, is in the ſublime; the 'poſtſcript of Pegg Hartwell, in the 'gay; and the whole, the picture of 'the braveſt ſort of men, that is to ſay, 'a man of great courage and ſmall 'hopes.'

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCT. 28.

WHEN I came home this evening, I found, after many attempts to vary my thoughts, that my head ſtill ran upon the ſubject of the diſcourſe to-night at Will's. I fell, therefore, into the a-muſement of proportioning the glory of a battle among the whole army, and di-viding it into ſhares, according to the method of the million lottery. In this bank of fame, by an exact calculation, and the rules of political arithmetic, I have allotted ten hundred thouſand ſhares; five hundred thouſand of which is the due of the general, two hundred thouſand I aſſign to the general officers, and two hundred thouſand more to all the commiſſioned officers, from colonels to enſigns; the remaining hundred thou-ſand muſt be diſtributed among the non-commiſſioned officers, and private men: according to which computation, I find Serjeant Hall is to have one ſhare and a fraction of two fifths. When I was a boy at Oxford, there was among the antiquities near the theatre, a great ſtone, on which were engraven the names of all who fell in the battle of Marathon. The generous and knowing people of Athens underſtood the force of the deſire of glory, and would not let the meaneſt ſoldier periſh in oblivion. Were the natural impulſe of the Britiſh nation animated with ſuch monuments, what man would be ſo mean, as not to hazard his life for his ten hundred thouſandth part of the honour in ſuch a day as that of Blenheim or Blaregnies?

N° LXXXVIII. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1709.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, OCT. 31.

I Have lately received a letter from a friend in the country, wherein he acquaints me, that two or three men of the town are got among them, and have brought down particular words and phraſes, which were never before in theſe parts. He mentions in particular the words Gunner and Gunſter, which my correſpondent obſerves they make uſe of when any thing has been related that is ſtrange and ſurprizing; and therefore deſires I would explain thoſe terms, as I have many others, for the information of ſuch as live at a diſtance from this town and court, which he calls the great mints of language. His letter is dated from York; and, if he tells me truth, a word in it's ordinary circulation does not reach that city within the ſpace of five years after it is firſt ſtamped. I cannot ſay how long theſe words have been current in town, but I ſhall now take care to ſend them down by the next poſt.

I muſt in the firſt place obſerve, that the words Gunner and Gunſter are not to be uſed promiſcuouſly; for a Gunner, properly ſpeaking, is not a Gunſter: nor is a Gunſter, *vice verſa*, a Gunner. They both, indeed, are derived from the word Gun, and ſo far they agree: but as the gun is remarkable for it's deſtroying at a diſtance, or for the report it makes, which is apt to ſtartle all it's hearers, thoſe who recount ſtrange accidents and circumſtances, which have no manner of foundation in truth, when they deſign to do miſchief, are comprehended under the appellation of Gunners; but when they endeavour only to ſurprize and entertain, they are diſtinguiſhed by the name of Gunſters. Gunners, therefore, are the peſt of ſociety, but the Gunſters often the diverſion. The Gunner is deſtructive, and hated; the Gunſter innocent, and laughed at. The firſt is prejudicial to others, the other only to himſelf.

This being premiſed, I muſt in the next place ſub-divide the Gunner into ſeveral branches; all, or the chief of which are, I think, as follows:

Firſt, the Bombardier.
Secondly, the Miner.
Thirdly, the Squib.
Fourthly, the Serpent.

And firſt, Of the firſt. The Bombardier toſſes his balls ſometimes into the midſt of a city, with a deſign to fill all around him with terror and combuſtion. He has been ſometimes known to drop a bomb in a ſenate-houſe, and to ſcatter a panic over a nation. But his chief aim is at ſeveral eminent ſtations, which he looks upon as the faireſt marks, and uſes all his ſkill to do execution upon thoſe who poſſeſs them. Every man ſo ſituated, let his merit be never ſo great, is ſure to undergo a bombardment. It is further obſerved, that the only way to be out of danger from the burſting of a bomb, is to lie proſtrate on the ground; a poſture too abject for generous ſpirits.

Secondly, the Miner.

As the bombardier levels his miſchief at nations and cities, the Miner buſies himſelf in ruining and overturning private houſes and particular perſons. He often acts as a ſpy, in diſcovering the ſecret avenues and unguarded acceſſes of families, where, after he has made his proper diſcoveries and diſpoſitions, he ſets ſudden fire to his train, that blows up families, ſcatters friends, ſeparates lovers, diſperſes kindred, and ſhakes a whole neighbourhood.

It is to be noted, that ſeveral females are great proficients in this way of engineering. The marks by which they are to be known are a wonderful ſolicitude for the reputation of their friends, and a more than ordinary concern for the good of their neighbours. There is alſo in them ſomething ſo very like religion, as may deceive the vulgar; but if you look upon it more nearly, you ſee on it ſuch a caſt of cenſorioufneſs, as diſcovers it to be nothing but hypocriſy. Cleomilla is a great inſtance of a female Miner: but as my deſign is to expoſe only the incorrigible, let her be ſilent for the future, and I ſhall be ſo too.

Thirdly, the Squib.

The Squibs are thoſe who, in the common phraſe of the word, are called libellers, lampooners, and pamphleteers. Their fire-works are made up in paper; and it is obſerved, that they mix abundance of charcoal in their powder, that they may be ſure to blacken where they cannot ſinge. Theſe are obſerved to give a conſternation and diſturbance only to weak minds; which, according to the proverb, are always 'more afraid than 'hurt.'

Fourthly, Serpents.

The Serpents are a pretty kind of Gunners, more pernicious than any of the reſt. They make uſe of a ſort of white powder, that goes off without any violent crack, but gives a gentle ſound, much like that of a whiſper; and is more deſtructive in all parts of life than any of the materials made uſe of by any of the fraternity.

Come we now to the Gunſters.

This race of engineers deals altogether in wind-guns, which, by recoiling, often knock down thoſe who diſcharge them, without hurting any body elſe; and according to the various compreſſions of the air, make ſuch ſtrange ſqueaks, cracks, pops, and bounces, as it is impoſſible to hear without laughing. It is obſervable, however, that there is a diſpoſition in a Gunſter to become a Gunner; and though their proper inſtruments are only loaden with wind, they often out of wantonneſs fire a bomb, or ſpring a mine, out of their natural inclination to engineering; by which means they do miſchief when they do not deſign it, and have their bones broken when they do not deſerve it.

This ſort of engineers are the moſt unaccountable race of men in the world: ſome of them have received above an hundred wounds, and yet have not a ſcar in their bodies; ſome have debauched multitudes of women who have died maids. You may be with them from morning until night, and the next day they ſhall tell you a thouſand adventures that happened when you were with them, which you know nothing of. They have a quality of having been preſent at every thing they hear related; and never heard a man commended, who was not their intimate acquaintance, if not their kinſman.

I hope theſe notes may ſerve as a rough draught for a new eſtabliſhment of engineers; which I ſhall hereafter fill up with proper perſons; according to my own obſervations on their conduct, having already had one recommended to me for the general of my artillery. But that, and all the other poſts, I intend to keep open, until I can inform myſelf of the candidates, having reſolved in this caſe to depend no more upon their friends word, than I would upon their own.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCT. 31.

I WAS this morning awaked by a ſudden ſhake of the houſe; and as ſoon as I had got a little out of my conſternation, I felt another, which was followed by two or three repetitions of the ſame convulſion. I got up as faſt as poſſible, girt on my rapier, and ſnatched up my hat, when my landlady came up to me, and told me, that the gentlewoman of the next houſe begged me to ſtep thither, for that a lodger ſhe had taken in was run mad; and ſhe deſired my advice, as indeed every body in the whole lane does upon important occaſions. I am not, like ſome artiſts, ſaucy, becauſe I can be beneficial, but went immediately. Our neighbour told us, ſhe had the day before let her ſecond floor to a very genteel youngiſh man, who told her he kept extraordinary good hours, and was generally at home moſt part of the morning and evening at ſtudy; but that this morning he had for an hour together made this extravagant noiſe which we then heard. I went up ſtairs with my hand upon the hilt of my rapier, and approached this new lodger's door. I looked in at the key-hole, and there I ſaw a well-made man look with great attention on a book, and on a ſudden jump into the air ſo high, that his head almoſt touched the cieling. He came down ſafe on his right foot, and again flew up alighting on his left; then looked again at his book, and holding out his right-leg, put it into ſuch a quivering motion, that I thought he would have ſhaked it off. He uſed the left after the ſame manner, when on a ſudden, to my great ſurprize, he ſtooped himſelf incredibly low, and turned gently on his toes. After this circular motion, he continued bent in that humble poſture for ſome time, looking on his book. After this he recovered himſelf

ſelf with a ſudden ſpring, and flew round the room in all the violence and diſorder imaginable, until he made a full pauſe for want of breath. In this interim my women aſked what I thought: I whiſpered, that I thought this learned perſon an Enthuſiaſt, who poſſibly had his firſt education in the Peripatetic way, which was a ſect of philoſophers, who always ſtudied when walking. But obſerving him much out of breath, I thought it the beſt time to maſter him if he were diſordered, and knocked at his door. I was ſurprized to find him open it, and ſay with great civility and good mien, that he hoped he had not diſturbed us. I believed him in a lucid interval, and deſired he would pleaſe to let me ſee his book. He did ſo, ſmiling. I could not make any thing of it, and therefore aſked in what language it was writ. He ſaid, it was one he ſtudied with great application; but it was his profeſſion to teach it, and could not communicate his knowledge without a conſideration. I anſwered, that I hoped he would hereafter keep his thoughts to himſelf, for his meditation this morning had coſt me three coffee-diſhes, and a clean pipe. He ſeemed concerned at that, and told me he was a dancing-maſter, and had been reading a dance or two before he went out, which had been written by one who taught at an academy in France. He obſerved me at a ſtand, and went on to inform me, that now articulate motions, as well as ſounds, were expreſſed by proper characters; and that there is nothing ſo common as to communicate a dance by a letter. I beſeeched him hereafter to meditate in a ground-room, for that otherwiſe it would be impoſſible for an artiſt of any other kind to live near him; and that I was ſure ſeveral of his thoughts this morning would have ſhaken my ſpectacles off my noſe had I been myſelf at ſtudy.

I then took my leave of this virtuoſo, and returned to my chamber, meditating on the various occupations of rational creatures.

N° LXXXIX. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1709.

RURA MIHI PLACEANT, RIGUIQUE IN VALLIBUS AMNES,
FLUMINA AMEM SYLVASQUE INGLORIUS——

VIRG. GEORG. 2. v. 485.

MY NEXT DESIRE IS, VOID OF CARE AND STRIFE,
TO LEAD A SOFT, SECURE, INGLORIOUS LIFE:
A COUNTRY COTTAGE NEAR A CRYSTAL FLOOD,
A WINDING VALLEY, AND A LOFTY WOOD. DRYDEN.

GRECIAN COFFEE-HOUSE, NOV. 2.

I Have received this ſhort epiſtle from an unknown hand.

I Have no more to trouble you with, than to deſire you would in your next help me to ſome anſwer to the encloſed concerning yourſelf. In the mean time I congratulate you upon the increaſe of your fame, which you ſee has extended itſelf beyond the bills of mortality.

SIR,

THAT the country is barren of news, has been the excuſe, time out of mind, for dropping a correſpondence with our friends in London; as if it were impoſſible out of a coffee-houſe to write an agreeable letter. I am too ingenuous to endeavour at the covering of my negligence with ſo common an excuſe. Doubtleſs, amongſt friends bred, as we have been, to the knowledge of books as well as men, a letter dated from a garden, a grotto, a fountain, a wood, a meadow, or the banks of a river, may be more entertaining than one from Tom's, Will's, White's, or St. James's. I promiſe therefore to be frequent for the future in my rural dates to you: but for fear you ſhould, from what I have ſaid, be induced to believe I ſhun the commerce of men, I muſt inform you, that there is a freſh topic of diſcourſe lately ariſen amongſt the ingenious in our part of the world, and is become the more faſhionable for the ladies giving into it. This we owe to Sir Iſaac Bickerſtaff, who is very much cenſured by ſome, and as much juſtified by others. Some criticiſe his ſtyle, his humour, and his matter;

matter; others admire the whole man. Some pretend, from the informations of their friends in town, to decypher the author; and others confess they are lost in their guesses. For my part, I must own myself a professed admirer of the Paper, and desire you to send me a compleat set, together with your thoughts of the Esquire and his Lucubrations.

There is no pleasure like that of receiving praise from the praise-worthy; and I own it a very solid happiness, that these my Lucubrations are approved by a person of so fine a taste as the author of this letter, who is capable of enjoying the world in the simplicity of it's natural beauties. This pastoral letter, if I may so call it, must be written by a man who carries his entertainment wherever he goes, and is undoubtedly one of those happy men who appear far otherwise to the vulgar. I dare say, he is not envied by the vicious, the vain, the frolic, and the loud; but is continually blessed with that strong and serious delight, which flows from a well-taught and liberal mind. With great respect to country sports, I may say, this gentleman could pass his time agreeably, if there were not a hare or a fox in his county. That calm and elegant satisfaction which the vulgar call Melancholy, is the true and proper delight of men of knowledge and virtue. What we take for diversion, which is a kind of forgetting ourselves, is but a mean way of entertainment, in comparison of that which is considering, knowing, and enjoying ourselves. The pleasures of ordinary people are in their passions; but the seat of this delight is in the reason and understanding. Such a frame of mind raises that sweet enthusiasm which warms the imagination at the sight of every work of nature, and turns all round you into picture and landscape. I shall be ever proud of advices from this gentleman; for I profess writing news from the learned as well as the busy world.

As for my labours, which he is pleased to enquire after, if they can but wear one impertinence out of human life, destroy a single vice, or give a morning's chearfulness to an honest mind; in short, if the world can be but one virtue the better, or in any degree less vicious, or receive from them the smallest addition to their innocent diversions, I shall not think my pains, or indeed my life, to have been spent in vain.

Thus far as to my studies. It will be expected I should in the next place give some account of my life. I shall therefore, for the satisfaction of the present age, and the benefit of posterity, present the world with the following abridgment of it.

It is remarkable, that I was bred by hand, and eat nothing but milk until I was a twelve-month old; from which time, to the eighth year of my age, I was observed to delight in pudding and potatoes; and indeed I retain a benevolence for that sort of food to this day. I do not remember that I distinguished myself in any thing at those years, but my great skill at taw, for which I was so barbarously used, that it has ever since given me an aversion to gaming. In my twelfth year, I suffered very much for two or three false concords. At fifteen I was sent to the university, and staid there for some time; but a drum passing by, being a lover of music, I enlisted myself for a soldier. As years came on, I began to examine things, and grew discontented at the times. This made me quit the sword, and take to the study of the occult sciences, in which I was so wrapped up, that Oliver Cromwell had been buried, and taken up again, five years before I heard he was dead. This gave me first the reputation of a conjuror, which has been of great disadvantage to me ever since, and kept me out of all public employments. The greater part of my later years has been divided between Dick's Coffee-house, the Trumpet in Sheer Lane, and my own lodgings.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 2.

THE evil of unseasonable visits has been complained of to me with much vehemence by persons of both sexes; and I am desired to consider this very important circumstance, that men may know how to regulate their conduct in an affair which concerns them no less than life itself. For to a rational creature, it is almost the same cruelty to attack his life, by robbing him of so many moments of his time, or so many drops of his blood. The author of the following letter has a just delicacy in this point, and hath put it into a very good light.

MR.

MR. BICKERSTAFF, OCT. 29.

I Am very much afflicted with the gravel, which makes me ſick and peeviſh. I deſire to know of you, if it be reaſonable that any of my acquaintance ſhould take advantage over me at this time, and afflict me with long viſits, becauſe they are idle, and I am confined. Pray, Sir, reform the town in this matter. Men never conſider whether the ſick perſon be diſpoſed for company, but make their viſits to humour themſelves. You may talk upon this topic, ſo as to oblige all perſons afflicted with chronical diſtempers, among which I reckon viſits. Do not think me a ſour man, for I love converſation and my friends; but I think one's moſt intimate friend may be too familiar, and that there are ſuch things as unſeaſonable wit, and painful mirth.

It is with ſome ſo hard a thing to employ their time, that it is a great good fortune when they have a friend indiſpoſed, that they may be punctual in perplexing him, when he is recovered enough to be in that ſtate which cannot be called ſickneſs or health; when he is too well to deny company, and too ill to receive them. It is no uncommon caſe, if a man is of any figure or power in the world, to be congratulated into a relapſe.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, NOV. 2.

I WAS very well pleaſed this evening to hear a gentleman expreſs a very becoming indignation againſt a practice, which I myſelf have been very much offended at. 'There is nothing,' ſaid he, 'more ridiculous, than for an actor to 'inſert words of his own in the part he 'is to act, ſo that it is impoſſible to ſee 'the poet for the player: you will have 'Penkethman and Bullock helping out 'Beaumont and Fletcher. It puts me 'in mind,' continued he, 'of a collection of antique ſtatues which I once 'ſaw in a gentleman's poſſeſſion, who 'employed a neighbouring ſtone-cutter to add noſes, ears, arms, or legs, 'to the maimed works of Phidias or 'Praxiteles. You may be ſure this addition disfigured the ſtatues much more 'than time had. I remember Venus, 'that, by the noſe he had given her, 'looked like mother Shipton; and a 'Mercury, with a pair of legs that 'ſeemed very much ſwelled with the 'dropſy.'

I thought the gentleman's obſervations very proper; and he told me I had improved his thought, in mentioning on this occaſion thoſe wiſe commentators who had filled up the hemiſtichs of Virgil; particularly that notable poet, who, to make the Æneid more perfect, carried on the ſtory to Lavinia's wedding. If the proper officer will not condeſcend to take notice of theſe abſurdities, I ſhall myſelf, as a cenſor of the people, animadvert upon ſuch proceedings.

Nº XC. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1709.

——A MOTO QUÆRAMUS SERIA LUDO.
HOR. SAT. I. L. I. VER. 27.

——LET US NOW
WITH GRAVER AIR OUR SERIOUS THEME PURSUE,
AND YET PRESERVE OUR MORAL FULL IN VIEW.
FRANCIS.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, NOV. 4.

THE paſſion of Love happened to be the ſubject of diſcourſe between two or three of us at the table of the Poets this evening; and among other obſervations, it was remarked, that the ſame ſentiment on this paſſion had run through all languages and nations. Menmius, who has a very good taſte, fell into a little ſort of diſſertation on this occaſion. 'It is,' ſaid he, 'remarkable, 'that no paſſion has been treated, by 'all who have touched upon it, with 'the ſame bent of deſign, but this. The 'poets, the moraliſts, the painters, in 'all their deſcriptions, allegories, and 'pictures, have repreſented it as a ſoft 'torment, a bitter ſweet, a pleaſing 'pain, or an agreeable diſtreſs; and have 'only expreſſed the ſame thought in a 'different manner.'

The

The joining of pleasure and pain together in such devices seems to me the only pointed thought I ever read which is natural; and it must have proceeded from it's being the universal sense and experience of mankind, that they have all spoken of it in the same manner. I have in my own reading remarked an hundred and three epigrams, fifty odes, and ninety-one sentences, tending to this sole purpose.

It is certain, there is no other passion which does produce such contrary effects in so great a degree: but this may be said for love, that if you strike it out of the soul, life would be insipid, and our being but half animated. Human nature would sink into deadness and lethargy, if not quickened with some active principle; and as for all others, whether ambition, envy, or avarice, which are apt to possess the mind in the absence of this passion, it must be allowed that they have greater pains, without the compensation of such exquisite pleasures as those we find in love. The great skill is to heighten the satisfactions, and deaden the sorrows of it; which has been the end of many of my labours, and shall continue to be so for the service of the world in general, and in particular of the fair-sex, who are always the best or the worst part of it. It is pity that a passion, which has in it a capacity of making life happy, should not be cultivated to the utmost advantage. Reason, prudence, and good-nature, rightly applied, can thoroughly accomplish this great end, provided they have always a real and constant love to work upon. But this subject I shall treat more at large in the history of my married sister; and in the mean time shall conclude my reflection on the pains and pleasures which attend this passion, with one of the finest allegories which I think I have ever read. It is invented by the divine Plato; and, to shew the opinion he himself had of it, ascribed by him to his admired Socrates, whom he represents as discoursing with his friends, and giving the history of Love in the following manner.

'At the birth of Beauty,' says he, 'there was a great feast made, and many 'guests invited. Among the rest, was 'the god Plenty, who was the son of 'the goddess Prudence, and inherited 'many of his mother's virtues. After 'a full entertainment, he retired into 'the garden of Jupiter, which was hung 'with a great variety of ambrosial fruits, 'and seems to have been a very proper 'retreat for such a guest. In the mean 'time an unhappy female called Poverty having heard of this great feast, 'repaired to it in hopes of finding relief. The first part she lights upon 'was Jupiter's garden, which generally stands open to people of all conditions. Poverty enters, and by chance 'finds the god Plenty asleep in it. She 'was immediately fired with his charms, 'laid herself down by his side, and managed matters so well, that she conceived a child by him. The world 'was very much in suspence upon the 'occasion, and could not imagine to themselves what would be the nature 'of an infant that was to have it's original from two such parents. At the 'last, the child appears; and who should 'it be but Love. This infant grew up, 'and proved, in all his behaviour, what 'he really was, a compound of opposite beings. As he is the son of 'Plenty, who was the offspring of Prudence, he is subtle, intriguing, full of 'stratagems, and devices; as the son of 'Poverty, he is fawning, begging, serenading, delighting to lie at a threshold, 'or beneath a window. By the father, 'he is audacious, full of hopes, conscious of merit, and therefore quick 'of resentment: by the mother, he is 'doubtful, timorous, mean-spirited, 'fearful of offending, and abject in submissions. In the same hour you may 'see him transported with raptures, 'talking of immortal pleasures, and appearing satisfied as a god; and immediately after, as the mortal mother 'prevails in his composition, you behold him pining, languishing, despairing, dying.'

I have been always wonderfully delighted with fables, allegories, and the like inventions, which the politest and the best instructors of mankind have always made use of: they take off from the severity of instruction, and enforce it at the same time that they conceal it. The supposing Love to be conceived immedia ely after the birth of Beauty; the parentage of Plenty; and the inconsistency of this passion with it's self so naturally derived to it; are great master-strokes in this fable; and if they fell into good hands, might furnish out a more pleasing canto than any in Spenser.

FROM

C. Stothard del. Heath sculp.

Plate VI.

Published as the Act directs by Harrison & Co. Sept.r 17. 1785.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 4.

I CAME home this evening in a very penſive mood; and to divert me, took up a volume of Shakeſpeare, where I chanced to caſt my eye upon a part in the tragedy of Richard the Third, which filled my mind with a very agreeable horror. It was the ſcene in which that bold, but wicked prince, is repreſented as ſleeping in his tent, the night before the battle in which he fell. The poet takes that occaſion to ſet before him, in a viſion, a terrible aſſembly of apparitions, the ghoſts of all thoſe innocent perſons whom he is ſaid to have murdered. Prince Edward, Henry the Sixth, the Duke of Clarence, Rivers, Gray, and Vaughan; Lord Haſtings, the two young princes, ſons to Edward the Fourth, his own wife, and the Duke of Buckingham, riſe up in their blood before him, beginning their ſpeeches with that dreadful ſalutation, 'Let me ſit heavy on thy 'ſoul to-morrow;' and concluding with that diſmal ſentence, 'Deſpair and die.' This inſpires the tyrant with a dream of his paſt guilt, and of the approaching vengeance. He anticipates the fatal day of Boſworth, fancies himſelf diſmounted, weltering in his own blood; and in the agonies of deſpair, before he is thoroughly awake, ſtarts up with the following ſpeech—

Give me another horſe—Bind up my wounds!
Have mercy, Jeſu—Soft, I did but dream.
Oh, coward conſcience! how doſt thou afflict me?
The lights burn blue! Is it not dead midnight?
Cold fearful drops ſtand on my trembling fleſh;
What do I fear? myſelf! &c.

A ſcene, written with ſo great ſtrength of imagination, indiſpoſed me from further reading, and threw me into a deep contemplation. I began to reflect upon the different ends of good and bad kings; and as this was the birth-day of our late renowned monarch, I could not forbear thinking on the departure of that excellent prince, whoſe life was crowned with glory, and his death with peace. I let my mind go ſo far into this thought, as to imagine to myſelf, what might have been the viſion of his departing ſlumbers. He might have ſeen confederate kings applauding him in different languages; ſlaves that had been bound in fetters, lifting up their hands and bleſſing him; and the perſecuted in their ſeveral forms of worſhip imploring comfort on his laſt moments. The reflection upon this excellent prince's mortality had been a very melancholy entertainment to me, had I not been relieved by the conſideration of the glorious reign which ſucceeds it.

We now ſee as great a virtue as ever was on the Britiſh throne, ſurrounded with all the beauty of ſucceſs. Our nation may not only boaſt of a long ſeries of great, regular, and well laid deſigns, but alſo of triumphs and victories; while we have the happineſs to ſee our ſovereign exerciſe that true policy which tends to make a kingdom great and happy, and at the ſame time enjoy the good and glorious effect of it.

Nº XCI. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1709.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 7.

I WAS very much ſurprized this evening with a viſit from one of the top toaſts of the town, who came privately in a chair, and bolted into my room, while I was reading a chapter of Agrippa upon the Occult Sciences; but as ſhe entered with all the air and bloom that nature ever beſtowed on woman, I threw down the conjurer, and met the charmer. I had no ſooner placed her at my right-hand by the fire, but ſhe opened to me the reaſon of her viſit: 'Mr. 'Bickerſtaff,' ſaid the fine creature, 'I 'have been your correſpondent ſome 'time, though I never ſaw you before; 'I have writ by the name of Maria. 'You have told me, you were too far 'gone in life to think of love: therefore 'I am anſwered as to the paſſion I ſpoke 'of; and,' continued ſhe, ſmiling, 'I 'will not ſtay until you grow young 'again, as you men never fail to do in 'your dotage; but am come to conſult 'you about diſpoſing of myſelf to ano'ther. My perſon you ſee; my for'tune is very conſiderable; but I am 'at preſent under much perplexity how 'to act in a great conjuncture. I have 'two lovers, Craſſus and Lorio: Craſ'ſus is prodigiouſly rich, but has no 'one diſtinguiſhing quality; though at 'the ſame time he is not remarkable on

'the defective side. Lorio has travelled, is well-bred, pleasant in discourse, discreet in his conduct, agreeable in his person; and, with all this, he has a competency of fortune without superfluity. When I consider Lorio, my mind is filled with an idea of the great satisfaction of a pleasant conversation. When I think of Crassus, my equipage, numerous servants, gay liveries, and various dresses, are opposed to the charms of his rival. In a word, when I cast my eyes upon Lorio, I forget and despise fortune; when I behold Crassus, I think only of pleasing my vanity, and enjoying an uncontrouled expence in all the pleasures of life, except love.' She paused here.

'Madam,' said I, 'I am confident you have not stated your case with sincerity, and that there is some secret pang which you have concealed from me: for I see, by your aspect, the generosity of your mind; and that open ingenuous air lets me know that you have too great a sense of the generous passion of love, to prefer the ostentation of life in the arms of Crassus, to the entertainments and conveniencies of it in the company of your beloved Lorio; for so he is indeed, Madam; you speak his name with a different accent from the rest of your discourse: the idea his image raises in you gives new life to your features, and new grace to your speech. Nay, blush not, Madam, there is no dishonour in loving a man of merit; I assure you, I am grieved at this dallying with yourself, when you put another in competition with him, for no other reason but superior wealth.'—'To tell you then,' said she, 'the bottom of my heart, there is Clotilda lies by, and plants herself in the way of Crassus, and I am confident will snap him, if I refuse him. I cannot bear to think that she will shine above me. When our coaches meet, to see her chariot hung behind with four footmen, and mine with but two: hers, powdered, gay, and saucy, kept only for show; mine, a couple of careful rogues that are good for something: I own, I cannot bear that Clotilda should be in all the pride and wantonness of wealth, and I only in the ease and affluence of it.'

Here I interrupted—'Well, Madam, now I see your whole affliction; you could be happy, but that you fear another would be happier. Or rather, you could be solidly happy, but that another is to be happy in appearance. This is an evil which you must get over, or never know happiness. We will put the case, Madam, that you married Crassus, and she Lorio.' She answered—'Speak not of it; I could tear her eyes out at the mention of it.'—'Well then, I pronounce Lorio to be the man; but I must tell you, that what we call settling in the world is, in a kind, leaving it; and you must at once resolve to keep your thoughts of happiness within the reach of your fortune, and not measure it by comparison with others.

'But indeed, Madam, when I behold that beauteous form of your's, and consider the generality of your sex, as to their disposal of themselves in marriage, or their parents doing it for them without their own approbation, I cannot but look upon all such matches as the most impudent prostitutions. Do but observe, when you are at a play, the familiar wenches that sit laughing among the men. These appear detestable to you in the boxes: each of them would give up her person for a guinea; and some of you would take the worst there for life for twenty thousand. If so, how do you differ but in price? As to the circumstance of marriage, I take that to be hardly an alteration of the case; for wedlock is but a more solemn prostitution, where there is not an union of minds. You would hardly believe it, but there have been designs even upon me.

'A neighbour in this very lane, who knows I have, by leading a very wary life, laid up a little money, had a great mind to marry me to his daughter. I was frequently invited to their table: the girl was always very pleasant and agreeable. After dinner, Miss Molly would be sure to fill my pipe for me, and put more sugar than ordinary into my coffee; for she was sure I was good-natured. If I chanced to hem, the mother would applaud my vigour; and has often said on that occasion—"I wonder, Mr. Bickerstaff, you do not marry; I am sure you would have children." Things went so far, that my mistress presented me with a wrought night-cap and a laced band of her own working. I began to think of it

'in

'in earneſt; but one day, having an 'occaſion to ride to Iſlington, as two 'or three people were lifting me upon 'my pad, I ſpied her at a convenient 'diſtance laughing at her lover, with a 'parcel of romps of her acquaintance: 'one of them, who I ſuppoſe had the 'ſame deſign upon me, told me ſhe 'ſaid—"Do you ſee how briſkly my "old gentleman mounts?" This made 'me cut off my amour, and to reflect 'with myſelf, that no married life 'could be ſo unhappy as where the wife 'propoſes no other advantage from 'her huſband than that of making her-'ſelf fine, and keeping her out of the dirt.'

My fair client burſt out a laughing at the account I gave her of my eſcape, and went away ſeemingly convinced of the reaſonableneſs of my diſcourſe to her.

As ſoon as ſhe was gone, my maid brought up the following epiſtle, which, by the ſtyle, and the deſcription ſhe gave of the perſon, I ſuppoſe was left by Nick Doubt. 'Hark you,' ſaid he, 'girl, tell old Baſket-hilt I would have 'him anſwer it by the firſt opportu-'nity.' What he ſays is this:

ISAAC,

YOU ſeem a very honeſt fellow, therefore pray tell me, did not you write that letter in praiſe of the Eſquire and his Lucubrations yourſelf, &c.

The greateſt plague of coxcombs is, that they often break upon you with an impertinent piece of good ſenſe, as this jackanapes has hit me in a right place enough. I muſt confeſs, I am as likely to play ſuch a trick as another; but that letter he ſpeaks of was really genuine. When I firſt ſet up, I thought it fair enough to let myſelf know from all parts, that my works were wonderfully enquired for, and were become the diverſion, as well as inſtruction, of all the Choice Spirits in every county of Great Britain. I do not doubt but the more intelligent of my readers found it before this jackanapes (I can call him no better) took upon him to obſerve upon my ſtyle and my baſket-hilt. A very pleaſant gentleman of my acquaintance told me one day a ſtory of this kind of falſhood and vanity in an author.

Mævius ſhewed him a paper of verſes, which he ſaid he had received that morning by the penny-poſt from an unknown hand. My friend admired them extremely. 'Sir,' ſaid he; 'this muſt 'come from a man that is eminent: you 'ſee fire, life, and ſpirit, run through the 'whole, and at the ſame time a correct-'neſs, which ſhews he is uſed to writ-'ing: pray, Sir, read them over again.' He begins again, title and all—'To 'Mævius, on his incomparable poems.' The ſecond reading was performed with much more vehemence and action than the former; after which my friend fell into downright raptures: 'Why they 'are truly ſublime! There is energy in 'this line! deſcription in that! Why it 'is the thing itſelf! this is perfect pic-'ture!' Mævius could bear no more; 'But, faith,' ſays he, 'Ned, to tell you 'the plain truth, I writ them myſelf.'

There goes juſt ſuch another ſtory of the ſame paternal tenderneſs in Bavius, an ingenious contemporary of mine, who had writ ſeveral comedies, which were rejected by the players. This my friend Bavius took for envy, and therefore prevailed upon a gentleman to go with him to the playhouſe, and gave him a new play of his, deſiring he would perſonate the author, and read it, to baffle the ſpite of the actors. The friend conſented, and to reading they went. They had not gone over three ſimilies, before Roſcius the player made the acting author ſtop, and deſired to know what he meant by ſuch a rapture; and how it came to paſs, that in this condition of the lover, inſtead of acting according to his preſent circumſtances, he ſpent his time in conſidering what his preſent ſtate was like? 'That is very true,' ſays the mock author, 'I believe we had as good 'ſtrike theſe lines out.'—'By your 'leave,' ſays Bavius, 'you ſhall not 'ſpoil your play, you are too modeſt; 'thoſe very lines, for aught I know, 'are as good as any in your play, and 'they ſhall ſtand.' Well, they go on, and the particle *and* ſtood unfortunately at the end of a verſe, and was made to rhyme to the word *ſtand*. This Roſcius excepted againſt. The new poet gave up that too, and ſaid he would not diſpute for a monoſyllable. 'For a 'monoſyllable!' ſays the real author, 'I 'can aſſure you, a monoſyllable may 'be of as great force as a word of ten 'ſyllables. I tell you, Sir, *and* is the 'connection of the matter in that place; 'without that word, you may put all 'that follows into any other play as 'well as this. Beſides, if you leave it

'out, it will look as if you had put it 'in only for the ſake of the rhyme.' Roſcius perſiſted, aſſuring the gentleman that it was impoſſible to ſpeak it, but the *and* muſt be loſt, ſo it might as well be blotted out. Bavius ſnatched his play out of their hands, ſaid they were both blockheads, and went off; repeating a couplet, becauſe he would not make his exit irregularly. A witty man of theſe days compared this true and feigned poet to the contending mothers before Solomon; the true one was eaſily diſcovered from the pretender, by refuſing to ſee his offspring diſſected.

N° XCII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1709.

FALSUS HONOR JUVAT, ET MENDAX INFAMIA TERRET
QUEM NISI MENDOSUM ET MENDACEM?———

Hor. Ep. 16. l. I. v. 39.

FALSE PRAISE CAN PLEASE, AND CALUMNY AFFRIGHT,
NONE BUT THE VICIOUS AND THE HYPOCRITE. R. WYNNE.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, NOV. 9.

I Know no manner of ſpeaking ſo offenſive as that of giving praiſe, and cloſing it with an exception; which proceeds (where men do not do it to introduce malice, and make calumny more effectual) from the common error of conſidering man as a perfect creature. But if we rightly examine things, we ſhall find that there is a ſort of œconomy in Providence, that one ſhall excel where another is defective, in order to make men more uſeful to each other, and mix them in ſociety. This man having this talent, and that man another, is as neceſſary in converſation, as one profeſſing one trade, and another another, is beneficial in commerce. The happieſt climate does not produce all things; and it was ſo ordered, that one part of the earth ſhould want the product of another, for uniting mankind in a general correſpondence and good underſtanding. It is therefore want of good ſenſe as well as good nature, to ſay Simplicius has a better judgment, but not ſo much wit as Latius; for that theſe have not each other's capacities, is no more a diminution to either, than if you ſhould ſay, Simplicius is not Latius, or Latius not Simplicius. The heathen world had ſo little notion that perfection was to be expected amongſt men, that among them any one quality or endowment in an heroic degree made a god. Hercules had ſtrength; but it was never objected to him that he wanted wit. Apollo preſided over wit, and it was never aſked whether he had ſtrength. We hear no exceptions againſt the beauty of Minerva, or the wiſdom of Venus. Theſe wiſe heathens were glad to immortalize any one ſerviceable gift, and overlook all imperfections in the perſon who had it: but with us it is far otherwiſe, for we reject many eminent virtues, if they are accompanied with one apparent weakneſs. The reflecting after this manner made me account for the ſtrange delight men take in reading lampoons and ſcandal, with which the age abounds, and of which I receive frequent complaints. Upon mature conſideration, I find it is principally for this reaſon, that the worſt of mankind, the Libellers, receive ſo much encouragement in the world. The low race of men take a ſecret pleaſure in finding an eminent character levelled to their condition by a report of it's defects; and keep themſelves in countenance, though they are excelled in a thouſand virtues, if they believe they have in common with a great perſon any one fault. The Libeller falls in with this humour, and gratifies this baſeneſs of temper, which is naturally an enemy to extraordinary merit. It is from this that libel and ſatire are promiſcuouſly joined together in the notions of the vulgar, though the Satiriſt and Libeller differ as much as the magiſtrate and the murderer. In the conſideration of human life, the Satiriſt never falls upon perſons who are not glaringly faulty, and the Libeller on none but who are conſpicuouſly commendable. Were I to expoſe any vice in a good or great man, it ſhould certainly be by correcting it in ſome one where that crime was the moſt diſtinguiſhing part of the character; as pages are chaſtiſed for the admonition of princes. When it is performed otherwiſe,

wiſe, the vicious are kept in credit, by placing men of merit in the ſame accuſation. But all the Paſquils, Lampoons, and Libels, we meet with now-a-days, are a ſort of playing with the four and twenty letters, and throwing them into names and characters, without ſenſe, truth, or wit. In this caſe, I am in great perplexity to know whom they mean, and ſhould be in diſtreſs for thoſe they abuſe, if I did not ſee their judgment and ingenuity in thoſe they commend. This is the true way of examining a libel; and when men conſider that no one man living thinks the better of their heroes and patrons for the panegyric given them, none can think themſelves leſſened by their invective. The hero or patron in a libel, is but a ſcavenger to carry off the dirt, and by that very employment is the filthieſt creature in the ſtreet. Dedications and panegyrics are frequently ridiculous, let them be addreſſed where they will; but at the front, or in the body of a libel, to commend a man, is ſaying to the perſons applauded—'My lord, or Sir, I have 'pulled down all men that the reſt of 'the world think great and honourable, 'and here is a clear ſtage; you may as 'you pleaſe be valiant or wiſe; you may 'chuſe to be on the military or civil 'liſt; for there is no one brave who 'commands, or juſt who has power: 'you may rule the world now it is 'empty, which exploded you when it 'was full. I have knocked out the 'brains of all whom mankind thought 'good for any thing; and I doubt not 'but you will reward that invention, 'which found out the only expedient 'to make your lordſhip, or your wor-'ſhip, of any conſideration.'

Had I the honour to be in a libel, and had eſcaped the approbation of the author, I ſhould look upon it exactly in this manner. But though it is a thing thus perfectly indifferent, who is exalted or debaſed in ſuch performances, yet it is not ſo with relation to the authors of them; therefore I ſhall, for the good of my country, hereafter take upon me to puniſh theſe wretches. What is really paſt may die away according to it's nature, and continue in it's preſent oblivion; but for the future, I ſhall take notice of ſuch enemies to honour and virtue, and preſerve them to immortal infamy: their names ſhall give freſh offence many ages hence, and be deteſted a thouſand years after the commiſſion of their crime. It ſhall not avail, that theſe children of infamy publiſh their works under feigned names, or under none at all; for I am ſo perfectly well acquainted with the ſtiles of all my contemporaries, that I ſhall not fail of doing them juſtice, with their proper names, and at their full length. Let theſe miſcreants, therefore, enjoy their preſent act of oblivion, and take care how they offend hereafter.

But to avert our eyes from ſuch objects, it is, methinks, but requiſite, to ſettle our opinion in the caſe of praiſe and blame: and, I believe, the only true way to cure that ſenſibility of reproach, which is a common weakneſs with the moſt virtuous men, is to fix their regard firmly upon only what is ſtrictly true, in relation to their advantage, as well as diminution. For if I am pleaſed with commendation which I do not deſerve, I ſhall from the ſame temper be concerned at ſcandal I do not deſerve. But he that can think of falſe applauſe with as much contempt as falſe detraction, will certainly be prepared for all adventures, and will become all occaſions. Undeſerved praiſe can pleaſe only thoſe who want merit, and undeſerved reproach frighten only thoſe who want ſincerity. I have thought of this with ſo much attention, that I fancy there can be no other method in nature found for the cure of that delicacy which gives good men pain under calumny, but placing ſatisfaction no where but in a juſt ſenſe of their own integrity, without regard to the opinion of others. If we have not ſuch a foundation as this, there is no help againſt ſcandal, but being in obſcurity, which to noble minds is not being at all. The truth of it is, this love of praiſe dwells moſt in great and heroic ſpirits; and thoſe who beſt deſerve it, have generally the moſt exquiſite reliſh of it. Methinks I ſee the renowned Alexander, after a painful and laborious march, amidſt the heats of a parched ſoil and a burning climate, ſitting over the head of a fountain, and, after a draught of water, pronounce that memorable ſaying—'Oh, Athenians! how much do I ſuf-'fer, that you may ſpeak well of me!' The Athenians were at that time the learned of the world, and their libels againſt

againſt Alexander were written as he was a profeſſed enemy of their ſtate: but how monſtrous would ſuch invectives have appeared in Macedonians!

As love of reputation is a darling paſſion in great men, ſo the defence of them in this particular is the buſineſs of every man of honour and honeſty. We ſhould run on ſuch an occaſion, as if a public building was on fire, to their relief; and all who ſpread or publiſh ſuch deteſtable pieces as traduce their merit, ſhould be uſed like incendiaries. It is the common cauſe of our country to ſupport the reputation of thoſe who preſerve it againſt invaders; and every man is attacked in the perſon of that neighbour who deſerves well of him.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 9.

THE chat I had to-day at White's about fame and ſcandal, put me in mind of a perſon who has often writ to me unregarded, and has a very moderate ambition in this particular. His name, it ſeems, is Charles Lillie, and he recommends himſelf to my obſervation, as one that ſold ſnuff next door to the Fountain Tavern in the Strand, and was burnt out when he began to have a reputation in his way.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

I Suppoſe, through a hurry of buſineſs, you have either forgot me, or loſt my laſt of this nature, which was to beg the favour of being advantageouſly expoſed in your paper, chiefly for the reputation of ſnuff. Be pleaſed to pardon this trouble from, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

C. L.

I am a perfumer, at the corner of Beauford Buildings in the Strand.

This ſame Charles leaves it to me to ſay what I will of him; and I am not a little pleaſed with the ingenuous manner of his addreſs. Taking ſnuff is what I have declared againſt; but as his holineſs the Pope allows whoring for the taxes raiſed by the ladies of pleaſure; ſo I, to repair the loſs of an unhappy trader, indulge all perſons in that cuſtom who buy of Charles. There is ſomething ſo particular in the requeſt of the man, that I ſhall ſend for him before me, and, I believe, I ſhall find he has a genius for baubles: if ſo, I ſhall, for aught I know, at his ſhop, give licenſed canes to thoſe who are really lame, and tubes to thoſe who are unfeignedly ſhort-ſighted; and forbid all others to vend the ſame.

Nº XCIII. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1709.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, NOV. 11.

THE French humour of writing Epiſtles, and publiſhing their fulſome compliments to each other, is a thing I frequently complain of in this place. It is, methinks, from the prevalence of this ſilly cuſtom, that there is ſo little inſtruction in the converſation of our diſtant friends: for which reaſon, during the whole courſe of my life, I have deſired my acquaintance, when they write to me, rather to ſay ſomething which ſhould make me wiſh myſelf with them, than make me compliments that they wiſhed themſelves with me. By this means, I have by me a collection of letters from moſt parts of the world, which are as naturally of the growth of the place, as any herb, tree, or plant, of the ſoil. This I take to be the proper uſe of an epiſtolary commerce. To deſire to know how Damon goes on with his courtſhip to Sylvia, or how the wine taſtes at the Old Devil, are thread-bare ſubjects, and cold treats, which our abſent friends might have given us without going out of town for them. A friend of mine who went to travel, uſed me far otherwiſe; for he gave me a proſpect of the place, or an account of the people, from every country through which he paſſed. Among others which I was looking over this evening, I am not a little delighted with this which follows:

DEAR SIR,

I Believe this is the firſt letter that was ever ſent you from the middle region, where I am at this preſent writing. Not to keep you in ſuſpence, it comes to you from the top of the higheſt mountain in Switzerland, where I am now ſhivering among the eternal froſts and ſnows. I can ſcarce forbear dating

ing it in December, though they call it the first of August at the bottom of the mountain. I assure you, I can hardly keep my ink from freezing in the middle of the dog-days. I am here entertained with the prettiest variety of snow-prospects that you can imagine; and have several pits of it before me, that are very near as old as the mountain itself, for, in this country, it is as lasting as marble. I am now upon a spot of it, which they tell me fell about the reign of Charlemain, or King Pepin. The inhabitants of the country are as great curiosities as the country itself: they generally hire themselves out in their youth, and if they are musket-proof until about fifty, they bring home the money they have got, and the limbs they have left, to pass the rest of their time among their native mountains. One of the gentlemen of the place, who is come off with the loss of an eye only, told me by way of boast, that there were now seven wooden legs in his family; and that for these four generations, there had not been one in his line that carried a whole body with him to the grave. I believe you will think the stile of this letter a little extraordinary: but the Rehearsal will tell you, that people in clouds must not be confined to speak sense; and I hope we that are above them may claim the same privilege. Wherever I am, I shall always be, Sir, your most obedient, most humble servant.

I think they ought, in those parts where the materials are so easy to work, and at the same time so durable, when any one of their heroes comes home from the wars, to erect his statue in snow upon the mountains, there to remain from generation to generation.

A gentleman, who is apt to expatiate upon any hint, took this occasion to deliver his opinion upon our ordinary method of sending young gentlemen to travel for their education. 'It is certain,' said he, 'if gentlemen travel at an age 'proper for them, during the course of 'their voyages their accounts to their 'friends, and after their return their 'discourses and conversations, will have 'in them something above what we can 'meet with from those who have not 'had those advantages. At the same 'time it is to be observed, that every 'temper and genius is not qualified for 'this way of improvement. Men may 'change their climate, but they cannot 'their nature. A man that goes out a 'fool, cannot ride or sail himself into 'common-sense. Therefore, let me 'but walk over London Bridge with a 'young man, and I will tell you infallibly whether going over the Rialto at 'Venice will make him wise.

'It is not to be imagined how many 'I have saved in my time from banish-'ment; by letting their parents know 'they were good for nothing. But this 'is to be done with much tenderness. 'There is my cousin Harry has a son, 'who is the dullest mortal that was ever 'born into our house; he had got his 'trunk and his books all packed up to 'be transported into foreign parts, for 'no reason but because the boy never 'talked; and his father said, he want-'ed to know the world. I could not 'say to a fond parent that the boy was 'dull; but looked grave, and told him, 'the youth was very thoughtful, and 'I feared he might have some doubts 'about religion, with which it was not 'proper to go into Roman Catholic 'countries. He is accordingly kept 'here until he declares himself upon 'some points, which I am sure he will 'never think of. By this means I have 'prevented the dishonour of having a 'fool of our house laughed at in all parts 'of Europe. He is now with his fa-'ther upon his own estate, and he has 'sent to me to get him a wife, which I 'shall do with all convenient speed; 'but it shall be such a one, whose good-'nature shall hide his faults, and good 'sense supply them. The truth of it 'is, that race is of the true British kind: 'they are of our country only; it hurts 'them to transplant them, and they are 'destroyed if you pretend to improve 'them. Men of this solid make are not 'to be hurried up and down the world; 'for, if I may so speak, they are 'naturally at their wit's end; and it is 'an impertinent part to disturb their 'repose, that they may give you only 'an history of their bodily occurrences, 'which is all they are capable of obser-'ving. Harry had an elder brother who 'tried in this way; I remember all he 'could talk of at his return was, that 'he had like to have been drowned at 'such a place; he fell out of a chaise at 'another; he had a better stomach 'when he moved northward than when 'he turned his course to the parts in

'the

'the south, and so forth. It is there-
'fore very much to be considered, what
'sense a person has of things when he
'is setting out; and if he then knows
'none of his friends and acquaintance
'but by their clothes and faces, it is
'my humble opinion, that he stay at
'home. His parents should take care
'to marry him, and see what they can
'get out of him that way; for there is
'a certain sort of men, who are no
'otherwise to be regarded but as they
'descend from men of consequence,
'and may beget valuable successors.
'And if we consider that men are to be
'esteemed only as they are useful, while
'a stupid wretch is at the head of a
'great family, we may say, the race is
'suspended, as properly as, when it is
'all gone, we say, it is extinct.'

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 11.

I HAD several hints and advertise-ments from unknown hands, that some, who are enemies to my labours, design to demand the fashionable way of satis-faction for the disturbance my lucubra-tions have given them. I confess, as things now stand, I do not know how to deny such inviters, and am preparing myself accordingly: I have bought pumps and foils, and am every morning practising in my chamber. My neigh-bour, the dancing-master, has demand-ed of me, why I take this liberty, since I would not allow it him; but I answer-ed, his was an act of an indifferent na-ture, and mine of necessity. My late treat ses against duels have so far dis-obliged the fraternity of the noble sci-ence of Defence, that I can get none of them to shew me so much as one pass. I am therefore obliged to learn my book; and have accordingly several volumes, wherein all the postures are exactly deli-neated. I must confess, I am shy of letting people see me at this exercise, be-cause of my flannel waistcoat, and my spectacles, which I am forced to fix on, the better to observe the posture of the enemy.

I have upon my chamber walls drawn at full length the figures of all sorts of men, from eight feet to three feet two inches. Within this height, I take it, that all the fighting men of Great Bri-tain are comprehended. But as I push, I make allowances for my being of a lank and spare body, and have chalked out in every figure my own dimensions; for I scorn to rob any man of his life by taking advantage of his breadth: therefore I press purely in a line down from his nose, and take no more of him to assault than he has of me: for to speak impartially, if a lean fellow wounds a fat one in any part to the right or left, whether it be in cart or in tierce, beyond the dimensions of the said lean fellow's own breadth, I take it to be murder, and such a murder as is below a gentle-man to commit. As I am spare, I am also very tall, and behave myself with relation to that advantage with the same punctilio; and I am ready to stoop or stand, according to the stature of my adversary. I must confess, I have had great success this morning, and have hit every figure round the room in a mortal part, without receiving the least hurt, except a little scratch by falling on my face, in pushing at one at the lower end of my chamber; but I re-covered so quick, and jumped so nimbly into my guard, that if he had been alive, he could not have hurt me. It is con-fessed, I have writ against duels with some warmth; but in all my discourses I have not ever said, that I knew how a gentleman could avoid a duel if he were provoked to it; and since that cus-tom is now become a law, I know no-thing but the legislative power, with new animadversions upon it, can put us in a capacity of denying challenges, though we were afterwards hanged for it. But no more of this at present. As things stand, I shall put up no more af-fronts; and I shall be so far from tak-ing ill words, that I will not take ill looks. I therefore warn all hot young fellows not to look hereafter more terri-ble than their neighbours; for if they stare at me with their hats cocked higher than other people, I will not bear it. Nay, I give warning to all people in ge-neral to look kindly at me; for I will bear no frowns, even from ladies; and if any woman pretends to look scorn-fully at me, I shall demand satisfaction of the next of kin of the masculine gender.

N° XCIV. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1709.

SI NON ERRASSET, FECERAT ILLE MINUS. MART.

HAD HE NOT ERR'D, HIS GLORY HAD BEEN LESS.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, NOV. 14.

THAT which we call gallantry to women, seems to be the heroic virtue of private persons; and there never breathed one man, who did not, in that part of his days wherein he was recommending himself to his mistress, do something beyond his ordinary course of life. As this has a very great effect even upon the most slow and common men; so, upon such as it finds qualified with virtue and merit, it shines out in proportionable degrees of excellence: it gives new grace to the most eminent accomplishments; and he who of himself has either wit, wisdom, or valour, exerts each of these noble endowments, when he becomes a lover, with a certain beauty of action above what was ever observed in him before: and all who are without any one of these qualities, are to be looked upon as the rabble of mankind.

I was talking after this manner in a corner of this place with an old acquaintance, who, taking me by the hand, said —'Mr. Bickerstaff, your discourse re-'calls to my mind a story, which I 'have longed to tell you ever since I 'read that article, wherein you desire 'your friends to give you accounts of 'obscure merit.' The story I had of him is literally true, and well known to be so in the country wherein the circumstances were transacted. He acquainted me with the names of the persons concerned, which I shall change into feigned ones; there being a respect due to their families that are still in being, as well as that the names themselves would not be so familiar to an English ear. The adventure really happened in Denmark; and if I can remember all the passages, I doubt not but it will be as moving to my readers as it was to me.

Clarinda and Chloe, two very fine women, were bred up as sisters in the family of Romeo, who was the father of Chloe, and the guardian of Clarinda. Philander, a young gentleman of a good person, and charming conversation, being a friend of old Romeo's, frequented his house, and by that means was much in conversation with the young ladies, though still in the presence of the father and the guardian. The ladies both entertained a secret passion for him, and could see well enough, notwithstanding the delight which he really took in Romeo's conversation, that there was something more in his heart which made him so assiduous a visitant. Each of them thought herself the happy woman; but the person beloved was Chloe. It happened that both of them were at a play in a carnival evening, when it is the fashion there, as well as in most countries of Europe, both for men and women to appear in masks and disguises. It was on that memorable night, in the year 1679, when the playhouse by some unhappy accident was set on fire. Philander, in the first hurry of the disaster, immediately ran where his treasure was; burst open the door of the box, snatched the lady up in his arms; and with unspeakable resolution and good fortune carried her off safe. He was no sooner out of the crowd, but he set her down; and grasping her in his arms, with all the raptures of a deserving lover —'How happy am I,' says he, 'in an 'opportunity to tell you I love you more 'than all things, and of shewing you 'the sincerity of my passion at the very 'first declaration of it.'—'My dear, 'dear Philander,' says the lady, pulling off her mask, 'this is not a time 'for art; you are much dearer to me 'than the life you have preserved; and 'the joy of my present deliverance does 'not transport me so much as the pas-'sion which occasioned it.' Who can tell the grief, the astonishment, the terror, that appeared in the face of Philander, when he saw the person he spoke to was Clarinda! After a short pause—'Madam,' says he, with the looks of a dead man, 'we are both mistaken;' and immediately flew away, without hearing the distressed Clarinda, who had just strength enough to cry out—'Cruel 'Philander! why did you not leave me

in the theatre?' Crowds of people immediately gathered about her, and, after having brought her to herſelf, conveyed her to the houſe of the good old unhappy Romeo. Philander was now preſſing againſt a whole tide of people at the doors of the theatre, and ſtriving to enter with more earneſtneſs, than any there endeavoured to get out. He did it at laſt, and with much difficulty forced his way to the box where his beloved Chloe ſtood; expecting her fate amidſt this ſcene of terror and diſtraction. She revived at the ſight of Philander, who fell about her neck with a tenderneſs not to be expreſſed; and amidſt a thouſand ſobs and ſighs, told her his love, and his dreadful miſtake. The ſtage was now in flames, and the whole houſe full of ſmoke: the entrance was quite barred up, with heaps of people, who had fallen upon one another as they endeavoured to get out: ſwords were drawn, ſhrieks heard on all ſides; and in ſhort, no poſſibility of an eſcape for Philander himſelf, had he been capable of making it without his Chloe. But his mind was above ſuch a thought, and wholly employed in weeping, condoling, and comforting. He catches her in his arms. The fire ſurrounds them, while——I cannot go on——

Were I an infidel, misfortunes like this would convince me, that there muſt be an hereafter: for who can believe, that ſo much virtue could meet with ſo great diſtreſs without a following reward! As for my part, I am ſo old-faſhioned, as firmly to believe, that all who periſh in ſuch generous enterprizes, are relieved from the further exerciſe of life; and Providence, which ſees their virtue conſummate and manifeſt, takes them to an immediate reward, in a being more ſuitable to the grandeur of their ſpirits. What elſe can wipe away my tears, when we contemplate ſuch undeſerved, ſuch irreparable diſtreſs? It was a ſublime thought in ſome of the heathens of old—

——Quæ gratia currum
Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
Paſcere equos, eadem ſequitur tellure repoſtos.

This is, in other words—

The ſame employments and inclinations, which were the entertainment of virtuous men upon earth, make up their happineſs in Elyſium.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 24.

WHEN I came home this evening, I found a preſent from Mr. Charles Lillie, the perfumer, at the corner of Beauford Buildings, with a letter of thanks for the mention I made of him. He tells me, ſeveral of my gentle readers have obliged me in buying at his ſhop upon my recommendation. I have enquired into the man's capacity, and find him an adept in his way. He has ſeveral helps to diſcourſe beſides ſnuff, which is the beſt Barcelona; and ſells an orange-flower water, which ſeems to me to have in it the right ſpirit of brains; and I am informed, he extracts it according to the manner uſed in Greſham College. I recommend it to the handkerchiefs of all young pleaders: it cures or ſupplies all pauſes and heſitations in ſpeech, and creates a general alacrity of the ſpirit. When it is uſed as a gargle, it gives volubility to the tongue, and never fails of that neceſſary ſtep towards pleaſing others, making a man pleaſed with himſelf. I have taken ſecurity of him, that he ſhall not raiſe the price of any of his commodities for theſe or any other occult qualities in them; but he is to ſell them at the ſame price which you give at the common perfumers. Mr. Lillie has brought further ſecurity, that he will not ſell the boxes made for politicians to lovers; nor, on the contrary, thoſe proper for lovers to men of ſpeculation. At this time, to avoid confuſion, the beſt Orangerie for beaux, and right Muſty for politicians.

My Almanack is to be publiſhed on the twenty ſecond; and from that inſtant all Lovers, in raptures or epiſtles, are to forbear the compariſon of their miſtreſſes eyes to ſtars. I have made uſe of that ſimile in my dedication for the laſt time it ſhall ever paſs, and on the propereſt occaſion that it was ever employed. All ladies are hereby deſired to take notice, that they never receive that ſimile in payment for any ſmiles they ſhall beſtow for the future.

On Saturday night laſt, a gentlewoman's huſband ſtrayed from the play-houſe in the Haymarket. If the lady, who was ſeen to take him up, will reſtore him, ſhe will be aſked no queſtions; he being of no uſe but to the owner.

Nº XCV. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1709.

INTEREA DULCES PENDENT CIRCUM OSCULA NATI,
CASTA PUDICITIAM SERVAT DOMUS———

VIRG. GEORG. 2, VER. 523.

HIS CARES ARE EAS'D WITH INTERVALS OF BLISS;
HIS LITTLE CHILDREN CLIMBING FOR A KISS,
WELCOME THEIR FATHER'S LATE RETURN AT NIGHT;
HIS FAITHFUL BED IS CROWN'D WITH CHASTE DELIGHT.

DRYDEN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 16.

THERE are several persons who have many pleasures and entertainments in their possession, which they do not enjoy. It is therefore a kind of good office to acquaint them with their own happiness, and turn their attention to such instances of their good fortune which they are apt to overlook. Persons in the married state often want such a monitor, and pine away their days, by looking upon the same condition in anguish and murmur, which carries with it, in the opinion of others, a complication of all the pleasures of life, and a retreat from it's inquietudes.

I am led into this thought by a visit I made an old friend, who was formerly my school-fellow. He came to town last week with his family for the winter, and yesterday morning sent me word his wife expected me to dinner. I am as it were at home at that house, and every member of it knows me for their well-wisher. I cannot, indeed, express the pleasure it is, to be met by the children with so much joy as I am when I go thither: the boys and girls strive who shall come first, when they think it is I that am knocking at the door; and that child which loses the race to me, runs back again to tell the father it is Mr. Bickerstaff. This day I was led in by a pretty girl that we all thought must have forgot me; for the family has been out of town these two years. Her knowing me again was a mighty subject with us, and took up our discourse at the first entrance. After which, they began to rally me upon a thousand little stories they heard in the country, about my marriage to one of my neighbour's daughters: upon which the gentleman, my friend, said—'Nay, if Mr. Bickerstaff marries a child of any of his old companions, I hope mine shall have the preference. There is Mrs. Mary is now sixteen, and would make him as fine a widow as the best of them: but I know him too well; he is so enamoured with the very memory of those who flourished in our youth, that he will not so much as look upon the modern beauties. I remember, old gentleman, how often you went home in a day to refresh your countenance and dress, when Teraminta reigned in your heart. As we came up in the coach, I repeated to my wife some of your verses on her.' With such reflections on little passages which happened long ago, we passed our time during a chearful and elegant meal. After dinner, his lady left the room, as did also the children. As soon as we were alone, he took me by the hand —'Well, my good friend,' says he, 'I am heartily glad to see thee; I was afraid you would never have seen all the company that dined with you to-day again. Do not you think the good woman of the house a little altered since you followed her from the play-house, to find out who she was for me?' I perceived a tear fall down his cheek as he spoke, which moved me not a little. But to turn the discourse, said I—'She is not, indeed, quite that creature she was when she returned me the letter I carried from you; and told me, she hoped, as I was a gentleman, I would be employed no more to trouble her, who had never offended me; but would be so much the gentleman's friend as to dissuade him from a pursuit which he could never succeed in. You may remember, I thought her in earnest; and you were forced to employ your cousin Will, who made his sister get acquainted with her for you. You cannot ex-

'pect her to be for ever fifteen.'—'Fifteen!' replied my good friend: 'Ah! you little underſtand, you that have lived a batchelor, how great, how exquiſite a pleaſure there is in being really beloved! It is impoſſible that the moſt beauteous face in nature ſhould raiſe in me ſuch pleaſing ideas, as when I look upon that excellent woman. That fading in her countenance is chiefly cauſed by her watching with me in my fever. This was followed by a fit of ſickneſs, which had like to have carried her off laſt winter. I tell you ſincerely, I have ſo many obligations to her, that I cannot with any ſort of moderation think of her preſent ſtate of health. But as to what you ſay of fifteen, ſhe gives me every day pleaſures beyond what I ever knew in the poſſeſſion of her beauty, when I was in the vigour of youth. Every moment of her life brings me freſh inſtances of her complacency to my inclinations, and her prudence in regard to my fortune. Her face is to me much more beautiful than when I firſt ſaw it; there is no decay in any feature, which I cannot trace from the very inſtant it was occaſioned by ſome anxious concern for my welfare and intereſts. Thus at the ſame time, methinks, the love I conceived towards her, for what ſhe was, is heightened by my gratitude for what ſhe is. The love of a wife is as much above the idle paſſion commonly called by that name, as the loud laughter of buffoons is inferior to the elegant mirth of gentlemen. Oh! ſhe is an ineſtimable jewel. In her examination of her houſhold affairs, ſhe ſhews a certain fearfulneſs to find a fault, which makes her ſervants obey her like children; and the meaneſt we have has an ingenuous ſhame for an offence, not always to be ſeen in children in other families. I ſpeak freely to you, my old friend; ever ſince her ſickneſs, things that gave me the quickeſt joy before, turn now to a certain anxiety. As the children play in the next room, I know the poor things by their ſteps, and am conſidering what they muſt do, ſhould they loſe their mother in their tender years. The pleaſure I uſed to take in telling my boy ſtories of battles, and aſking my girl queſtions about the diſpoſal of her baby, and the goſſiping of it, is turned into inward reflection and melancholy.'

He would have gone on in this tender way, when the good lady entered, and with an inexpreſſible ſweetneſs in her countenance told us, ſhe had been ſearching her cloſet for ſomething very good, to treat ſuch an old friend as I was. Her huſband's eyes ſparkled with pleaſure at the chearfulneſs of her countenance; and I ſaw all his fears vaniſh in an inſtant. The lady obſerving ſomething in our looks which ſhewed we had been more ſerious than ordinary, and ſeeing her huſband receive her with great concern under a forced chearfulneſs, immediately gueſſed at what we had been talking of; and applying herſelf to me, ſaid, with a ſmile—'Mr. Bickerſtaff, do not believe a word of what he tells you, I ſhall ſtill live to have you for my ſecond, as I have often promiſed you; unleſs he takes more care of himſelf than he has done ſince his coming to town. You muſt know, he tells me, that he finds London is a much more healthy place than the country; for he ſees ſeveral of his old acquaintance and ſchool-fellows are here young fellows with fair full-bottomed periwigs. I could ſcarce keep him this morning from going out open-breaſted.' My friend, who is always extremely delighted with her agreeable humour, made her ſit down with us. She did it with that eaſineſs which is peculiar to women of ſenſe; and to keep up the good humour ſhe had brought in with her, turned her raillery upon me: 'Mr. Bickerſtaff, you remember you followed me one night from the play-houſe; ſuppoſe you ſhould carry me thither to-morrow night, and lead me into the front-box.' This put us into a long field of diſcourſe about the beauties, who were mothers to the preſent, and ſhined in the boxes twenty years ago. I told her, I was glad ſhe had transferred ſo many of her charms, and I did not queſtion but her eldeſt daughter was within half a year of being a toaſt.

We were pleaſing ourſelves with this fantaſtical preferment of the young lady, when on a ſudden we were alarmed with the noiſe of a drum, and immediately entered my little godſon to give me a point of war. His mother, between laughing and chiding, would have put him

Cardwell del. *Milton sculp.*

Plate XVI.

Published as the Act directs by Harrison & Co. Nov.r 26. 1785.

him out of the room; but I would not part with him ſo. I found, upon converſation with him, though he was a little noiſy in his mirth, that the child had excellent parts, and was a great maſter of all the learning on the other ſide eight years old. I perceived him a very great hiſtorian in Æſop's Fables: but he frankly declared to me his mind, that he did not delight in that learning, becauſe he did not believe they were true; for which reaſon I found he had very much turned his ſtudies, for about a twelvemonth paſt, into the lives and adventures of Don Belianis of Greece, Guy of Warwick, the Seven Champions, and other hiſtorians of that age. I could not but obſerve the ſatisfaction the father took in the forwardneſs of his ſon; and that theſe diverſions might turn to ſome profit, I found the boy had made remarks, which might be of ſervice to him during the courſe of his whole life. He would tell you the miſmanagements of John Hickathrift, find fault with the paſſionate temper in Bevis of Southampton, and loved Saint George for being the champion of England; and by this means had his thoughts inſenſibly moulded into the notions of diſcretion, virtue, and honour. I was extolling his accompliſhments, when the mother told me, that the little girl who led me in this morning, was in her way a better ſcholar than he: 'Betty,' ſays ſhe, 'deals chiefly in fairies and ſprights; 'and ſometimes in a winter-night will 'terrify the maids with her accounts, 'until they are afraid to go up to bed.'

I ſat with them until it was very late, ſometimes in merry, ſometimes in ſerious diſcourſe, with this particular pleaſure, which gives the only true reliſh to all converſation, a ſenſe that every one of us liked each other. I went home, conſidering the different conditions of a married life and that of a batchelor; and I muſt confeſs it ſtruck me with a ſecret concern, to reflect, that whenever I go off, I ſhall leave no traces behind me. In this penſive mood I returned to my family; that is to ſay, to my maid, my dog, and my cat, who only can be the better or worſe for what happens to me.

Nº XCVI. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1709.

IS MIHI DEMUM VIVERE ET FRUI ANIMA VIDETUR, QUI ALIQUO NEGOTIO INTENTUS, PRÆCLARI FACINORIS AUT ARTIS BONÆ FAMAM QUÆRIT.
SAL. BEL. CAT.

IN MY OPINION, HE ONLY MAY BE TRULY SAID TO LIVE, AND ENJOY HIS BEING, WHO IS ENGAGED IN SOME LAUDABLE PURSUIT, AND ACQUIRES A NAME BY SOME ILLUSTRIOUS ACTION, OR USEFUL ART.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 17.

IT has coſt me very much care and thought to marſhal and fix the people under their proper denominations, and to range them according to their reſpective characters. Theſe my endeavours have been received with unexpected ſucceſs in one kind, but neglected in another: for though I have many readers, I have but few converts. This muſt certainly proceed from a falſe opinion, that what I write is deſigned rather to amuſe and entertain, than convince and inſtruct. I entered upon my eſſays with a declaration, that I ſhould conſider mankind in quite another manner than they had hitherto been repreſented to the ordinary world; and aſſerted, that none but an uſeful life ſhould be with me any life at all. But leſt this doctrine ſhould have made this ſmall progreſs towards the conviction of mankind, becauſe it may appear to the unlearned light and whimſical, I muſt take leave to unfold the wiſdom and antiquity of my firſt propoſition in theſe my Eſſays, to wit, 'That every worthleſs man is a dead 'man.' This notion is as old as Pythagoras, in whoſe ſchool it was a point of diſcipline, that if among the Ἀκουσμάτικοι, or Probationers, there were any who grew weary of ſtudying to be uſeful, and returned to an idle life, the reſt were to regard them as dead; and, upon their departing, to perform their obſequies, and raiſe them tombs, with inſcriptions to warn others of the like mortality, and quicken them to reſolutions of refining their ſouls above that wretched ſtate. It

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is upon a like supposition, that young ladies, at this very time, in Roman Catholic countries, are received into some nunneries with their coffins, and with the pomp of a formal funeral, to signify, that henceforth they are to be of no further use, and consequently dead. Nor was Pythagoras himself the first author of this symbol, with whom, and with the Hebrews, it was generally received. Much more might be offered in illustration of this doctrine from sacred authority, which I recommend to my reader's own reflection; who will easily recollect from places which I do not think fit to quote here, the forcible manner of applying the words, Dead and Living, to men as they are good or bad.

I have therefore composed the following scheme of existence for the benefit both of the living and the dead; though chiefly for the latter, whom I must desire to read it with all possible attention. In the number of the dead I comprehend all persons, of what title or dignity soever, who bestow most of their time in eating and drinking, to support that imaginary existence of theirs which they call life; or in dressing and adorning those shadows and apparitions, which are looked upon by the vulgar as real men and women. In short, whoever resides in the world without having any business in it, and passes away an age without ever thinking on the errand for which he was sent hither, is to me a dead man to all intents and purposes; and I desire that he may be so reputed. The living are only those that are some way or other laudably employed in the improvement of their own minds, or for the advantage of others; and even amongst these, I shall only reckon into their lives that part of their time which has been spent in the manner above-mentioned. By these means, I am afraid, we shall find the longest lives not to consist of many months, and the greatest part of the earth to be quite unpeopled. According to this system we may observe, that some men are born at twenty years of age, some at thirty, some at threescore, and some not above an hour before they die: nay, we may observe multitudes that die without ever being born, as well as many dead persons that fill up the bulk of mankind, and make a better figure in the eyes of the ignorant, than those who are alive, and in their proper and full state of health. However, since there may be many good subjects who pay their taxes, and live peaceably in their habitations, who are not yet born, or have departed this life several years since, my design is, to encourage both to join themselves as soon as possible to the number of the living: for as I invite the former to break forth into being, and become good for something; so I allow the latter a state of resuscitation; which I chiefly mention for the sake of a person, who has lately published an advertisement, with several scurrilous terms in it, that do by no means become a dead man to give: it is my departed friend John Partridge, who concludes the advertisement of his next year's Almanack with the following note.

Whereas it has been industriously given out by Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, and others, to prevent the sale of this year's Almanack, that John Partridge is dead: this may inform all his loving countrymen, that he is still living, in health, and they are knaves that reported it otherwise.

J. P.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 18.

WHEN an engineer finds his guns have not had their intended effect, he changes his batteries. I am forced at present to take this method; and instead of continuing to write against the singularity some are guilty of in their habit and behaviour, I shall henceforward desire them to persevere in it; and not only so, but shall take it as a favour of all the coxcombs in the town, if they will set marks upon themselves, and by some particular in their dress, shew to what class they belong. It would be very obliging in all such persons, who feel in themselves that they are not sound of understanding, to give the world notice of it, and spare mankind the pains of finding them out. A cane upon the fifth button shall from henceforth be the type of a Dapper; red-heeled shoes, and an hat hung upon one side of the head, shall signify a Smart; a good periwig made into a twist, with a brisk cock, shall speak a Mettled Fellow; and an upper-lip covered with snuff, denotes a Coffee-house Statesman. But as it is required that all coxcombs hang out their signs, it is on the other hand expected, that men of real merit should avoid any thing

particular

particular in their dress, gait, or behaviour. For, as we old men delight in proverbs, I cannot forbear bringing out one on this occasion, 'That good wine 'needs no bush.' I must not leave this subject without reflecting on several persons I have lately met with, who at a distance seem very terrible; but upon a stricter enquiry into their looks and features, appear as meek and harmless as any of my own neighbours. These are country gentlemen, who of late years have taken up an humour of coming to town in red coats, whom an arch wag of my acquaintance used to describe very well, by calling them sheep in wolves cloathing. I have often wondered, that honest gentlemen, who are good neighbours, and live quietly in their own possessions, should take it in their heads to frighten the town after this unreasonable manner. I shall think myself obliged, if they persist in so unnatural a dress, notwithstanding any posts they may have in the militia, to give away their red coats to any of the soldiery who shall think fit to strip them, provided the said soldiers can make it appear, that they belong to a regiment where there is a deficiency in the cloathing.

About two days ago I was walking in the Park, and accidentally met a rural Esquire, cloathed in all the types abovementioned, with a carriage and behaviour made entirely out of his own head. He was of a bulk and stature larger than ordinary, had a red coat, flung open to shew a gay calamanco waistcoat: his periwig fell in a very considerable bush upon each shoulder; his arms naturally swang at an unreasonable distance from his sides; which, with the advantage of a cane that he brandished in a great variety of irregular motions, made it unsafe for any one to walk within several yards of him. In this manner he took up the whole Mall, his spectators moving on each side of it, whilst he cocked up his hat, and marched directly for Westminster. I cannot tell who this gentleman is, but for my comfort, may say with the Lover in Terence, who lost sight of a fine young lady—'Wherever thou 'art, thou canst not be long concealed.'

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, NOV. 18.

By letters from Paris, of the sixteenth, we are informed that the French King, the princes of the blood, and the Elector of Bavaria, had lately killed fifty-five pheasants.

Whereas several have industriously spread abroad, that I am in partnership with Charles Lillie, the perfumer, at the corner of Beauford Buildings; I must say with my friend Partridge, that they are knaves who reported it. However, since the said Charles has promised that all his customers shall be mine, I must desire all mine to be his; and dare answer for him, that if you ask in my name for Snuff, Hungary or Orange water, you shall have the best the town affords, at the cheapest rate.

Nº XCVII. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1709.

ILLUD MAXIME RARUM GENUS EST EORUM, QUI AUT EXCELLENTE INGENII MAGNITUDINE, AUT PRÆCLARA ERUDITIONE ATQUE DOCTRINA, AUT UTRAQUE RE ORNATI, SPATIUM DELIBERANDI HABUERUNT, QUEM POTISSIMUM VITÆ CURSUM SEQUI VELLENT. TULL. OFFIC.

THERE ARE VERY FEW PERSONS OF EXTRAORDINARY GENIUS, OR EMINENT FOR LEARNING AND OTHER NOBLE ENDOWMENTS, WHO HAVE HAD SUFFICIENT TIME TO CONSIDER WHAT PARTICULAR COURSE OF LIFE THEY OUGHT TO PURSUE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 21.

HAVING swept away prodigious multitudes in my last paper, and brought a great destruction upon my own species, I must endeavour in this to raise fresh recruits, and, if possible, to supply the places of the unborn and the deceased. It is said of Xerxes, that when he stood upon a hill, and saw the whole country round him covered with his army, he burst out into tears, to think that not one of that multitude would be alive an hundred years after. For my part, when I take a survey of this populous city, I can scarce forbear weeping, to see how few of it's inhabitants are now living. It was with this thought that

that I drew up my laſt bill of mortality, and endeavoured to ſet out in it the great number of perſons who have periſhed by a diſtemper, commonly known by the name of Idleneſs, which has long raged in the world, and deſtroys more in every great town than the plague has done at Dantzick. To repair the miſchief it has done, and ſtock the world with a better race of mortals, I have more hopes of bringing to life thoſe that are young, than of reviving thoſe that are old. For which reaſon, I ſhall here ſet down that noble allegory which was written by an old author called Prodicus, but recommended and embelliſhed by Socrates. It is the deſcription of Virtue and Pleaſure, making their court to Hercules under the appearance of two beautiful women.

'When Hercules,' ſays the divine moraliſt, 'was in that part of his youth 'in which it was natural for him to 'conſider what courſe of life he ought 'to purſue, he one day retired into a 'deſart, where the ſilence and ſolitude 'of the place very much favoured his 'meditations. As he was muſing on 'his preſent condition, and very much 'perplexed in himſelf on the ſtate of life 'he ſhould chuſe, he ſaw two women 'of a larger ſtature than ordinary ap'proaching towards him. One of them 'had a very noble air, and graceful 'deportment; her beauty was natural 'and eaſy, her perſon clean and un'ſpotted, her eyes caſt towards the 'ground with an agreeable reſerve, her 'motion and behaviour full of modeſty, 'and her raiment as white as ſnow. 'The other had a great deal of health 'and floridneſs in her countenance, 'which ſhe had helped with an artifi'cial white and red; and endeavoured 'to appear more graceful than ordinary 'in her mien, by a mixture of affecta'tion in all her geſtures. She had a 'wonderful confidence and aſſurance in 'her looks, and all the variety of co'lours in her dreſs that ſhe thought 'were the moſt proper to ſhew her com'plexion to an advantage. She caſt 'her eyes upon herſelf, then turned 'them on thoſe that were preſent, to ſee 'how they liked her, and often looked 'on the figure ſhe made in her own 'ſhadow. Upon her nearer approach 'to Hercules, ſhe ſtepped before the 'other lady, who came forward with a 'regular compoſed carriage, and run'ning up to him, accoſted him after the 'following manner:

"My dear Hercules," ſays ſhe, "I "find you are very much divided in "your own thoughts upon the way of "life that you ought to chuſe: be my "friend, and follow me; I will lead "you into the poſſeſſion of pleaſure, "and out of the reach of pain, and re"move you from all the noiſe and diſ"quietude of buſineſs. The affairs of "either war or peace ſhall have no "power to diſturb you. Your whole "employment ſhall be to make your "life eaſy, and to entertain every ſenſe "with it's proper gratifications. Sump"tuous tables, beds of roſes, clouds of "perfumes, concerts of muſic, crowds "of beauties, are all in a readineſs to "receive you. Come along with me "into this region of delights, this "world of pleaſure, and bid farewel for "ever to care, to pain, to buſineſs."

'Hercules hearing the lady talk after 'this manner, deſired to know her name; 'to which ſhe anſwered—"My friends, "and thoſe who are well acquainted "with me, call me Happineſs; but my "enemies, and thoſe who would injure "my reputation, have given me the "name of Pleaſure."

'By this time the other lady was 'come up, who addreſſed herſelf to the 'young hero in a very different manner.

"Hercules," ſays ſhe, "I offer my"ſelf to you, becauſe I know you are "deſcended from the gods, and give "proofs of that deſcent by your love "to virtue, and application to the ſtu"dies proper for your age. This makes "me hope you will gain both for your"ſelf and me an immortal reputation. "But before I invite you into my ſo"ciety and friendſhip, I will be open "and ſincere with you, and muſt lay "down this as an eſtabliſhed truth, "That there is nothing truly valuable "which can be purchaſed without pains "and labour. The gods have ſet a "price upon every real and noble plea"ſure. If you would gain the favour "of the Deity, you muſt be at the "pains of worſhipping him; if the "friendſhip of good men, you muſt "ſtudy to oblige them; if you would "be honoured by your country, you "muſt take care to ſerve it. In ſhort, "if you would be eminent in war or "peace, you muſt become maſter of all "the qualifications that can make you

"&c.

Cornwall del. Gaywood sculp.

Plate XIV

Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co. Nov.r 12. 1785.

" ſo. Theſe are the only terms and " conditions upon which I can propoſe " happineſs." The Goddeſs of Pleaſure here broke in upon her diſcourſe —" You ſee," ſaid ſhe, " Hercules, " by her own confeſſion, the way to " her pleaſure is long and difficult, " whereas that which I propoſe is ſhort " and eaſy."—" Alas!" ſaid the other lady, whoſe viſage glowed with a paſſion made up of ſcorn and pity, " what " are the pleaſures you propoſe? To " eat before you are hungry, drink be- " fore you are athirſt, ſleep before you " are tired, to gratify appetites before " they are raiſed, and raiſe ſuch appe- " tites as Nature never planted. You " never heard the moſt delicious muſic, " which is the praiſe of one's ſelf; nor " ſaw the moſt beautiful object, which " is the work of one's own hands. Your " votaries paſs away their youth in a " dream of miſtaken pleaſures, while " they are hoarding up anguiſh, tor- " ment, and remorſe, for old age.

" As for me, I am the friend of gods " and of good men, an agreeable com- " panion to the artizan, an houſhold " guardian to the fathers of families, a " patron and protector of ſervants, an " aſſociate in all true and generous " friendſhips. The banquets of my " votaries are never coſtly, but always " delicious; for none eat or drink at " them who are not invited by hunger " and thirſt. Their ſlumbers are ſound, " and their wakings chearful. My " young men have the pleaſure of hear- " ing themſelves praiſed by thoſe who " are in years; and thoſe who are in " years, of being honoured by thoſe " who are young. In a word, my fol- " lowers are favoured by the gods, be- " loved by their acquaintance, eſteemed " by their country, and, after the cloſe " of their labours, honoured by po- " ſterity."

We know by the life of this memorable hero, to which of theſe two ladies he gave up his heart; and I believe every one who reads this will do him the juſtice to approve his choice.

I very much admire the ſpeeches of theſe ladies, as containing in them the chief arguments for a life of virtue, or a life of pleaſure, that could enter into the thoughts of an heathen; but am particularly pleaſed with the different figures he gives the two goddeſſes. Our modern authors have repreſented Pleaſure or Vice with an alluring face, but ending in ſnakes and monſters: here ſhe appears in all the charms of beauty, though they were all falſe and borrowed; and by that means compoſes a viſion entirely natural and pleaſing.

I have tranſlated this allegory for the benefit of the youth of Great Britain; and particularly of thoſe who are ſtill in the deplorable ſtate of non-exiſtence, and whom I moſt earneſtly entreat to come into the world. Let my embrios ſhew the leaſt inclination to any ſingle virtue, and I ſhall allow it to be a ſtruggling towards birth. I do not expect of them that, like the hero in the foregoing ſtory, they ſhould go about as ſoon as they are born, with a club in their hands, and a lion's ſkin on their ſhoulders, to root out monſters, and deſtroy tyrants; but, as the fineſt author of all antiquity has ſaid upon this very occaſion, though a man has not the abilities to diſtinguiſh himſelf in the moſt ſhining parts of a great character, he has certainly the capacity of being juſt, faithful, modeſt, and temperate.

N° XCVIII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1709.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 23.

I Read the following letter, which was left for me this evening, with very much concern for the lady's condition who ſent it, who expreſſes the ſtate of her mind with great frankneſs, as all people ought who talk to their phyſicians.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

THOUGH you are ſtricken in years, and have had great experience in the world, I believe you will ſay there are not frequently ſuch difficult occaſions to act in with decency as thoſe wherein I am entangled. I am a woman in love; and that you will allow to be the moſt unhappy of all circumſtances in human

life: Nature has formed us with a ſtrong reluctance againſt owning ſuch a paſſion, and cuſtom has made it criminal in us to make advances. A gentleman, whom I will call Fabio, has the entire poſſeſſion of my heart. I am ſo intimately acquainted with him, that he makes no ſcruple of communicating to me an ardent affection he has for Cleora, a friend of mine, who alſo makes me her confidant. Moſt part of my life I am in company with the one or the other, and am always entertained with his paſſion, or her triumph. Cleora is one of thoſe ladies who think they are virtuous, if they are not guilty; and without any delicacy of choice, reſolves to take the beſt offer which ſhall be made to her. With this proſpect ſhe puts off declaring herſelf in favour of Fabio, until ſhe ſees what lovers will fall into her ſnares, which ſhe lays in all public places with all the art of geſture and glances. This reſolution ſhe has herſelf told me: though I love him better than life, I would not gain him by betraying Cleora; or committing ſuch a treſpaſs againſt modeſty as letting him know myſelf that I love him. You are an aſtrologer, what ſhall I do?

DIANA DOUBTFUL.

This lady has ſaid very juſtly, that the condition of a woman in love is of all others the moſt miſerable. Poor Diana! how muſt ſhe be racked with jealouſy, when Fabio talks of Cleora? how with indignation, when Cleora makes a property of Fabio? A female lover is in the condition of a ghoſt, that wanders about it's beloved treaſure, without power to ſpeak until it is ſpoken to. I deſire Diana to continue in this circumſtance; for I ſee an eye of comfort in her caſe, and will take all proper meaſures to extricate her out of this unhappy game of croſs-purpoſes. Since Cleora is upon the catch with her charms, and has no particular regard for Fabio, I ſhall place a couple of ſpecial fellows in her way, who ſhall both addreſs to her, and have each a better eſtate than Fabio. They are both already taken with her, and are preparing for being of her retinue the enſuing winter.

To women of this worldly turn, as I apprehend Cleora to be, we muſt reckon backward in our computation of merit; and when a fair lady thinks only of making her ſpouſe a convenient domeſtic, the notion of worth and value is altered, and the lover is the more acceptable, the leſs he is conſiderable. The two I ſhall throw into the way of Cleora, are Orſon Thicket, and Mr. Walter Wiſdom. Orſon is an huntſman, whoſe father's death, and ſome difficulties about legacies, brought out of the woods to town laſt November. He was at that time one of thoſe country ſavages who deſpiſe the ſoftneſs they meet in town and court; and profeſſedly ſhew their ſtrength and roughneſs in every motion and geſture, in ſcorn of our bowing and cringing. He was, at his firſt appearance, very remarkable for that piece of good-breeding peculiar to natural Britons, to wit, defiance, and ſhewed every one he met he was as good a man as he. But in the midſt of all this fierceneſs, he would ſometimes attend the diſcourſe of a man of ſenſe, and look at the charms of a beauty with his eyes and mouth open. He was in this poſture when, in the beginning of laſt December, he was ſhot by Cleora from a ſide-box. From that moment he ſoftened into humanity, forgot his dogs and horſes, and now moves and ſpeaks with civility and addreſs.

Wat. Wiſdom, by the death of an elder brother, came to a great eſtate, when he had proceeded juſt far enough in his ſtudies to be very impertinent, and at the years when the law gives him poſſeſſion of his fortune, and his own conſtitution is too warm for the management of it. Orſon is learning to fence and dance, to pleaſe and fight for his miſtreſs; and Walter preparing fine horſes, and a jingling chariot, to enchant her. All perſons concerned will appear at the next Opera, where will begin the wild-gooſe chace; and I doubt, Fabio will ſee himſelf ſo overlooked for Orſon or Walter, as to turn his eyes on the modeſt paſſion and becoming languor in the countenance of Diana; it being my deſign to ſupply with the art of love all thoſe who preſerve the ſincere paſſion of it.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, NOV. 23.

AN ingenious and worthy gentleman, my ancient friend, fell into diſcourſe with me this evening, upon the force and efficacy which the writings of good poets have on the minds of their intelligent readers; and recommended to me his

his ſenſe of the matter, thrown together in the following manner, which he deſired me to communicate to the youth of Great Britain in my Eſſays; which I chuſe to do in his own words.

'I have always been of opinion,' ſays he, 'that virtue ſinks deepeſt into the heart of man, when it comes recommended by the powerful charms of poetry. The moſt active principle in our mind is the imagination: to it a good poet makes his court perpetually, and by this faculty takes care to gain it firſt. Our paſſions and inclinations come over next; and our reaſon ſurrenders itſelf with pleaſure in the end. Thus the whole ſoul is inſenſibly betrayed into morality, by bribing the fancy with beautiful and agreeable images of thoſe very things, that in the books of the philoſophers appear auſtere, and have at the beſt but a kind of forbidden aſpect. In a word, the poets do, as it were, ſtrew the rough paths of virtue ſo full of flowers, that we are not ſenſible of the uneaſineſs of them; and imagine ourſelves in the midſt of pleaſures, and the moſt bewitching allurements, at the time we are making a progreſs in the ſevereſt duties of life.

'All men agree, that licentious poems do, of all writings, ſooneſt corrupt the heart: and why ſhould we not be as univerſally perſuaded that the grave and ſerious performances of ſuch as write in the moſt engaging manner, by a kind of divine impulſe, muſt be the moſt effectual perſuaſives to goodneſs? If therefore I were bleſſed with a ſon, in order to the forming of his manners, which is making him truly my ſon, I ſhould be continually putting into his hand ſome fine poet. The graceful ſentences, and the manly ſentiments, ſo frequently to be met with in every great and ſublime writer, are, in my judgment, the moſt ornamental and valuable furniture that can be for a young gentleman's head; methinks they ſhew like ſo much rich embroidery upon the brain. Let me add to this, that humanity and tenderneſs, without which there can be no true greatneſs in the mind, are inſpired by the muſes in ſuch pathetical language, that all we find in proſe-authors towards the raiſing and improving of theſe paſſions, is, in compariſon, but cold, or lukewarm at the beſt. There is beſides a certain elevation of ſoul, a ſedate magnanimity, and a noble turn of virtue, that diſtinguiſhes the hero from the plain, honeſt man, to which verſe can only raiſe us. The bold metaphors, and ſounding numbers, peculiar to the Poets, rouze up all our ſleeping faculties, and alarm the whole powers of the ſoul, much like that excellent trumpeter mentioned by Virgil—

———*Quo non præſtantior alter*
Ære ciere viros, Martemque accendere cantu.
VIRG. ÆN. 6. v. 165.

———None ſo renown'd
With breathing braſs to kindle fierce alarms.
DRYDEN.

'I fell into this train of thinking this evening, upon reading a paſſage in a maſk writ by Milton, where two brothers are introduced ſeeking after their ſiſter, whom they had loſt in a dark night and thick wood. One of the brothers is apprehenſive leſt the wandering virgin ſhould be over-powered with fears, through the darkneſs and loneneſs of the time and place. This gives the other occaſion to make the following reflections, which, as I read them, made me forget my age, and renewed in me the warm deſires after virtues, ſo natural to uncorrupted youth.

I do not think my ſiſter ſo to ſeek,
Or ſo unprincipled in virtue's book,
And the ſweet peace that goodneſs boſoms ever,
As that the ſingle want of light and noiſe
(Not being in danger, as I truſt ſhe is not)
Could ſtir the conſtant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into miſbecoming plight.
Virtue could ſee to do what virtue would
By her own radiant light, though ſun and moon
Were in the flat ſea ſunk. And Wiſdom's ſelf
Oft ſeeks to ſweet retired ſolitude:
Where, with her beſt nurſe, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various buſtle of reſort
Were all too ruffled, and ſometimes impair'd:
He that has light within his own clear breaſt,
May ſit i' th' center, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark ſoul and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day ſun;
Himſelf is his own dungeon.

N° XCIX. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1709.

SPIRAT TRAGICUM SATIS ET FELICITER AUDET.
Hor. Ep. I. l. 2. v. 166.

HE, FORTUNATELY BOLD, BREATHES TRUE SUBLIME.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, NOV. 21.

I Have been this evening recollecting what paſſages, ſince I could firſt think, have left the ſtrongeſt impreſſions upon my mind; and after ſtrict enquiry, I am convinced that the impulſes I have received from theatrical repreſentations, have had a greater effect than otherwiſe would have been wrought in me by the little occurrences of my private life. My old friends Hart and Mohun, the one by his natural and proper force, the other by his great ſkill and art, never failed to ſend me home full of ſuch ideas as affected my behaviour, and made me inſenſibly more courteous and humane to my friends and acquaintance. It is not the buſineſs of a good play to make every man an hero; but it certainly gives him a livelier ſenſe of virtue and merit than he had when he entered the theatre.

This rational pleaſure, as I always call it, has for many years been very little taſted: but I am glad to find that the true ſpirit of it is reviving again amongſt us, by a due regard to what is preſented, and by ſupporting only one playhouſe. It has been within the obſervation of the youngeſt amongſt us, that while there were two houſes, they did not outvie each other by ſuch repreſentations as tended to the inſtruction and ornament of life, but by introducing mimical dances, and fulſome buffooneries. For when an excellent tragedy was to be acted in one houſe, the ladder-dancer carried the whole town to the other: and indeed ſuch an evil as this muſt be the natural conſequence of two theatres, as certainly as that there are more who can ſee than can think. Every one is ſenſible of the danger of the fellow on the ladder, and can ſee his activity in coming down ſafe; but very few are judges of the diſtreſs of an hero in a play, or of his manner of behaviour in thoſe circumſtances. Thus, to pleaſe the people, two houſes muſt entertain them with what they can underſtand, and not with things which are deſigned to improve their underſtanding: and the readieſt way to gain good audiences muſt be to offer ſuch things as are moſt reliſhed by the crowd; that is to ſay, immodeſt action, empty ſhow, or impertinent activity. In ſhort, two houſes cannot hope to ſubſiſt, but by means which are contradictory to the very inſtitution of a theatre in a well-governed kingdom.

I have ever had this ſenſe of the thing, and for that reaſon have rejoiced that my ancient coeval friend of Drury Lane, though he had ſold off moſt of his movables, ſtill kept poſſeſſion of his palace; and trembled for him, when he had lately like to have been taken by a ſtratagem. There have, for many ages, been a certain learned ſort of unlearned men in this nation called Attornies, who have taken upon them to ſolve all difficulties by increaſing them, and are called upon to the aſſiſtance of all who are lazy, or weak of underſtanding. The inſolence of a ruler of this palace made him reſign the poſſeſſion of it to the management of my above-mentioned friend Divito. Divito was too modeſt to know when to reſign it, until he had the opinion and ſentence of the law for his removal. Both theſe in length of time were obtained againſt him; but as the great Archimedes defended Syracuſe with ſo powerful engines, that if he threw a rope or piece of wood over the wall, the enemy fled; ſo Divito had wounded all adverſaries with ſo much ſkill, that men feared even to be in the right againſt him. For this reaſon, the lawful ruler ſets up an attorney to expel an attorney, and choſe a name dreadful to the ſtage, who only ſeemed able to beat Divito out of his entrenchments.

On the twenty-ſecond inſtant, a night of public rejoicing, the enemies of Divito made a largeſs to the people of faggots, tubs, and other combuſtible matter, which was erected into a bonfire before the palace. Plentiful cans were at the ſame time diſtributed among the dependencies

dependencies of that principality, and the artful rival of Divito, observing them prepared for enterprize, presented the lawful owner of the neighbouring edifice, and shewed his deputation under him. War immediately ensued upon the peaceful empire of Wit and the Muses; the Goths and Vandals sacking Rome did not threaten a more barbarous devastation of arts and sciences. But when they had forced their entrance, the experienced Divito had detached all his subjects, and evacuated all his stores. The neighbouring inhabitants report, that the refuse of Divito's followers marched off the night before disguised in magnificence; door-keepers came out clad like cardinals, and scene-drawers like heathen gods. Divito himself was wrapped up in one of his black clouds, and left to the enemy nothing but an empty stage, full of trap-doors, known only to himself and his adherents.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 25.

I HAVE already taken great pains to inspire notions of honour and virtue into the people of this kingdom, and used all gentle methods imaginable to bring those who are dead in idleness, folly, and pleasure, into life, by applying themselves to learning, wisdom, and industry. But since fair means are ineffectual, I must proceed to extremities, and shall give my good friends, the company of upholders, full power to bury all such dead as they meet with, who are within my former descriptions of deceased persons. In the mean time, the following remonstrance of that corporation I take to be very just:

FROM OUR OFFICE NEAR THE HAY-MARKET, NOV. 23.

WORTHY SIR,

UPON reading your Tatler on Saturday last, by which we received the agreeable news of so many deaths, we immediately ordered in a considerable quantity of blacks; and our servants have wrought night and day ever since, to furnish out the necessaries for these deceased. But so it is, Sir, that of this vast number of dead bodies, that go putrifying up and down the streets, not one of them has come to us to be buried. Though we should be loth to be any hindrance to our good friends the physicians, yet we cannot but take notice what infection her Majesty's subjects are liable to from the horrible stench of so many corpses. Sir, we will not detain you; our case in short is this: here we are embarked in this undertaking for the public good; now, if people should be suffered to go on unburied at this rate, there is an end of the usefullest manufactures and handicrafts of the kingdom: for where will be your sextons, coffin-makers, and plummers? What will become of your embalmers, epitaph-mongers, and chief mourners? We are loth to drive this matter any further, though we tremble at the consequences of it: for if it shall be left to every dead man's discretion not to be buried until he sees his time, no man can say where that will end; but thus much we will take upon us to affirm, that such a toleration will be intolerable.

What would make us easy in this matter is no more, but that your worship would be pleased to issue out your orders to *ditto* Dead to repair forthwith to our office, in order to their interment; where constant attendance shall be given to treat with all persons according to their quality, and the poor to be buried for nothing: and for the convenience of such persons as are willing enough to be dead, but that they are afraid their friends and relations should know it, we have a back-door into Warwick Street, from whence they may be interred with all secrecy imaginable, and without loss of time, or hindrance of business. But in case of obstinacy, for we would gladly make a thorough riddance, we desire a further power from your worship, to take up such deceased as shall not have complied with your first orders, wherever we meet them: and if after that there shall be complaints of any persons so offending, let them lie at our doors. We are, your worship's until death,

THE MASTER AND COMPANY OF UPHOLDERS.

P. S. We are ready to give in our printed proposals at large; and if your worship approves of our undertaking, we desire the following advertisement may be inserted in your next paper.

Whereas a commission of interment has been awarded against Doctor John Partridge, Philomath, professor of physic and astrology; and whereas the said Partridge

Partridge hath not furrendered himſelf, nor ſhewn cauſe to the contrary; theſe are to certify, that the Company of Upholders will proceed to bury him from Cordwainers Hall, on Tueſday the twenty-ninth inſtant, where any ſix of his ſurviving friends, who ſtill believe him to be alive, are deſired to come prepared to hold up the pall.

Note; we ſhall light away at ſix in the evening, there being to be a ſermon.

N° C. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1709.

JAM REDIT ET VIRGO, REDEUNT SATURNIA REGNA.
VIRG. ECL. 4. VER. 6.

RETURNING JUSTICK BRINGS A GOLDEN AGE. R. W.

SHEER-LANE, NOV. 28.

I Was laſt week taking a ſolitary walk in the garden of Lincoln's Inn, (a favour that is indulged me by ſeveral of the benchers, who are my intimate friends, and grown old with me in this neighbourhood) when, according to the nature of men in years, who have made but little progreſs in the advancement of their fortune or their fame, I was repining at the ſudden riſe of many perſons who are my juniors, and indeed at the unequal diſtribution of wealth, honour, and all other bleſſings of life. I was loſt in this thought, when the night came upon me, and drew my mind into a far more agreeable contemplation. The heaven above me appeared in all it's glories, and preſented me with ſuch an hemiſphere of ſtars, as made the moſt agreeable proſpect imaginable to one who delights in the ſtudy of nature. It happened to be a freezing night, which had purified the whole body of air into ſuch a bright tranſparent æther, as made every conſtellation viſible; and at the ſame time gave ſuch a particular glowing to the ſtars, that I thought it the richeſt ſky I had ever ſeen. I could not behold a ſcene ſo wonderfully adorned and lighted up, if I may be allowed that expreſſion, without ſuitable meditations on the Author of ſuch illuſtrious and amazing objects: for on theſe occaſions, philoſophy ſuggeſts motives to religion, and religion adds pleaſures to philoſophy.

As ſoon as I had recovered my uſual temper and ſerenity of ſoul, I retired to my lodgings, with the ſatisfaction of having paſſed away a few hours in the proper employments of a reaſonable creature; and promiſing myſelf that my ſlumbers would be ſweet, I no ſooner fell into them, but I dreamed a dream, or ſaw a viſion, for I know not which to call it, that ſeemed to riſe out of my evening-meditation, and had ſomething in it ſo ſolemn and ſerious, that I cannot forbear communicating it; though I muſt confeſs the wildneſs of imagination, which in a dream is always looſe and irregular, diſcovers itſelf too much in ſeveral parts of it.

Methought I ſaw the ſame azure ſky diverſified with the ſame glorious luminaries which had entertained me a little before I fell aſleep. I was looking very attentively on that ſign in the heavens, which is called by the name of the Balance*, when on a ſudden there appeared in it an extraordinary light, as if the ſun ſhould riſe at midnight. By it's increaſing in breadth and luſtre, I ſoon found that it approached towards the earth; and at length could diſcern ſomething like a ſhadow hovering in the midſt of a great glory, which in a little time after I diſtinctly perceived to be the figure of a woman. I fancied at firſt it might have been the angel, or intelligence that guarded the conſtellation from which it deſcended; but upon a nearer view, I ſaw about her all the emblems with which the goddeſs of Juſtice is uſually deſcribed. Her countenance was unſpeakably awful and majeſtic, but exquiſitely beautiful to thoſe whoſe eyes were ſtrong enough to behold it; her ſmiles tranſported with rapture, her frowns terrified to deſpair. She held in

* Libra, or the Balance, is next to the ſign Virgo, into which Aſtræa, the goddeſs of Juſtice, was tranſlated, when ſhe could no longer ſtay on earth.

her

her hand a mirror, endowed with the same qualities as that which the painters put into the hand of Truth.

There streamed from it a light, which distinguished itself from all the splendors that surrounded her, more than a flash of lightning shines in the midst of day light. As she moved it in her hand, it brightened the heavens, the air, or the earth. When she had descended so low as to be seen and heard by mortals, to make the pomp of her appearance more supportable, she threw darkness and clouds about her, that tempered the light into a thousand beautiful shades and colours, and multiplied that lustre, which was before too strong and dazzling, into a variety of milder glories. In the mean time, the world was in an alarm, and all the inhabitants of it gathered together upon a spacious plain; so that it seemed to have the whole species before my eyes. A voice was heard from the clouds, declaring the intention of this visit, which was to restore and appropriate to every one living what was his due. The fear and hope, joy and sorrow, which appeared in that great assembly, after this solemn declaration, are not to be expressed. The first edict was then pronounced; that all titles and claims to riches and estates, or to any part of them, should be immediately vested in the rightful owner. Upon this, the inhabitants of the earth held up the instruments of their tenure, whether in parchment, paper, wax, or any other form of conveyance; and as the goddess moved the mirror of Truth which she held in her hand, so that the light which flowed from it fell upon the multitude, they examined their several instruments by the beams of it. The rays of this mirror had a particular quality of setting fire to all forgery and falshood. The blaze of papers, the melting of seals, and crackling of parchments, made a very odd scene. The fire very often ran through two or three lines only, and then stopped. Though I could not but observe, that the flame chiefly broke out among the interlineations and codicils, the light of the mirror, as it was turned up and down, pierced into all the dark corners and recesses of the universe, and by that means detected many writings and records which had been hidden or buried by time, chance, or design. This occasioned a wonderful revolution among the people. At the same time, the spoils of extortion, fraud, and robbery, with all the fruits of bribery and corruption, were thrown together into a prodigious pile, that almost reached to the clouds, and was called, 'The Mount of Restitution;' to which all injured persons were invited, to receive what belonged to them.

One might see crowds of people in tattered garments come up, and change cloaths with others that were dressed with lace and embroidery. Several who were Plumbs, or very near it, became men of moderate fortunes; and many others, who were overgrown in wealth and possessions, had no more left than what they usually spent. What moved my concern most was, to see a certain street of the greatest credit in Europe from one end to the other become bankrupt.

The next command was, for the whole body of mankind to separate themselves into their proper families; which was no sooner done, but an edict was issued out, requiring all children to repair to their true and natural fathers. This put a great part of the assembly in motion; for as the mirror was moved over them, it inspired every one with such a natural instinct, as directed them to their real parents. It was a very melancholy spectacle to see the fathers of very large families become childless, and bachelors undone by a charge of sons and daughters. You might see a presumptive heir of a great estate ask a blessing of his coachman, and a celebrated toast paying her duty to a valet de chambre. Many, under vows of celibacy, appeared surrounded with a numerous issue. This change of parentage would have caused great lamentation, but that the calamity was pretty common; and that generally those who lost their children, had the satisfaction of seeing them put into the hands of their dearest friends. Men were no sooner settled in their right to their possessions and their progeny, but there was a third order proclaimed; that all the posts of dignity and honour in the universe should be conferred on persons of the greatest merit, abilities, and perfection. The handsome, the strong, and the wealthy, immediately pressed forward; but not being able to bear the splendor of the mirror, which played upon their faces, they immediately fell back among the crowd: but as the goddess tried the multitude

multitude by her glaſs, as the eagle does it's young ones by the luſtre of the ſun, it was remarkable, that every one turned away his face from it who had not diſtinguiſhed himſelf either by virtue, knowledge, or capacity in buſineſs, either military or civil. This ſelect aſſembly was drawn up in the center of a prodigious multitude, which was diffuſed on all ſides, and ſtood obſerving them, as idle people uſed to gather about a regiment that were exerciſing their arms. They were drawn up in three bodies: in the firſt were the men of virtue; in the ſecond, men of knowledge; and in the third, the men of buſineſs. It was impoſſible to look at the firſt column without a ſecret veneration, their aſpects were ſo ſweetened with humanity, raiſed with contemplation, emboldened with reſolution, and adorned with the moſt agreeable airs, which are thoſe that proceed from ſecret habits of virtue. I could not but take notice, that there were many faces among them which were unknown, not only to the multitude, but even to ſeveral of their own body.

In the ſecond column, conſiſting of the men of knowledge, there had been great diſputes before they fell into the ranks, which they did not do at laſt, without the poſitive command of the goddeſs who preſided over the aſſembly. She had ſo ordered it, that men of the greateſt genius and ſtrongeſt ſenſe were placed at the head of the column: behind theſe, were ſuch as had formed their minds very much on the thoughts and writings of others. In the rear of the column were men who had more wit than ſenſe, or more learning than underſtanding. All living authors of any value were ranged in one of theſe claſſes; but I muſt confeſs, I was very much ſurprized to ſee a great body of editors, critics, commentators, and grammarians, meet with ſo very ill a reception. They had formed themſelves into a body, and with a great deal of arrogance demanded the firſt ſtation in the column of knowledge; but the goddeſs, inſtead of complying with their requeſt, clapped them all into liveries, and bid them know themſelves for no other but the lacquies of the learned.

The third column were men of buſineſs, and conſiſting of perſons in military and civil capacities. The former marched out from the reſt, and placed themſelves in the front; at which the other ſhook their heads at them, but did not think fit to diſpute the poſt with them. I could not but make ſeveral obſervations upon this laſt column of people; but I have certain private reaſons why I do not think fit to communicate them to the public. In order to fill up all the poſts of honour, dignity, and profit, there was a draught made out of each column of men, who were maſters of all three qualifications in ſome degree, and were preferred to ſtations of the firſt rank. The ſecond draught was made out of ſuch as were poſſeſſed of any two of the qualifications, who were diſpoſed of in ſtations of a ſecond dignity. Thoſe who were left, and were endowed only with one of them, had their ſuitable poſts. When this was over, there remained many places of truſt and profit unfilled, for which there were freſh draughts made out of the ſurrounding multitude, who had any appearance of theſe excellencies, or were recommended by thoſe who poſſeſſed them in reality.

All were ſurprized to ſee ſo many new faces in the moſt eminent dignities; and for my own part, I was very well pleaſed to ſee that all my friends either kept their preſent poſts, or were advanced to higher.

Having filled my paper with thoſe particulars of my viſion which concern the male part of mankind, I muſt reſerve for another occaſion the ſequel of it, which relates to the fair-ſex.

Nº CI. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1709.

——POSTQUAM FREGIT SUBSELLIA VERSU,
ESURIT INTACTAM PARIDI NISI VENDIT AGAVEN.
Juv. Sat. 7. v. 87.

BUT WHILE THE COMMON SUFFRAGE CROWN'D HIS CAUSE,
AND BROKE THE BENCHES WITH THEIR LOUD APPLAUSE;
HIS MUSE HAD STARV'D, HAD NOT A PIECE UNBREAD,
AND BY A PLAYER BOUGHT, SUPPLY'D HER BREAD.
DRYDEN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 30.

THE progress of my intended account of what happened when Justice visited mortals, is at present interrupted by the observation and sense of an injustice against which there is no remedy, even in a kingdom more happy in the care taken of the liberty and property of the subject, than any other nation upon earth. This iniquity is committed by a most impregnable set of mortals, men who are rogues within the law; and in the very commission of what they are guilty of, professedly own, that they forbear no injury but from the terror of being punished for it. These miscreants are a set of wretches we authors call Pirates, who print any book, poem, or sermon, as soon as it appears in the world, in a smaller volume; and sell it, as all other thieves do stolen goods, at a cheaper rate. I was in my rage calling them rascals, plunderers, robbers, highwaymen. But they acknowledge all that, and are pleased with those, as well as any other titles; nay, will print them themselves to turn the penny.

I am extremely at a loss how to act against such open enemies, who have not shame enough to be touched with our reproaches, and are as well defended against what we can say, as what we can do. Railing, therefore, we must turn into complaint, which I cannot forbear making, when I consider that all the labours of my long life may be disappointed by the first man that pleases to rob me. I had flattered myself, that my stock of learning was worth a hundred and fifty pounds per annum, which would very handsomely maintain me and my little family, who are so happy, or so wise, as to want only necessaries. Before men had come up to this bare-faced impudence, it was an estate to have a competency of understanding.

An ingenious droll, who is since dead, (and indeed it is well for him he is so, for he must have starved had he lived to this day) used to give me an account of his good husbandry in the management of his learning. He was a general dealer, and had his amusements as well comical as serious. The merry rogue said, when we wanted a dinner, he writ a paragraph of table talk, and his bookseller upon sight paid the reckoning. He was a very good judge of what would please the people, and could aptly hit both the genius of his readers, and the season of the year, in his writings. His brain, which was his estate, had as regular and different produce as other men's land. From the beginning of November, until the opening of the campaign, he writ pamphlets and letters to members of parliament, or friends in the country. But sometimes he would relieve his ordinary readers with a murder, and lived comfortably a week or two upon 'strange and lamentable accidents.' A little before the armies took the field, his way was to open your attention with a prodigy; and a monster, well writ, was two guineas the lowest price. This prepared his readers for 'his great and bloody news' from Flanders in June and July. Poor Tom! he is gone—But I observed, he always looked well after a battle, and was apparently fatter in a fighting year. Had this honest, careless fellow, lived until now, famine had stared him in the face, and interrupted his merriment; as it must be a solid affliction to all those whose pen is their portion.

As for my part, I do not speak wholly for my own sake in this point; for palmistry and astrology will bring me in greater gains than these my papers; so

that I am only in the condition of a lawyer, who leaves the bar for the chamber-practice. However, I may be allowed to speak in the cause of learning itself, and lament, that a liberal education is the only one which a polite nation makes unprofitable. All mechanical artizans are allowed to reap the fruit of their invention and ingenuity, without invasion; but he that has separated himself from the rest of mankind, and studied the wonders of the creation, the government of his passions, and the revolutions of the world, and has an ambition to communicate the effect of half his life spent in such noble enquiries, has no property in what he is willing to produce, but is exposed to robbery and want, with this melancholy and just reflection, that he is the only man who is not protected by his country, at the same time that he best deserves it. According to the ordinary rules of computation, the greater the adventure is, the greater ought to be the profit of those who succeed in it; and by this measure, none have pretence of turning their labours to greater advantage than persons brought up to letters. A learned education, passing through great schools and universities, is very expensive; and consumes a moderate fortune, before it is gone through in it's proper forms. The purchase of an handsome commission or employment, which would give a man a good figure in another kind of life, is to be made at a much cheaper rate. Now, if we consider this expensive voyage which is undertaken in the search of knowledge, and how few there are who take in any considerable merchandize, how less frequent it is to be able to turn what men have gained into profit; how hard is it, that the very small number who are distinguished with abilities to know how to vend their wares, and have the good fortune to bring them into port, should suffer being plundered by privateers under the very cannon that should protect them! The most eminent and useful author of the age we live in, after having laid out a princely revenue in works of charity and beneficence, as became the greatness of his mind, and the sanctity of his character, would have left the person in the world who was the dearest to him in a narrow condition, had not the sale of his immortal writings brought her in a very considerable dowry; though it was impossible for it to be equal to their value. Every one will know, that I here mean the works of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, the copy of which was sold for two thousand five hundred pounds.

I do not speak with relation to any party; but it has happened, and may often so happen, that men of great learning and virtue cannot qualify themselves for being employed in business, or receiving preferments. In this case, you cut them off from all support, if you take from them the benefit that may arise from their writings. For my own part, I have brought myself to consider things in so unprejudiced a manner, that I esteem more a man who can live by the products of his understanding, than one who does it by the favour of great men.

The zeal of an author has transported me thus far, though I think myself as much concerned in the capacity of a reader. If this practice goes on, we must never expect to see again a beautiful edition of a book in Great Britain.

We have already seen the Memoirs of Sir William Temple, published in the same character and volume with the History of Tom Thumb, and the works of our greatest poets shrunk into penny-books and garlands. For my own part, I expect to see my Lucubrations printed on browner paper than they are at present; and, if the humour continues, must be forced to retrench my expensive way of living, and not smoke above two pipes a-day.

Mr. Charles Lillie, perfumer, at the corner of Beauford Buildings, has informed me, that I am obliged to several of my customers for coming to his shop upon my recommendation; and has also given me further assurances of his upright dealing with all, who shall be so kind as to make use of my name to him. I acknowledge this favour; and have, for the service of my friends who frequent his shop, used the force of magical powers to add value to his wares. By my knowledge in the secret operations of Nature, I have made his powders, perfumed and plain, have the same effect as love-powder, to all who are too much enamoured to do more than dress at their mistresses. His Amber Orange-flower, Musk, and Civet-violet, put only into an handkerchief, shall have the same effect towards an honourable lover's wishes,

wiſhes, as if he had been wrapped in his mother's ſmock. Waſh-balls perfumed, camphired, and plain, ſhall reſtore complexions to that degree, that a country fox-hunter, who uſes them, ſhall, in a week's time, look with a courtly and affable paleneſs, without uſing the bagnio or cupping.

N. B. Mr. Lillie has ſnuffs, Barcelona, Sevil, Muſty, Plain, and Spaniſh, which may be taken by a young beginner without danger of ſneezing.

SHEER-LANE, NOV. 30.

WHEREAS ſeveral walking dead perſons arrived within the bills of mortality, before and ſince the fifteenth inſtant, having been informed of my warrant given to the company of Upholders, and being terrified thereat, it not having been advertiſed that privilege or protection would be allowed, have reſolved forthwith to retire to their ſeveral and reſpective abodes in the country, hoping thereby to elude any commiſſion of interment that may iſſue out againſt them; and being informed of ſuch their fallacious deſigns, I do hereby give notice, as well for the good of the public, as for the great veneration I have for the beforementioned uſeful ſociety, that a proceſs is gone out againſt them; and that, in caſe of contempt, they may be found or heard of at moſt coffee-houſes in and about Weſtminſter.

I muſt deſire my readers to help me out from time to time in the correction of theſe my Eſſays; for as a ſhaking hand does not always write legibly, the preſs ſometimes prints one word for another; and when my paper is to be reviſed, I am perhaps ſo buſy in obſerving the ſpots of the moon, that I have not time to find out the errata that are crept into my Lucubrations.

Nº CII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1709.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, DEC. 2.

A CONTINUATION OF THE VISION.

THE male world were diſmiſſed by the goddeſs of Juſtice, and diſappeared, when on a ſudden the whole plain was covered with women. So charming a multitude filled my heart with unſpeakable pleaſure; and as the celeſtial light of the mirror ſhone upon their faces, ſeveral of them ſeemed rather perſons that deſcended in the train of the goddeſs, than ſuch who were brought before her to their trial. The clack of tongues, and confuſion of voices, in this new aſſembly, were ſo very great, that the goddeſs was forced to command ſilence ſeveral times, and with ſome ſeverity, before ſhe could make them attentive to her edicts. They were all ſenſible, that the moſt important affair among woman-kind was then to be ſettled, which every one knows to be the point of place. This had raiſed innumerable diſputes among them, and put the whole ſex into a tumult. Every one produced her claim, and pleaded her pretenſions. Birth, Beauty, Wit, or Wealth, were words that rung in my ears from all parts of the plain. Some boaſted of the merit of their huſbands; others of their own power in governing them. Some pleaded their unſpotted virginity; others their numerous iſſue. Some valued themſelves as they were the mothers; and others as they were the daughters, of conſiderable perſons. There was not a ſingle accompliſhment unmentioned, or unpractiſed. The whole congregation was full of ſinging, dancing, toſſing, ogling, ſqueaking, ſmiling, ſighing, fanning, frowning, and all thoſe irreſiſtible arts which women put in practice, to captivate the hearts of reaſonable creatures. The goddeſs, to end this diſpute, cauſed it to be proclaimed, that every one ſhould take place according as ſhe was more or leſs beautiful. This declaration gave great ſatisfaction to the whole aſſembly, which immediately bridled up, and appeared in all it's beauties. Such as believed themſelves graceful in their motion, found an occaſion of falling back, advancing forward, or making a falſe ſtep, that they might ſhew their perſons in the moſt becoming air. Such as had fine necks and boſoms, were wonderfully curious to look over the heads of the multitude, and obſerve the moſt diſtant parts of the aſſembly. Several clapped their hands on their foreheads, as helping their ſight to look upon the glories

that surrounded the goddess; but in reality to shew fine hands and arms. The ladies were yet better pleased, when they heard, that in the decision of this great controversy, each of them should be her own judge, and take her place according to her own opinion of herself, when she consulted her looking-glass.

The goddess then let down the mirror of Truth in a golden chain, which appeared larger in proportion as it descended and approached nearer to the eyes of the beholders. It was the particular property of this looking-glass to banish all false appearances, and shew people what they are. The whole woman was represented, without regard to the usual external features, which were made entirely conformable to their real characters. In short, the most accomplished, taking in the whole circle of female perfections, were the most beautiful; and the most defective, the most deformed. The goddess so varied the motion of the glass, and placed it in so many different lights, that each had an opportunity of seeing herself in it.

It is impossible to describe the rage, the pleasure or astonishment, that appeared in each face upon it's representation in the mirror; multitudes stared at their own form, and would have broke the glass if they could have reached it. Many saw their blooming features wither as they looked upon them, and their self-admiration turned into a loathing and abhorrence. The lady who was thought so agreeable in her anger, and was so often celebrated for a woman of fire and spirit, was frighted at her own image, and fancied she saw a fury in the glass. The interested mistress beheld a Harpy, and the subtle jilt a Sphinx. I was very much troubled in my own heart, to see such a destruction of fine faces; but at the same time had the pleasure of seeing several improved, which I had before looked upon as the greatest masterpieces of Nature. I observed, that some few were so humble as to be surprized at their own charms; and that many a one, who had lived in the retirement and severity of a Vestal, shined forth in all the graces and attractions of a Siren. I was ravished at the sight of a particular image in the mirror, which I think the most beautiful object that my eyes ever beheld. There was something more than human in her countenance: her eyes were so full of light, that they seemed to beautify every thing they looked upon. Her face was enlivened with such a florid bloom, as did not so properly seem the mark of health, as of immortality. Her shape, her stature, and her mien, were such as distinguished her even there where the whole fair-sex was assembled.

I was impatient to see the lady represented by so divine an image, whom I found to be the person that stood at my right-hand, and in the same point of view with myself. This was a little old woman, who in her prime had been about five feet high, though at present shrunk to about three quarters of that measure: her natural aspect was puckered up with wrinkles, and her head covered with grey hairs. I had observed all along an innocent chearfulness in her face, which was now heightened into rapture, as she beheld herself in the glass. It was an odd circumstance in my dream, but I cannot forbear relating it, I conceived so great an inclination towards her, that I had thoughts of discoursing her upon the point of marriage, when on a sudden she was carried from me; for the word was now given, that all who were pleased with their own images, should separate, and place themselves at the head of their sex.

This detachment was afterwards divided into three bodies, consisting of maids, wives, and widows; the wives being placed in the middle, with the maids on the right, and widows on the left, though it was with difficulty that these two last bodies were hindered from falling into the centre. This separation of those who liked their real selves, not having lessened the number of the main body so considerably as it might have been wished, the goddess, after having drawn up her mirror, thought fit to make new distinctions among those who did not like the figure which they saw in it. She made several wholesome edicts, which are slipt out of my mind; but there were two which dwelt upon me, as being very extraordinary in their kind, and executed with great severity. Their design was, to make an example of two extremes in the female world; of those who are very severe on the conduct of others, and of those who are very regardless of their own. The first sentence therefore the goddess pronounced, was, that all females addicted to censoriousness and detraction, should lose the use of speech; a punishment which would be the most grievous

grievous to the offender, and, what should be the end of all punishments, effectual for rooting out the crime. Upon this edict, which was as soon executed as published, the noise of this assembly very considerably abated. It was a melancholy spectacle, to see so many who had the reputation of rigid virtue struck dumb. A lady who stood by me, and saw my concern, told me, she wondered how I could be concerned for such a pack of —— I found by the shaking of her head, she was going to give me their characters, but by her saying no more, I perceived she had lost the command of her tongue. This calamity fell very heavy upon that part of women who are distinguished by the name of Prudes, a courtly word for female hypocrites, who have a short way to being virtuous, by shewing that others are vicious. The second sentence was then pronounced against the loose part of the sex, that all should immediately be pregnant, who in any part of their lives had ran the hazard of it. This produced a very goodly appearance, and revealed so many misconducts, that made those who were lately struck dumb, repine more than ever at their want of utterance; though at the same time, as afflictions seldom come single, many of the mutes were also seized with this new calamity. The ladies were now in such a condition, that they would have wanted room, had not the plain been large enough to let them divide their ground, and extend their lines on all sides. It was a sensible affliction to me, to see such a multitude of fair-ones, either dumb or bigbellied: but I was something more at ease, when I found that they agreed upon several regulations to cover such misfortunes. Among others, that it should be an established maxim in all nations, that a woman's first child might come into the world within six months after her acquaintance with her husband; and that grief might retard the birth of her last until fourteen months after his decease.

This vision lasted until my usual hour of waking, which I did with some surprize, to find myself alone, after having been engaged almost a whole night in so prodigious a multitude. I could not but reflect with wonder, at the partiality and extravagance of my vision; which, according to my thoughts, has not done justice to the sex. If virtue in men is more venerable, it is in women more lovely; which Milton has very finely expressed in his Paradise Lost, where Adam, speaking of Eve, after having asserted his own pre-eminence, as being first in creation and internal faculties, breaks out in the following rapture:

——Yet when I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself compleat, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do, or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded, wisdom in discourse with her
Loses discountenanc'd, and like folly shews.
Authority and reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally: and, to consummate all,
Greatness of mind, and nobleness, their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic plac'd.

Nº CIII. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1709.

——HÆ NUGÆ SERIA DUCENT
IN MALA, DERISUM SEMEL, EXCEPTUMQUE SINISTRE.
HOR. ARS POET. VER. 452.

THESE TOYS WILL ONCE TO SERIOUS MISCHIEFS FALL,
WHEN HE IS LAUGHT AT, WHEN HE IS JEER'D BY ALL.
CREECH.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, DEC. 5.

THERE is nothing gives a man a greater satisfaction, than the sense of having dispatched a great deal of business, especially when it turns to the public emolument. I have much pleasure of this kind upon my spirits at present, occasioned by the fatigue of affairs which I went through last Saturday. It is some time since I set apart that day for examining the pretensions of several who had applied to me, for canes, perspective-glasses, snuff-boxes, orange-flower-waters, and the like ornaments of life. In order to adjust this matter, I had

I had before directed Charles Lillie, of Beauford Buildings, to prepare a great bundle of blank licences in the following words:

YOU are hereby required to permit the bearer of this cane to pass and repass through the streets and suburbs of London, or any place within ten miles of it, without let or molestation; provided that he does not walk with it under his arm, brandish it in the air, or hang it on a button: in which case it shall be forfeited; and I hereby declare it forfeited to any one who shall think it safe to take it from him.

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

The same form, differing only in the provisos, will serve for a perspective, snuff-box, or perfumed handkerchief. I had placed myself in my elbow-chair at the upper-end of my great parlour, having ordered Charles Lillie to take his place upon a joint-stool, with a writing-desk before him. John Morphew also took his station at the door; I having, for his good and faithful services, appointed him my chamber-keeper upon court-days. He let me know, that there were a great number attending without. Upon which I ordered him to give notice, that I did not intend to sit upon snuff-boxes that day; but that those who appeared for canes might enter. The first presented me with the following petition, which I ordered Mr. Lillie to read.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE. CENSOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF SIMON TRIPPIT,

SHEWETH,

THAT your petitioner having been bred up to a cane from his youth, it is now become as necessary to him as any other of his limbs.

That a great part of his behaviour depending upon it, he should be reduced to the utmost necessities if he should lose the use of it.

That the knocking of it upon his shoe, leaning one leg upon it, or whistling with it on his mouth, are such great reliefs to him in conversation, that he does not know how to be good company without it.

That he is at present engaged in an amour, and must despair of success if it be taken from him.

Your petitioner, therefore, hopes, that, the premises tenderly considered, your worship will not deprive him of so useful and so necessary a support.

And your petitioner shall ever, &c.

Upon the hearing of his case, I was touched with some compassion; and the more so, when upon observing him nearer, I found he was a Prig. I bid him produce his cane in court, which he had left at the door. He did so, and I finding it to be very curiously clouded, with a transparent amber head, and a blue ribband to hang upon his wrist, I immediately ordered my clerk Lillie to lay it up, and deliver out to him a plain joint, headed with walnut; and then, in order to wean him from it by degrees, permitted him to wear it three days in a week, and to abate proportionably until he found himself able to go alone.

The second who appeared, came limping into the court: and setting forth in his petition many pretences for the use of a cane, I caused them to be examined one by one; but finding him in different stories, and confronting him with several witnesses who had seen him walk upright, I ordered Mr. Lillie to take in his cane, and rejected his petition as frivolous.

A third made his entry with great difficulty, leaning upon a slight stick, and in danger of falling every step he took. I saw the weakness of his hams; and hearing that he had married a young wife about a fortnight before, I bid him leave his cane, and gave him a new pair of crutches, with which he went off in great vigour and alacrity. This gentleman was succeeded by another, who seemed very much pleased while his petition was reading, in which he had represented, that he was extremely afflicted with the gout, and set his foot upon the ground with the caution and dignity which accompany that distemper. I suspected him for an impostor, and having ordered him to be searched, I committed him into the hands of Doctor Thomas Smith in King Street, my own corn-cutter, who attended in an outward room, and wrought so speedy a cure upon him, that I thought fit to send him away without his cane.

While I was thus dispensing justice, I heard

I heard a noiſe in my outward room; and enquiring what was the occaſion of it, my door-keeper told me, that they had taken up one in the very fact as he was paſſing by my door. They immediately brought in a lively, freſh-coloured young man, who made great reſiſtance with hand and foot, but did not offer to make uſe of his cane, which hung upon his fifth button. Upon examination I found him to be an Oxford ſcholar, who was juſt entered at the Temple. He at firſt diſputed the juriſdiction of the court; but being driven out of his little law and logic, he told me very pertly, that he looked upon ſuch a perpendicular creature as man, to make a very imperfect figure without a cane in his hand. 'It is well known,' ſays he, 'we ought, according to the 'natural ſituation of our bodies, to 'walk upon our hands and feet; and 'that the wiſdom of the ancients had 'deſcribed man to be an animal of four 'legs in the morning, two at noon, and 'three at night; by which they intimated, that a cane might very properly become part of us in ſome period 'of life.' Upon which I aſked him, whether he wore it at his breaſt to have it in readineſs when that period ſhould arrive? My young lawyer immediately told me, he had a property in it, and a right to hang it where he pleaſed, and to make uſe of it as he thought fit, provided that he did not break the peace with it. And further ſaid, that he never took it off his button, unleſs it were to lift it up at a coachman, hold it over the head of a drawer, point out the circumſtances of a ſtory, or for other ſervices of the like nature, that are all within the laws of the land. I did not care for diſcouraging a young man who, I ſaw, would come to good; and becauſe his heart was ſet upon his new purchaſe, I only ordered him to wear it about his neck, inſtead of hanging it upon his button, and ſo diſmiſſed him.

There were ſeveral appeared in court, whoſe pretenſions I found to be very good, and therefore gave them their licenſes upon paying their fees; as many others had their licences renewed, who required more time for recovery of their lameneſs than I had before allowed them.

Having diſpatched this ſet of my petitioners, there came in a well-dreſſed man, with a glaſs tube in one hand, and his petition in the other. Upon his entering the room, he threw back the right ſide of his wig, put forward his right-leg, and advancing the glaſs to his right-eye, aimed it directly at me. In the mean while, to make my obſervations alſo, I put on my ſpectacles; in which poſture we ſurveyed each other for ſome time. Upon the removal of our glaſſes, I deſired him to read his petition, which he did very promptly and eaſily; though at the ſame time it ſet forth, that he could ſee nothing diſtinctly, and was within a very few degrees of being utterly blind; concluding with a prayer, that he might be permitted to ſtrengthen and extend his ſight by a glaſs. In anſwer to this I told him, he might ſometimes extend it to his own deſtruction. 'As you are now,' ſaid I, 'you are out of the reach of beauty; 'the ſhafts of the fineſt eyes loſe their 'force before they can come at you; 'you cannot diſtinguiſh a toaſt from an 'orange-wench; you can ſee a whole 'circle of beauty without any interruption from an impertinent face to diſ-'compoſe you. In ſhort, what are 'ſnares for others—' My petitioner would hear no more, but told me very ſeriouſly—'Mr. Bickerſtaff, you quite 'miſtake your man; it is the joy, the 'pleaſure, the employment of my life, 'to frequent public aſſemblies, and 'gaze upon the fair.' In a word, I found his uſe of a glaſs was occaſioned by no other infirmity but his vanity; and was not ſo much deſigned to make him ſee, as to make him be ſeen and diſtinguiſhed by others. I therefore refuſed him a licence for a perſpective, but allowed him a pair of ſpectacles, with full permiſſion to uſe them in any public aſſembly as he ſhould think fit. He was followed by ſo very few of this order of men, that I have reaſon to hope this ſort of cheats are almoſt at an end.

The orange-flower-men appeared next with petitions, perfumed ſo ſtrongly with muſk, that I was almoſt overcome with the ſcent; and for my own ſake was obliged forthwith to licence their handkerchiefs, eſpecially when I found they had ſweetened them at Charles Lillie's, and that ſome of their perſons would not be altogether inoffenſive without them. John Morphew, whom I have made the general of my dead men, acquainted me, that the petitioners were all of that order, and could produce

certificates

certificates to prove it, if I required it. I was so well pleased with this way of their embalming themselves, that I commanded the aforesaid Morphew to give it in orders to his whole army, that every one who did not surrender himself up to be disposed of by the upholders, should use the same method to keep himself sweet during his present state of putrefaction.

I finished my session with great content of mind, reflecting upon the good I had done; for however slightly men may regard these particularities and little follies in dress and behaviour, they lead to greater evils. The bearing to be laughed at for such singularities, teaches us insensibly an impertinent fortitude, and enables us to bear public censure for things which more substantially deserve it. By this means they open a gate to folly, and oftentimes render a man so ridiculous, as to discredit his virtues and capacities, and unqualify them from doing any good in the world. Besides, the giving into uncommon habits of this nature, is a want of that humble deference which is due to mankind; and, what is worst of all, the certain indication of some secret flaw in the mind of the person that commits them. When I was a young man, I remember a gentleman of great integrity and worth was very remarkable for wearing a broad belt, and a hanger instead of a fashionable sword, though in all other points a very well-bred man. I suspected him at first sight to have something wrong in him, but was not able for a long while to discover any collateral proofs of it. I watched him narrowly for six and thirty years; when at last, to the surprize of every body but myself, who had long expected to see the folly break out, he married his own cook-maid.

Nº CIV. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1709.

GARRIT ANILES
EX RE FABELLAS

Hor. Sat. 6. lib. 2. ver. 78.

HE TELLS AN OLD WIFE'S TALE VERY PERTINENTLY.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, DEC. 21.

MY brother Tranquillus being gone out of town for some days, my sister Jenny sent me word she would come and dine with me, and therefore desired me to have no other company. I took care accordingly, and was not a little pleased to see her enter the room with a decent and matron-like behaviour, which I thought very much became her. I saw she had a great deal to say to me, and easily discovered in her eyes, and the air of her countenance, that she had abundance of satisfaction in her heart, which she longed to communicate. However, I was resolved to let her break into her discourse her own way, and reduced her to a thousand little devices and intimations to bring me to the mention of her husband. But finding I was resolved not to name him, she began of her own accord: 'My 'husband,' said she, 'gives his humble 'service to you:' to which I only answered, 'I hope he is well;' and without waiting for a reply, fell into other subjects. She at last was out of all patience, and said, with a smile and manner that I thought had more beauty and spirit than I had ever observed before in her—'I did not think, brother, you 'had been so ill-natured. You have 'seen, ever since I came in, that I had 'a mind to talk of my husband, and 'you will not be so kind as to give me 'an occasion.'—'I did not know,' said I, 'but it might be a disagreeable sub-'ject to you. You do not take me for 'so old-fashioned a fellow as to think 'of entertaining a young lady with the 'discourse of her husband. I know 'nothing is more acceptable than to 'speak of one who is to be so; but to 'speak of one who is so! indeed, Jenny, 'I am a better bred man than you 'think me.' She shewed a little dislike at my raillery; and by her bridling up, I perceived she expected to be treated hereafter not as Jenny Distaff, but Mrs. Tranquillus. I was very well pleased with this change in her humour; and upon talking with her on several subjects, I could not but fancy that I saw a great deal of her husband's way and manner in her remarks, her phrases, the tone

tone of her voice, and the very air of her countenance. This gave me an unspeakable satisfaction, not only because I had found her a husband, from whom she could learn many things that were laudable, but also because I looked upon her imitation of him as an infallible sign that she entirely loved him. This is an observation that I never knew fail, though I do not remember that any other has made it. The natural shyness of her sex hindered her from telling me the greatness of her own passion; but I easily collected it from the representation she gave me of his. 'I have every 'thing,' says she, 'in Tranquillus, 'that I can wish for; and enjoy in him, 'what indeed you have often told me 'were to be met with in a good husband, the fondness of a lover, the tenderness of a parent, and the intimacy 'of a friend.' It transported me to see her eyes swimming in tears of affection when she spoke. 'And is there 'not, dear sister,' said I, 'more pleasure in the possession of such a man, 'than in all the little impertinencies of 'balls, assemblies, and equipage, which 'it cost me much pains to make you 'contemn?' She answered, smiling—'Tranquillus has made me a sincere 'convert in a few weeks, though I am 'afraid you could not have done it in 'your whole life. To tell you truly, 'I have only one fear hanging upon 'me, which is apt to give me trouble 'in the midst of all my satisfactions: I 'am afraid, you must know, that I 'shall not always make the same amiable appearance in his eye that I do at 'present. You know, brother Bickerstaff, that you have the reputation of 'a conjuror; and if you have any one 'secret in your art to make your sister 'always beautiful, I should be happier 'than if I were mistress of all the worlds 'you have shewn me in a starry night.' —'Jenny,' said I, 'without having 'recourse to magic, I shall give you 'one plain rule, that will not fail of 'making you always amiable to a man 'who has so great a passion for you, 'and is of so equal and reasonable a temper as Tranquillus. Endeavour 'to please, and you must please; be always in the same disposition as you 'are when you ask for this secret, and 'you may take my word you will never 'want it. An inviolable fidelity, good-'humour, and complacency of temper, 'outlive all the charms of a fine face, 'and make the decays of it invisible.'

We discoursed very long upon this head, which was equally agreeable to us both; for I must confess, as I tenderly love her, I take as much pleasure in giving her instructions for her welfare, as she herself does in receiving them. I proceeded therefore to inculcate these sentiments, by relating a very particular passage that happened within my own knowledge.

There were several of us making merry at a friend's house in a country village, when the sexton of the parish-church entered the room in a sort of surprize, and told us, that as he was digging a grave in the chancel, a little blow of his pick-axe opened a decayed coffin, in which there were several written papers. Our curiosity was immediately raised, so that we went to the place where the sexton had been at work, and found a great concourse of people about the grave. Among the rest there was an old woman, who told us, the person buried there was a lady whose name I do not think fit to mention, though there is nothing in the story but what tends very much to her honour. This lady lived several years an exemplary pattern of conjugal love, and dying soon after her husband, who every way answered her character in virtue and affection, made it her death-bed request, that all the letters which she had received from him, both before and after her marriage, should be buried in the coffin with her. This I found upon examination were the papers before us. Several of them had suffered so much by time, that I could only pick out a few words; as 'My Soul! Lilies! Roses! 'Dearest Angel!' and the like. One of them, which was legible throughout, ran thus:

MADAM,

IF you would know the greatness of my love, consider that of your own beauty. That blooming countenance, that snowy bosom, that graceful person, return every moment to my imagination: the brightness of your eyes hath hindered me from closing mine since I last saw you. You may still add to your beauties by a smile. A frown will make me the most wretched of men, as I am the most passionate of lovers.

It filled the whole company with a deep melancholy to compare the deſcription of the letter with the perſon that occaſioned it, who was now reduced to a few crumbling bones and a little mouldering heap of earth. With much ado I decyphered another letter, which began with, 'My dear, dear wife!' This gave me a curioſity to ſee how the ſtyle of one written in marriage differed from one written in courtſhip. To my ſurprize, I found the fondneſs rather augmented than leſſened, though the panegyric turned upon a different accompliſhment. The words were as follow:

'BEFORE this ſhort abſence from you, I did not know that I loved you ſo much as I really do; though at the ſame time, I thought I loved you as much as poſſible. I am under great apprehenſion leſt you ſhould have any uneaſineſs whilſt I am defrauded of my ſhare in it, and cannot think of taſting any pleaſures that you do not partake with me. Pray, my dear, be careful of your health, if for no other reaſon but becauſe you know I could not outlive you. It is natural in abſence to make profeſſions of an inviolable conſtancy; but towards ſo much merit it is ſcarce a virtue, eſpecially when it is but a bare return to that of which you have given me ſuch continued proofs ever ſince our firſt acquaintance. I am, &c.

It happened that the daughter of theſe two excellent perſons was by when I was reading this letter. At the ſight of the coffin, in which was the body of her mother, near that of her father, ſhe melted into a flood of tears. As I had heard a great character of her virtue, and obſerved in her this inſtance of filial piety, I could not reſiſt my natural inclination of giving advice to young people, and therefore addreſſed myſelf to her: 'Young lady,' ſaid I, 'you ſee 'how ſhort is the poſſeſſion of that beau-'ty, in which Nature has been ſo liberal 'to you. You find the melancholy 'ſight before you is a contradiction to 'the firſt letter that you heard on that 'ſubject; whereas you may obſerve, the 'ſecond letter, which celebrates your 'mother's conſtancy, is itſelf, being 'found in this place, an argument of 'it. But, Madam, I ought to caution 'you not to think the bodies that lie be-'fore you your father and your mother. 'Know their conſtancy is rewarded by 'a nobler union than by this mingling 'of their aſhes, in a ſtate where there 'is no danger or poſſibility of a ſecond 'ſeparation.'

Nº CV. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1709.

SHEER-LANE, DEC. 9.

AS ſoon as my midnight ſtudies are finiſhed, I take but a very ſhort repoſe, and am again up at an exerciſe of another kind; that is to ſay, my fencing. Thus my life paſſes away in a reſtleſs purſuit of fame, and a preparation to defend myſelf againſt ſuch as attack it. This anxiety in the point of reputation is the peculiar diſtreſs of fine ſpirits, and makes them liable to a thouſand inquietudes, from which men of groſſer underſtandings are exempt; ſo that nothing is more common than to ſee one part of mankind live at perfect eaſe under ſuch circumſtances as would make another part of them entirely miſerable.

This may ſerve for a preface to the hiſtory of poor Will Roſin, the fiddler of Wapping, who is a man as much made for happineſs and a quiet life, as any one breathing; but has been lately entangled in ſo many intricate and unreaſonable diſtreſſes, as would have made him, had he been a man of too nice honour, the moſt wretched of all mortals. I came to the knowledge of his affairs by mere accident. Several of the narrow end of our lane having made an appointment to viſit ſome friends beyond St. Katherine's, where there was to be a merry meeting, they would needs take with them the old gentleman, as they are pleaſed to call me. I, who value my company by their good-will, which naturally has the ſame effect as good-breeding, was not too ſtately, or too wiſe, to accept of the invitation. Our deſign was to be ſpectators of a ſea-ball; to which I readily conſented, provided I might be incognito, being naturally pleaſed with the ſurvey of human life in all

all it's degrees and circumſtances. In order to this merriment, Will Roſin, who is the Corelli of the Wapping ſide, as Tom Scrape is the Bononcini of Redriffe, was immediately ſent for; but, to our utter diſappointment, poor Will was under an arreſt, and deſired the aſſiſtance of all his kind maſters and miſtreſſes, or he muſt go to gaol. The whole company received his meſſage with great humanity, and very generouſly threw in their halfpence a piece in a great diſh, which purchaſed his redemption out of the hands of the bailiffs. During the negociation for his enlargement, I had an opportunity of acquainting myſelf with his hiſtory.

Mr. William Roſin, of the pariſh of St. Katherine, is ſomewhat ſtricken in years, and married to a young widow, who has very much the aſcendant over him; this degenerate age being ſo perverted in all things, that even in the ſtate of matrimony, the young pretend to govern their elders. The muſician is extremely fond of her; but is often obliged to lay by his fiddle to hear louder notes of her's, when ſhe is pleaſed to be angry with him: for you are to know, Will is not of conſequence enough to enjoy her converſation but when ſhe chides him, or makes uſe of him to carry on her amours. For ſhe is a woman of ſtratagem; and even in that part of the world, where one would expect but very little gallantry, by the force of natural genius, ſhe can be ſullen, ſick, out of humour, ſplenetic, want new cloaths, and more money, as well as if ſhe had been bred in Cheapſide or Cornhill. She was lately under a ſecret diſcontent upon account of a lover ſhe was like to loſe by his marriage; for her gallant, Mr. Ezekiel Boniface, had been twice aſked in the church, in order to be joined in matrimony with Mrs. Winifred Dimple, ſpinſter, of the ſame pariſh. Hereupon Mrs. Roſin was far gone in that diſtemper which well-governed huſbands know by the deſcription of—'I am I 'know not how;' and Will ſoon underſtood that it was his part to enquire into the occaſion of her melancholy, or ſuffer as the cauſe of it himſelf. After much importunity, all he could get out of her was, that ſhe was the moſt unhappy and the moſt wicked of all women, and had no friend in the world to tell her grief to. Upon this Will doubled his importunities; but ſhe ſaid that ſhe ſhould break her poor heart, if he did not take a ſolemn oath upon a book, that he would not be angry; and that he would expoſe the perſon who had wronged her to all the world, for the eaſe of her mind, which was no way elſe to be quieted. The fiddler was ſo melted, that he immediately kiſſed her, and afterwards the book. When his oath was taken, ſhe begun to lament herſelf, and revealed to him, that, miſerable woman as ſhe was, ſhe had been falſe to his bed. Will was glad to hear it was no worſe; but before he could reply—'Nay,' ſaid ſhe, 'I will make 'you all the atonement I can, and take 'ſhame upon me by proclaiming it to 'all the world, which is the only thing 'that can remove my preſent terrors of 'mind.' This was indeed too true; for her deſign was to prevent Mr. Boniface's marriage, which was all ſhe apprehended. Will was thoroughly angry, and begun to curſe and ſwear, the ordinary expreſſions of paſſion in perſons of his condition. Upon which his wife —'Ah, William! how well you mind 'the oath you have taken, and the diſ-'treſs of your poor wife, who can keep 'nothing from you; I hope you will 'not be ſuch a perjured wretch as to 'forſwear yourſelf.' The fiddler anſwered, that his oath obliged him only not to be angry at what was paſt; 'But 'I find you intend to make me laughed 'at all over Wapping.'—'No, no,' replied Mrs. Roſin, 'I ſee well enough 'what you would be at, you poor-ſpi-'rited cuckold. You are afraid to 'expoſe Boniface, who has abuſed your 'poor wife, and would fain perſuade 'me ſtill to ſuffer the ſtings of con-'ſcience; but I aſſure you, ſirrah, I 'will not go to the devil for you.' Poor Will was not made for contention; and, beſeeching her to be pacified, deſired ſhe would conſult the good of her ſoul her own way, for he would not ſay her Nay in any thing.

Mrs. Roſin was ſo very loud and public in her invectives againſt Boniface, that the parents of his miſtreſs forbad the banns, and his match was prevented; which was the whole deſign of this deep ſtratagem. The father of Boniface brought his action of defamation, arreſted the fiddler, and recovered damages. This was the diſtreſs from which he was relieved by the company; and the good huſband's air, hiſtory, and

jollity, upon his enlargement, gave occaſion to very much mirth; eſpecially when Will, finding he had friends to ſtand by him, proclaimed himſelf a cuckold, by way of inſult over the family of the Bonifaces. Here is a man of tranquillity without reading Seneca! What work had ſuch an incident made among perſons of diſtinction! The brothers and kindred of each ſide muſt have been drawn out, and hereditary hatred entailed on the families as long as their very names remained in the world? Who would believe that Herod, Othello, and Will Roſin, were of the ſame ſpecies?

There are quite different ſentiments which reign in the parlour and the kitchen; and it is by the point of honour, when juſtly regulated, and inviolably obſerved, that ſome men are ſuperior to others, as much as mankind in general are to brutes. This puts me in mind of a paſſage in the admirable poem called the Diſpenſary, where the nature of true honour is artfully deſcribed in an ironical diſpraiſe of it.

But ere we once engage in honour's cauſe,
Firſt know what honour is, and whence it was.
Scorn'd by the baſe, 'tis courted by the brave,
The hero's tyrant, and the coward's ſlave.
Born in the noiſy camp, it lives on air;
And both exiſts by hope, and by deſpair.
Angry whene'er a moment's eaſe we gain,
And reconcil'd at our returns of pain.
It lives, when in death's arms the hero lies,
But when his ſafety he conſults, it dies.
Bigotted to this idol, we diſclaim
Reſt, health, and eaſe, for nothing but a name.

A very odd fellow viſited me to-day at my lodgings, and deſired encouragement and recommendation from me for a new invention of knockers to doors, which he told me he had made, and profeſſed to teach ruſtic ſervants the uſe of them. I deſired him to ſhew me an experiment of this invention; upon which he fixed one of his knockers to my parlour door. He then gave me a compleat ſet of knocks, from the ſolitary rap of the dun and beggar, to the thunderings of the ſaucy footman of quality, with ſeveral flouriſhes and rattlings never yet performed. He likewiſe played over ſome private notes, diſtinguiſhing the familiar friend or relation from the modiſh viſitor; and directing when the reſerve candles are to be lighted. He has ſeveral other curioſities in this art. He waits only to receive my approbation of the main deſign. He is now ready to practiſe to ſuch as ſhall apply themſelves to him; but I have put off his public licence until next court-day.

N.B. He teaches under ground.

N° CVI. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1709.

——INVENIES DISSECTI MEMBRA POETÆ.

HOR. LIB. I. SAT. 4. V. 62.

YOU WILL FIND THE LIMBS OF A DISMEMBER'D POET.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, DEC. 12.

I Was this evening ſitting at the ſide-table, and reading one of my own papers with great ſatisfaction, not knowing that I was obſerved by any in the room. I had not long enjoyed this ſecret pleaſure of an author, when a gentleman, ſome of whoſe works I have been highly entertained with, accoſted me after the following manner. 'Mr. 'Bickerſtaff, you know I have for ſome 'years devoted myſelf wholly to the 'muſes; and perhaps you will be ſurprized when I tell you I am reſolved 'to take up and apply myſelf to buſi-'neſs. I ſhall therefore beg you will 'ſtand my friend, and recommend a 'cuſtomer to me for ſeveral goods that 'I have now upon my hands.' I deſired him to let me have a particular, and I would do my utmoſt to ſerve him. 'I have firſt of all,' ſays he, 'the pro-'greſs of an amour digeſted into ſon-'nets, beginning with a poem to the 'unknown fair, and ending with an 'epithalamium. I have celebrated in 'it her cruelty, her pity, her face, her 'ſhape, her wit, her good-humour, her 'dancing, her ſinging——' I could not forbear interrupting him: 'This 'is a moſt accompliſhed lady,' ſaid I; 'but has ſhe really, with all theſe 'perfections, a fine voice?'—'Pugh,' ſays he, 'you do not believe there is 'ſuch a perſon in nature. This was 'only my employment in ſolitude laſt 'ſummer, when I had neither friends

'or

' or books to divert me.'—' I was go-
' ing,' said I, ' to ask her name, but I
' find it is only an imaginary mistress.'
—' That's true,' replied my friend;
' but her name is Flavia. I have,'
continued he, ' in the second place, a
' collection of lampoons, calculated
' either for the Bath, Tunbridge, or
' any place where they drink waters,
' with blank spaces for the names of
' such person or persons as may be in-
' serted in them on occasion. Thus
' much I have told only of what I have
' by me, proceeding from love and ma-
' lice. I have also at this time the sketch
' of an heroic poem upon the next peace:
' several indeed of the verses are either
' too long or too short, it being a rough
' draught of my thoughts upon that
' subject.' I thereupon told him, that as it was, it might probably pass for a very good pindaric, and I believed I knew one who would be willing to deal with him for it upon that foot. ' I
' must tell you also,' said he, ' I have
' made a dedication to it, which is about
' four sides close written, that may serve
' any one that is tall, and understands
' Latin. I have further, about fifty
' similes, that were never yet applied,
' besides three and twenty descriptions
' of the sun rising, that might be of
' great use to an epic poet. These are
' my more bulky commodities: besides
' which, I have several small wares that
' I would, part with at easy rates; as,
' observations upon life, and moral sen-
' tences, reduced into several couplets,
' very proper to close up acts of plays,
' and may be easily introduced by two
' or three lines of prose, either in tra-
' gedy or comedy. If I could find a
' purchaser curious in Latin poetry, I
' could accommodate him with two
' dozen of epigrams, which, by reason
' of a few false quantities, should come
' for little or nothing.'

I heard the gentleman with much attention, and asked him, whether he would break bulk, and sell his goods by retail, or designed they should all go in a lump? He told me, that he should be very loth to part them, unless it was to oblige a man of quality, or any person for whom I had a particular friendship. ' My reason for asking,'
said I, ' is, only because I know a
' young gentleman who intends to ap-
' pear next spring in a new jingling
' chariot, with the figures of the Nine
' Muses on each side of it; and, I believe,
' would be glad to come into the world
' in verse.' We could not go on in our treaty by reason of two or three critics that joined us. They had been talking, it seems, of the two letters which were found in the coffin, and mentioned in one of my late Lucubrations; and came with a request to me, that I would communicate any others of them that were legible. One of the gentlemen was pleased to say, that it was a very proper instance of a widow's constancy; and said, he wished I had subjoined, as a foil to it, the following passage in Hamlet. The young prince was not yet acquainted with all the guilt of his mother, but turns his thoughts on her sudden forgetfulness of his father, and the indecency of her hasty marriage.

——That it should come to this!
But two months dead! nay, not so much, not two!
So excellent a king! that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he permitted not the winds of heav'n
To visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? Why she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: and yet, within a month!
Let me not think on't—Frailty thy name is Woman!
A little month! or ere those shoes were old,
With which she followed my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears, why she, even she,
Oh heav'n! a brute, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer—married with mine uncle!
My father's brother! but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules. Within a month!
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing of her gauled eyes,
She married—O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
But break my heart; for I must hold my tongue.

The several emotions of mind, and breaks of passion, in this speech, are admirable. He has touched every circumstance that aggravated the fact, and seemed capable of hurrying the thoughts of a son into distraction. His father's tenderness for his mother, expressed in so delicate a particular; his mother's fondness for his father no less exquisitely described; the great and amiable figure

of

of his dead parent drawn by a true filial piety; his disdain of so unworthy a successor to his bed: but, above all, the shortness of the time between his father's death and his mother's second marriage, brought together with so much disorder, make up as noble a part as any in that celebrated tragedy. The circumstance of time I never could enough admire. The widowhood had lasted two months. This is his first reflection: but as his indignation rises, he sinks to scarce two months; afterwards into a month; and at last into a little month: but all this so naturally, that the reader accompanies him in the violence of his passion, and finds the time lessen insensibly, according to the different workings of his disdain. I have not mentioned the incest of her marriage, which is so obvious a provocation; but cannot forbear taking notice, that when his fury is at it's height, he cries—'Frailty, thy name is 'Woman!' as railing at the sex in general, rather than giving himself leave to think his mother worse than others, ——*Desiderantur multa.*

Whereas Mr. Jeffery Groggram has surrendered himself by his letter, bearing date December 7, and has sent an acknowledgment that he is dead, praying an order to the company of Upholders for interment at such a reasonable rate as may not impoverish his heirs: The said Groggram having been dead ever since he was born, and added nothing to his small patrimony, Mr. Bickerstaff has taken the premises into consideration; and being sensible of the ingenuous and singular behaviour of this petitioner, pronounces the said Jeffery Groggram a live man, and will not suffer that he should bury himself out of modesty; but requires him to remain among the living, as an example to those obstinate dead men, who will neither labour for life, nor go to their grave.

N. B. Mr. Groggram is the first person that has come in upon Mr. Bickerstaff's dead warrant.

Florinda demands by her letter of this day to be allowed to pass for a living woman, having danced the Derbyshire Hornpipe in the presence of several friends on Saturday last.

Granted; provided she can bring proof, that she can make a pudding on the twenty-fourth instant.

N° CVII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1709.

——AH MISER!
QUANTA LABORAS IN CHARYBDI,
DIGNE PUER MELIORE FLAMMA?

HOR. OD. 27. VER. 20.

UNHAPPY YOUTH! DOTH SHE SURPRIZE?
AND HAVE HER FLAMES POSSESS'D
THY BURNING BREAST?
THOU DIDST DESERVE A DART FROM KINDER EYES.

CREECH.

SHEER-LANE, DEC. 14.

ABOUT four this afternoon, which is the hour I usually put myself in a readiness to receive company, there entered a gentleman who I believed at first came upon some ordinary question; but as he approached nearer to me, I saw in his countenance a deep sorrow, mixed with a certain ingenuous complacency that gave me sudden good-will towards him. He stared and betrayed an absence of thought as he was going to communicate his business to me. But at last, recovering himself, he said with an air of great respect—'Sir, it would 'be an injury to your knowledge in the 'occult sciences, to tell you what is 'my distress; I dare say, you read it in 'my countenance: I therefore beg your 'advice to the most unhappy of all men.' Much experience has made me particularly sagacious in the discovery of distempers, and I soon saw that his was love. I then turned to my common-place-book, and found his case under the word Coquette; and reading over the catalogue which I have collected out of this great city of all under that character, I saw at the name of Cynthia his fit came upon him. I repeated the name thrice after a musing manner, and immediately

mediately perceived his pulſe quicken two thirds; when his eyes, inſtead of the wildneſs with which they appeared at his entrance, looked with all the gentleneſs imaginable upon me, not without tears. 'Oh, Sir,' ſaid he, 'you know not the 'unworthy uſage I have met with from 'the woman my ſoul doats on. I could 'gaze at her to the end of my being; 'yet when I have done ſo, for ſome time 'paſt, I have found her eyes fixed on 'another. She is now two-and-twenty, 'in the full tyranny of her charms, 'which ſhe once acknowledged ſhe re-'joiced in, only as they made her choice 'of me, out of a crowd of admirers, 'the more obliging. But in the midſt 'of this happineſs, ſo it is Mr. Bicker-'ſtaff, that young Quickſett, who is juſt 'come to town, without any other re-'commendation than that of being to-'lerably handſome, and exceſſively rich, 'has won her heart in ſo ſhameleſs a 'manner, that ſhe dies for him. In a 'word, I would conſult you, how to 'cure myſelf of this paſſion for an un-'grateful woman, who triumphs in her 'falſhood, and can make no man hap-'py, becauſe her own ſatisfaction con-'ſiſts chiefly in being capable of giving 'diſtreſs. I know Quickſett is at pre-'ſent conſiderable with her, for no other 'reaſon but that he can be without her, 'and feel no pain in the loſs. Let me 'therefore deſire you, Sir, to fortify my 'reaſon againſt the levity of an incon-'ſtant, who ought only to be treated 'with neglect.'

All this time I was looking over my receipts, and aſked him, if he had any good winter boots—'Boots, Sir,' ſaid my patient—I went on—'You may eaſily reach 'Harwich in a day, ſo as to be there 'when the packet goes off.'—'Sir,' ſaid the lover, 'I find you deſign me for 'travelling; but, alas! I have no lan-'guage, it will be the ſame thing to me 'as ſolitude, to be in a ſtrange country. 'I have,' continued he, ſighing, 'been 'many years in love with this creature, 'and have almoſt loſt even my Engliſh, 'at leaſt to ſpeak ſuch as any body elſe 'does. I aſked a tenant of ours, who 'came up to town the other day with 'rent, whether the flowery mead near 'my father's houſe in the country, had 'any ſhepherd in it? I have called a 'cave a grotto theſe three years, and 'muſt keep ordinary company, and fre-'quent buſy people for ſome time, be-'fore I can recover my common words.' I ſmiled at his raillery upon himſelf, though I well ſaw it came from a heavy heart. 'You are,' ſaid I, 'acquaint-'ed to be ſure with ſome of the general 'officers: ſuppoſe you made a cam-'paign?'—'If I did,' ſaid he, 'I ſhould 'venture more than any man there, for 'I ſhould be in danger of ſtarving; my 'father is ſuch an untoward old gen-'tleman, that he would tell me he found 'it hard enough to pay his taxes to-'wards the war without making it more 'expenſive by an allowance to me. With 'all this, he is as fond as he is rugged, 'and I am his only ſon.'

I looked upon the young gentleman with much tenderneſs, and not like a phyſician, but a friend; for I talked to him ſo largely, that if I had parcelled my diſcourſe into diſtinct preſcriptions, I am confident I gave him two hundred pounds worth of advice. He heard me with great attention, bowing, ſmiling, and ſhewing all other inſtances of that natural good-breeding which ingenuous tempers pay to thoſe who are elder and wiſer than themſelves. I entertained him to the following purpoſe. 'I am ſorry, Sir, that your paſ-'ſion is of ſo long a date, for evils are 'much more curable in their begin-'nings; but at the ſame time muſt al-'low, that you are not to be blamed, 'ſince your youth and merit have been 'abuſed by one of the moſt charming, 'but the moſt unworthy ſort of women, 'the Coquettes. A Coquette is a chaſte 'jilt, and differs only from a common 'one, as a ſoldier, who is perfect in 'exerciſe, does from one that is ac-'tually in ſervice. This grief, like all 'others, is to be cured only by time; 'and although you are convinced this 'moment, as much as you will be ten 'years hence, that ſhe ought to be ſcorn-'ed and neglected, you ſee you muſt not 'expect your remedy from the force of 'reaſon. The cure then is only in time, 'and the haſtening of the cure only in 'the manner of employing that time. 'You have anſwered me as to travel 'and a campaign, ſo that we have only 'Great Britain to avoid her in. Be 'then yourſelf, and liſten to the follow-'ing rules, which only can be of uſe 'to you in this unaccountable diſtem-'per, wherein the patient is often averſe 'even to his recovery. It has been of 'benefit to ſome to apply themſelves to 'buſineſs,

'business, but as that may not lie in your way, go down to your estate, mind your fox-hounds, and venture the life you are weary of, over every hedge and ditch in the country. These are wholesome remedies; but if you can have resolution enough, rather stay in town, and recover yourself even in the town where she inhabits. Take particular care to avoid all places where you may possibly meet her, and shun the sight of every thing which may bring her to your remembrance; there is an infection in all that relates to her: you will find, her house, her chariot, her domestics, and her very lap-dog, are so many instruments of torment. Tell me seriously, do you think you could bear the sight of her fan?' He shook his head at the question, and said—'Ah! Mr. Bickerstaff, you must have been a patient, or you could not have been so good a physician.'—'To tell you truly,' said I, 'about the thirtieth year of my age, I received a wound that has still left a scar in my mind, never to be quite worn out by time or philosophy.

'The means which I found the most effectual for my cure, were reflections upon the ill-usage I had received from the woman I loved, and the pleasure I saw her take in my sufferings.

'I considered the distress she brought upon me, the greatest that could befal an human creature, at the same time that she did not inflict this upon one who was her enemy, one that had done her an injury, one that had wished her ill; but on the man who loved her more than any else loved her, and more than it was possible for him to love any other person.

'In the next place, I took pains to consider her in all her imperfections; and that I might be sure to hear of them constantly, kept company with those, her female friends, who were her dearest and most intimate acquaintance.

'Among her highest imperfections, I still dwelt upon her baseness of mind and ingratitude, that made her triumph in the pain and anguish of the man who loved her, and of one who in those days, without vanity be it spoken, was thought to deserve her love.

'To shorten my story, she was married to another, which would have distracted me, had he proved a good husband; but to my great pleasure, he used her at first with coldness, and afterwards with contempt. I hear he still treats her very ill; and am informed, that she often says to her woman—"This is a just revenge for my falshood "to my first love: what a wretch am I, "that might have been married to the "famous Mr. Bickerstaff!"

My patient looked upon me with a kind of melancholy pleasure, and told me, he did not think it was possible for a man to live to the age I am now of, who in his thirtieth year had been tortured with that passion in it's violence. 'For my part,' said he, 'I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep in it; nor keep company with any body, but two or three friends who are in the same condition.'

'There,' answered I, 'you are to blame; for as you ought to avoid nothing more than keeping company with yourself, so you ought to be particularly cautious of keeping company with men like yourself. As long as you do this, you do but indulge your distemper.

'I must not dismiss you without further instructions. If possible, transfer your passion from the woman you are now in love with, to another; or, if you cannot do that, change the passion itself into some other passion; that is, to speak more plainly, find out some other agreeable woman: or if you cannot do this, grow covetous, ambitious, litigious; turn your love of woman into that of profit, preferment, reputation; and, for a time, give up yourself entirely to the pursuit.

'This is a method we sometimes take in physic, when we turn a desperate disease into one we can more easily cure.'

He made me little answer to all this, but crying out—'Ah, Sir!' for his passion reduced his discourse to interjections.

'There is one thing,' added I, 'which is present death to a man in your condition, and therefore to be avoided with the greatest care and caution: that is, in a word, to think of your mistress and rival together, whether walking, discoursing, dallying—' 'The Devil!' he cried out, 'who can bear it?' To compose him, for I pitied him very much—'The time will come,' said I, 'when you shall not

'only

'only bear it, but laugh at it. As a 'preparation to it, ride every morning 'an hour at leaſt with the wind full in 'your face. Upon your return, recol-'lect the ſeveral precepts which I 'have now given you, and drink 'upon them a bottle of Spaw-water. 'Repeat this every day for a month ſuc-'ceſſively, and let me ſee you at the end 'of it.' He was taking his leave, with many thanks, and ſome appearance of conſolation in his countenance, when I called him back to acquaint him, that I had private information of a deſign of the coquettes to buy up all the true Spaw-water in town: upon which he took his leave in haſte, with a reſolution to get all things ready for entering upon his regimen the next morning.

Nº CVIII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1709.

PRONAQUE CUM SPECTENT ANIMALIA CÆTERA TERRAM,
OS HOMINI SUBLIME DEDIT: COELUMQUE TUERI
JUSSIT——— OVID. MET. L. I. v. 85.

AND WHILE BEASTS LOOKED DOWNWARD ON THE GROUND WITH GROVELLING EYES, TO MAN HE GAVE A LOOK SUBLIME, TO CONTEMPLATE THE STARS.

SHEER-LANE, DECEMBER 16.

IT is not to be imagined how great an effect well-diſpoſed lights, with proper forms and orders in aſſemblies, have upon ſome tempers. I am ſure I feel it in ſo extraordinary a manner, that I cannot in a day or two get out of my imagination any very beautiful or diſagreeable impreſſion which I receive on ſuch occaſions. For this reaſon I frequently look in at the play-houſe, in order to enlarge my thoughts, and warm my mind with ſome new ideas, that may be ſerviceable to me in my lucubrations.

In this diſpoſition I entered the theatre the other day, and placed myſelf in a corner of it, very convenient for ſeeing, without being myſelf obſerved. I found the audience huſhed in a very deep attention, and did not queſtion but ſome noble tragedy was juſt then in it's criſis, or that an incident was to be unravelled which would determine the fate of an hero. While I was in this ſuſpence, expecting every moment to ſee my old friend Mr. Betterton appear in all the majeſty of diſtreſs, to my unſpeakable amazement there came up a monſter with a face between his feet; and as I was looking on, he raiſed himſelf on one leg in ſuch a perpendicular poſture, that the other grew in a direct line above his head. It afterwards twiſted itſelf into the motions and wreathings of ſeveral different animals, and after a great variety of ſhapes and tranſformations, went off the ſtage in the figure of an human creature. The admiration, the applauſe, the ſatisfaction of the audience, during this ſtrange entertainment, is not to be expreſſed. I was very much out of countenance for my dear countrymen, and looked about with ſome apprehenſion, for fear any foreigner ſhould be preſent. 'Is it poſſible,' thought I, 'that human nature can rejoice in it's 'diſgrace, and take pleaſure in ſeeing 'it's own figure turned to ridicule, and 'diſtorted into forms that raiſe horror 'and averſion?' There is ſomething diſingenuous and immoral in the being able to bear ſuch a ſight. Men of elegant and noble minds are ſhocked at the ſeeing characters of perſons who deſerve eſteem for their virtue, knowledge, or ſervices to their country, placed in wrong lights, and by miſrepreſentation made the ſubject of buffoonery. Such a nice abhorrence is not indeed to be found among the vulgar; but methinks it is wonderful, that thoſe who have nothing but the outward figure to diſtinguiſh them as men, ſhould delight in ſeeing it abuſed, vilified, and diſgraced.

I muſt confeſs, there is nothing that more pleaſes me, in all that I read in books, or ſee among mankind, than ſuch paſſages as repreſent human nature in it's proper dignity. As man is a creature made up of different extremes, he has ſomething in him very great and very mean: a ſkilful artiſt may draw an excellent picture of him in either of theſe views. The fineſt authors of antiquity have taken him on the more advantageous ſide. They cultivate the natural

grandeur of the ſoul, raiſe in her a generous ambition, feed her with hopes of immortality and perfection, and do all they can to widen the partition between the virtuous and the vicious, by making the difference betwixt them as great as between gods and brutes. In ſhort, it is impoſſible to read a page in Plato, Tully, and a thouſand other ancient moraliſts, without being a greater and a better man for it. On the contrary, I could never read any of our modiſh French authors, or thoſe of our own country, who are the imitators and admirers of that trifling nation, without being for ſome time out of humour with myſelf, and at every thing about me. Their buſineſs is, to depreciate human nature, and conſider it under it's worſt appearances. They give mean interpretations and baſe motives to the worthieſt actions: they reſolve virtue and vice into conſtitution. In ſhort, they endeavour to make no diſtinction between man and man, or between the ſpecies of men and that of brutes. As an inſtance of this kind of authors, among many others, let any one examine the celebrated Rochefaucault, who is the great philoſopher for adminiſtering of conſolation to the idle, the envious, and worthleſs part of mankind.

I remember a young gentleman of moderate underſtanding, but great vivacity, who by dipping into many authors of this nature, had got a little ſmattering of knowledge, juſt enough to make an atheiſt or a free-thinker, but not a philoſopher or a man of ſenſe. With theſe accompliſhments, he went to viſit his father in the country, who was a plain, rough, honeſt man, and wife, though not learned. The ſon, who took all opportunities to ſhew his learning, began to eſtabliſh a new religion in the family, and to enlarge the narrowneſs of their country notions; in which he ſucceeded ſo well, that he had ſeduced the butler by his table-talk, and ſtaggered his eldeſt ſiſter. The old gentleman began to be alarmed at the ſchiſms that aroſe among his children, but did not yet believe his ſon's doctrine to be ſo pernicious as it really was, until one day talking of his ſetting-dog, the ſon ſaid, he did not queſtion but Trey was as immortal as any one of the family; and in the heat of the argument told his father, that for his own part, he expected to die like a dog. Upon which, the old man ſtarting up in a very great paſſion, cried out—'Then, 'ſirrah, you ſhall live like one;' and taking his cane in his hand, cudgelled him out of his ſyſtem. This had ſo good an effect upon him, that he took up from that day, fell to reading good books, and is now a bencher in the Middle Temple.

I do not mention this cudgelling part of the ſtory with a deſign to engage the ſecular arm in matters of this nature; but certainly, if it ever exerts itſelf in affairs of opinion and ſpeculation, it ought to do it on ſuch ſhallow and deſpicable pretenders to knowledge, who endeavour to give man dark and uncomfortable proſpects of his being, and deſtroy thoſe principles which are the ſupport, happineſs, and glory of all public ſocieties, as well as private perſons.

I think it is one of Pythagoras's golden ſayings, that a man ſhould take care above all things to have a due reſpect for himſelf: and it is certain, that this licentious ſort of authors, who are for depreciating mankind, endeavour to diſappoint and undo what the moſt refined ſpirits have been labouring to advance ſince the beginning of the world. The very deſign of dreſs, good-breeding, outward ornaments and ceremony, were to lift up human nature, and ſet it off to an advantage. Architecture, painting, and ſtatuary, were invented with the ſame deſign; as indeed every art and ſcience contributes to the embelliſhment of life, and to the wearing off and throwing into ſhades the mean and low parts of our nature. Poetry carries on this great end more than all the reſt, as may be ſeen in the following paſſage, taken out of Sir Francis Bacon's Advancement of Learning, which gives a truer and better account of this art than all the volumes that were ever written upon it.

'Poetry, eſpecially heroical, ſeems 'to be raiſed altogether from a noble 'foundation, which makes much for 'the dignity of man's nature. For ſeeing this ſenſible world is in dignity 'inferior to the ſoul of man, poeſy 'ſeems to endow human nature with 'that which hiſtory denies; and to give 'ſatisfaction to the mind, with at leaſt 'the ſhadow of things, where the ſubſtance cannot be had. For if the matter be thoroughly conſidered, a ſtrong

'argument

' argument may be drawn from poesy,
' that a more stately greatness of things,
' a more perfect order, and a more beau-
' tiful variety, delights the soul of man,
' than any way can be found in nature
' since the fall. Wherefore seeing the
' acts and events, which are the subjects
' of true history, are not of that ampli-
' tude as to content the mind of man;
' poesy is ready at hand to feign acts
' more heroical. Because true history
' reports the successes of business not
' proportionable to the merit of virtues
' and vices, poesy corrects it, and pre-
' sents events and fortunes according to
' desert, and according to the law of Pro-
' vidence: because true history, through
' the frequent satiety and similitude of
' things, works a distaste and mispri-
' sion in the mind of man; poesy chear-
' eth and refresheth the soul, chanting
' things rare and various, and full of
' vicissitudes. So as poesy serveth and
' conferreth to delectation, magnani-
' mity and morality; and therefore it
' may seem deservedly to have some par-
' ticipation of divineness, because it
' doth raise the mind, and exalt the
' spirit with high raptures, by propor-
' tioning the shews of things to the de-
' sires of the mind, and not submitting
' the mind to things as reason and his-
' tory do. And by these allurements
' and congruities, whereby it cherisheth
' the soul of man, joined also with con-
' sort of music, whereby it may more
' sweetly insinuate itself; it hath won
' such access, that it hath been in esti-
' mation even in rude times, and bar-
' barous nations, when other learning
' stood excluded.'

But there is nothing which favours and falls in with this natural greatness and dignity of human nature so much as religion, which does not only promise the entire refinement of the mind, but the glorifying of the body, and the immortality of both.

Nº CIX. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1709.

PERDITUR HÆC INTER MISERO LUX——

HOR. SAT. 6. LIB. 2. VER. 59.

IN SUCH TRIFLES AS THESE THEY THROW AWAY THEIR TIME.

SHEER-LANE, DECEMBER 19.

THERE has not some years been such a tumult in our neighbourhood, as this evening about six. At the lower end of the lane the word was given, that there was a great funeral coming by. The next moment came forward, and in a very hasty, instead of a solemn manner, a long train of lights; when at last a footman, in very high youth and health, with all his force, ran through the whole art of beating the door of the house next to me, and ended his rattle with the true finishing rap. This did not only bring one to the door at which he knocked, but to that of every one in the lane in an instant. Among the rest, my country-maid took the alarm, and immediately running to me, told me, there was a fine, fine lady, who had three men with burial torches making way before her, carried by two men upon poles, with looking-glasses on each side of her, and one glass also before, she herself appearing the prettiest that ever was. The girl was going on in her story, when the lady was come to my door in her chair, having mistaken the house. As soon as she entered, I saw she was Mr. Isaac's scholar, by her speaking air, and the becoming stop she made when she began her apology. ' You will be surprized, Sir,' said she, ' that I take this liberty, who ' am utterly a stranger to you: besides ' that, it may be thought an indecorum ' that I visit a man.' She made here a pretty hesitation, and held her fan to her face—Then, as if recovering her resolution, she proceeded—' But I think ' you have said, that men of your age ' are of no sex; therefore I may be as ' free with you as one of my own.' The lady did me the honour to consult me on some particular matters, which I am not at liberty to report. But before she took her leave, she produced a long list of names, which she looked upon to know whither she was to go next. I must confess, I could hardly forbear discovering to her immediately, that I secretly laughed at the fantastical regularity she observed in throwing away

her time; but I seemed to indulge her in it, out of a curiosity to hear her own sense of her way of life. 'Mr. Bickerstaff,' said she, 'you cannot imagine 'how much you are obliged to me in 'staying thus long with you, having 'so many visits to make; and indeed, 'if I had not hopes that a third part of 'those I am going to will be abroad, I 'should be unable to dispatch them this 'evening.'—'Madam,' said I, 'are 'you in all this haste and perplexity, 'and only going to such as you have not 'a mind to see?'—'Yes, Sir,' said she, 'I have several now with whom I keep 'a constant correspondence, and return 'visit for visit punctually every week, 'and yet we have not seen each other 'since last November was twelvemonth.'

She went on with a very good air, and fixing her eyes on her list, told me, she was obliged to ride about three miles and an half before she arrived at her own house. I asked after what manner this list was taken; whether the persons writ their names to her, and desired that favour, or how she knew she was not cheated in her muster-roll? 'The me-'thod we take,' says she, 'is, that the 'porter or servant who comes to the 'door, writes down all the names who 'come to see us, and all such are en-'titled to a return of their visit.'—'But,' said I, 'Madam, I presume 'those who are searching for each other, 'and know one another by messages, 'may be understood as candidates only 'for each other's favour; and that after 'so many how-do-you-does, you pro-'ceed to visit or not, as you like the 'run of each other's reputation or for-'tune.'—'You understand it aright,' said she; 'and we become friends, as 'soon as we are convinced that our dis-'like to each other may be of any con-'sequence: for to tell you truly,' said she, 'for it is in vain to hide any thing 'from a man of your penetration, ge-'neral visits are not made out of good-'will, but for fear of ill-will. Punc-'tuality in this case is often a suspicious 'circumstance; and there is nothing so 'common as to have a lady say—"I "hope she has heard nothing of what "I said of her, that she grows so great "with me." But indeed my porter is 'so dull and negligent, that I fear he 'has not put down half the people I owe 'visits to.'—'Madam,' said I, 'me-'thinks it would be very proper if your 'gentleman-usher, or groom of the 'chamber, were always to keep an ac-'count by way of debtor and creditor. 'I know a city lady who uses that me-'thod, which I think very laudable; 'for though you may possibly at the 'court-end of the town receive at the 'door, and light up better than within 'Temple Bar, yet I must do that jus-'tice to my friends, the ladies, within 'the walls, to own, that they are much 'more exact in their correspondence. 'The lady I was going to mention as 'an example, has always the second ap-'prentice out of the counting-house for 'her own use on her visiting-day, and 'he sets down very methodically all the 'visits which are made her. I remem-'ber very well, that on the first of Ja-'nuary last, when she made up her ac-'count for the year 1708, it stood 'thus—

Mrs. Courtwood, Debtor.		Per Contra, Creditor.	
To seventeen hundred and four visits received.	1704	By eleven hundred and nine paid.	1109
		Due to balance.	595
			1704

'This gentlewoman is a woman of 'great œconomy, and was not afraid to 'go to the bottom of her affairs; and 'therefore ordered her apprentice to 'give her credit for my Lady Easy's 'impertinent visits upon wrong days, 'and deduct only twelve per cent. He 'had orders also to subtract one and an 'half from the whole of such as she had 'denied herself to before she kept a day; 'and after taking those proper articles 'of credit on her side, she was in arrear 'but five hundred. She ordered her 'husband to buy in a couple of fresh 'coach-horses; and with no other loss 'than the death of two footmen, and 'a church-yard cough brought upon 'her coachman, she was clear in the 'world on the tenth of February last, 'and keeps so before-hand, that she 'pays every body their own, and yet 'makes daily new acquaintances.' I know not whether this agreeable visitant was fired with the example of the lady I told her of, but she immediately vanished

niſhed out of my ſight, it being, it ſeems, as neceſſary a point of good-breeding, to go off as if you ſtole ſomething out of the houſe, as it is to enter as if you came to fire it. I do not know one thing that contributes ſo much to the leſſening the eſteem men of ſenſe have to the fair-ſex, as this article of viſits. A young lady cannot be married, but all impertinents in town muſt be beating the tattoo from one quarter of the town to the other, to ſhew they know what paſſes. If a man of honour ſhould once in an age marry a woman of merit for her intrinſic value, the envious things are all in motion in an inſtant to make it known to the ſiſterhood as an indiſcretion, and publiſh to the town how many pounds he might have had to have been troubled with one of them. After they are tired with that, the next thing is, to make their compliments to the married couple and their relations. They are equally buſy at a funeral; and the death of a perſon of quality is always attended with the murder of ſeveral ſets of coach-horſes and chairmen. In both caſes, the viſitants are wholly unaffected, either with joy or ſorrow. For which reaſon, their congratulations and condolances are equally words of courſe; and one would be thought wonderfully ill-bred, that ſhould build upon ſuch expreſſions as encouragements to expect from them any inſtance of friendſhip.

Thus are the true cauſes of living, and the ſolid pleaſures in life, loſt in ſhew, impoſture, and impertinence. As for my part, I think moſt of the misfortunes in families ariſe from the trifling way the women have in ſpending their time, and gratifying only their eyes and ears, inſtead of their reaſon and underſtanding.

A fine young woman, bred under a viſiting mother, knows all that is poſſible for her to be acquainted with by report, and ſees the virtuous and the vicious uſed ſo indifferently, that the fears ſhe is born with are abated, and deſires indulged, in proportion to her love of that light and trifling converſation. I know I talk like an old man; but I muſt go on to ſay, that I think the general reception of mixed company, and the pretty fellows that are admitted at thoſe aſſemblies, give a young woman ſo falſe an idea of life, that ſhe is generally bred up with a ſcorn of that ſort of merit in a man, which only can make her happy in marriage; and the wretch, to whoſe lot ſhe falls, very often receives in his arms a coquette, with the refuſe of an heart long before given away to a coxcomb.

Having received from the ſociety of Upholders ſundry complaints of the obſtinate and refractory behaviour of ſeveral dead perſons, who have been guilty of very great outrages and diſorders, and by that means elapſed the proper time of their interment; and having on the other hand received many appeals from the aforeſaid dead perſons, wherein they deſire to be heard before ſuch their interment; I have ſet apart Wedneſday, the twenty-fifth inſtant, as an extraordinary court-day for the hearing both parties. If, therefore, any one can alledge, why they or any of their acquaintance ſhould or ſhould not be buried, I deſire they may be ready with their witneſſes at that time, or that they will for ever after hold their tongues.

N. B. This is the laſt hearing on the ſubject.

N° CX. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1709.

——QUÆ LUCIS MISERIS TAM DIRA CUPIDO?
VIRG. ÆN. LIB. 6. VER. 721.

WHAT MAKES THE UNHAPPY SOULS SO COVETOUS OF LIGHT?

SHEER-LANE, DECEMBER 21.

AS ſoon as I had placed myſelf in my chair of judicature, I ordered my clerk, Mr. Lillie, to read to the aſſembly, who were gathered together according to notice, a certain declaration, by way of charge, to open the purpoſe of my ſeſſion, which tended only to this explanation, that as other courts were often called to demand the execution of perſons dead in law; ſo this was held to give the laſt orders relating to thoſe who are dead in reaſon. The ſolicitor of the new

new company of Upholders near the Haymarket appeared in behalf of that uſeful ſociety, and brought in an accuſation of a young woman, who herſelf ſtood at the bar before me. Mr. Lillie read her indictment, which was in ſubſtance, That whereas Mrs. Rebecca Pinduſt, of the pariſh of Saint Martin in the Fields, had by the uſe of one inſtrument called a looking-glaſs, and by the further uſe of certain attire, made either of cambric, muſlin, or other linen wares, upon her head, attained to ſuch an evil art and magical force in the motion of her eyes and turn of her countenance, that ſhe the ſaid Rebecca had put to death ſeveral young men of the ſaid pariſh; and that the ſaid young men had acknowledged in certain papers, commonly called Love-letters, which were produced in court, gilded on the edges, and ſealed with a particular wax, with certain amorous and enchanting words wrought upon the ſaid ſeals, that they died for the ſaid Rebecca: and whereas the ſaid Rebecca perſiſted in the ſaid evil practice; this way of life the ſaid ſociety conſtrued to be according to former edicts, a ſtate of death, and demanded an order for the interment of the ſaid Rebecca.

I looked upon the maid with great humanity, and deſired her to make anſwer to what was ſaid againſt her. She ſaid, it was indeed true, that ſhe had practiſed all the arts and means ſhe could to diſpoſe of herſelf happily in marriage, but thought ſhe did not come under the cenſure expreſſed in my writings for the ſame; and humbly hoped I would not condemn her for the ignorance of her accuſers, who, according to their own words, had rather repreſented her killing, than dead. She further alledged, that the expreſſions mentioned in the papers written to her were become mere words, and that ſhe had been always ready to marry any of thoſe who ſaid they died for her; but that they made their eſcape as ſoon as they found themſelves pitied or believed. She ended her diſcourſe, by deſiring I would for the future ſettle the meaning of the words, 'I die,' in letters of love.

Mrs. Pinduſt behaved herſelf with ſuch an air of innocence, that ſhe eaſily gained credit, and was acquitted. Upon which occaſion I gave it as a ſtanding rule, that any perſon who, in any letter, billet, or diſcourſe, ſhould tell a woman he died for her, ſhould, if ſhe pleaſed, be obliged to live with her, or be immediately interred upon ſuch their own confeſſion, without bail or mainprize.

It happened that the very next who was brought before me was one of her admirers, who was indicted upon that very head. A letter, which he acknowledged to be his own hand, was read, in which were the following words: 'Cruel creature, I die for you.' It was obſervable that he took ſnuff all the time his accuſation was reading. I aſked him, how he came to uſe theſe words, if he were not a dead man? He told me, he was in love with the lady, and did not know any other way of telling her ſo; and that all his acquaintance took the ſame method. Though I was moved with compaſſion towards him by reaſon of the weakneſs of his parts, yet, for example-ſake, I was forced to anſwer—'Your ſentence ſhall be a warning to 'all the reſt of your companions, not to 'tell lyes for want of wit.' Upon this he began to beat his ſnuff-box with a very ſaucy air, and opening it again—'Faith, Iſaac,' ſaid he, 'thou art a 'very unaccountable old fellow. Pr'y-'thee who gave thee power of life and 'death? What a-pox haſt thou to do 'with ladies and lovers? I ſuppoſe 'thou wouldſt have a man be in com-'pany with his miſtreſs, and ſay no-'thing to her? Doſt thou call break-'ing a jeſt, telling a lye? Ha! is that 'thy wiſdom, old Stiffrump, ha?' He was going on with this inſipid commonplace mirth, ſometimes opening his box, ſometimes ſhutting it, then viewing the picture on the lid, and then the workmanſhip of the hinge, when in the midſt of his eloquence I ordered his box to be taken from him; upon which he was immediately ſtruck ſpeechleſs, and carried off ſtone dead.

The next who appeared was a hale old fellow of ſixty. He was brought in by his relations, who deſired leave to bury him. Upon requiring a diſtinct account of the priſoner, a credible witneſs depoſed, that he always roſe at ten of the clock, played with his cat until twelve, ſmoaked tobacco until one, was at dinner until two, then took another pipe, played at back-gammon until ſix, talked of one Madam Frances, an old miſtreſs of his, until eight, repeated the ſame account at the tavern until ten, then returned home, took the other pipe, and

and then to bed. I aſked him what he had to ſay for himſelf. 'As to what,' ſaid he, 'they mention concerning Ma-'dam Frances——' I did not care for hearing a Canterbury tale, and therefore thought myſelf ſeaſonably interrupted by a young gentleman, who appeared in the behalf of the old man, and prayed an arreſt of judgment; for that he the ſaid young man held certain lands by his the ſaid old man's life. Upon this the ſolicitor of the Upholders took an occaſion to demand him alſo, and thereupon produced ſeveral evidences that witneſſed to his life and converſation. It appeared that each of them divided their hours in matters of equal moment and importance to themſelves and to the public. They roſe at the ſame hour: while the old man was playing with his cat, the young one was looking out of his window; while the old man was ſmoaking his pipe, the young man was rubbing his teeth; while one was at dinner, the other was dreſſing; while one was at back-gammon, the other was at dinner; while the old fellow was talking of Madam Frances, the young one was either at play, or toaſting women whom he never converſed with. The only difference was, that the young man had never been good for any thing; the old man, a man of worth before he knew Madam Frances. Upon the whole, I ordered them to be both interred together, with inſcriptions proper to their characters, ſignifying, that the old man died in the year 1689, and was buried in the year 1709. And over the young one it was ſaid, that he departed this world in the twenty-fifth year of his death.

The next claſs of criminals were Authors in proſe and verſe. Thoſe of them who had produced any ſtill-born work, were immediately diſmiſſed to their burial, and were followed by others, who notwithſtanding ſome ſprightly iſſue in their life-time, had given proofs of their death by ſome poſthumous children, that bore no reſemblance to their elder brethren. As for thoſe who were the fathers of a mixed progeny, provided always they could prove the laſt to be a live child, they eſcaped with life, but not without loſs of limbs; for in this caſe, I was ſatisfied with amputation of the parts which were mortified.

Theſe were followed by a great crowd of ſuperannuated Benchers of the Inns of Court, Senior Fellows of Colleges, and defunct Stateſmen; all whom I ordered to be decimated indifferently, allowing the reſt a reprieve for one year, with a promiſe of a free pardon in caſe of reſuſcitation.

There were ſtill great multitudes to be examined, but finding it very late, I adjourned the court; not without the ſecret pleaſure that I had done my duty, and furniſhed out an handſome execution.

Going out of the court, I received a letter, informing me, that in purſuance of the edict of juſtice in one of my late viſions, all thoſe of the fair-ſex began to appear pregnant who had ran any hazard of it; as was manifeſt by a particular ſwelling in the petticoats of ſeveral ladies in and about this great city. I muſt confeſs, I do not attribute the riſing of this part of the dreſs to this occaſion, yet muſt own, that I am very much diſpoſed to be offended with ſuch a new and unaccountable faſhion. I ſhall, however, pronounce nothing upon it, until I have examined all that can be ſaid for and againſt it. And in the mean time, think fit to give this notice to the fair Ladies who are now making up their winter ſuits, that they may abſtain from all dreſſes of that kind, until they ſhall find what judgment will be paſſed upon them; for it would very much trouble me, that they ſhould put themſelves to an unneceſſary expence; and I could not but think myſelf to blame, if I ſhould hereafter forbid them the wearing of ſuch garments, when they have laid out money upon them, without having given them any previous admonition.

N.B. A letter of the ſixteenth inſtant about one of the fifth, will be anſwered according to the deſire of the party, which he will ſee in a few days.

Nº CXI. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1709.

——PROCUL O! PROCUL ESTE PROFANI!

HENCE, YE PROFANE! FAR HENCE BE GONE!

SHEER-LANE, DECEMBER 23.

THE watchman, who does me particular honours, as being the chief man in the lane, gave so very great a thump at my door last night, that I awakened at the knock, and heard myself complimented with the usual salutation of—'Good-morrow, Mr. Bickerstaff; Good-morrow, my masters all.' The silence and darkness of the night disposed me to be more than ordinarily serious; and as my attention was not drawn out among exterior objects, by the avocations of sense, my thoughts naturally fell upon myself. I was considering, amidst the stillness of the night, what was the proper employment of a thinking being; what were the perfections it should propose to itself; and what the end it should aim at. My mind is of such a particular cast, that the falling of a shower of rain, or the whistling of wind, at such a time, is apt to fill my thoughts with something awful and solemn. I was in this disposition when our bellman began his midnight homily, which he has been repeating to us every winter-night for these twenty years, with the usual exordium—

'Oh! mortal man, thou that art born in sin!'

Sentiments of this nature, which are in themselves just and reasonable, however debased by the circumstances that accompany them, do not fail to produce their natural effect in a mind that is not perverted and depraved by wrong notions of gallantry, politeness, and ridicule. The temper which I now found myself in, as well as the time of the year, put me in mind of those lines in Shakespeare, wherein, according to his agreeable wildness of imagination, he has wrought a country tradition into a beautiful piece of poetry. In the tragedy of Hamlet, where the ghost vanishes upon the cock's crowing, he takes occasion to mention it's crowing all hours of the night about Christmas time, and to insinuate a kind of religious veneration for the season.

It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, say they, no spirit dares walk abroad:
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, no witch has power to charm;
So hallowed, and so gracious is the time.

This admirable author, as well as the best and gravest men in all ages, and of all nations, seems to have had his mind thoroughly seasoned with religion, as is evident by many passages in his plays, that would not be suffered by a modern audience; and are therefore certain instances that the age he lived in had a much greater sense of virtue than the present.

It is indeed a melancholy reflection to consider, that the British nation, which is now at a greater height of glory for it's councils and conquests than it ever was before, should distinguish itself by a certain looseness of principles, and a falling off from those schemes of thinking, which conduce to the happiness and perfection of human nature. This evil comes upon us from the works of a few solemn blockheads, that meet together with the zeal and seriousness of apostles, to extirpate common sense, and propagate infidelity. These are wretches, who without any shew of wit, learning, or reason, publish their crude conceptions with an ambition of appearing more wise than the rest of mankind, upon no other pretence than that of dissenting from them. One gets by heart a catalogue of title-pages and editions; and immediately, to become conspicuous, declares that he is an unbeliever. Another knows how to write a receipt, or cut up a dog, and forthwith argues against the immortality of the soul. I have known many a little wit, in the ostentation of his parts, railly the truth of the Scripture, who was not able to read a chapter in it. These poor wretches talk blasphemy for want of discourse, and are rather the objects of scorn or pity, than of our indignation; but the grave

grave diſputant, that reads and writes, and ſpends all his time in convincing himſelf and the world that he is no better than a brute, ought to be whipped out of a government, as a blot to civil ſociety, and a defamer of mankind. I love to conſider an infidel, whether diſtinguiſhed by the title of Deiſt, Atheiſt, or Free-thinker, in three different lights, in his ſolitudes, his afflictions, and his laſt moments.

A wiſe man that lives up to the principles of reaſon and virtue, if one conſiders him in his ſolitude, as in taking in the ſyſtem of the univerſe, obſerving the mutual dependence and harmony by which the whole frame of it hangs together, beating down his paſſions, or ſwelling his thoughts with magnificent ideas of Providence, makes a nobler figure in the eye of an intelligent being, than the greateſt conqueror amidſt all the pomps and ſolemnities of a triumph. On the contrary, there is not a more ridiculous animal than an Atheiſt in his retirement. His mind is incapable of rapture or elevation: he can only conſider himſelf as an inſignificant figure in a landſcape, and wandering up and down in a field or a meadow, under the ſame terms as the meaneſt animals about him, and as ſubject to as total a mortality as they, with this aggravation, that he is the only one amongſt them who lies under the apprehenſion of it.

In diſtreſſes he muſt be of all creatures the moſt helpleſs and forlorn; he feels the whole preſſure of a preſent calamity, without being relieved by the memory of any thing that is paſt, or the proſpect of any thing that is to come. Annihilation is the greateſt bleſſing that he propoſes to himſelf, and an halter or a piſtol the only refuge he can fly to. But if you would behold one of thoſe gloomy miſcreants in his pooreſt figure, you muſt conſider him under the terrors, or at the approach of death.

About thirty years ago I was a ſhipboard with one of theſe vermin, when there aroſe a briſk gale, which could frighten nobody but himſelf. Upon the rolling of the ſhip he fell upon his knees, and confeſſed to the chaplain that he had been a vile Atheiſt, and had denied a ſupreme Being ever ſince he came to his eſtate. The good man was aſtoniſhed, and a report immediately ran through the ſhip, that there was an Atheiſt upon the upper deck. Several of the common ſeamen, who had never heard the word before, thought it had been ſome ſtrange fiſh; but they were more ſurprized when they ſaw it was a man, and heard out of his own mouth, that he never believed until that day that there was a God. As he lay in the agonies of confeſſion, one of the honeſt tars whiſpered to the boatſwain, that it would be a good deed to heave him overboard. But we were now within ſight of port, when of a ſudden the wind fell, and the penitent relapſed, begging all of us that were preſent, as we were gentlemen, not to ſay any thing of what had paſſed.

He had not been aſhore above two days, when one of the company began to railly him upon his devotion on ſhipboard, which the other denied in ſo high terms, that it produced the lye on both ſides, and ended in a duel. The Atheiſt was run through the body, and after ſome loſs of blood, became as good a Chriſtian as he was at ſea, until he found that his wound was not mortal. He is at preſent one of the Free-thinkers of the age, and now writing a pamphlet againſt ſeveral received opinions concerning the exiſtence of Fairies.

As I have taken upon me to cenſure the faults of the age and country which I live in, I ſhould have thought myſelf inexcuſable to have paſſed over this crying one, which is the ſubject of my preſent diſcourſe. I ſhall therefore from time to time give my countrymen particular cautions againſt this diſtemper of the mind, that is almoſt become faſhionable, and by that means more likely to ſpread. I have ſomewhere either read or heard a very memorable ſentence, that a man would be a moſt inſupportable monſter, ſhould he have the faults that are incident to his years, conſtitution, profeſſion, family, religion, age, and country; and yet every man is in danger of them all. For this reaſon, as I am an old man, I take particular care to avoid being covetous, and telling long ſtories: as I am choleric, I forbear not only ſwearing, but all interjections of fretting, as Pugh! or Piſh! and the like. As I am a layman, I reſolve not to conceive an averſion for a wife and a good man, becauſe his coat is of a different colour from mine. As I am deſcended of the ancient family of the Bickerſtaffs, I never call a man of merit an Upſtart. As a Proteſtant, I do not ſuffer my zeal

ſo far to tranſport me, as to name the Pope and the Devil together. As I am fallen into this degenerate age, I guard myſelf particularly againſt the folly I have been now ſpeaking of. And as I am an Engliſhman, I am very cautious not to hate a ſtranger, or deſpiſe a poor Palatine.

N° CXII. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1709.

ACCEDAT SUAVITAS QUÆDAM OPORTET SERMONUM, ATQUE MORUM, HAUDQUAQUAM MEDIOCRE CONDIMENTUM AMICITIÆ: TRISTITIA AUTEM, ET IN OMNI RE SEVERITAS ABSIT. HABET ILLA QUIDEM GRAVITATEM, SED AMICITIA REMISSIOR ESSE DEBET, ET LIBERIOR, ET DULCIOR, ET AD OMNEM COMITATEM FACILITATEMQUE PROCLIVIOR. TULL.

THERE SHOULD BE ADDED A CERTAIN SWEETNESS OF DISCOURSE AND MANNERS, WHICH IS NO INCONSIDERABLE SAUCE TO FRIENDSHIP. BUT BY ALL MEANS THROW OUT SADNESS AND SEVERITY IN EVERY THING. THERE IS SOMETHING OF GRAVITY INDEED IN IT, BUT FRIENDSHIP REQUIRES A GREATER REMISSNESS, FREEDOM, AND PLEASANTNESS, AND AN INCLINATION TO GOOD TEMPER AND AFFABILITY.

SHEER-LANE, DEC. 26.

AS I was looking over my letters this morning, I chanced to caſt my eye upon the following one, which came to my hands about two months ago from an old friend of mine, who, as I have ſince learned, was the perſon that writ the agreeable epiſtle inſerted in my paper of the third of the laſt month. It is of the ſame turn with the other, and may be looked upon as a ſpecimen of right country letters.

SIR,

THIS ſets out to you from my ſummer-houſe upon the terras, where I am enjoying a few hours ſunſhine, the ſcanty ſweet remains of a fine autumn. The year is almoſt at the loweſt; ſo that in all appearance the reſt of my letters between this and ſpring, will be dated from my parlour-fire, where the little fond prattle of a wife and children will ſo often break in upon the connexion of my thoughts, that you will eaſily diſcover it in my ſtyle. If this winter ſhould prove as ſevere as the laſt, I can tell you before-hand, that I am likely to be a very miſerable man, through the perverſe temper of my eldeſt boy. When the froſt was in it's extremity, you muſt know, that moſt of the black-birds, robins, and finches, of the pariſh, whoſe muſic had entertained me in the ſummer, took refuge under my roof. Upon this, my care was, to riſe every morning before day to ſet open my windows for the reception of the cold and the hungry, whom at the ſame time I relieved with a very plentiful alms, by ſtrewing corn and ſeeds upon the floors and ſhelves. But Dicky, without any regard to the laws of hoſpitality, conſidered the caſements as ſo many traps, and uſed every bird as a priſoner at diſcretion. Never did tyrant exerciſe more various cruelties: ſome of the poor creatures he chaſed to death about the room; others he drove into the jaws of a blood-thirſty cat; and even in his greateſt acts of mercy, either clipped the wings, or ſinged the tails, of his innocent captives. You will laugh, when I tell you I ſympathized with every bird in it's misfortunes; but I believe you will think me in the right for bewailing the child's unlucky humour. On the other hand, I am extremely pleaſed to ſee his younger brother carry an univerſal benevolence towards every thing that has life. When he was between four and five years old, I caught him weeping over a beautiful butterfly, which he chanced to kill as he was playing with it; and I am informed, that this morning he has given his brother three half-pence, which was his whole eſtate, to ſpare the life of a Tom-tit. Theſe are at preſent the matters of greateſt moment within my obſervation, and I know are too trifling to be communicated to any but ſo wiſe a man as yourſelf, and from one who has the happineſs to be

Your moſt faithful,
and moſt obedient ſervant.

The

The beſt critic that ever wrote, ſpeaking of ſome paſſages in Homer which appear extravagant or frivolous, ſays indeed, that they are dreams, but the dreams of Jupiter. My friend's letter appears to me in the ſame light. One ſees him in an idle hour; but at the ſame time in the idle hour of a wiſe man. A great mind has ſomething in it too ſevere and forbidding, that is not capable of giving itſelf ſuch little relaxations, and of condeſcending to theſe agreeable ways of trifling. Tully, when he celebrates the friendſhip of Scipio and Lælius, who were the greateſt as well as the politeſt men of their age, repreſents it as a beautiful paſſage in their retirement, that they uſed to gather up ſhells on the ſea-ſhore, and amuſe themſelves with the variety of ſhape and colour, which they met with on theſe little unregarded works of nature. The great Ageſilaus could be a companion to his own children, and was ſurprized by the ambaſſadors of Sparta as he was riding among them upon an hobby-horſe. Auguſtus indeed had no play-fellows of his own begetting; but is ſaid to have paſſed many of his hours with little Mooriſh boys at a game of marbles, not unlike our modern taw. There is, methinks, a pleaſure in ſeeing great men thus fall into the rank of mankind, and entertain themſelves with diverſions and amuſements that are agreeable to the very weakeſt of the ſpecies. I muſt frankly confeſs, that it is to me a beauty in Cato's character, that he would drink a chearful bottle with his friend; and I cannot but own, that I have ſeen with great delight one of the moſt celebrated authors of the laſt age feeding the ducks in Saint James's Park. By inſtances of this nature, the heroes, the ſtateſmen, the philoſophers, become as it were familiar with us, and grow the more amiable, the leſs they endeavour to appear awful. A man who always acts in the ſeverity of wiſdom, or the haughtineſs of quality, ſeems to move in a perſonated part: it looks too conſtrained and theatrical for a man to be always in that character which diſtinguiſhes him from others. Beſides that, the ſlackening and unbending our minds on ſome occaſions, makes them exert themſelves with greater vigour and alacrity, when they return to their proper and natural ſtate.

As this innocent way of paſſing a leiſure hour is not only conſiſtent with a great character, but very graceful in it, ſo there are two ſorts of people to whom I would moſt earneſtly recommend it. The firſt are thoſe who are uneaſy out of want of thought; the ſecond are thoſe who are ſo out of a turbulence of ſpirit. The firſt are the impertinent, and the ſecond the dangerous part of mankind.

It grieves me to the very heart, when I ſee ſeveral young gentlemen, deſcended of honeſt parents, run up and down hurrying from one end of the town to the other, calling in at every place of reſort, without being able to fix a quarter of an hour in any, and in a particular haſte without knowing for what. It would, methinks, be ſome conſolation, if I could perſuade theſe precipitate young gentlemen to compoſe this reſtleſſneſs of mind, and apply themſelves to any amuſement, how trivial ſoever, that might give them employment, and keep them out of harm's way. They cannot imagine how great a relief it would be to them if they could grow ſedate enough to play for two or three hours at a game of puſh-pin. But theſe buſy, idle animals, are only their own tormentors: the turbulent and dangerous are for embroiling councils, ſtirring up ſeditions, and ſubverting conſtitutions, out of a mere reſtleſſneſs of temper, and an inſenſibility of all the pleaſures of life that are calm and innocent. It is impoſſible for a man to be ſo much employed in any ſcene of action, as to have great and good affairs enough to fill up his whole time; there will ſtill be chaſms and empty ſpaces, in which a working mind will employ itſelf to it's own prejudice, or that of others, unleſs it can be at eaſe in the exerciſe of ſuch actions as are in themſelves indifferent. How often have I wiſhed, for the good of the nation, that ſeveral famous politicians could take any pleaſure in feeding ducks! I look upon an able ſtateſman out of buſineſs, like a huge whale, that will endeavour to overturn the ſhip, unleſs he has an empty caſk to play with.

But to return to my good friend and correſpondent; I am afraid we ſhall both be laughed at, when I confeſs, that we have often gone out into the field to look upon a bird's neſt; and have more than once taken an evening's walk together on purpoſe to ſee the ſun ſet. I ſhall conclude with my anſwer to his foregoing letter:

DEAR SIR,

I Thank you for your obliging letter, and your kindneſs to the diſtreſſed, who will, doubtleſs, expreſs their gratitude to you themſelves the next ſpring. As for Dick the tyrant, I muſt deſire you will put a ſtop to his proceedings; and at the ſame time take care, that his little brother be no loſer by his mercy to the Tom-tit. For my own part, I am excluded all converſation with animals that delight only in a country life, and am therefore forced to entertain myſelf as well as I can with my little dog and cat. They both of them ſit by my fire every night, expecting my coming home with impatience; and at my entrance, never fail of running up to me, and bidding me welcome, each of them in his proper language. As they have been bred up together from their infancy, and ſeen no other company, they have learned each other's manners, ſo that the dog often gives himſelf the airs of a cat, and the cat in ſeveral of her motions and geſtures affects the behaviour of the little dog. When they are at play, I often make one with them: and ſometimes pleaſe myſelf with conſidering how much reaſon and inſtinct are capable of delighting each other. Thus, you ſee, I have communicated to you the material occurrences in my family, with the ſame freedom that you uſe to me; as I am with the ſame ſincerity and affection, your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

Nº CXIII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1709.

ECCE ITERUM CRISPINUS! JUV.

ONCE MORE CRISPINUS COMES UPON THE STAGE.

HAYMARKET, DEC. 23.

WHEREAS the gentleman that behaved himſelf in a very diſobedient and obſtinate manner at his late trial in Sheer Lane on the twentieth inſtant, and was carried off dead upon taking away of his ſnuff-box, remains ſtill unburied; the company of Upholders not knowing otherwiſe how they ſhould be paid, have taken his goods in execution to defray the charge of his funeral. His ſaid effects are to be expoſed to ſale by auction, at their office in the Haymarket, on the fourth of January next, and are as follows:

A very rich tweezer-caſe, containing twelve inſtruments for the uſe of each hour in the day.

Four pounds of ſcented ſnuff, with three gilt ſnuff-boxes; one of them with an invisible hinge, and a looking-glaſs in the lid.

Two more of ivory, with the portraitures on their lids of two ladies of the town; the originals to be ſeen every night in the ſide-boxes of the playhouſe.

A ſword with a ſteel diamond-hilt, never drawn but once at May Fair.

Six clean packs of cards, a quart of orange-flower water, a pair of French ſciſſars, a toothpick-caſe, and an eyebrow bruſh.

A large glaſs-caſe, containing the linen and cloaths of the deceaſed; among which are, two embroidered ſuits, a pocket perſpective, a dozen pair of red-heeled ſhoes, three pair of red ſilk ſtockings, and an amber-headed cane.

The ſtrong-box of the deceaſed, wherein were found five billet-doux, a Bath ſhilling, a crooked ſixpence, a ſilk garter, a lock of hair, and three broken fans.

A preſs for books; containing on the upper ſhelf,

Three bottles of diet-drink.

Two boxes of pills.

A ſyringe, and other mathematical inſtruments.

On the ſecond ſhelf are ſeveral miſcellaneous works; as,

Lampoons.

Plays.

Taylors bills.

And an Almanack for the year ſeventeen hundred.

On the third ſhelf,

A bundle of letters unopened, indorſed, in the hand of the deceaſed—'Letters from the old gentleman.'

Leſſons for the Flute.

Toland's Chriſtianity not myſterious: and a paper filled with patterns of ſeveral faſhionable ſtuffs.

On

On the loweſt ſhelf,
One ſhoe.
A pair of ſnuffers.
A French grammar.
A mourning hatband; and half a bottle of uſquebaugh.

There will be added to theſe goods, to make a compleat auction, a collection of gold ſnuff-boxes and clouded canes, which are to continue in faſhion for three months after the ſale.

The whole are to be ſet up and prized by Charles Bubbleboy, who is to open the auction with a ſpeech.

I find I am ſo very unhappy, that while I am buſy in correcting the folly and vice of one ſex, ſeveral exorbitances break out in the other. I have not thoroughly examined their new-faſhioned petticoats, but ſhall ſet aſide one day in the next week for that purpoſe. The following petition on this ſubject was preſented to me this morning.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF WILLIAM JINGLE, COACH-MAKER AND CHAIR-MAKER, OF THE LIBERTY OF WESTMINSTER.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE, CENSOR OF GREAT BRITAIN:

SHEWETH,

THAT upon the late invention of Mrs. Catherine Croſs-ſtitch, mantua-maker, the petticoats of ladies were too wide for entering into any coach or chair which was in uſe before the ſaid invention.

That for the ſervice of the ſaid ladies, your petitioner has built a round chair, in the form of a lantern, ſix yards and an half in circumference, with a ſtool in the centre of it; the ſaid vehicle being ſo contrived as to receive the paſſenger by opening in two in the middle, and cloſing mathematically when ſhe is ſeated.

That your petitioner has alſo invented a coach for the reception of one lady only, who is to be let in at the top.

That the ſaid coach has been tried by a lady's woman in one of theſe full petticoats, who was let down from a balcony, and drawn up again by pullies, to the great ſatisfaction of her lady, and all who beheld her.

Your petitioner therefore moſt humbly prays, that for the encouragement of ingenuity and uſeful inventions, he may be heard before you paſs ſentence upon the petticoats aforeſaid.

And your petitioner, &c.

I have likewiſe received a female petition, ſigned by ſeveral thouſands, praying that I would not any longer defer giving judgment in the caſe of the petticoat, many of them having put off the making new cloaths, until ſuch time as they know what verdict will paſs upon it. I do therefore hereby certify to all whom it may concern, that I do deſign to ſet apart Tueſday next for the final determination of that matter, having already ordered a jury of matrons to be impannelled, for the clearing up of any difficult points that may ariſe in the trial.

Being informed that ſeveral dead men in and about this city do keep out of the way and abſcond, for fear of being buried; and being willing to reſpite their interment, in conſideration of their families, and in hopes of their amendment, I ſhall allow them certain privileged places, where they may appear to one another, without cauſing any let or moleſtation to the living, or receiving any in their own perſons from the company of Upholders. Between the hours of ſeven and nine in the morning, they may appear in ſafety at St. James's Coffee-houſe, or at White's, if they do not keep their beds, which is more proper for men in their condition. From nine to eleven, I allow them to walk from Story's to Roſamond's Pond in the Park, or in any other public walks which are not frequented by the living at that time. Between eleven and three, they are to vaniſh, and keep out of ſight until three in the afternoon, at which time they may go to the Exchange until five; and then, if they pleaſe, divert themſelves at the Haymarket, or Drury Lane, until the play begins. It is further granted in favour of theſe perſons, that they may be received at any table, where there are more preſent than ſeven in number; provided that they do not take upon them to talk, judge, commend, or find fault with any ſpeech, action, or behaviour of the living. In which caſe it ſhall be lawful to ſeize their perſons at any place or hour whatſoever, and to convey their bodies to the next undertaker's; any thing in this advertiſement to the contrary notwithſtanding.

Nº CXIV. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1709.

UT IN VITA, SIC IN STUDIIS, PULCHERRIMUM ET HUMANISSIMUM EXISTIMO, SEVERITATEM COMITATEMQUE MISCERE, NE ILLA IN TRISTITIAM, HÆC IN PETULANTIAM PROCEDAT.

PLIN. EPIST.

AS IN A MAN'S LIFE, SO IN HIS STUDIES, I THINK IT IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND HUMANE THING IN THE WORLD, SO TO MINGLE GRAVITY WITH PLEASANTRY, THAT THE ONE MAY NOT SINK INTO MELANCHOLY, NOR THE OTHER RISE UP INTO WANTONNESS.

SHEER-LANE, DEC. 30.

I Was walking about my chamber this morning in a very gay humour, when I saw a coach stop at my door, and a youth about fifteen alighting out of it, whom I perceived to be the eldest son of my bosom friend, that I gave some account of in my paper of the seventeenth of the last month. I felt a sensible pleasure rising in me at the sight of him, my acquaintance having begun with his father when he was just such a stripling, and about that very age. When he came up to me, he took me by the hand, and burst out in tears. I was extremely moved, and immediately said—'Child, 'how does your father do?' He began to reply—'My mother——' but could not go on for weeping. I went down with him into the coach, and gathered out of him, that his mother was then dying, and that while the holy man was doing the last offices to her, he had taken that time to come and call me to his father, who, he said, would certainly break his heart if I did not go and comfort him. The child's discretion in coming to me of his own head, and the tenderness he shewed for his parents, which have quite overpowered me, had I not resolved to fortify myself for the seasonable performances of those duties which I owed to my friend. As we were going, I could not but reflect upon the character of that excellent woman, and the greatness of his grief for the loss of one who has ever been the support to him under all other afflictions. 'How,' thought I, 'will he be able to bear the 'hour of her death, that could not, when 'I was lately with him, speak of a sick-'ness, which was then past, without sor-'row?' We were now got pretty far into Westminster, and arrived at my friend's house. At the door of it I met Favonius, not without a secret satisfaction to find he had been there. I had formerly conversed with him at his house; and as he abounds with that sort of virtue and knowledge which makes religion beautiful, and never leads the conversation into the violence and rage of party disputes, I listened to him with great pleasure. Our discourse chanced to be upon the subject of death, which he treated with such a strength of reason, and greatness of soul, that instead of being terrible, it appeared to a mind rightly cultivated, altogether to be contemned, or rather to be desired. As I met him at the door, I saw in his face a certain glowing of grief and humanity, heightened with an air of fortitude and resolution, which, as I afterwards found, had such an irresistible force, as to suspend the pains of the dying, and the lamentations of the nearest friends who attended her. I went up directly to the room where she lay, and was met at the entrance by my friend, who, notwithstanding his thoughts had been composed a little before, at the sight of me turned away his face and wept. The little family of children renewed the expressions of their sorrow according to their several ages and degrees of understanding. The eldest daughter was in tears, busied in attendance upon her mother; others were kneeling about the bedside: and what troubled me most was to see a little boy, who was too young to know the reason, weeping only because his sisters did. The only one in the room who seemed resigned and comforted was the dying person. At my approach to the bedside, she told me, with a low broken voice—'This 'is kindly done—take care of your 'friend—do not go from him.' She had before taken leave of her husband and children, in a manner proper for so solemn a parting, and with a gracefulness peculiar to a woman of her character.

racter. My heart was torn in pieces to see the husband on one side suppressing and keeping down the swellings of his grief, for fear of disturbing her in her last moments; and the wife even at that time concealing the pains she endured, for fear of increasing his affliction. She kept her eyes upon him for some moments after she grew speechless, and soon after closed them for ever. In the moment of her departure, my friend, who had thus far commanded himself, gave a deep groan, and fell into a swoon by her bedside. The distraction of the children, who thought they saw both their parents expiring together, and now lying dead before them, would have melted the hardest heart; but they soon perceived their father recover, whom I helped to remove into another room, with a resolution to accompany him until the first pangs of his affliction were abated. I knew consolation would now be impertinent; and therefore contented myself to sit by him, and condole with him in silence. For I shall here use the method of an ancient author, who in one of his epistles relating the virtues and death of Macrinus's wife, expresses himself thus: 'I shall suspend my advice to this best of friends, until he 'is made capable of receiving it by those 'three great remedies—*Necessitas ipsa, dies longa, et satietas doloris*—the 'necessity of submission, length of time, 'and satiety of grief.'

In the mean time, I cannot but consider with much commiseration, the melancholy state of one who has had such a part of himself torn from him, and which he misses in every circumstance of life. His condition is like that of one who has lately lost his right-arm, and is every moment offering to help himself with it. He does not appear to himself the same person in his house, at his table, in company, or in retirement; and loses the relish of all the pleasures and diversions that were before entertaining to him by her participation of them. The most agreeable objects recal the sorrow for her with whom he used to enjoy them. This additional satisfaction, from the taste of pleasures in the society of one we love, is admirably described in Milton, who represents Eve, though in Paradise itself, no farther pleased with the beautiful objects around her, than as she sees them in company with Adam, in that passage so inexpressibly charming—

With thee conversing, I forgot all time,
All seasons, and their change; all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit and flower,
Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft show'rs, and sweet the coming on
Of grateful ev'ning mild; the silent night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train.
But neither breath of morn when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun
In this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glist'ring with dew, nor fragrant after show'rs,
Nor grateful ev'ning mild, nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Of glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.

The variety of images in this passage is infinitely pleasing, and the recapitulation of each particular image, with a little varying of the expression, makes one of the finest turns of words that I have ever seen: which I rather mention, because Mr. Dryden has said in his preface to Juvenal, that he could meet with no turn of words in Milton.

It may be further observed, that though the sweetness of these verses has something in it of a pastoral, yet it excels the ordinary kind, as much as the scene of it is above an ordinary field or meadow. I might here, since I am accidentally led into this subject, shew several passages in Milton that have as excellent turns of this nature, as any of our English poets whatsoever; but shall only mention that which follows, in which he describes the fallen angels engaged in the intricate disputes of predestination, free-will, and fore-knowledge; and to humour the perplexity, makes a kind of labyrinth in the very words that describe it—

Others apart sate on a hill retir'd,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of providence, fore-knowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute,
And found no end in wand'ring mazes lost.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM, LORD COWPER,

BARON OF WINGHAM.

MY LORD,

AFTER having long celebrated the ſuperior graces and excellencies, among men, in an imaginary character, I do myſelf the honour to ſhew my veneration for tranſcendent merit under my own name, in this addreſs to your Lordſhip. The juſt application of thoſe high accompliſhments of which you are maſter, has been an advantage to all your fellow-ſubjects; and it is from the common obligation you have laid upon all the world, that I, though a private man, can pretend to be affected with, or take the liberty to acknowledge, your great talents and public virtues.

It gives a pleaſing proſpect to your friends, that is to ſay, to the friends of your country, that you have paſſed through the higheſt offices, at an age when others uſually do but form to themſelves the hopes of them. They may expect to ſee you in the Houſe of Lords as many years as you were aſcending to it. It is our common good, that your admirable eloquence can now no longer be employed but in the expreſſion of your own ſentiments and judgment. The ſkilful pleader is now for ever changed into the juſt judge; which latter character your lordſhip exerts with ſo prevailing an impartiality, that you win the approbation even of thoſe who diſſent from you, and you always obtain favour, becauſe you are never moved by it.

This gives you a certain dignity peculiar to your preſent ſituation, and makes the equity, even of a Lord High Chancellor, appear but a degree towards the magnanimity of a Peer of Great Britain.

Forgive me, my Lord, when I cannot conceal from you, that I ſhall never hereafter behold you, but I ſhall behold you, as lately, defending the brave and the unfortunate.

When we attend to your Lordſhip, engaged in a diſcourſe, we cannot but reflect upon the many requiſites which the vain-glorious ſpeakers of antiquity have demanded in a man who is to excel in oratory; I ſay, my Lord, when we reflect upon the precepts by viewing the example, though there is no excellence propoſed by thoſe rhetoricians wanting, the whole art ſeems to be reſolved into that one motive of ſpeaking, ſincerity in the intention. The graceful manner, the apt geſture, and the aſſumed concern, are impotent helps to perſuaſion, in compariſon of the honeſt countenance of him who utters what he really means. From hence it is, that all the beauties which others attain with labour, are in your Lordſhip but the natural effects of the heart that dictates.

It is this noble ſimplicity which makes you ſurpaſs mankind in the faculties, wherein mankind are diſtinguiſhed from other creatures, reaſon and ſpeech.

If theſe gifts were communicated to all men in proportion to the truth and ardour of their hearts, I ſhould ſpeak of you with the ſame force as you expreſs yourſelf on any other ſubject. But I reſiſt my preſent impulſe, as agreeable as it is to me; though indeed, had I any pretenſions to a fame of this kind, I ſhould, above all other themes, attempt a panegyric upon my Lord Cowper: for the only ſure way to a reputation for eloquence, in an age wherein that perfect orator lives, is to chuſe an argument upon which he himſelf muſt of neceſſity be ſilent.

I am, my Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt devoted,

Moſt obedient,

And moſt humble Servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

THE

THE

TATLER.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

Nº CXV. TUESDAY, JANUARY 3, 1709.

——NOVUM INTERVENIT VITIUM ET CALAMITAS,
UT NEQUE SPECTARI, NEQUE COGNOSCI POTUERIT:
ITA POPULUS STUDIO STUPIDUS IN FUNAMBULO
ANIMUM OCCUPARAT. TER. DE HECYRA.

THERE HAPPENED A NEW MISFORTUNE AND CALAMITY; FOR THE PLAY WAS NEITHER SEEN NOR UNDERSTOOD; THE STUPID PEOPLE WERE SO MUCH TAKEN UP WITH A ROPE-DANCER.

SHEER-LANE, JANUARY 2.

I Went on Friday laſt to the Opera, and was ſurprized to find a thin houſe at ſo noble an entertainment, until I heard that the Tumbler was not to make his appearance that night. For my own part, I was fully ſatisfied with the ſight of an actor, who, by the grace and propriety of his action and geſture, does honour to an human figure, as much as the other vilifies and degrades it. Every one will eaſily imagine I mean Signior Nicolini, who ſets off the character he bears in an opera by his action, as much as he does the words of it by his voice. Every limb, and every finger, contributes to the part he acts, inſomuch that a deaf man might go along with him in the ſenſe of it. There is ſcarce a beautiful poſture in an old ſtatue which he does not plant himſelf in, as the different circumſtances of the ſtory give occaſion for it. He performs the moſt ordinary action in a manner ſuitable to the greatneſs of his character, and ſhews the prince even in the giving of a letter, or diſpatching of a meſſage. Our beſt actors are ſomewhat at a loſs to ſupport themſelves with proper geſture, as they move from any conſiderable diſtance to the front of the ſtage; but I have ſeen the perſon of whom I am now ſpeaking, enter alone at the remoteſt part of it, and advance from it, with ſuch greatneſs of air and mien, as ſeemed to fill the ſtage, and at the ſame time commanded the attention of the audience with the majeſty of his appearance. But notwithſtanding the dignity and elegance of this entertainment, I find for ſome nights paſt that Punchinello has robbed this gentleman of the greater part of his female ſpectators. The truth of it is, I find it ſo very hard a taſk to keep that ſex under any manner of government, that I have often reſolved to give them over entirely, and leave them to their own inventions. I was in hopes that I had brought them to ſome order, and was employing my thoughts on the reformation of their petticoats, when on a ſudden I received information from all parts that they run gadding after a puppet-ſhew. I know very well, that what I here ſay will be thought by ſome malicious perſons to flow from envy to Mr. Powell; for which reaſon I ſhall ſet the late diſpute between us in a true light. Mr. Powell and I had ſome difference about four months ago, which we managed by way of letter, as learned men ought to do; and I was very well contented to bear ſuch ſarcaſms as he was pleaſed to throw

upon me, and answered them with the same freedom. In the midst of this our misunderstanding and correspondence, I happened to give the world an account of the order of Esquires; upon which Mr. Powell was so disingenuous as to make one of his puppets (I wish I knew which of them it was) declare, by way of prologue, that one Isaac Bickerstaff, a pretended Esquire, had wrote a scurrilous piece to the dishonour of that rank of men; and then, with more art than honesty, concluded, that all the Esquires in the pit were abused by his antagonist as much as he was. This public accusation made all the Esquires of that county, and several of other parts, my professed enemies. I do not in the least question but that he will proceed in his hostilities; and I am informed, that part of his design in coming to town was to carry the war into my own quarters. I do therefore solemnly declare, notwithstanding that I am a great lover of art and ingenuity, that if I hear he opens any of his people's mouths against me, I shall not fail to write a critic upon his whole performance; for I must confess, that I have naturally so strong a desire of praise, that I cannot bear reproach, though from a piece of timber. As for Punch, who takes all opportunities of bespattering me, I know very well his original, and have been assured by the joiner who put him together, that he was in long dispute with himself, whether he should turn him into several pegs and utensils, or make him the man he is. The same person confessed to me, that he had once actually laid aside his head for a nutcracker. As for his scolding wife, however she may value herself at present, it is very well known that she is but a piece of crab-tree. This artificer further whispered in my ear, that all his courtiers and nobles were taken out of a quickset hedge not far from Islington; and that Doctor Faustus himself, who is now so great a conjuror, is supposed to have learned his whole art from an old woman in that neighbourhood, whom he long served in the figure of a broomstaff.

But perhaps it may look trivial to insist so much upon men's persons; I shall therefore turn my thoughts rather to examine their behaviour, and consider, whether the several parts are written up to that character which Mr. Powell piques himself upon, of an able and judicious dramatist. I have for this purpose provided myself with the works of above twenty French critics, and shall examine, by the rules which they have laid down upon the art of the stage, whether the unity of time, place, and action, be rightly observed in any one of this celebrated author's productions; as also, whether in the parts of his several actors, and that of Punch in particular, there is not sometimes an impropriety of sentiments, and an impurity of diction.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, JAN. 2.

I CAME in here to-day at an hour when only the dead appear in places of resort and gallantry, and saw hung up the escutcheon of Sir Hannibal, a gentleman who used to frequent this place, and was taken up and interred by the company of Upholders, as having been seen here at an unlicensed hour. The coat of the deceased is, three Bowls and a Jack in a green field; the crest, a Dice-box, with the King of Clubs and Pam for supporters. Some days ago the body was carried out of town with great pomp and ceremony, in order to be buried with his ancestors at the Peak. It is a maxim in morality, that we are to speak nothing but truth of the living, nothing but good of the dead. As I have carefully observed the first during his life-time, I shall acquit myself as to the latter now he is deceased.

He was knighted very young, not in the ordinary form, but by the common consent of mankind.

He was in his person between round and square; in the motion and gesture of his body he was unaffected and free, as not having too great a respect for superiors. He was in his discourse bold and intrepid; and as every one has an excellence as well as a failing which distinguishes him from other men, eloquence was his predominant quality, which he had to so great a perfection, that it was easier to him to speak than to hold his tongue. This sometimes exposed him to the derision of men who had much less parts than himself: and indeed his great volubility and inimitable manner of speaking, as well as the great courage he shewed on those occasions, did sometimes betray him into that figure of speech which is commonly distinguished by the name of Gasconade.

To

To mention no other, he profeſſed in this very place ſome few days before he died, that he would be one of the ſix that would undertake to aſſault me; for which reaſon I have had his figure upon my wall until the hour of his death: and am reſolved for the future to bury every one forthwith who I hear has an intention to kill me.

Since I am upon the ſubject of my adverſaries, I ſhall here publiſh a ſhort letter which I have received from a well-wiſher, and is as follows:

SAGE SIR,

YOU cannot but know, there are many ſcribblers, and others, who revile you and your writings. It is wondered that you do not exert yourſelf, and cruſh them at once. I am, Sir, with great reſpect, your moſt humble admirer and diſciple.

In anſwer to this, I ſhall act like my predeceſſor Æſop, and give him a fable inſtead of a reply.

It happened one day, as a ſtout and honeſt maſtiff, that guarded the village where he lived againſt thieves and robbers, was very gravely walking, with one of his puppies by his ſide, all the little dogs in the ſtreet gathered about him, and barked at him. The little puppy was ſo offended at this affront done to his ſire, that he aſked him, why he would not fall upon them, and tear them to pieces? To which the ſire anſwered, with a great compoſure of mind —' If there were no Curs, I ſhould be ' no Maſtiff.'

N° CXVI. THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1709.

PARS MINIMA EST IPSA PUELLA SUI. OVID.

THE YOUNG LADY IS THE LEAST PART OF HERSELF.

SHEER-LANE, JANUARY 4.

THE court being prepared for proceeding on the cauſe of the Petticoat, I gave orders to bring in a criminal who was taken up as ſhe went out of the puppet-ſhow about three nights ago, and was now ſtanding in the ſtreet with a great concourſe of people about her. Word was brought me, that ſhe had endeavoured twice or thrice to come in, but could not do it by reaſon of her petticoat; which was too large for the entrance of my houſe, though I had ordered both the folding doors to be thrown open for it's reception. Upon this, I deſired the jury of matrons, who ſtood at my right-hand, to inform themſelves of her condition, and know whether there were any private reaſons why ſhe might not make her appearance ſeparate from her petticoat. This was managed with great diſcretion, and had ſuch an effect, that upon the return of the verdict from the bench of matrons, I iſſued out an order forthwith, that the criminal ſhould be ſtripped of her incumbrances, until ſhe became little enough to enter my houſe. I had before given directions for an engine of ſeveral legs, that could contract or open itſelf like the top of an umbrella, in order to place the petticoat upon it, by which means I might take a leiſurely ſurvey of it, as it ſhould appear in it's proper dimenſions. This was all done accordingly; and forthwith, upon the cloſing of the engine, the petticoat was brought into court. I then directed the machine to be ſet upon the table, and dilated in ſuch a manner as to ſhew the garment in it's utmoſt circumference; but my great hall was too narrow for the experiment; for before it was half unfolded, it deſcribed ſo immoderate a circle, that the lower part of it bruſhed upon my face as I ſat in my chair of judicature. I then enquired for the perſon that belonged to the petticoat; and, to my great ſurprize, was directed to a very beautiful young damſel, with ſo pretty a face and ſhape, that I bid her come out of the crowd, and ſeated her upon a little crock at my left-hand. ' My pretty maid,' ſaid I, ' do you ' own yourſelf to have been the inhabi- ' tant of the garment before us?' The girl I found had good ſenſe, and told me with a ſmile, that notwithſtanding it was her own petticoat, ſhe ſhould be very glad to ſee an example made of it; and that ſhe wore it for no other reaſon, but that ſhe had a mind to look as big and burly as other perſons of her quality;

lity; that she had kept out of it as long as she could, and until she began to appear little in the eyes of all her acquaintance; that if she laid it aside, people would think she was not made like other women. I always gave great allowances to the fair sex upon account of the fashion, and therefore was not displeased with the defence of my pretty criminal. I then ordered the vest which stood before us to be drawn up by a pulley to the top of my great hall, and afterwards to be spread open by the engine it was placed upon, in such a manner, that it formed a very splendid and ample canopy over our heads, and covered the whole court of judicature with a kind of silken rotunda, in it's form not unlike the cupola of Saint Paul's. I entered upon the whole cause with great satisfaction as I sat under the shadow of it.

The counsel for the petticoat was now called in, and ordered to produce what they had to say against the popular cry which was raised against it. They answered the objections with great strength and solidity of argument, and expatiated in very florid harangues, which they did not fail to set off and furbelow, if I may be allowed the metaphor, with many periodical sentences and turns of oratory. The chief arguments for their client were taken, first, from the great benefit that might arise to our woollen manufactory from this invention, which was calculated as follows: the common petticoat has not above four yards in the circumference; whereas this over our heads had more in the semi-diameter; so that by allowing it twenty-four yards in the circumference, the five millions of woollen petticoats, which, according to Sir William Petty, supposing what ought to be supposed in a well-governed state, that all petticoats are made of that stuff, would amount to thirty millions of those of the ancient mode. A prodigious improvement of the woollen trade! and what could not fail to sink the power of France in a few years.

To introduce the second argument, they begged leave to read a petition of the rope-makers; wherein it was represented, that the demand for cords, and the price of them, were much risen since this fashion came up. At this, all the company who were present lifted up their eyes into the vault; and I must confess, we did discover many traces of cordage, which were interwoven in the stiffening of the drapery.

A third argument was founded upon a petition of the Greenland trade, which likewise represented the great consumption of whale-bone which would be occasioned by the present fashion, and the benefit which would thereby accrue to that branch of the British trade.

To conclude, they gently touched upon the weight and unwieldiness of the garment, which they insinuated might be of great use to preserve the honour of families.

These arguments would have wrought very much upon me, as I then told the company in a long and elaborate discourse, had I not considered the great and additional expence which such fashions would bring upon fathers and husbands; and therefore by no means to be thought of until some years after a peace. I further urged, that it would be a prejudice to the ladies themselves, who could never expect to have any money in the pocket, if they laid out so much on the petticoat. To this I added, the great temptation it might give to virgins, of acting in security like married women, and by that means give a check to matrimony, an institution always encouraged by wise societies.

At the same time, in answer to the several petitions produced on that side, I shewed one subscribed by the women of several persons of quality, humbly setting forth, that since the introduction of this mode, their respective ladies had, instead of bestowing on them their cast gowns, cut them into shreds, and mixed them with the cordage and buckram, to compleat the stiffening of their under petticoats. For which, and sundry other reasons, I pronounced the petticoat a forfeiture: but to shew that I did not make that judgment for the sake of filthy lucre, I ordered it to be folded up, and sent it as a present to a widow-gentlewoman, who has five daughters; desiring she would make each of them a petticoat out of it, and send me back the remainder, which I design to cut into stomachers, caps, facings of my waistcoat-sleeves, and other garnitures suitable to my age and quality.

I would not be understood, that, while I discard this monstrous invention, I am an enemy to the proper ornaments of the fair-sex. On the contrary, as the hand of Nature has poured on them such

such a profusion of charms and graces, and sent them into the world more amiable and finished than the rest of her works; so I would have them bestow upon themselves all the additional beauties that art can supply them with, provided it does not interfere with, disguise, or pervert those of nature.

I consider woman as a beautiful romantic animal, that may be adorned with furs and feathers, pearls and diamonds, ores and silks. The lynx shall cast it's skin at her feet to make her a tippet; the peacock, parrot, and swan, shall pay contributions to her muff; the sea shall be searched for shells, and the rocks for gems; and every part of Nature furnish out it's share towards the embellishment of a creature that is the most consummate work of it. All this I shall indulge them in; but as for the Petticoat I have been speaking of, I neither can, nor will allow it.

Nº CXVII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1709.

DURATE, ET VOSMET REBUS SERVATE SECUNDIS.
VIRG. ÆN. I. VER. 211.

ENDURE THE HARDSHIPS OF YOUR PRESENT STATE,
LIVE, AND RESERVE YOURSELVES FOR BETTER FATE.
DRYDEN.

SHEER-LANE, JANUARY 6.

WHEN I look into the frame and constitution of my own mind, there is no part of it which I observe with greater satisfaction, than that tenderness and concern which it bears for the good and happiness of mankind. My own circumstances are indeed so narrow and scanty, that I should taste but very little pleasure, could I receive it only from those enjoyments which are in my own possession; but by this great tincture of humanity, which I find in all my thoughts and reflections, I am happier than any single person can be, with all the wealth, strength, beauty, and success, that can be conferred upon a mortal, if he only relishes such a proportion of these blessings as is vested in himself, and in his own private property. By this means, every man that does himself any real service, does me a kindness. I come in for my share in all the good that happens to a man of merit and virtue, and partake of many gifts of fortune and power that I was never born to. There is nothing in particular in which I so much rejoice as the deliverance of good and generous spirits out of dangers, difficulties, and distresses. And because the world does not supply instances of this kind to furnish out sufficient entertainments for such an humanity and benevolence of temper, I have ever delighted in reading the history of ages past, which draws together into a narrow compass the great occurrences and events, that are but thinly sown in those tracts of time which lie within our own knowledge and observation. When I see the life of a great man, who deserved well of his country, after having struggled through all the oppositions of prejudice and envy, breaking out with lustre, and shining forth in all the splendor of success, I close my book, and am an happy man for a whole evening.

But since in history, events are of a mixed nature, and often happen alike to the worthless and the deserving, insomuch that we frequently see a virtuous man dying in the midst of disappointments and calamities, and the vicious ending their days in prosperity and peace; I love to amuse myself with the accounts I meet with in fabulous histories and fictions; for in this kind of writings we have always the pleasure of seeing vice punished, and virtue rewarded: indeed, were we able to view a man in the whole circle of his existence, we should have the satisfaction of seeing it close with happiness or misery, according to his proper merit: but though our view of him is interrupted by death before the finishing of his adventures, if I may so speak, we may be sure that the conclusion and catastrophe is altogether suitable to his behaviour. On the contrary, the whole being of a man, considered as an hero, or a knight-errant, is comprehended within the limits of a poem or romance, and therefore always ends

ends to our satisfaction; so that inventions of this kind are like food and exercise to a good-natured disposition, which they please and gratify at the same time that they nourish and strengthen. The greater the affliction is in which we see our favourites in these relations engaged, the greater is the pleasure we take in seeing them relieved.

Among the many feigned histories which I have met with in my reading, there is none in which the hero's perplexity is greater, and the winding out of it more difficult, than that in a French author whose name I have forgot. It so happens, that the hero's mistress was the sister of his most intimate friend, who for certain reasons was given out to be dead, while he was preparing to leave his country in quest of adventures. The hero having heard of his friend's death, immediately repaired to his mistress, to condole with her, and comfort her. Upon his arrival in her garden, he discovered at a distance a man clasped in her arms, and embraced with the most endearing tenderness. What should he do? It did not consist with the gentleness of a knight-errant either to kill his mistress, or the man whom she was pleased to favour. At the same time, it would have spoiled a romance, should he have laid violent hands on himself. In short, he immediately entered upon his adventures; and after a long series of exploits, found out by degrees, that the person he saw in his mistress's arms was her own brother, taking leave of her before he left his country, and the embrace she gave him nothing else but the affectionate farewel of a sister: so that he had at once the two greatest satisfactions that could enter into the heart of man, in finding his friend alive, whom he thought dead; and his mistress faithful, whom he had believed inconstant.

There are indeed some disasters so very fatal, that it is impossible for any accidents to rectify them. Of this kind was that of poor Lucretia; and yet we see Ovid has found an expedient even in this case. He describes a beautiful and royal virgin walking on the sea-shore, where she was discovered by Neptune, and violated after a long and unsuccessful importunity. To mitigate her sorrow, he offers her whatever she could wish for. Never certainly was the wit of woman more puzzled in finding out a stratagem to retrieve her honour. Had she desired to be changed into a stock or stone, a beast, fish, or fowl, she would have been a loser by it: or had she desired to have been made a sea-nymph, or a goddess, her immortality would but have perpetuated her disgrace. 'Give 'me therefore,' said she, 'such a shape 'as may make me incapable of suffer-'ing again the like calamity, or of be-'ing reproached for what I have already 'suffered.' To be short, she was turned into a man, and, by that only means, avoided the danger and imputation she so much dreaded.

I was once myself in agonies of grief that are unutterable, and in so great a distraction of mind, that I thought myself even out of the possibility of receiving comfort. The occasion was as follows: When I was a youth in a part of the army which was then quartered at Dover, I fell in love with an agreeable young woman, of a good family in those parts, and had the satisfaction of seeing my addresses kindly received, which occasioned the perplexity I am going to relate.

We were in a calm evening diverting ourselves upon the top of the cliff with the prospect of the sea, and trifling away the time in such little fondnesses as are most ridiculous to people in business, and most agreeable to those in love.

In the midst of these our innocent endearments, she snatched a paper of verses out of my hand, and ran away with them. I was following her, when on a sudden the ground, though at a considerable distance from the verge of the precipice, sunk under her, and threw her down from so prodigious an height upon such a range of rocks, as would have dashed her into ten thousand pieces, had her body been made of adamant. It is much easier for my reader to imagine my state of mind upon such an occasion, than for me to express it. I said to myself—'It is not in the power of Heaven to 'relieve me!' when I awaked, equally transported and astonished, to see myself drawn out of an affliction which, the very moment before, appeared to me altogether inextricable.

The impressions of grief and horror were so lively on this occasion, that while they lasted, they made me more miserable than I was at the real death of this beloved person, which happened a few months after, at a time when the match

Plate IX.

Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co. Oct. 8. 1785.

match between us was concluded; inaſmuch as the imaginary death was untimely, and I myſelf in a ſort an acceſſary; whereas her real diſeaſe had at leaſt theſe alleviations, of being natural and inevitable.

The memory of the dream I have related, ſtill dwells ſo ſtrongly upon me, that I can never read the deſcription of Dover Cliff in Shakeſpeare's tragedy of King Lear, without a freſh ſenſe of my eſcape. The proſpect from that place is drawn with ſuch proper incidents, that whoever can read it without growing giddy, muſt have a good head, or a very bad one.

Come on, Sir, here's the place; ſtand ſtill! how fearful
And dizzy 'tis to caſt one's eyes ſo low?
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air,
Show ſcarce as groſs as beetles. Half way down
Hangs one that gathers ſamphire—Dreadful trade!
Methinks he ſeems no bigger than his head.
The fiſhermen that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice, and yond' tall anchoring bark
Diminiſh'd to her boat; her boat! a buoy
Almoſt too ſmall for ſight. The murmuring ſurge.
That on th' unnumbered idle pebble beats,
Cannot be heard ſo high. I'll look no more,
Leſt my brain turn.

N° CXVIII. TUESDAY, JANUARY 10, 1709.

LUSISTI SATIS, EDISTI SATIS, ATQUE BIBISTI,
TEMPUS ABIRE TIBI—— HOR. EP. 2. LIB. 2. VER. 214.

ALREADY GLUTTED WITH A FARCE OF AGE,
'TIS TIME FOR THEE TO QUIT THE WANTON STAGE. FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JAN. 8.

I Thought to have given over my proſecution of the Dead for this ſeaſon, having by me many other projects for the reformation of mankind; but I have received ſo many complaints from ſuch different hands, that I ſhall diſoblige multitudes of my correſpondents, if I do not take notice of them. Some of the deceaſed, who, I thought, had been laid quietly in their graves, are ſuch hobgoblins in public aſſemblies, that I muſt be forced to deal with them as Evander did with his triple-lived adverſary; who, according to Virgil, was forced to kill him thrice over, before he could diſpatch him.

Ter letho ſternendus erat.——

——Thrice I ſent him to the Stygian ſhore.

I am likewiſe informed, that ſeveral wives of my dead men have, ſince the deceaſe of their huſbands, been ſeen in many public places without mourning or regard to common decency.

I am further adviſed, that ſeveral of the defunct, contrary to the woollen act, preſume to dreſs themſelves in lace, embroidery, ſilks, muſlins, and other ornaments, forbidden to perſons in their condition. Theſe and other the like informations moving me thereunto, I muſt deſire, for diſtinction ſake, and to conclude this ſubject for ever, that when any of theſe poſthumous perſons appear, or are ſpoken of, that their wives may be called widows; their houſes, ſepulchres; their chariots, hearſes; and their garments, flannel: on which condition, they ſhall be allowed all the conveniencies that dead men can in reaſon deſire.

As I was writing this morning on this ſubject, I received the following letter.

FROM THE BANKS OF STYX.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

I Muſt confeſs I treated you very ſcurrilouſly when you firſt ſent me hither; but you have diſpatched ſuch multitudes after me to keep me in countenance, that I am very well reconciled both to you and my condition. We live very lovingly together; for as death makes us all equal, it makes us very much delight in one another's company. Our time paſſes away after much the ſame manner as it did when we were among you: eating, drinking, and ſleeping, are our chief diverſions. Our Quid Nuncs between whiles go to a coffee-houſe, where they have ſeveral warm liquors made of the waters of Lethe, with very good

poppy-tea. We that are the ſprightly geniuſes of the place, refreſh ourſelves frequently with a bottle of mum, and tell ſtories until we fall aſleep. You would do well to ſend among us Mr. Dodwell's book againſt the immortality of the ſoul, which would be of great conſolation to our whole fraternity, who would be very glad to find that they are dead for good and all, and would in particula make me reſt for ever yours,

JOHN PARTRIDGE.

P.S. Sir James is juſt arrived here in good health.

The foregoing letter was the more pleaſing to me, becauſe I perceive ſome little ſymptoms in it of a reſuſcitation; and having lately ſeen the predictions of this author, which are written in a true Proteſtant ſpirit of prophecy, and a particular zeal againſt the French king, I have ſome thoughts of ſending for him from the banks of Styx, and reinſtating him in his own houſe, at the ſign of the Globe in Saliſbury Street. For the encouragement of him and others, I ſhall offer to their conſideration a letter, which gives me an account of the revival of one of their brethren.

SIR, DEC. 31.

I Have peruſed your Tatler of this day, and have wept over it with great pleaſure; I wiſh you would be more frequent in your family pieces. For as I conſider you under the notion of a great deſigner, I think theſe are not your leaſt valuable performances. I am glad to find you have given over your face-painting for ſome time, becauſe I think you have employed yourſelf more in groteſque figures than in beauties; for which reaſon I would rather ſee you work upon hiſtory pieces, than on ſingle portraits. Your ſeveral draughts of dead men appear to me as pictures of ſtill life, and have done great good in the place where I live. The Eſquire of a neighbouring village, who had been a long time in the number of non-entities, is entirely recovered by them. For theſe ſeveral years paſt, there was not an hare in the county that could be at reſt for him; and I think, the greateſt exploit he ever boaſted of was, that when he was high ſheriff of the county, he hunted a fox ſo far, that he could not follow him any further by the laws of the land. All the hours he ſpent at home, were in ſwelling himſelf with October, and rehearſing the wonders he did in the field. Upon reading your papers, he has ſold his dogs, ſhook off his dead companions, looked into his eſtate, got the multiplication-table by heart, paid his tithes, and intends to take upon him the office of churchwarden next year. I wiſh the ſame ſucceſs with your other patients, and am, &c.

DITTO, JAN. 9.

WHEN I came home this evening, a very tight middle-aged woman preſented to me the following petition:

TO THE WORSHIPFUL ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE, CENSOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF PENELOPE PRIM, WIDOW,

SHEWETH,

THAT your petitioner was bred a clear-ſtarcher and ſempſtreſs, and for many years worked to the Exchange, and to ſeveral aldermens wives, lawyers, clerks, and merchants apprentices.

That through the ſcarcity cauſed by regraters of bread corn, of which ſtarch is made, and the gentry's immoderate frequenting the operas, the ladies, to ſave charges, have their heads waſhed at home, and the beaus put out their linen to common laundreſſes. So that your petitioner has little or no work at her trade: for want of which ſhe is reduced to ſuch neceſſity, that ſhe and her ſeven fatherleſs children muſt inevitably periſh, unleſs relieved by your worſhip.

That your petitioner is informed, that in contempt of your judgment pronounced on Tueſday the third inſtant againſt the new-faſhioned petticoat, or old-faſhioned fardingal, the ladies deſign to go on in that dreſs. And ſince it is preſumed your worſhip will not ſuppreſs them by force, your petitioner humbly deſires you would order, that ruffs may be added to the dreſs; and that ſhe may be heard by her counſel, who has aſſured your petitioner, he has ſuch cogent reaſons to offer to your court, that ruffs and fardingals are inſeparable, that he queſtions not but two thirds of the greateſt beauties about town will have cambric collars on their necks before the end of

of Eaſter term next. He further ſays, that the deſign of our great grandmothers in this petticoat, was to appear much bigger than the life; for which reaſon they had falſe ſhoulder-blades, like wings, and the ruff above-mentioned, to make the upper and lower parts of their bodies appear proportionable; whereas the figure of a woman in the preſent dreſs, bears, as he calls it, the figure of a cone, which, as he adviſes, is the ſame with that of an extinguiſher, with a little knob at the upper end, and widening downward, until it ends in a baſis of a moſt enormous circumference.

Your petitioner therefore moſt humbly prays, that you would reſtore the ruff to the fardingal, which in their nature ought to be as inſeparable as the two Hungarian twins.

And your petitioner ſhall ever pray.

I have examined into the allegations of this petition, and find, by ſeveral ancient pictures of my own predeceſſors, particularly that of Dame Deborah Bickerſtaff, my great grandmother, that the ruff and fardingal are made uſe of as abſolutely neceſſary to preſerve the ſymmetry of the figure; and Mrs. Pyramid Bickerſtaff, her ſecond ſiſter, is recorded in our family book, with ſome obſervations to her diſadvantage, as the firſt female of our own houſe that diſcovered, to any beſides her nurſe and her huſband, an inch below her chin, or above her inſtep. This convinces me of the reaſonableneſs of Mrs. Prim's demand; and therefore I ſhall not allow the reviving of any one part of that ancient mode, except the whole is complied with. Mrs. Prim is therefore hereby impowered to carry home ruffs to ſuch as ſhe ſhall ſee in the above-mentioned petticoats, and require payment on demand.

Mr. Bickerſtaff has under conſideration the offer from the corporation of Colcheſter of four hundred pounds per annum, to be paid quarterly, provided that all his dead perſons ſhall be obliged to wear the bays of that place.

Nº CXIX. THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 1709.

IN TENUI LABOR.—— VIRG. GEORG. LIB. 4. VER. 6.

SLIGHT IS THE SUBJECT—— DRYDEN.

SHEER-LANE, JANUARY 11.

I Have lately applied myſelf with much ſatisfaction to the curious diſcoveries that have been made by the help of microſcopes, as they are related by authors of our own and other nations. There is a great deal of pleaſure in prying into this world of wonders, which Nature has laid out of ſight, and ſeems induſtrious to conceal from us. Philoſophy had ranged over all the viſible creation, and began to want objects for her enquiries, when the preſent age, by the invention of glaſſes, opened a new and inexhauſtible magazine of rarities, more wonderful and amazing than any of thoſe which aſtoniſhed our forefathers. I was yeſterday amuſing myſelf with ſpeculations of this kind, and reflecting upon myriads of animals that ſwim in thoſe little ſeas of juices that are contained in the ſeveral veſſels of an human body. While my mind was thus filled with that ſecret wonder and delight, I could not but look upon myſelf as in an act of devotion, and am very well pleaſed with the thought of a great Heathen anatomiſt, who calls his deſcription of the parts of an human body, 'An Hymn 'to the Supreme Being.' The reading of the day produced in my imagination an agreeable morning's dream, if I may call it ſuch; for I am ſtill in doubt whether it paſſed in my ſleeping or waking thoughts. However it was, I fancied that my good Genius ſtood at my bed's head, and entertained me with the following diſcourſe; for upon my riſing, it dwelt ſo ſtrongly upon me, that I writ down the ſubſtance of it, if not the very words.

'If,' ſaid he, 'you can be ſo tranſ-'ported with thoſe productions of Na-'ture which are diſcovered to you by 'thoſe artificial eyes that are the works of 'human invention, how great will your 'ſurprize be, when you ſhall have it in

'your power to model your own eye as 'you pleaſe, and adapt it to the bulk 'of objects, which, with all theſe helps, 'are by infinite degrees too minute for 'your perception! We who are un-'bodied ſpirits can ſharpen our ſight 'to what degree we think fit, and 'make the leaſt work of the creation 'diſtinct and viſible. This gives us 'ſuch ideas as cannot poſſibly enter into 'your preſent conceptions. There is 'not the leaſt particle of matter which 'may not furniſh one of us ſufficient 'employment for a whole eternity. We 'can ſtill divide it, and ſtill open it, 'and ſtill diſcover new wonders of Pro-'vidence, as we look into the different 'texture of it's parts, and meet with 'beds of vegetables, minerals and me-'tallic mixtures, and ſeveral kinds of 'animals that lie hid, and as it were 'loſt in ſuch an endleſs fund of matter. 'I find you are ſurprized at this diſ-'courſe; but as your reaſon tells you 'there are infinite parts in the ſmalleſt 'portion of matter, it will likewiſe con-'vince you, that there is as great a va-'riety of ſecrets, and as much room for 'diſcoveries in a particle no bigger than 'the point of a pin, as in the globe of 'the whole earth. Your microſcopes 'bring to ſight ſhoals of living crea-'tures in a ſpoonful of vinegar; but 'we who can diſtinguiſh them in their 'different magnitudes, ſee among them 'ſeveral huge Leviathans that terrify 'the little fry of animals about them, 'and take their paſtime as in an ocean, 'or the great deep.' I could not but ſmile at this part of his relation, and told him, I doubted not but he could give me the hiſtory of ſeveral inviſible giants, accompanied with their reſpective dwarfs, in caſe that any of theſe little beings are of an human ſhape. 'You may aſſure 'yourſelf,' ſaid he, 'that we ſee in 'theſe animals different natures, in-'ſtincts, and modes of life, which cor-'reſpond to what you obſerve in crea-'tures of bigger dimenſions. We de-'ſcry millions of ſpecies ſubſiſted on a 'green leaf, which your glaſſes repre-'ſent only in crowds and ſwarms. What 'appears to your eye but as hair or 'down riſing on the ſurface of it, we 'find to be woods and foreſts inhabit-'ed by beaſts of prey, that are as dread-'ful in thoſe their little haunts, as lions 'and tigers in the deſerts of Lybia.' I was much delighted with his diſcourſe, and could not forbear telling him, that I ſhould be wonderfully pleaſed to ſee a natural hiſtory of imperceptibles, con-taining a true account of ſuch vegetables and animals as grow and live out of ſight. 'Such diſquiſitions,' anſwered he, 'are very ſuitable to reaſonable crea-'tures; and you may be ſure, there are 'many curious ſpirits among us who 'employ themſelves in ſuch amuſe-'ments. For as our hands, and all 'our ſenſes may be formed to what de-'gree of ſtrength and delicacy we pleaſe, 'in the ſame manner as our ſight, we 'can make what experiments we are in-'clined to, how ſmall ſoever the matter 'be in which we make them. I have 'been preſent at the diſſection of a mite, 'and have ſeen the ſkeleton of a flea. I 'have been ſhewn a foreſt of number-'leſs trees, which has been picked out 'of an acorn. Your microſcope can 'ſhew you in it a complete oak in mi-'niature: and could you ſuit all your 'organs as we do, you might pluck 'an acorn from this little oak, which 'contains another tree; and ſo proceed 'from tree to tree as long as you would 'think fit to continue your diſquiſitions. 'It is almoſt impoſſible,' added he, 'to 'talk of things ſo remote from common 'life, and the ordinary notions which 'mankind receive from blunt and 'groſs organs of ſenſe, without appear-'ing extravagant and ridiculous. You 'have often ſeen a dog opened, to ob-'ſerve the circulation of the blood, or 'make any other uſeful enquiry; and 'yet would be tempted to laugh if I 'ſhould tell you, that a circle of much 'greater philoſophers than any of the 'Royal Society, were preſent at the 'cutting up of one of thoſe little ani-'mals which we find in the blue of a 'plumb: that it was tied down alive be-'fore them; and that they obſerved the 'palpitations of the heart, the courſe 'of the blood, the working of the muſ-'cles, and the convulſions in the ſeve-'ral limbs, with great accuracy and im-'provement.'—'I muſt confeſs,' ſaid I, 'for my own part, I go along with 'you in all your diſcoveries with great 'pleaſure: but it is certain, they are too 'fine for the groſs of mankind, who 'are more ſtruck with the deſcription of 'every thing that is great and bulky. 'Accordingly we find the beſt Judge of 'human nature ſetting forth his wiſ-'dom, not in the formation of theſe

'minute

'minute animals, though indeed no leſs 'wonderful than the other, but in that 'of the Leviathan and Behemoth, the 'Horſe and the Crocodile.'—'Your ob-'ſervation,' ſaid he, 'is very juſt; and 'I muſt acknowledge, for my own part, 'that although it is with much delight 'that I ſee the traces of Providence in 'theſe inſtances, I ſtill take greater 'pleaſure in conſidering the works of 'the creation in their immenſity, than 'in their minuteneſs. For this reaſon, 'I rejoice when I ſtrengthen my ſight 'ſo as to make it pierce into the moſt 'remote ſpaces, and take a view of thoſe 'heavenly bodies which lie out of the 'reach of human eyes, though aſſiſted 'by teleſcopes. What you look upon 'as one confuſed white in the milky-'way, appears to me a long track of 'heavens, diſtinguiſhed by ſtars that 'are ranged in proper figures and con-'ſtellations.' While you are admiring 'the ſky in a ſtarry night, I am enter-'tained with a variety of worlds and 'ſuns placed one above another, and 'riſing up to ſuch an immenſe diſtance, 'that no created eye can ſee an end of 'them.'

The latter part of his diſcourſe flung me into ſuch an aſtoniſhment, that he had been ſilent for ſome time before I took notice of it; when on a ſudden I ſtarted up and drew my curtains, to look if any one was near me, but ſaw nobody, and cannot tell to this moment whether it was my good Genius or a dream that left me.

Nº CXX. SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1709.

——VELUT SILVIS, UBI PASSIM
PALANTES ERROR CERTO DE TRAMITE PELLIT;
ILLE SINISTRORSUM, HIC DEXTRORSUM ABIT.
HOR. SAT. 3. LIB. 2. VER. 48.

WHEN, IN A WOOD, WE LEAVE THE CERTAIN WAY,
ONE ERROR FOOLS US, THOUGH WE VARIOUS STRAY,
SOME TO THE LEFT, AND SOME TO T'OTHER SIDE. FRANCIS.

SHEER-LANE, JANUARY 13.

INSTEAD of conſidering any particular paſſion or character in any one ſet of men, my thoughts were laſt night employed on the contemplation of human life in general; and truly it appears to me, that the whole ſpecies are hurried on by the ſame deſires, and engaged in the ſame purſuits, according to the different ſtages and diviſions of life. Youth is devoted to Luſt, middle age to Ambition, old age to Avarice. Theſe are the three general motives and principles of action both in good and bad men; though it muſt be acknowledged that they change their names, and refine their natures, according to the temper of the perſon whom they direct and animate. For with the good, luſt becomes virtuous love; ambition, true honour; and avarice, the care of poſterity. This ſcheme of thought amuſed me very agreeably until I retired to reſt, and afterwards formed itſelf into a pleaſing and regular viſion, which I ſhall deſcribe in all it's circumſtances, as the objects preſented themſelves, whether in a ſerious or ridiculous manner.

I dreamed that I was in a wood, of ſo prodigious an extent, and cut into ſuch a variety of walks and alleys, that all mankind were loſt and bewildered in it. After having wandered up and down ſome time, I came into the center of it, which opened into a wide plain, filled with multitudes of both ſexes. I here diſcovered three great roads, very wide and long, that led into three different parts of the foreſt. On a ſudden the whole multitude broke into three parts, according to their different ages, and marched in their reſpective bodies into the three great roads that lay before them. As I had a mind to know how each of theſe roads terminated, and whither it would lead thoſe who paſſed through them, I joined myſelf with the aſſembly that were in the flower and vigour of their age, and called themſelves the Band of Lovers. I found, to my great ſurprize, that ſeveral old men beſides myſelf had intruded into this agreeable company; as I had before obſerved, there were ſome young men who had united themſelves to the Band of Miſers, and were walking up the path of avarice; though both made a very ridiculous

lous figure, and were as much laughed at by thoſe they joined, as by thoſe they forſook. The walk which we marched up, for thickneſs of ſhades, embroidery of flowers, and melody of birds, with the diſtant purling of ſtreams, and falls of waters, was ſo wonderfully delightful, that it charmed our ſenſes, and intoxicated our minds with pleaſure. We had not been long here, before every man fingled out ſome woman to whom he offered his addreſſes, and profeſſed himſelf a lover; when on a ſudden we perceived this delicious walk to grow more narrow as we advanced in it, until it ended in many intricate thickets, mazes, and labyrinths, that were ſo mixed with roſes and brambles, brakes of thorns, and beds of flowers, rocky paths and pleaſing grottos, that it was hard to ſay whether it gave greater delight or perplexity to thoſe who travelled in it.

It was here that the lovers began to be eager in their purſuits. Some of their miſtreſſes, who only ſeemed to retire for the ſake of form and decency, led them into plantations that were diſpoſed into regular walks; where, after they had wheeled about in ſome turnings and windings, they ſuffered themſelves to be overtaken, and gave their hands to thoſe who purſued them. Others withdrew from their followers into little wilderneſſes, where there were ſo many paths interwoven with each other in ſo much confuſion and irregularity, that ſeveral of the lovers quitted the purſuit, or broke their hearts in the chace. It was ſometimes very odd to ſee a man purſuing a fine woman that was following another, whoſe eye was fixed upon a fourth, that had her own game in view in ſome other quarter of the wilderneſs. I could not but obſerve two things in this place which I thought very particular. That ſeveral perſons who ſtood only at the end of the avenues, and caſt a careleſs eye upon the nymphs during their whole flight, often catched them, when thoſe who preſſed them the moſt warmly, through all their turns and doubles, were wholly unſucceſsful: and that ſome of my own age, who were at firſt looked upon with averſion and contempt, by being well acquainted with the wilderneſs, and by dodging their women in the particular corners and alleys of it, catched them in their arms, and took them from thoſe whom they really loved and admired. There was a particular grove, which was called the Labyrinth of Coquettes; where many were enticed to the chace, but few returned with purchaſe. It was pleaſant enough to ſee a celebrated beauty, by ſmiling upon one, caſting a glance upon another, beckoning to a third, and adapting her charms and graces to the ſeveral follies of thoſe that admired her, drawing into the labyrinth a whole pack of lovers, that loſt themſelves in the maze, and never could find their way out of it. However, it was ſome ſatisfaction to me to ſee many of the fair-ones who had thus deluded their followers, and left them among the intricacies of the labyrinth, obliged, when they came out of it, to ſurrender to the firſt partner that offered himſelf. I now had croſſed over all the difficult and perplexed paſſages that ſeemed to bound our walk, when on the other ſide of them I ſaw the ſame great road running on a little way, until it was terminated by two beautiful temples. I ſtood here for ſome time, and ſaw moſt of the multitude who had been diſperſed amongſt the thickets, coming out two by two, and marching up in pairs towards the temples that ſtood before us. The ſtructure on the right-hand was, as I afterwards found, conſecrated to virtuous Love, and could not be entered but by ſuch as received a ring, or ſome other token, from a perſon who was placed as a guard at the gate of it. He wore a garland of roſes and myrtles on his head, and on his ſhoulders a robe like an imperial mantle, white and unſpotted all over, excepting only, that where it was claſped at his breaſt, there were two golden turtle-doves that buttoned it by their bills, which were wrought in rubies. He was called by the name of Hymen, and was ſeated near the entrance of the temple, in a delicious bower, made up of ſeveral trees, that were embraced by woodbines, jeſſamines, and amaranths, which were ſo many emblems of marriage, and ornaments to the trunks that ſupported them. As I was ſingle and unaccompanied, I was not permitted to enter the temple, and for that reaſon am a ſtranger to all the myſteries that were performed in it. I had, however, the curioſity to obſerve how the ſeveral couples that entered were diſpoſed of; which was after the following manner. There were two great

great gates on the backſide of the edifice, at which the whole crowd was let out. At one of theſe gates were two women extremely beautiful, though in a different kind, the one having a very careful and compoſed air, the other a ſort of ſmile and ineffable ſweetneſs in her countenance. The name of the firſt was Diſcretion, and of the other Complacency. All who came out of this gate, and put themſelves under the direction of theſe two ſiſters, were immediately conducted by them into gardens, groves, and meadows, which abounded in delights, and were furniſhed with every thing that could make them the proper ſeats of happineſs. The ſecond gate of this temple let out all the couples that were unhappily married, who came out linked together with chains, which each of them ſtrove to break, but could not. Several of theſe were ſuch as had never been acquainted with each other before they met in the great walk, or had been too well acquainted in the thicket. The entrance to this gate was poſſeſſed by three ſiſters, who joined themſelves with theſe wretches, and occaſioned moſt of their miſeries. The youngeſt of the ſiſters was known by the name of Levity, who with the innocence of a virgin, had the dreſs and behaviour of a harlot. The name of the ſecond was Contention, who bore on her right-arm a muff made of the ſkin of a porcupine; and on her left carried a little lap-dog, that barked and ſnapped at every one that paſſed by her.

The eldeſt of the ſiſters, who ſeemed to have an haughty and imperious air, was always accompanied with a tawny Cupid, who generally marched before her with a little mace on his ſhoulders, the end of which was faſhioned into the horns of a ſtag. Her garments were yellow, and her complexion pale. Her eyes were piercing, but had odd caſts in them, and that particular diſtemper which makes perſons who are troubled with it, ſee objects double. Upon enquiry, I was informed that her name was Jealouſy.

Having finiſhed my obſervations upon this temple, and it's votaries, I repaired to that which ſtood on the left-hand, and was called the Temple of Luſt. The front of it was raiſed on Corinthian pillars, with all the meretricious ornaments that accompanied that order; whereas that of the other was compoſed of the chaſte and matron-like Ionic. The ſides of it were adorned with ſeveral groteſque figures of goats, ſparrows, heathen gods, ſatyrs, and monſters made up of half men half beaſt. The gates were unguarded, and open to all that had a mind to enter. Upon my going in, I found the windows were blinded, and let in only a kind of twilight, that ſerved to diſcover a prodigious number of dark corners and apartments, into which the whole temple was divided. I was here ſtunned with a mixed noiſe of clamour and jollity: on one ſide of me I heard ſinging and dancing; on the other brawls and claſhing of ſwords. In ſhort, I was ſo little pleaſed with the place, that I was going out of it; but found I could not return by the gate where I entered, which was barred againſt all that were come in, with bolts of iron, and locks of adamant. There was no going back from this temple through the paths of pleaſure which led to it: all who paſſed through the ceremonies of the place, went out at an iron wicket, which was kept by a dreadful giant, called Remorſe, that held a ſcourge of ſcorpions in his hand, and drove them into the only outlet from that temple. This was a paſſage ſo rugged, ſo uneven, and choaked with ſo many thorns and briars, that it was a melancholy ſpectacle to behold the pains and difficulties which both ſexes ſuffered who walked through it. The men, though in the prime of their youth, appeared weak and enfeebled with old age; the women wrung their hands, and tore their hair; and ſeveral loſt their limbs before they could extricate themſelves out of the perplexities of the path in which they were engaged. The remaining part of this viſion, and the adventures I met with in the two great roads of Ambition and Avarice, muſt be the ſubject of another paper.

ADVERTISEMENT.

I have this morning received the following letter from the famous Mr. Thomas Dogget:

SIR,

ON Monday next will be acted for my benefit, the comedy of Love for Love: if you will do me the honour to appear there, I will publiſh on the bills, that it is to be performed at the requeſt of

of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, and question not but it will bring me as great an audience as ever was at the house since the Morocco ambassador was there. I am, with the greatest respect, your most obedient, and most humble servant,

THOMAS DOGGET.

Being naturally an encourager of wit, as well as bound to it in the quality of Censor, I returned the following answer:

MR. DOGGET,

I Am very well pleased with the choice you have made of so excellent a play, and have always looked upon you as the best of comedians; I shall therefore come in between the first and second act, and remain in the right hand box over the pit until the end of the fourth; provided you take care that every thing be rightly prepared for my reception.

Nº CXXI. TUESDAY, JANUARY 17, 1709.

——SIMILIS TIBI, CYNTHIA, VEL TIBI, CUJUS
TURBAVIT NITIDOS EXTINCTUS PASSER OCELLOS.
JUV. SAT. 6. v. 7.

LIKE CYNTHIA, OR THE LESBIAS OF OUR YEARS,
WHO FOR A SPARROW'S DEATH DISSOLVE IN TEARS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JAN. 16.

I Was recollecting the remainder of my vision, when my maid came to me, and told me, there was a gentlewoman below who seemed to be in great trouble, and pressed very much to see me. When it lay in my power to remove the distress of an unhappy person, I thought I should very ill employ my time in attending matters of speculation, and therefore desired the lady would walk in. When she entered, I saw her eyes full of tears. However, her grief was not so great as to make her omit rules; for she was very long and exact in her civilities, which gave me time to view and consider her. Her cloaths were very rich, but tarnished; and her words very fine, but ill applied. These distinctions made me, without hesitation, though I had never seen her before, ask her, if her lady had any commands for me? She then began to weep afresh, and with many broken sighs told me, that their family was in very great affliction. I beseeched her to compose herself, for that I might possibly be capable of assisting them. She then cast her eye upon my little dog, and was again transported with too much passion to proceed; but with much ado, she at last gave me to understand, that Cupid, her lady's lap-dog, was dangerously ill, and in so bad a condition, that her lady neither saw company, nor went abroad, for which reason she did not come herself to consult me; that as I had mentioned with great affection my own dog, (here she curtsied, and looking first at the cur, and then on me, said, indeed I had reason, for he was very pretty) her lady sent to me rather than to any other doctor, and hoped I would not laugh at her sorrow, but send her my advice. I must confess, I had some indignation to find myself treated like something below a farrier; yet well knowing that the best, as well as most tender way, of dealing with a woman, is to fall in with her humours, and by that means to let her see the absurdity of them; I proceeded accordingly—'Pray, Madam,' said I, 'can you give me any metho-'dical account of this illness, and how 'Cupid was first taken?'—'Sir,' said she, 'we have a little ignorant country 'girl, who is kept to tend him: she 'was recommended to our family by 'one that my lady never saw but once, 'at a visit; and you know, persons of 'quality are always inclined to strangers; 'for I could have helped her to a cousin 'of my own, but—' 'Good Madam,' said I, 'you neglect the account of the 'sick body, while you are complaining 'of this girl.'—'No, no, Sir,' said she, 'begging your pardon: but it is the 'general fault of physicians, they are 'so in haste, that they never hear out 'the case. I say, this silly girl, after 'washing Cupid, let him stand half an 'hour in the window without his collar, 'where he catched cold, and in an hour 'after, began to bark very hoarse. He 'had, however, a pretty good night, 'and we hoped the danger was over; 'but for these two nights last past, mi-

'ther

'ther he nor my lady have ſlept a wink.' —'Has he,' ſaid I, 'taken any thing?' —'No,' ſaid ſhe, 'but my lady ſays 'he ſhall take any thing that you pre'ſcribe, provided you do not make uſe 'of Jeſuits powder, or the cold-bath. 'Poor Cupid,' continued ſhe, 'has al'ways been phthiſical; and as he lies 'under ſomething like a chin-cough, 'we are afraid it will end in a conſump'tion.' I then aſked her, if ſhe had brought any of his water to ſhew me. Upon this, ſhe ſtared me in the face, and ſaid—'I am afraid, Mr. Bickerſtaff, 'you are not ſerious: but if you have 'any receipt that is proper on this oc'caſion, pray let us have it; for my 'miſtreſs is not to be comforted.' Upon this, I pauſed a little without returning any anſwer, and after ſome ſhort ſilence, I proceeded in the following manner—'I have conſidered the nature of the diſ'temper, and the conſtitution of the 'patient; and by the beſt obſervation 'that I can make on both, I think it is 'ſafeſt to put him into a courſe of 'kitchen phyſic. In the mean time, to 'remove hoarſeneſs, it will be the moſt 'natural way to make Cupid his own 'druggiſt; for which reaſon, I ſhall 'preſcribe to him, three mornings ſuc'ceſſively, as much powder as will lie 'on a groat, of that noble remedy, 'which the apothecaries call Album 'Græcum.' Upon hearing this advice, the young woman ſmiled, as if ſhe knew how ridiculous an errand ſhe had been employed in; and indeed I found by the ſequel of her diſcourſe, that ſhe was an arch baggage, and of a character that is frequent enough in perſons of her employment; who are ſo uſed to conform themſelves in every thing to the humours and paſſions of their miſtreſſes, that they ſacrifice ſuperiority of ſenſe to ſuperiority of condition, and are inſenſibly betrayed into the paſſions and prejudices of thoſe whom they ſerve, without giving themſelves leave to conſider, that they are extravagant and ridiculous. However, I thought it very natural, when her eyes were thus open, to ſee her give a new turn to her diſcourſe, and, from ſympathizing with her miſtreſs in her follies, to fall a railing at her. 'You 'cannot imagine,' ſaid ſhe, 'Mr. 'Bickerſtaff, what a life ſhe makes us 'lead for the ſake of this little ugly cur: 'if he dies, we are the moſt unhappy 'family in town. She chanced to loſe 'a parrot laſt year, which, to tell you 'truly, brought me into her ſervice; for 'ſhe turned off her woman upon it, who 'had lived with her ten years, becauſe 'ſhe neglected to give him water, though 'every one of the family ſays ſhe was 'as innocent of the bird's death, as the 'babe that is unborn; nay, ſhe told me 'this very morning, that if Cupid ſhould 'die, ſhe would ſend the poor innocent 'wench I was telling you of to Bride'well, and have the milk-woman tried 'for her life at the Old Bailey, for put'ting water into his milk. In ſhort, 'ſhe talks like any diſtracted creature.'

'Since it is ſo, young woman,' ſaid I, 'I will by no means let you offend 'her, by ſtaying on this meſſage longer 'than is abſolutely neceſſary,' and ſo forced her out.

While I am ſtudying to cure thoſe evils and diſtreſſes that are neceſſary or natural to human life, I find my taſk growing upon me, ſince by theſe accidental cares, and acquired calamities, if I may ſo call them, my patients contract diſtempers to which their conſtitution is of itſelf a ſtranger. But this is an evil I have for many years remarked in the fair-ſex; and as they are by nature very much formed for affection and dalliance, I have obſerved, that when by too obſtinate a cruelty, or any other means, they have diſappointed themſelves of the proper objects of love, as huſbands, or children, ſuch virgins have exactly at ſuch a year, grown fond of lap-dogs, parrots, or other animals. I know at this time a celebrated toaſt, whom I allow to be one of the moſt agreeable of her ſex, that, in the preſence of her admirers, will give a torrent of kiſſes to her cat, any one of which a Chriſtian would be glad of. I do not at the ſame time deny, but there are as great enormities of this kind committed by our ſex as theirs. A Roman emperor had ſo very great an eſteem for an horſe of his, that he had thoughts of making him a conſul; and ſeveral moderns of that rank of men whom we call Country Eſquires, would not ſcruple to kiſs their hounds before all the world, and declare in the preſence of their wives, that they had rather ſalute a favourite of the pack, than the fineſt woman in England. Theſe voluntary friendſhips between animals of different ſpecies, ſeem to ariſe from inſtinct; for which reaſon, I have always looked upon the mutual

good-will between the Eſquire and the hound, to be of the ſame nature with that between the lion and the jackall.

The only extravagance of this kind which appears to me excuſable, is one that grew out of an exceſs of gratitude, which I have ſomewhere met with in the life of a Turkiſh emperor. His horſe had brought him ſafe out of a field of battle, and from the purſuit of a victorious enemy. As a reward for ſuch his good and faithful ſervice, his maſter built him a ſtable of marble, ſhod him with gold, fed him in an ivory manger, and made him a rack of ſilver. He annexed to the ſtable ſeveral fields and meadows, lakes, and running ſtreams. At the ſame time he provided for him a ſeraglio of mares, the moſt beautiful that could be found in the whole Ottoman Empire. To theſe were added a ſuitable train of domeſtics, conſiſting of grooms, farriers, rubbers, &c. accommodated with proper liveries and penſions. In ſhort, nothing was omitted that could contribute to the eaſe and happineſs of his life, who had preſerved the emperor's.

By reaſon of the extreme cold, and the changeableneſs of the weather, I have been prevailed upon to allow the free uſe of the fardingal, until the twentieth of February next enſuing.

N° CXXII. THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, 1709.

CUR IN THEATRUM, CATO SEVERE, VENISTI? MART.

WHY TO THE THEATRE DID CATO COME,
WITH ALL HIS BOASTED GRAVITY?—— R. WYNNE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JAN. 18.

I Find it is thought neceſſary, that I, who have taken upon me to cenſure the irregularities of the age, ſhould give an account of my own actions when they appear doubtful, or ſubject to miſconſtruction. My appearing at the play on Monday laſt is looked upon as a ſtep in my conduct, which I ought to explain, that others may not be miſled by my example. It is true in matter of fact, I was preſent at the ingenious entertainment of that day, and placed myſelf in a box which was prepared for me with great civility and diſtinction. It is ſaid of Virgil, when he entered a Roman theatre, where there were many thouſands of ſpectators preſent, that the whole aſſembly roſe up to do him honour; a reſpect which was never before paid to any but the emperor. I muſt confeſs, that univerſal clap, and other teſtimonies of applauſe, with which I was received at my firſt appearance in the theatre of Great Britain, gave me as ſenſible a delight, as the above-mentioned reception could give to that immortal poet. I ſhould be ungrateful, at the ſame time, if I did not take this opportunity of acknowledging the great civilities that were ſhewn me by Mr. Thomas Dogget, who made his compliments to me between the acts, after a moſt ingenious and diſcreet manner; and at the ſame time communicated to me, that the company of Upholders deſired to receive me at their door at the end of the Haymarket, and to light me home to my lodgings. That part of the ceremony I forbad, and took particular care during the whole play to obſerve the conduct of the drama, and give no offence by my own behaviour. Here I think it will not be foreign to my character, to lay down the proper duties of an audience, and what is incumbent upon each individual ſpectator in public diverſions of this nature. Every one ſhould on theſe occaſions ſhew his attention, underſtanding, and virtue. I would undertake to find out all the perſons of ſenſe and breeding by the effect of a ſingle ſentence, and to diſtinguiſh a gentleman as much by his laugh, as his bow. When we ſee the footman and his lord diverted by the ſame jeſt, it very much turns to the diminution of the one, or the honour of the other. But though a man's quality may appear in his underſtanding and taſte, the regard to virtue ought to be the ſame in all ranks and conditions of men, however they make a profeſſion of it under the name of honour, religion, or morality. When, therefore, we ſee any thing divert an audience, either in tragedy or comedy, that ſtrikes at the duties of civil

civil life, or expoſes what the beſt men in all ages have looked upon as ſacred and inviolable, it is the certain ſign of a profligate race of men, who are fallen from the virtue of their forefathers, and will be contemptible in the eyes of their poſterity. For this reaſon I took great delight in ſeeing the generous and diſintereſted paſſion of the lovers in this comedy, which ſtood ſo many trials, and was proved by ſuch a variety of diverting incidents, received with an univerſal approbation. This brings to my mind a paſſage in Cicero, which I could never read without being in love with the virtue of a Roman audience. He there deſcribes the ſhouts and applauſes which the people gave to the perſons who acted the parts of Pylades and Oreſtes, on the nobleſt occaſion that a poet could invent to ſhew friendſhip in perfection. One of them had forfeited his life by an action which he had committed; and as they ſtood in judgment before the tyrant, each of them ſtrove who ſhould be the criminal, that he might ſave the life of his friend. Amidſt the vehemence of each aſſerting himſelf to be the offender, the Roman audience gave a thunder of applauſe, and by that means, as the author hints, approved in others what they would have done themſelves on the like occaſion. Methinks, a people of ſo much virtue were deſervedly placed at the head of mankind: but, alas! pleaſures of this nature are not frequently to be met with on the Engliſh ſtage.

The Athenians, at a time when they were the moſt polite, as well as the moſt powerful government in the world, made the care of the ſtage one of the chief parts of the adminiſtration: and I muſt confeſs, I am aſtoniſhed at the ſpirit of virtue which appeared in that people, upon ſome expreſſions in a ſcene of a famous tragedy; an account of which we have in one of Seneca's Epiſtles. A covetous perſon is repreſented ſpeaking the common ſentiments of all who are poſſeſſed with that vice, in the following ſoliloquy, which I have tranſlated literally.

'Let me be called a baſe man, ſo I 'am called a rich one. If a man is 'rich, who aſks if he is good? The 'queſtion is, how much we have, not 'from whence, or by what means, we 'have it. Every one has ſo much merit 'as he has wealth. For my own part, 'let me be rich, Oh, ye gods! or let me 'die. The man dies happily, who dies 'increaſing his treaſure. There is more 'pleaſure in the poſſeſſion of wealth, 'than in that of parents, children, wife, 'or friends.'

The audience were very much provoked by the firſt words of this ſpeech; but when the actor came to the cloſe of it, they could bear no longer. In ſhort, the whole aſſembly roſe up at once in the greateſt fury, with a deſign to pluck him off the ſtage, and brand the work itſelf with infamy. In the midſt of the tumult, the author came out from behind the ſcenes, begging the audience to be compoſed for a little while, and they ſhould ſee the tragical end which this wretch ſhould come to immediately. The promiſe of puniſhment appeaſed the people, who ſat with great attention and pleaſure to ſee an example made of ſo odious a criminal. It is with ſhame and concern that I ſpeak it; but I very much queſtion, whether it is poſſible to make a ſpeech ſo impious as to raiſe ſuch a laudable horror and indignation in a modern audience. It is very natural for an author to make oſtentation of his reading, as it is for an old man to tell ſtories; for which reaſon I muſt beg the reader will excuſe me, if I for once indulge myſelf in both theſe inclinations. We ſee the attention, judgment, and virtue, of a whole audience, in the foregoing inſtances. If we would imitate the behaviour of a ſingle ſpectator, let us reflect upon that of Socrates, in a particular which gives me as great an idea of that extraordinary man, as any circumſtance of his life, or, what is more, of his death. This venerable perſon often frequented the theatre, which brought a great many thither, out of a deſire to ſee him. On which occaſion it is recorded of him, that he ſometimes ſtood to make himſelf the more conſpicuous, and to ſatisfy the curioſity of the beholders. He was one day preſent at the firſt repreſentation of a tragedy of Euripides, who was his intimate friend, and whom he is ſaid to have aſſiſted in ſeveral of his plays. In the midſt of the tragedy, which had met with very great ſucceſs, there chanced to be a line that ſeemed to encourage vice and immorality.

This was no ſooner ſpoken, but Socrates roſe from his ſeat, and without any regard to his affection for his friend, or to the ſucceſs of the play, ſhewed himſelf

ſelf diſpleaſed at what was ſaid, and walked out of the aſſembly. I queſtion not but the reader will be curious to know, what the line was that gave this divine heathen ſo much offence. If my memory fails me not, it was in the part of Hippolitus, who, when he is preſſed by an oath, which he had taken to keep ſilence, returned for anſwer, that he had taken the oath with his tongue, but not with his heart. Had a perſon of a vicious character made ſuch a ſpeech, it might have been allowed as a proper repreſentation of the baſeneſs of his thoughts: but ſuch an expreſſion, out of the mouth of the virtuous Hippolitus, was giving a ſanction to falſhood, and eſtabliſhing perjury by a maxim.

Having got over all interruptions, I have ſet apart to-morrow for the cloſing of my Viſion.

N° CXXIII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1709.

AUDIRE, ATQUE TOGAM JUBEO COMPONERE, QUISQUIS
AMBITIONE MALA, AUT ARGENTI PALLET AMORE.
HOR. SAT. 3. LIB. 2. V. 77.

COME ALL, WHOSE BREASTS WITH BAD AMBITION RISE,
OR THE PALE PASSION, THAT FOR MONEY DIES,——
COMPOSE YOUR ROBES—— FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JAN. 20.

A CONTINUATION OF THE VISION.

WITH much labour and difficulty I paſſed through the firſt part of my Viſion, and recovered the centre of the wood, from whence I had the proſpect of the three great roads. I here joined myſelf to the middle-aged party of mankind, who marched behind the ſtandard of Ambition. The great road lay in a direct line, and was terminated by the Temple of Virtue. It was planted on each ſide with laurels, which were intermixed with marble trophies, carved pillars, and ſtatues of lawgivers, heroes, ſtateſmen, philoſophers, and poets. The perſons who travelled up this great path were ſuch whoſe thoughts were bent upon doing eminent ſervices to mankind, or promoting the good of their country. On each ſide of this great road were ſeveral paths, that were alſo laid out in ſtraight lines, and ran parallel with it. Theſe were moſt of them covered walks, and received into them men of retired virtue, who propoſed to themſelves the ſame end of their journey, though they choſe to make it in ſhade and obſcurity. The edifices at the extremity of the walk were ſo contrived, that we could not ſee the Temple of Honour by reaſon of the Temple of Virtue, which ſtood before it. At the gates of this temple we were met by the goddeſs of it, who conducted us into that of Honour, which was joined to the other edifice by a beautiful triumphal arch, and had no other entrance into it. When the deity of the inner ſtructure had received us, ſhe preſented us in a body to a figure that was placed over the high altar, and was the emblem of Eternity. She ſat on a globe in the midſt of a golden zodiac, holding the figure of a ſun in one hand, and a moon in the other. Her head was veiled, and her feet covered. Our hearts glowed within us, as we ſtood amidſt the ſphere of light which this image caſt on every ſide of it.

Having ſeen all that happened to this band of adventurers, I repaired to another pile of building that ſtood within view of the Temple of Honour, and was raiſed in imitation of it, upon the very ſame model; but at my approach to it, I found that the ſtones were laid together without mortar, and that the whole fabric ſtood upon ſo weak a foundation, that it ſhook with every wind that blew. This was called the Temple of Vanity. The goddeſs of it ſat in the midſt of a great many tapers, that burned day and night, and made her appear much better than ſhe would have done in open daylight. Her whole art was to ſhew herſelf more beautiful and majeſtic than ſhe really was. For which reaſon ſhe had painted her face, and wore a cluſter of falſe jewels upon her breaſt: but what I more particularly obſerved was, the breadth of her petticoat, which was made altogether

altogether in the fashion of a modern fardingal. This place was filled with Hypocrites, Pedants, Free-thinkers, and prating Politicians; with a rabble of those who have only titles to make them great men. Female votaries crouded the temple, choaked up the avenues of it, and were more in number than the sand upon the sea-shore. I made it my business, in my return towards that part of the wood from whence I first set out, to observe the walk which led to this temple; for I met in it several who had begun their journey with the band of virtuous persons, and travelled some time in their company: but, upon examination, I found that there were several paths which led out of the great road into the sides of the wood, and ran into so many crooked turns and windings, that those who travelled through them often turned their backs upon the Temple of Virtue; then crossed the straight road, and sometimes marched in it for a little space, until the crooked path which they were engaged in, again led them into the wood. The several alleys of these wanderers had their particular ornaments: one of them I could not but take notice of in the walk of the mischievous pretenders to politics, which had at every turn the figure of a person, whom by the inscription I found to be Machiavel, pointing out the way with an extended finger, like a Mercury.

I was now returned in the same manner as before, with a design to observe carefully every thing that passed in the region of Avarice, and the occurrences in that assembly, which was made up of persons of my own age. This body of travellers had not gone far in the third great road, before it led them insensibly into a deep valley, in which they journied several days with great toil and uneasiness, and without the necessary refreshments of food and sleep. The only relief they met with was in a river that ran through the bottom of the valley on a bed of golden sand: they often drank of this stream, which had such a particular quality in it, that though it refreshed them for a time, it rather inflamed than quenched their thirst. On each side of the river was a range of hills full of precious ore; for where the rains had washed off the earth, one might see in several parts of them long veins of gold, and rocks that looked like pure silver. We were told, that the deity of the place had forbid any of his votaries to dig into the bowels of these hills, or convert the treasure they contained to any use, under pain of starving. At the end of the valley stood the Temple of Avarice, made after the manner of a fortification, and surrounded with a thousand triple-headed dogs, that were placed there to keep off beggars. At our approach they all fell a barking, and would have very much terrified us, had not an old woman, who called herself by the forged name of Competency, offered herself for our guide. She carried under her garment a golden bough, which she no sooner held up in her hand, but the dogs lay down, and the gates flew open for our reception. We were led through an hundred iron doors before we entered the temple. At the upper end of it sat the god of Avarice, with a long filthy beard, and a meagre starved countenance; inclosed with heaps of ingots, and pyramids of money, but half naked and shivering with cold. On his right-hand was a fiend called Rapine, and on his left a particular favourite, to whom he had given the title of Parsimony. The first was his collector, and the other his cashier.

There were several long tables placed on the side of the temple, with respective officers attending behind them. Some of these I enquired into. At the first table was kept the Office of Corruption. Seeing a solicitor extremely busy, and whispering every body that passed by, I kept my eye upon him very attentively, and saw him often going up to a person that had a pen in his hand, with a multiplication table and an almanack before him, which, as I afterwards heard, was all the learning he was master of. The solicitor would often apply himself to his ear, and at the same time convey money into his hand; for which the other would give him out a piece of paper or parchment, signed and sealed in form. The name of this dextrous and successful solicitor was Bribery. At the next table was the office of Extortion. Behind it sat a person in a bob-wig, counting over a great sum of money. He gave out little purses to several; who after a short tour brought him, in return, sacks full of the same kind of coin. I saw at the same time a person called Fraud, who sat behind a counter with false scales, light weights, and

and scanty measures; by the skilful application of which instruments, she had got together an immense heap of wealth. It would be endless to name the several officers, or describe the votaries that attended in this temple. There were many old men panting and breathless, reposing their heads on bags of money; nay, many of them actually dying, whose very pangs and convulsions, which rendered their purses useless to them, only made them grasp them the faster. There were some tearing with one hand all things, even to the garments and flesh of many miserable persons who stood before them; and with the other hand throwing away what they had seized, to harlots, flatterers, and panders, that stood behind them.

On a sudden the whole assembly fell a trembling; and upon enquiry, I found that the great room we were in was haunted with a spectre, that many times a day appeared to them, and terrified them to distraction.

In the midst of their terror and amazement, the apparition entered, whom I immediately knew to be Poverty. Whether it were by my acquaintance with this phantom, which had rendered the sight of her more familiar to me, or however it was, she did not make so indigent or frightful a figure in my eye as the god of this loathsome temple. The miserable votaries of this place were, I found, of another mind. Every one fancied himself threatened by the apparition as she stalked about the room, and began to lock their coffers, and tie their bags, with the utmost fear and trembling.

I must confess, I look upon the passion which I saw in this unhappy people, to be of the same nature with those unaccountable antipathies which some persons are born with, or rather as a kind of phrenzy, not unlike that which throws a man into terrors and agonies, at the sight of so useful and innocent a thing as water. The whole assembly was surprized, when, instead of paying my devotions to the deity whom they all adored, they saw me address myself to the phantom.

'Oh, Poverty!' said I, 'my first petition to thee is, that thou wouldest never appear to me hereafter; but if thou wilt not grant me this, that then thou wouldest not bear a form more terrible than that in which thou appearest to me at present. Let not thy threats and menaces betray me to any thing that is ungrateful or unjust. Let me not shut my ears to the cries of the needy. Let me not forget the person that has deserved well of me. Let me not, for any fear of thee, desert my friend, my principles, or my honour. If Wealth is to visit me, and to come with her usual attendants, Vanity and Avarice, do thou, Oh Poverty! hasten to my rescue; but bring along with thee the two sisters, in whose company thou art always chearful, Liberty and Innocence.'

The conclusion of this Vision must be deferred to another opportunity.

N° CXXIV. TUESDAY, JANUARY 24, 1709.

——EX HUMILI MAGNA AD FASTIGIA RERUM
EXTOLLIT, QUOTIES VOLUIT FORTUNA JOCARI.
JUV. SAT. 3. VER. 39.

FORTUNE CAN, FOR HER PLEASURE, FOOLS ADVANCE,
AND TOSS THEM ON THE WHEEL OF CHANCE. DRYDEN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JAN. 23.

I Went on Saturday last to make a visit in the city; and as I passed through Cheapside, I saw crowds of people turning down towards the Bank, and struggling who should first get their money into the new-erected lottery. It gave me a great notion of the credit of our present government and administration, to find people press as eagerly to pay money as they would to receive it; and, at the same time, a due respect for that body of men who have found out so pleasing an expedient for carrying on the common cause, that they have turned a tax into a diversion. The chearfulness of spirit, and the hopes of success, which this project has occasioned in this great city, lightens the burden of the war, and puts me in mind of some games, which, they say, were invented by wise men,

men, who were lovers of their country, to make their fellow-citizens undergo the tediouſneſs and fatigues of a long ſiege. I think there is a kind of homage due to Fortune, if I may call it ſo; and that I ſhould be wanting to myſelf, if I did not lay in my pretences to her favour, and pay my compliments to her by recommending a ticket to her diſpoſal. For this reaſon, upon my return to my lodgings, I ſold off a couple of globes and a teleſcope, which, with the caſh I had by me, raiſed the ſum that was requiſite for that purpoſe. I find by my calculations, that it is but an hundred and fifty thouſand to one againſt my being worth a thouſand pounds per annum for thirty-two years; and if any Plumb in the city will lay me an hundred and fifty thouſand pounds to twenty ſhillings, which is an even bet, that I am not this fortunate man, I will take the wager, and ſhall look upon him as a man of ſingular courage and fair-dealing; having given orders to Mr. Morphew to ſubſcribe ſuch a policy in my behalf, if any perſon accepts of the offer. I muſt confeſs, I have had ſuch private intimations from the twinkling of a certain ſtar in ſome of my aſtronomical obſervations, that I ſhould be unwilling to take fifty pounds a year for my chance, unleſs it were to oblige a particular friend. My chief buſineſs at preſent is, to prepare my mind for this change of fortune: for as Seneca, who was a greater moraliſt, and a much richer man than I ſhall be with this addition to my preſent income, ſays—'*Munera iſta Fortunæ putatis? Inſidiæ ſunt*—What we look upon as gifts and preſents of Fortune, are traps and ſnares which ſhe lays for the unwary.' I am arming myſelf againſt her favours with all my philoſophy; and that I may not loſe myſelf in ſuch a redundance of unneceſſary and ſuperfluous wealth, I have determined to ſettle an annual penſion out of it upon a family of Palatines, and by that means give theſe unhappy ſtrangers a taſte of Britiſh property. At the ſame time, as I have an excellent ſervant-maid, whoſe diligence in attending me has increaſed in proportion to my infirmities, I ſhall ſettle upon her the revenue ariſing out of the ten pounds, and amounting to fourteen ſhillings per annum; with which ſhe may retire into Wales, where ſhe was born a gentlewoman, and paſs the remaining part of her days in a condition ſuitable to her birth and quality. It was impoſſible for me to make an inſpection into my own fortune on this occaſion, without ſeeing, at the ſame time, the fate of others who are embarked in the ſame adventure. And indeed it was a great pleaſure to me to obſerve, that the war, which generally impoveriſhes thoſe who furniſh out the expence of it, will by this means give eſtates to ſome, without making others the poorer for it. I have lately ſeen ſeveral in liveries, who will give as good of their own very ſuddenly; and took a particular ſatisfaction in the ſight of a young country wench, whom I this morning paſſed by as ſhe was whirling her mop, with her petticoats tucked up very agreeably, who, if there is any truth in my art, is within ten months of being the handſomeſt great fortune in town. I muſt confeſs, I was ſo ſtruck with the foreſight of what ſhe is to be, that I treated her accordingly, and ſaid to her—'Pray, young lady, permit me to paſs by.' I would for this reaſon adviſe all maſters and miſtreſſes, to carry it with great moderation and condeſcenſion towards their ſervants until next Michaelmas, leſt the ſuperiority at that time ſhould be inverted. I muſt likewiſe admoniſh all my brethren and fellow-adventurers to fill their minds with proper arguments for their ſupport and conſolation in caſe of ill ſucceſs. It ſo happens in this particular, that though the gainers will have no reaſon to rejoice, the loſers will have no reaſon to complain. I remember, the day after the thouſand pound prize was drawn in the penny lottery, I went to viſit a ſplenetic acquaintance of mine, who was under much dejection, and ſeemed to me to have ſuffered ſome great diſappointment. Upon enquiry, I found he had put two-pence for himſelf and his ſon into the lottery, and that neither of them had drawn the thouſand pound. Hereupon this unlucky perſon took occaſion to enumerate the misfortunes of his life, and concluded with telling me, that he never was ſucceſsful in any of his undertakings. I was forced to comfort him with the common reflection upon ſuch occaſions, that men of the greateſt merit are not always men of the greateſt ſucceſs, and that perſons of his character muſt not expect to be as happy as fools. I ſhall proceed in the like manner with my rivals and competitors

petitors for the thouſand pounds a year, which we are now in purſuit of; and that I may give general content to the whole body of candidates, I ſhall allow all that draw prizes to be fortunate, and all that miſs them to be wiſe.

I muſt not here omit to acknowledge, that I have received ſeveral letters upon this ſubject, but find one common error running through them all, which is, that the writers of them believe their fate in theſe caſes depends upon the aſtrologer, and not upon the ſtars; as in the following letter from one, who, I fear, flatters himſelf with hopes of ſucceſs, which are altogether groundleſs, ſince he does not ſeem to me ſo great a fool as he takes himſelf to be.

SIR,

COMING to town, and finding my friend Mr. Partridge dead and buried, and you the only conjuror in repute, I am under a neceſſity of applying myſelf to you for a favour, which nevertheleſs I confeſs it would better become a friend to aſk, than one who is, as I am, altogether a ſtranger to you; but poverty, you know, is impudent; and as that gives me the occaſion, ſo that alone could give me the confidence to be thus importunate.

I am, Sir, very poor, and very deſirous to be otherwiſe: I have got ten pounds, which I deſign to venture in the lottery now on foot. What I deſire of you is, that by your art, you will chuſe ſuch a ticket for me as ſhall ariſe a benefit ſufficient to maintain me. I muſt beg leave to inform you, that I am good for nothing, and muſt therefore inſiſt upon a larger lot than would ſatisfy thoſe who are capable, by their own abilities, of adding ſomething to what you ſhould aſſign them; whereas I muſt expect an abſolute independent maintenance, becauſe, as I ſaid, I can do nothing. It is poſſible, after this free confeſſion of mine, you may think I do not deſerve to be rich; but I hope you will likewiſe obſerve, I can ill afford to be poor. My own opinion is, that I am well qualified for an eſtate, and have a good title to luck in a lottery; but I reſign myſelf wholly to your mercy, not without hopes that you will conſider, the leſs I deſerve, the greater the generoſity in you. If you reject me, I have agreed with an acquaintance of mine to bury me for my ten pounds. I once more recommend myſelf to your favour, and bid you adieu!

I cannot forbear publiſhing another letter which I have received, becauſe it redounds to my own credit, as well as to that of a very honeſt footman.

JAN. 23, 1709-10.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

I Am bound in juſtice to acquaint you, that I put an advertiſement into your laſt paper about a watch that was loſt, and was brought to me on the very day your paper came out, by a footman; who told me, that he would have brought it, if he had not read your diſcourſe on that day againſt avarice; but that ſince he had read it, he ſcorned to take a reward for doing what in juſtice he ought to do. I am, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

JOHN HAMMOND.

Nº CXXV. THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 1709.

QUEM MALA STULTITIA, ET QUÆCUNQUE INSCITIA VERI
CÆCUM AGIT, INSANUM CHRYSIPPI PORTICUS, ET GREX
AUTUMAT; HÆC POPULOS, HÆC MAGNOS FORMULA REGES,
EXCEPTO SAPIENTE, TENET.——

HOR. SAT. 3. LIB. 2. VER. 43.

WHOM VICIOUS PASSIONS, OR WHOM FALSHOOD, BLIND,
ARE BY THE STOICS HELD OF MADDING KIND.
ALL BUT THE WISE ARE BY THIS PROCESS BOUND,
THE SUBJECT NATIONS, AND THE MONARCH CROWN'D.

FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JAN. 25.

THERE is a ſect of ancient philoſophers, who, I think, have left more volumes behind them, and thoſe better written, than any other of the fraternities in philoſophy. It was a maxim of this ſex, that all thoſe who do not live up to the principles of reaſon and virtue, are madmen. Every one who

who governs himself by these rules, is allowed the title of Wise, and reputed to be in his senses: and every one, in proportion as he deviates from them, is pronounced frantic and distracted. Cicero having chosen this maxim for his theme, takes occasion to argue from it very agreeably with Clodius, his implacable adversary, who had procured his banishment. 'A city,' says he, 'is 'an assembly distinguished into bodies 'of men, who are in possession of their 'respective rights and privileges, cast 'under proper subordinations, and in 'all it's parts obedient to the rules of 'law and equity.' He then represents the government from whence he was banished, at a time when the consul, senate, and laws, had lost their authority, as a commonwealth of lunatics. For this reason he regards his expulsion from Rome, as a man would being turned out of Bedlam, if the inhabitants of it should drive him out of their walls as a person unfit for their community. We are therefore to look upon every man's brain to be touched, however he may appear in the general conduct of his life, if he has an unjustifiable singularity in any part of his conversation or behaviour: or if he swerves from right reason, however common his kind of madness may be, we shall not excuse him for it's being epidemical; it being our present design to clap up all such as have the marks of madness upon them, who are now permitted to go about the streets for no other reason, but because they do no mischief in their fits. Abundance of imaginary great men are put in straw to bring them to a right sense of themselves. And is it not altogether as reasonable, that an insignificant man, who has an immoderate opinion of his merits, and a quite different notion of his own abilities from what the rest of the world entertain, should have the same care taken of him, as a beggar who fancies himself a duke or a prince? Or why should a man, who starves in the midst of plenty, be trusted with himself, more than he who fancies he is an emperor in the midst of poverty? I have several women of quality in my thoughts, who set so exorbitant a value upon themselves, that I have often most heartily pitied them, and wished them for their recovery under the same discipline with the pewterer's wife. I find by several hints in ancient authors, that when the Romans were in the height of power and luxury, they assigned out of their vast dominions an island called Anticyra, as an habitation for madmen. This was the bedlam of the Roman empire, whither all persons who had lost their wits used to resort from all parts of the world in quest of them. Several of the Roman emperors were advised to repair to this island; but most of them, instead of listening to such sober counsels, gave way to their distraction, until the people knocked them in the head, as despairing of their cure. In short, it was as usual for men of distempered brains to take a voyage to Anticyra in those days, as it is in ours for persons who have a disorder in their lungs to go to Montpelier.

The prodigious crops of hellebore with which this whole island abounded, did not only furnish them with incomparable tea, snuff, and Hungary water; but impregnated the air of the country with such sober and salutiferous steams, as very much comforted the heads, and refreshed the senses, of all that breathed in it. A discarded statesman, that, at his first landing, appeared stark staring mad, would become calm in a week's time; and upon his return home, live easy and satisfied in his retirement. A moaping lover would grow a pleasant fellow by that time he had rid thrice about the island; and a hair-brained rake, after a short stay in the country, go home again a composed, grave, worthy gentleman.

I have premised these particulars before I enter on the main design of this paper, because I would not be thought altogether notional in what I have to say, and pass only for a projector in morality. I could quote Horace and Seneca, and some other ancient writers of good repute, upon the same occasion; and make out by their testimony, that our streets are filled with distracted persons; that our shops and taverns, private and public houses, swarm with them; and that it is very hard to make up a tolerable assembly without a majority of them. But what I have already said is, I hope, sufficient to justify the ensuing project, which I shall therefore give some account of without any further preface.

1. It is humbly proposed, That a proper receptacle or habitation, be forthwith erected for all such persons as, upon

due trial and examination, ſhall appear to be out of their wits.

2. That, to ſerve the preſent exigency, the college in Moorfields be very much extended at both ends; and that it may be converted into a ſquare, by adding three other ſides to it.

3. That nobody be admitted into theſe three additional ſides, but ſuch whoſe phrenzy can lay no claim to any apartment in that row of building which is already erected.

4. That the architect, phyſician, apothecary, ſurgeon, keepers, nurſes, and porters, be all and each of them cracked; provided that their phrenzy does not lie in the profeſſion or employment to which they ſhall ſeverally and reſpectively be aſſigned.

N. B. It is thought fit to give the foregoing notice, that none may preſent himſelf here for any poſt of honour or profit, who is not duly qualified.

5. That over all the gates of the additional buildings, there be figures placed in the ſame manner as over the entrance of the edifice already erected; provided they repreſent ſuch diſtractions only as are proper for thoſe additional buildings; as of an envious man gnawing his own fleſh; a gameſter pulling himſelf by the ears, and knocking his head againſt a marble pillar; a covetous man warming himſelf over a heap of gold; a coward flying from his own ſhadow, and the like.

Having laid down this general ſcheme of my deſign, I do hereby invite all perſons who are willing to encourage ſo public-ſpirited a project, to bring in their contributions as ſoon as poſſible; and to apprehend forthwith any politician whom they ſhall catch raving in a coffee-houſe, or any free-thinker whom they ſhall find publiſhing his deliriums, or any other perſon who ſhall give the like manifeſt ſigns of a crazed imagination: and I do at the ſame time give this public notice to all the madmen about this great city, that they may return to their ſenſes with all imaginable expedition, leſt, if they ſhould come into my hands, I ſhould put them into a regimen which they would not like: for if I find any one of them perſiſt in his frantic behaviour, I will make him in a month's time as famous as ever Oliver's porter was.

Nº CXXVI. SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1709.

ANGUILLAM CAUDA TENES. T. D'URFEY.

YOU HAVE GOT AN EEL BY THE TAIL.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JAN. 27.

THERE is no ſort of company ſo agreeable as that of women who have good ſenſe without affectation, and can converſe with men without any private deſign of impoſing chains and fetters. Belvidera, whom I viſited this evening, is one of theſe. There is an invincible prejudice in favour of all ſhe ſays, from her being a beautiful woman; becauſe ſhe does not conſider herſelf as ſuch when ſhe talks to you. This amiable temper gives a certain tincture to all her diſcourſe, and made it very agreeable to me until we were interrupted by Lydia, a creature who has all the charms that can adorn a woman. Her attractions would indeed be irreſiſtible, but that ſhe thinks them ſo, and is always employing them in ſtratagems and conqueſts. When I turned my eye upon her as ſhe ſat down, I ſaw ſhe was a perſon of that character, which, for the further information of my country correſpondents, I had long wanted an opportunity of explaining. Lydia is a finiſhed Coquette, which is a ſect among women of all others the moſt miſchievous, and makes the greateſt havock and diſorder in ſociety. I went on in the diſcourſe I was in with Belvidera, without ſhewing that I had obſerved any thing extraordinary in Lydia: upon which, I immediately ſaw her look me over as ſome very ill-bred fellow; and, caſting a ſcornful glance on my dreſs, give a ſhrug at Belvidera. But as much as ſhe deſpiſed me, ſhe wanted my admiration, and made twenty offers to bring my eyes her way: but I reduced her to a reſtleſſneſs in her ſeat, and impertinent

pertinent playing of her fan, and many other motions and geſtures, before I took the leaſt notice of her. At laſt I looked at her with a kind of ſurprize, as if ſhe had before been unobſerved by reaſon of an ill light where ſhe ſat. It is not to be expreſſed what a ſudden joy I ſaw ariſe in her countenance, even at the approbation of ſuch a very old fellow: but ſhe did not long enjoy her triumph without a rival; for there immediately entered Caſtabella, a lady of a quite contrary character, that is to ſay, as eminent a Prude as Lydia is a Coquette. Belvidera gave me a glance, which methought intimated, that they were both curioſities in their kind, and worth remarking. As ſoon as we were again ſeated, I ſtole looks at each lady, as if I was comparing their perfections. Belvidera obſerved it, and began to lead me into a diſcourſe of them both to their faces, which is to be done eaſily enough; for one woman is generally ſo intent upon the faults of another, that ſhe has not reflection enough to obſerve when her own are repreſented. 'I have taken 'notice, Mr. Bickerſtaff,' ſaid Belvidera, 'that you have, in ſome parts of 'your writings, drawn characters of 'our ſex, in which you have not, to my 'apprehenſion, been clear enough and 'diſtinct; particularly in thoſe of a 'Prude and a Coquette.' Upon the mention of this, Lydia was rouzed with the expectation of ſeeing Caſtabella's picture, and Caſtabella with the hopes of that of Lydia. 'Madam,' ſaid I to Belvidera, 'when we conſider nature, 'we ſhall often find very contrary ef-'fects flow from the ſame cauſe. The 'Prude and Coquette, as different as 'they appear in their behaviour, are in 'reality the ſame kind of women: the 'motive of action in both is the affecta-'tion of pleaſing men. They are ſiſters 'of the ſame blood and conſtitution; 'only one chuſes a grave, and the other 'a light dreſs. The Prude appears 'more virtuous, the Coquette more vi-'cious, than ſhe really is. The diſtant 'behaviour of the Prude tends to the 'ſame purpoſe as the advances of the 'Coquette; and you have as little rea-'ſon to fall into deſpair from the ſe-'verity of one, as to conceive hopes 'from the familiarity of the other. 'What leads you into a clear ſenſe of 'their character is, that you may ob-'ſerve each of them has the diſtinction 'of ſex in all her thoughts, words, and 'actions. You can never mention any 'aſſembly you were lately in, but one 'aſks you with a rigid, the other with 'a ſprightly air—"Pray, what men "were there?" As for Prudes, it muſt 'be confeſſed, that there are ſeveral of 'them, who, like hypocrites, by long 'practice of a falſe part, become ſin-'cere; or at leaſt delude themſelves into 'a belief that they are ſo.

'For the benefit of the ſociety of la-'dies, I ſhall propoſe one rule to them 'as a teſt of their virtue. I find in a 'very celebrated modern author, that 'the great foundreſs of the Pietiſts, Ma-'dame de Bourignon, who was no leſs 'famous for the ſanctity of her life than 'for the ſingularity of ſome of her opi-'nions, uſed to boaſt, that ſhe had not 'only the ſpirit of continency in her-'ſelf, but that ſhe had alſo the power of 'communicating it to all who beheld her. 'This the ſcoffers of thoſe days called, "The gift of infrigidation," and took 'occaſion from it to rally her face, ra-'ther than admire her virtue. I would 'therefore adviſe the Prude, who has a 'mind to know the integrity of her own 'heart, to lay her hand ſeriouſly upon 'it, and to examine herſelf, whether 'ſhe could ſincerely rejoice in ſuch a 'gift of conveying chaſte thoughts to 'all her male beholders. If ſhe has 'any averſion to the power of inſpiring 'ſo great a virtue, whatever notion ſhe 'may have of her perfection, ſhe de-'ceives her own heart, and is ſtill in 'the ſtate of Prudery. Some perhaps 'will look upon the boaſt of Madame 'de Bourignon, as the utmoſt oſtenta-'tion of a Prude.

'If you would ſee the humour of a 'Coquette puſhed to the laſt exceſs, you 'may find an inſtance of it in the fol-'lowing ſtory; which I will ſet down at 'length, becauſe it pleaſed me when I 'read it, though I cannot recollect in 'what author.

'A young Coquette widow in France 'having been followed by a Gaſcon of 'quality, who had boaſted among his 'companions of ſome favours which he 'had never received; to be revenged of 'him, ſent for him one evening, and 'told him it was in his power to do 'her a very particular ſervice. The 'Gaſcon, with much profeſſion of his 'readineſs to obey her commands, beg-'ged to hear in what manner ſhe deſign-

'ed to employ him. "You know," 'said the widow, "my friend Belinda; "and muſt often have heard of the "jealouſy of that impotent wretch her "her huſband. Now it is abſolutely "neceſſary, for the carrying on a cer- "tain affair, that his wife and I ſhould "be together a whole night. What I "have to aſk of you is, to dreſs your- "ſelf in her night-clothes, and lie by "him a whole night in her place, that "he may not miſs her while ſhe is with "me." The Gaſcon, though of a very 'lively and undertaking complexion, 'began to ſtartle at the propoſal.— "Nay," ſays the widow, "if you have "not the courage to go through what "I aſk you, I muſt employ ſomebody "elſe that will."—"Madam," ſays 'the Gaſcon, "I will kill him for you "if you pleaſe; but for lying with "him!—How is it poſſible to do it "without being diſcovered?"—"If "you do not diſcover yourſelf," ſays 'the widow, "you will lie ſafe enough, "for he is paſt all curioſity. He comes "in at night while ſhe is aſleep, and "goes out in a morning before ſhe "awakes; and is in pain for nothing, "ſo he knows ſhe is there."—"Ma- "dam," replied the Gaſcon, "how can "you reward me for paſſing a night "with this old fellow?" The widow 'anſwered with a laugh—"Perhaps "by admitting you to paſs a night with "one you think more agreeable." He 'took the hint; put on his night- 'clothes; and had not been a-bed above 'an hour before he heard a knocking 'at the door, and the treading of one 'who approached the other ſide of the 'bed, and who he did not queſtion was 'the good man of the houſe. I do not 'know, whether the ſtory would be 'better by telling you in this place, or 'at the end of it, that the perſon who 'went to bed to him was our young 'Coquette widow. The Gaſcon was 'in a terrible fright every time ſhe moved 'in the bed, or turned towards him; 'and did not fail to ſhrink from her, 'until he had conveyed himſelf to the 'very ridge of the bed. I will not dwell 'upon the perplexity he was in the 'whole night, which was augmented, 'when he obſerved that it was now 'broad day, and that the huſband did 'not yet offer to get up and go about 'his buſineſs. All that the Gaſcon had 'for it, was to keep his face turned 'from him, and to feign himſelf aſleep, 'when, to his utter confuſion, the wi- 'dow at laſt puts out her arm, and pulls 'the bell at her bed's head. In came 'her friends, and two or three compa- 'nions to whom the Gaſcon had boaſt- 'ed of her favours. The widow jump- 'ed into a wrapping-gown, and joined 'with the reſt in laughing at this man 'of intrigue.'

N° CXXVII. TUESDAY, JANUARY 31, 1709.

NIMIRUM INSANUS PAUCIS VIDEATUR, EO QUOD
MAXIMA PARS HOMINUM MORBO JACTATUR EODEM.
HOR. SAT. 3. LIB. 2. VER. 120.

BY FEW, FORSOOTH, A MADMAN HE IS THOUGHT,
FOR HALF MANKIND THE SAME DISEASE HAVE CAUGHT.
FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JAN. 30.

THERE is no affection of the mind ſo much blended in human nature, and wrought into our very conſtitution, as Pride. It appears under a multitude of diſguiſes, and breaks out in ten thouſand different ſymptoms. Every one feels it in himſelf, and yet wonders to ſee it in his neighbour. I muſt confeſs, I met with an inſtance of it the other day, where I ſhould very little have expected it. Who would believe the proud perſon I am going to ſpeak of is a Cobler upon Ludgate Hill? This artiſt being naturally a lover of reſpect, and conſidering that his circumſtances are ſuch that no man living will give it him, has contrived the figure of a beau in wood; who ſtands before him in a bending poſture, with his hat under his left-arm, and his right-hand extended in ſuch a manner as to hold a thread, a piece of wax, or an awl, according to the particular ſervice in which his maſter thinks fit to employ him. When I ſaw him, he held a candle in this obſequious poſture. I was very well pleaſed with the

the cobler's invention, that had ſo ingeniouſly contrived an inferior, and ſtood a little while contemplating this inverted idolatry, wherein the image did homage to the man. When we meet with ſuch a fantaſtic vanity in one of this order, it is no wonder if we may trace it through all degrees above it, and particularly through all the ſteps of greatneſs. We eaſily ſee the abſurdity of pride, when it enters into the heart of a cobler; though in reality it is altogether as ridiculous and unreaſonable, wherever it takes poſſeſſion of an human creature. There is no temptation to it from the reflection upon our being in general, or upon any comparative perfection, whereby one man may excel another. The greater a man's knowledge is, the greater motive he may ſeem to have for pride; but in the ſame proportion as the one riſes, the other ſinks, it being the chief office of wiſdom to diſcover to us our weakneſſes and imperfections.

As folly is the foundation of pride, the natural ſuperſtructure of it is madneſs. If there was an occaſion for the experiment, I would not queſtion to make a proud man a lunatic in three weeks time; provided I had it in my power to ripen his phrenzy with proper applications. It is an admirable reflection in Terence, where it is ſaid of a paraſite—'*Hic homines ex ſtultis facit inſanos.*—This fellow,' ſays he, 'has 'an art of converting fools into mad-'men.' When I was in France, the region of complaiſance and vanity, I have often obſerved, that a great man who has entered a levee of flatterers humble and temperate, has grown ſo inſenſibly heated by the court which was paid him on all ſides, that he has been quite diſtracted before he could get into his coach.

If we conſult the collegiates of Moorfields, we ſhall find moſt of them are beholden to their pride for their introduction into that magnificent palace. I had, ſome years ago, the curioſity to enquire into the particular circumſtances of theſe whimſical freeholders; and learned from their own mouths the condition and character of each of them. Indeed I found, that all I ſpoke to were perſons of quality. There were at that time five dutcheſſes, three earls, two heathen gods, an emperor, and a prophet. There were alſo a great number of ſuch as were locked up from their eſtates, and others who concealed their titles. A leatherſeller of Taunton whiſpered me in the ear, that he was the Duke of Monmouth; but begged me not to betray him. At a little diſtance from him ſat a taylor's wife, who aſked me, as I went, if I had ſeen the ſword-bearer. Upon which I preſumed to aſk her, who ſhe was; and was anſwered—'My Lady Mayoreſs.'

I was very ſenſibly touched with compaſſion towards theſe miſerable people; and, indeed, extremely mortified to ſee human nature capable of being thus diſfigured. However, I reaped this benefit from it, that I was reſolved to guard myſelf againſt a paſſion which makes ſuch havock in the brain, and produces ſo much diſorder in the imagination. For this reaſon I have endeavoured to keep down the ſecret ſwellings of reſentment, and ſtifle the very firſt ſuggeſtions of ſelf-eſteem; to eſtabliſh my mind in tranquillity, and overvalue nothing in my own, or in another's poſſeſſion.

For the benefit of ſuch whoſe heads are a little turned, though not to ſo great a degree as to qualify them for the place of which I have been now ſpeaking, I ſhall aſſign one of the ſides of the college which I am erecting, for the cure of this dangerous diſtemper.

The moſt remarkable of the perſons, whoſe diſturbance ariſes from pride, and whom I ſhall uſe all poſſible diligence to cure, are ſuch as are hidden in the appearance of quite contrary habits and diſpoſitions. Among ſuch, I ſhall, in the firſt place, take care of one who is under the moſt ſubtle ſpecies of pride that I have obſerved in my whole experience.

This patient is a perſon for whom I have a great reſpect, as being an old courtier, and a friend of mine in my youth. The man has but a bare ſubſiſtence, juſt enough to pay his reckoning with us at the Trumpet: but by having ſpent the beginning of his life in the hearing of great men, and perſons of power, he is always promiſing to do good offices, to introduce every man he converſes with into the world; will deſire one of ten times his ſubſtance to let him ſee him ſometimes, and hints to him, that he does not forget him. He anſwers to matters of no conſequence with great circumſpection; but however,

ever, maintains a general civility in his words and actions, and an insolent benevolence to all whom he has to do with: this he practises with a grave tone and air; and though I am his senior by twelve years, and richer by forty pounds per annum, he had yesterday the impudence to commend me to my face, and tell me, he should be always ready to encourage me. In a word, he is a very insignificant fellow, but exceeding gracious. The best return I can make him for his favours is, to carry him myself to Bedlam, and see him well taken care of.

The next person I shall provide for is of a quite contrary character; that has in him all the stiffness and insolence of quality, without a grain of sense or good-nature, to make it either respected or beloved. His pride has infected every muscle of his face; and yet, after all his endeavours to shew mankind that he contemns them, is only neglected by all that see him, as not of consequence enough to be hated.

For the cure of this particular sort of madness, it will be necessary to break through all forms with him, and familiarize his carriage by the use of a good cudgel. It may likewise be of great benefit to make him jump over a stick half a dozen times every morning.

A third, whom I have in my eye, is a young fellow, whose lunacy is such, that he boasts of nothing but what he ought to be ashamed of. He is vain of being rotten, and talks publicly of having committed crimes which he ought to be hanged for by the laws of his country.

There are several others whose brains are but hurt with pride, and whom I may hereafter attempt to recover; but shall conclude my present list with an old woman, who is just dropping into her grave, that talks of nothing but her birth. Though she has not a tooth in her head, she expects to be valued for the blood in her veins; which she fancies is much better than that which glows in the cheeks of Belinda, and sets half the town on fire.

Nº CXXVIII. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1709.

——VENIUNT A DOTE SAGITTÆ.

JUV. SAT. 6. v. 138.

——THE DOWERY SHOT THE DARTS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, FEB. 1.

THIS morning I received a letter from a fortune-hunter, which, being better in it's kind than men of that character usually write, I have thought fit to communicate to the public.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

SIR,

I Take the boldness to recommend to your care the inclosed letter, not knowing how to communicate it, but by your means, to the agreeable country-maid you mention with so much honour in your discourse concerning the lottery.

I should be ashamed to give you this trouble without offering at some small requital: I shall therefore direct a new pair of globes, and a telescope of the best maker, to be left for you at Mr. Morphew's, as a testimony of the great respect with which I am your most humble servant, &c.

TO MOPSA, IN SHEER-LANE.

FAIREST UNKNOWN,

IT being discovered by the stars, that about three months hence you will run the hazard of being persecuted by many worthless pretenders to your person, unless timely prevented; I now offer my service for your security against the persecution that threatens you. This is therefore to let you know, that I have conceived a most extraordinary passion for you; and that for several days I have been perpetually haunted with the vision of a person I have never yet seen. To satisfy you that I am in my senses, and that I do not mistake you for any one of higher rank, I assure you, that in your daily employment you appear to my imagination more agreeable in a short

ſhort ſcanty petticoat, than the fineſt woman of quality in her ſpreading fardingal; and that the dextrous twirl of your mop has more native charms, than the ſtudied airs of a lady's fan. In a word, I am captivated with your menial qualifications: the domeſtic virtues adorn you like attendant Cupids; cleanlineſs and healthful induſtry wait on all your motions; and duſt and cobwebs fly your approach.

Now, to give you an honeſt account of myſelf, and that you may ſee my deſigns are honourable, I am an Eſquire of an ancient family, born to about fifteen hundred pounds a year; half of which I have ſpent in diſcovering myſelf to be a fool, and with the reſt am reſolved to retire with ſome plain honeſt partner, and ſtudy to be wiſer. I had my education in a laced coat, and a French dancing-ſchool; and by my travel into foreign parts, have juſt as much breeding to ſpare, as you may think you want, which I intend to exchange as faſt as I can for old Engliſh honeſty and good ſenſe. I will not impoſe on you by a falſe recommendation of my perſon, which, to ſhew you my ſincerity, is none of the handſomeſt, being of a figure ſomewhat ſhort; but what I want in length, I make out in breadth. But in amends for that and all other defects, if you can like me when you ſee me, I ſhall continue to you, whether I find you fair, black, or brown, the moſt conſtant of lovers.

27 JAN. 1709-10.

This letter ſeems to be written by a wag, and for that reaſon I am not much concerned for what reception Mopſa ſhall think fit to give it; but the following certainly proceeds from a poor heart, that languiſhes under the moſt deplorable misfortune that poſſibly can befal a woman. A man that is treacherouſly dealt with in love, may have recourſe to many conſolations. He may gracefully break through all oppoſition to his miſtreſs, or explain with his rival; urge his own conſtancy, or aggravate the falſhood by which it is repaid. But a woman that is ill-treated, has no refuge in her griefs but in ſilence and ſecrecy. The world is ſo unjuſt, that a female heart which has been once touched, is thought for ever blemiſhed. The very grief in this caſe is looked upon as a reproach, and a complaint, almoſt a breach of chaſtity. For theſe reaſons we ſee treachery and falſhood are become, as it were, male vices, and are ſeldom found, never acknowledged, in the other ſex. This may ſerve to introduce Statira's letter; which, without any turn of art, has ſomething ſo pathetical and moving in it, that I verily believe it to be true, and therefore heartily pity the injured creature that writ it.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

SIR,

YOU ſeem in many of your writings to be a man of a very compaſſionate temper, and well acquainted with the paſſion of love. This encourages me to apply myſelf to you in my preſent diſtreſs, which I believe you will look upon to be very great, and treat with tenderneſs, notwithſtanding it wholly ariſes from love, and that it is a woman that makes this confeſſion. I am now in the twenty-third year of my age, and have for a great while entertained the addreſſes of a man who, I thought, loved me more than life. I am ſure I did him; and muſt own to you, not without ſome confuſion, that I have thought on nothing elſe for theſe two long years, but the happy life we ſhould lead together, and the means I ſhould uſe to make myſelf ſtill dearer to him. My fortune was indeed much beyond his; and as I was always in the company of my relations, he was forced to diſcover his inclinations, and declare himſelf to me by ſtories of other perſons, kind looks, and many ways, which he knew too well that I underſtood. Oh! Mr. Bickerſtaff, it is impoſſible to tell you, how induſtrious I have been to make him appear lovely in my thoughts. I made it a point of conſcience to think well of him, and of no man elſe: but he has ſince had an eſtate fallen to him, and makes love to another of a greater fortune than mine. I could not believe the report of this at firſt; but above a fortnight ago, I was convinced of the truth of it by his own behaviour. He came to make our family a formal viſit, when, as there were ſeveral in company, and many things talked of, the diſcourſe fell upon ſome unhappy woman who was in my own circumſtances. It was ſaid by one in the room, that they could not believe

the

the ſtory could be true, becauſe they did not believe any man could be ſo falſe. Upon which, I ſtole a look upon him with an anguiſh not to be expreſſed. He ſaw my eyes full of tears, yet had the cruelty to ſay, that he could ſee no falſhood in alterations of this nature, where there had been no contracts or vows interchanged. Pray, do not make a jeſt of miſery, but tell me ſeriouſly your opinion of his behaviour; and if you can have any pity for my condition, publiſh this in your next paper; that being the only way I have of complaining of his unkindneſs, and ſhewing him the injuſtice he has done me. I am, your humble ſervant, the unfortunate

STATIRA.

The name my correſpondent gives herſelf, puts me in mind of my old reading in romances, and brings into my thoughts a ſpeech of the renowned Don Bellianis, who, upon a complaint made to him of a diſcourteous knight, that had left his injured paramour in the ſame manner, dries up her tears with a promiſe of relief. 'Diſconſolate damſel,' quoth he, 'a foul diſgrace it 'were to all right worthy profeſſors of 'chivalry, if ſuch a blot to knighthood 'ſhould paſs unchaſtiſed. Give me to 'know the abode of this recreant lover, 'and I will give him as a feaſt to the 'fowls of the air, or drag him bound 'before you at my horſe's tail.'

I am not aſhamed to own myſelf a champion of diſtreſſed damſels, and would venture as far to relieve them as Don Bellianis; for which reaſon, I do invite this lady to let me know the name of the traitor who has deceived her; and do promiſe, not only her, but all the fair-ones of Great Britain, who lie under the ſame calamity, to employ my right-hand for their redreſs, and ſerve them to my laſt drop of ink.

Nº CXXIX. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1709.

INGENIO MANUS EST ET CERVIX CÆSA———

JUV. SAT. 10. VER. 120.

HIS WIT'S REWARDED WITH THE FATAL LOSS
OF HAND AND HEAD——— R. WYNNE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, FEB. 3.

WHEN my paper for to-morrow was prepared for the preſs, there came in this morning a mail from Holland, which brought me ſeveral advices from foreign parts, and took my thoughts off domeſtic affairs. Among others, I have a letter from a burgher of Amſterdam, who makes me his compliments, and tells me he has ſent me ſeveral draughts of humorous and ſatirical pictures by the beſt hands of the Dutch nation. They are a trading people, and in their very minds mechanics. They expreſs their wit in manufacture, as we do in manuſcript. He informs me, that a very witty hand has lately repreſented the preſent poſture of public affairs in a landſkip, or rather ſea-piece, wherein the potentates of the alliance are figured as their intereſts correſpond with, or affect each other, under the appearance of commanders of ſhips. Theſe veſſels carry the colours of the reſpective nations concerned in the preſent war. The whole deſign ſeems to tend to one point, which is, that ſeveral ſquadrons of Britiſh and Dutch ſhips are battering a French man of war, in order to make her deliver up a long-boat with Spaniſh colours. My correſpondent informs me, that a man muſt underſtand the compaſs perfectly well, to be able to comprehend the beauty and invention of this piece; which is ſo ſkilfully drawn, that the particular views of every prince in Europe are ſeen according as the ſhips lie to the main figure in the picture, and as that figure may help or retard their ſailing. It ſeems this curioſity is now on board a ſhip bound for England, and, with other rarities, made a preſent to me. As ſoon as it arrives, I deſign to expoſe it to public view at my ſecretary Mr. Lillie's, who ſhall have an explication of all the terms of art; and I doubt not but it will give as good content as the moving picture in Fleet Street.

But above all the honours I have received from the learned world abroad, I am

am moſt delighted with the following epiſtle from Rome.

PASQUIN OF ROME TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, OF GREAT BRITAIN, GREETING.

SIR,

YOUR reputation has paſſed the Alps, and would have come to my ears by this time, if I had any. In ſhort, Sir, you are looked on here as a northern droll, and the greateſt virtuoſo among the Tramontanes. Some, indeed, ſay, that Mr. Bickerſtaff and Paſquin are only names invented to father compoſitions which the natural parent does not care for owning. But however that is, all agree, that there are ſeveral perſons who, if they durſt attack you, would endeavour to leave you no more limbs than I have. I need not tell you that my adverſaries have joined in a confederacy with Time to demoliſh me, and that, if I were not a very great wit, I ſhould make the worſt figure in Europe, being abridged of my legs, arms, noſe, and ears. If you think fit to accept of the correſpondence of ſo facetious a cripple, I ſhall from time to time ſend you an account of what happens at Rome. You have only heard of it from Latin and Greek authors; nay, perhaps, have read no accounts from hence, but of a triumph, ovation, or apotheoſis, and will, doubtleſs, be ſurprized to ſee the deſcription of a proceſſion, jubilee, or canonization. I ſhall, however, ſend you what the place affords, in return to what I ſhall receive from you. If you will acquaint me with your next promotion of general officers, I will ſend you an account of our next advancement of ſaints. If you will let me know who is reckoned the braveſt warrior in Great Britain, I will tell you who is the beſt fiddler in Rome. If you will favour me with an inventory of the riches that were brought into your nation by Admiral Wager, I will not fail giving you an account of a pot of medals that has been lately dug up here, and which are now under the examination of our miniſters of ſtate.

There is one thing, in which I deſire you would be very particular. What I mean is an exact liſt of all the religions in Great Britain, as likewiſe the habits, which are ſaid here to be the great points of conſcience in England; whether they are made of ſerge or broad cloth, of ſilk or linen. I ſhould be glad to ſee a model of the moſt conſcientious dreſs among you, and deſire you will ſend me a hat of each religion; as likewiſe, if it be not too much trouble, a cravat. It would alſo be very acceptable here to receive an account of thoſe two religious orders, which are lately ſprung up amongſt you, the Whigs and the Tories, with the points of doctrine, ſeverities in diſcipline, penances, mortifications, and good works, by which they differ one from another. It would be no leſs kind, if you would explain to us a word, which they do not underſtand even at our Engliſh monaſtery, Toaſts, and let us know whether the ladies ſo called are nuns or day-ſiſters.

In return, I will ſend you the ſecret hiſtory of ſeveral cardinals, which I have by me in manuſcript, with the gallantries, amours, politics, and intrigues, by which they made their way to the holy purple.

But when I propoſe a correſpondence, I muſt not tell you what I intend to adviſe you of hereafter, and neglect to give you what I have at preſent. The Pope has been ſick for this fortnight of a violent tooth-ach, which has very much raiſed the French faction, and put the conclave into a great ferment. Every one of the pretenders to the ſucceſſion is grown twenty years older than he was a fortnight ago. Each candidate tries who ſhall cough and ſtoop moſt; for theſe are at preſent the great gifts, that recommend to the apoſtolical ſeat; which he ſtands the faireſt for, who is likely to reſign it the ſooneſt. I have known the time, when it uſed to rain Louis d'ors on ſuch occaſions; but whatever is the matter, there are very few of them to be ſeen, at preſent, at Rome, inſomuch that it is thought a man might purchaſe infallibility at a very reaſonable rate. It is nevertheleſs hoped, that his Holineſs may recover, and bury theſe his imaginary ſucceſſors.

There has lately been found an human tooth in a catacomb, which has engaged a couple of convents in a lawſuit; each of them pretending, that it belonged to the jaw-bone of a ſaint, who was of their order. The college have ſat upon it thrice; and I find there is a diſpoſition among them to take it out of the poſſeſſion of both the contending parties, by reaſon of a ſpeech, which

was made by one of the cardinals, who, by reaſon of it's being found out of the company of any other bones, aſſerted, that it might be one of the teeth, which was coughed out by Ælia, an old woman, whoſe loſs is recorded in Martial.

I have nothing remarkable to communicate to you of ſtate affairs, excepting only, that the Pope has lately received an horſe from the German ambaſſador, as an acknowledgment for the kingdom of Naples, which is a fief of the church. His Holineſs refuſed this horſe from the Germans ever ſince the Duke of Anjou has been poſſeſſed of Spain; but as they lately took care to accompany it with a body of ten thouſand more, they have at laſt overcome his Holineſs's modeſty, and prevailed upon him to accept the preſent. I am, Sir, your moſt obedient, humble ſervant,

PASQUIN.

P. S. Marforio is very much yours.

Nº CXXX. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1709.

——TAMEN ME
CUM MAGNIS VIXISSE INVITÀ FATEBITUR USQUE
INVIDIA—— HOR. SAT. 1. LIB. 2. VER. 75.

SPITE OF HERSELF EVEN ENVY MUST CONFESS,
THAT I THE FRIENDSHIP OF THE GREAT POSSESS.
FRANCIS.

SHEER-LANE, FEB. 6.

I Find ſome of the moſt polite Latin authors, who wrote at a time when Rome was in it's glory, ſpeak with a certain noble vanity of the brightneſs and ſplendor of the age in which they lived. Pliny often compliments his Emperor Trajan upon this head; and when he would animate him to any thing great, or diſſuade him from any thing that was improper, he inſinuates, that it is beſitting or unbecoming the *claritas et nitor ſeculi*, that period of time, which was made illuſtrious by his reign. When we caſt our eyes back on the hiſtory of mankind, and trace them through their ſeveral ſucceſſions to their firſt original, we ſometimes ſee them breaking out in great and memorable actions, and towering up to the utmoſt heights of virtue and knowledge; when, perhaps, if we carry our obſervations to a little diſtance, we ſee them ſunk into ſloth and ignorance, and altogether loſt in darkneſs and obſcurity. Sometimes the whole ſpecies is aſleep for two or three generations, and then again awakens into action; flouriſhes in heroes, philoſophers, and poets; who do honour to human nature, and leave ſuch tracks of glory behind them, as diſtinguiſh the years in which they acted their part, from the ordinary courſe of time.

Methinks a man cannot, without a ſecret ſatisfaction, conſider the glory of the preſent age, which will ſhine as bright as any other in the hiſtory of mankind. It is ſtill big with great events, and has already produced changes and revolutions, which will be as much admired by poſterity, as any that have happened in the 'days of our 'fathers, or in the old times before 'them.' We have ſeen kingdoms divided and united, monarchs erected and depoſed, nations transferred from one ſovereign to another; conquerors raiſed to ſuch a greatneſs, as has given a terror to Europe, and thrown down by ſuch a fall, as has moved their pity.

But it is ſtill a more pleaſing view to an Engliſhman, to ſee his own country give the chief influence to ſo illuſtrious an age, and ſtand in the ſtrongeſt point of light amidſt the diffuſed glory that ſurrounds it.

If we begin with learned men, we may obſerve, to the honour of our country, that thoſe who make the greateſt figure in moſt arts and ſciences, are univerſally allowed to be of the Britiſh nation; and, what is more remarkable, that men of the greateſt learning are among the men of the greateſt quality.

A nation may indeed abound with perſons of ſuch uncommon parts and worth, as may make them rather a misfortune than a bleſſing to the public. Thoſe who ſingly might have been of infinite advantage to the age they live in, may, by riſing up together in the ſame

ſame criſis of time, and by interfering in the purſuits of honour, rather interrupt than promote the ſervice of their country. Of this we have a famous inſtance in the republic of Rome, when Cæſar, Pompey, Cato, Cicero, and Brutus, endeavoured to recommend themſelves at the ſame time to the admiration of their contemporaries. Mankind was not able to provide for ſo many extraordinary perſons at once, or find out poſts ſuitable to their ambition and abilities. For this reaſon they were all as miſerable in their deaths as they were famous in their lives, and occaſioned not only the ruin of each other, but alſo that of the commonwealth.

It is therefore a particular happineſs to a people, when the men of ſuperior genius and character are ſo juſtly diſpoſed in the high places of honour, that each of them moves in a ſphere which is proper to him, and requires thoſe particular qualities in which he excels.

If I ſee a general commanding the forces of his country, whoſe victories are not to be paralleled in ſtory, and who is as famous for his negociations as his victories; and at the ſame time ſee the management of a nation's treaſury in the hands of one who has always diſtinguiſhed himſelf by a generous contempt of his own private wealth, and an exact frugality of that which belongs to the public; I cannot but think a people under ſuch an adminiſtration may promiſe themſelves conqueſts abroad, and plenty at home. If I were to wiſh for a proper perſon to preſide over the public councils, it ſhould certainly be one as much admired for his univerſal knowledge of men and things, as for his eloquence, courage, and integrity, in the exerting of ſuch extraordinary talents.

Who is not pleaſed to ſee a perſon in the higheſt ſtation of the law, who was the moſt eminent in his profeſſion, and the moſt accompliſhed orator at the bar? Or at the head of the fleet a commander, under whoſe conduct the common enemy received ſuch a blow as he has never been able to recover?

Were we to form to ourſelves the idea of one whom we ſhould think proper to govern a diſtant kingdom, conſiſting chiefly of thoſe who differ from us in religion, and are influenced by foreign politics, would it not be ſuch a one as had ſignalized himſelf by an uniform and unſhaken zeal for the Proteſtant intereſt, and by his dexterity in defeating the ſkill and artifice of it's enemies? In ſhort, if we find a great man popular for his honeſty and humanity, as well as famed for his learning and great ſkill in all the languages of Europe; or a perſon eminent for thoſe qualifications which make men ſhine in public aſſemblies; or for that ſteadineſs, conſtancy, and good ſenſe, which carry a man to the deſired point through all the oppoſition of tumult and prejudice; we have the happineſs to behold them in all poſts ſuitable to their characters.

Such a conſtellation of great perſons, if I may ſo ſpeak, while they ſhine out in their own diſtinct capacities, reflect a luſtre upon each other; but in a more particular manner on their ſovereign, who has placed them in thoſe proper ſituations, by which their virtues become ſo beneficial to all her ſubjects. It is the anniverſary of the birth-day of this glorious queen, which naturally led me into this field of contemplation; and inſtead of joining in the public exultations that are made on ſuch occaſions, to entertain my thoughts with the more ſerious pleaſure of ruminating upon the glories of her reign.

While I behold her ſurrounded with triumphs, and adorned with all the proſperity and ſucceſs which Heaven ever ſhed on a mortal, and ſtill conſidering herſelf as ſuch; though the perſon appears to me exceeding great, that has theſe juſt honours paid to her, yet I muſt confeſs ſhe appears much greater in that ſhe receives them with ſuch a glorious humility, and ſhews ſhe has no further regard for them, than as they ariſe from theſe great events, which have made her ſubjects happy. For my own part, I muſt confeſs, when I ſee private virtues in ſo high a degree of perfection, I am not aſtoniſhed at any extraordinary ſucceſs that attends them, but look upon public triumphs as the natural conſequences of religious retirements.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Finding ſome perſons have miſtaken Paſquin, who was mentioned in my laſt, for one who has been pillored at Rome, I muſt here advertiſe them, that it is only a maimed ſtatue ſo called, on which the private ſcandal of that city is generally paſted. Marforio is a per-

ſon of the ſame quality, who is uſually made to anſwer whatever is publiſhed by the other; the wits of that place, like too many of our own country, taking pleaſure in ſetting innocent people together by the ears. The mentioning of this perſon, who is a great wit, and a great cripple, put me in mind of Mr. Eaſtcourt, who is under the ſame circumſtances. He was formerly my apothecary, and being at preſent diſabled by the gout and ſtone, I muſt recommend him to the public on Thurſday next; that admirable play of Ben Johnſon's, called The Silent Woman, being appointed to be acted for his benefit. It would be indecent for me to appear twice in a ſeaſon at theſe ludicrous diverſions; but as I always give my man and my maid one day in the year, I ſhall allow them this; and am promiſed by Mr. Eaſtcourt, my ingenious apothecary, that they ſhall have a place kept for them in the firſt row of the middle gallery.

Nº CXXXI. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1709.

SCELUS EST JUGULARE FALERNUM,
ET DARE CAMPANO TOXICA SÆVA MERO.
MART. L. I. EP. 19.

HOW GREAT THE CRIME, HOW FLAGRANT THE ABUSE,
T' ADULT'RATE GEN'ROUS WINE WITH NOXIOUS JUICE!
R. WYNNE.

SHEER-LANE, FEBRUARY 8.

THERE is in this city a certain fraternity of chymical operators, who work under ground in holes, caverns, and dark retirements, to conceal their myſteries from the eyes and obſervations of mankind. Theſe ſubterraneous philoſophers are daily employed in the tranſmutation of liquors, and, by the power of magical drugs and incantations, raiſing under the ſtreets of London the choiceſt products of the hills and valleys of France. They can ſqueeze Bourdeaux out of the ſloe, and draw Champagne from an apple. Virgil, in that remarkable prophecy—

Inculiſque rubens pendebit ſentibus uva,
VIRG. EC. 4. VER. 29.

The rip'ning grape ſhall hang on every thorn,

ſeems to have hinted at this art, which can turn a plantation of northern hedges into a vineyard. Theſe adepts are known among one another by the name of Wine-Brewers, and I am afraid, do great injury, not only to her Majeſty's cuſtoms, but to the bodies of many of her good ſubjects.

Having received ſundry complaints againſt theſe inviſible workmen, I ordered the proper officer of my court to ferret them out of their reſpective caves, and bring them before me, which was yeſterday executed accordingly.

The perſon who appeared againſt them was a merchant, who had by him a great magazine of wines, that he had laid in before the war: but theſe gentlemen, as he ſaid, had ſo vitiated the nation's palate, that no man could believe his to be French, becauſe it did not taſte like what they ſold for ſuch. As a man never pleads better than where his own perſonal intereſt is concerned, he exhibited to the court, with great eloquence, that this new corporation of druggiſts had inflamed the bills of mortality, and puzzled the College of Phyſicians with diſeaſes, for which they neither knew a name or cure. He accuſed ſome of giving all their cuſtomers cholics and megrims; and mentioned one who had boaſted he had a ton of claret by him, that in a fortnight's time ſhould give the gout to a dozen of the healthieſt men in the city, provided that their conſtitutions were prepared for it by wealth and idleneſs. He then enlarged, with a great ſhow of reaſon, upon the prejudice which theſe mixtures and compoſitions had done to the brains of the Engliſh nation; 'As is too viſible,' ſaid he, 'from many late pamphlets, ſpeeches, and 'ſermons, as well as from the ordinary 'converſations of the youth of this age.' He then quoted an ingenious perſon, who would undertake to know by a man's writings, the wine he moſt delighted in; and on that occaſion named a certain ſatiriſt, whom he had diſcovered to be the author of a lampoon, by the manifeſt taſte of the ſloe, which ſhewed itſelf in it by much roughneſs and little ſpirit.

In

In the laſt place, he aſcribed to the unnatural tumults and fermentations which theſe mixtures raiſe in our blood, the diviſions, heats, and animoſities, that reign among us; and, in particular, aſſerted moſt of the modern enthuſiaſms and agitations to be nothing elſe but the effects of adulterated Port.

The counſel for the Brewers had a face ſo extremely inflamed, and illuminated with carbuncles, that I did not wonder to ſee him an advocate for theſe ſophiſtications. His rhetoric was likewiſe ſuch as I ſhould have expected from the common draught, which I found he often drank to a great exceſs. Indeed, I was ſo ſurprized at his figure and parts, that I ordered him to give me a taſte of his uſual liquor; which I had no ſooner drank, but I found a pimple riſing in my forehead; and felt ſuch a ſenſible decay in my underſtanding, that I would not proceed in the trial until the fume of it was entirely diſſipated.

This notable advocate had little to ſay in the defence of his clients, but that they were under a neceſſity of making claret, if they would keep open their doors; it being the nature of mankind to love every thing that is prohibited. He further pretended to reaſon, that it might be as profitable to the nation to make French wine as French hats; and concluded with the great advantage that this practice had already brought to part of the kingdom. Upon which he informed the court, that the lands in Herefordſhire were raiſed two years purchaſe ſince the beginning of the war.

When I had ſent out my ſummons to theſe people, I gave, at the ſame time, orders to each of them to bring the ſeveral ingredients he made uſe of in diſtinct phials, which they had done accordingly, and ranged them into two rows on each ſide of the court. The workmen were drawn up in ranks behind them. The merchant informed me, that in one row of phials were the ſeveral colours they dealt in, and in the other the taſtes. He then ſhewed me, on the right-hand, one who went by the name of Tom Tintoret, who, as he told me, was the greateſt maſter in his colouring of any vintner in London. To give me a proof of his art, he took a glaſs of fair water; and, by the infuſion of three drops out of one of his phials, converted it into a moſt beautiful pale Burgundy. Two more of the ſame kind heightened it into a perfect Languedoc: from thence it paſſed into a florid Hermitage: and after having gone through two or three other changes, by the addition of a ſingle drop, ended in a very deep Pontac. This ingenious virtuoſo, ſeeing me very much ſurprized at his art, told me, that he had not an opportunity of ſhewing it in perfection, having only made uſe of water for the ground-work of his colouring: but that if I were to ſee an operation upon liquors of ſtronger bodies, the art would appear to a much greater advantage. He added, that he doubted not but it would pleaſe my curioſity to ſee the cyder of one apple take only a vermilion; when another, with a leſs quantity of the ſame infuſion, would riſe into a dark purple, according to the different texture of parts in the liquor. He informed me alſo, that he could hit the different ſhades and degrees of red, as they appear in the pink and the roſe, the clove and the carnation, as he had Rheniſh or Moſelle, Perry or White Port, to work in.

I was ſo ſatisfied with the ingenuity of this virtuoſo, that, after having adviſed him to quit ſo diſhoneſt a profeſſion, I promiſed him, in conſideration of his great genius, to recommend him as a partner to a friend of mine, who has heaped up great riches, and is a ſcarlet-dyer.

The artiſts on my other hand were ordered, in the ſecond place, to make ſome experiments of their ſkill before me: upon which the famous Harry Sippet ſtepped out, and aſked me what I would be pleaſed to drink. At the ſame time he filled out three or four white liquors in a glaſs, and told me, that it ſhould be what I pleaſed to call for; adding very learnedly, that the liquor before him was as the naked ſubſtance, or firſt matter of his compound, to which he, and his friend who ſtood over-againſt him, could give what accidents or form they pleaſed. Finding him ſo great a philoſopher, I deſired he would convey into it the qualities and eſſence of right Bourdeaux. 'Coming, coming, Sir!' ſaid he, with the air of a drawer; and, after having caſt his eye on the ſeveral taſtes and flavours that ſtood before him, he took up a little cruet, that was filled with a kind of inky juice, and pouring ſome of it out into the glaſs of white wine, preſented it to me; and told me, this was the wine over which moſt of the

the buſineſs of the laſt term had been diſpatched. I muſt confeſs, I looked upon that ſooty drug, which he held up in his cruet, as the quinteſſence of Engliſh Bourdeaux; and therefore deſired him to give me a glaſs of it by itſelf, which he did with great unwillingneſs. My cat at that time ſat by me upon the elbow of my chair; and as I did not care for making the experiment upon myſelf, I reached it to her to ſip of it, which had like to have coſt her her life; for notwithſtanding it flung her at firſt into freakiſh tricks, quite contrary to her uſual gravity, in leſs than a quarter of an hour ſhe fell into convulſions; and, had it not been a creature more tenacious of life than any other, would certainly have died under the operation.

I was ſo incenſed by the tortures of my innocent domeſtic, and the unworthy dealings of theſe men, that I told them, if each of them had as many lives as the injured creature before them, they deſerved to forfeit them for the pernicious arts which they uſed for their profit. I therefore bid them look upon themſelves as no better, than as a kind of aſſaſſins and murderers within the law. However, ſince they had dealt ſo clearly with me, and laid before me their whole practice, I diſmiſſed them for that time; with a particular requeſt, that they would not poiſon any of my friends and acquaintance, and take to ſome honeſt livelihood without loſs of time.

For my own part, I have reſolved hereafter to be very careful in my liquors; and have agreed with a friend of mine in the army, upon their next march, to ſecure me two hogſheads of the beſt ſtomach-wines in the cellars of Verſailles, for the good of my Lucubrations, and the comfort of my old age.

Nº CXXXII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1709.

HABEO SENECTUTI MAGNAM GRATIAM, QUÆ MIHI SERMONIS AVIDITATEM AUXIT, POTIONIS ET CIBI SUSTULIT. TULL. DE SEN.

I AM MUCH BEHOLDEN TO OLD AGE, WHICH HAS INCREASED MY EAGERNESS FOR CONVERSATION, IN PROPORTION AS IT HAS LESSENED MY APPETITES OF HUNGER AND THIRST.

SHEER-LANE, FEBRUARY 10.

AFTER having applied my mind with more than ordinary attention to my ſtudies, it is my uſual cuſtom to relax and unbend it in the converſation of ſuch as are rather eaſy than ſhining companions. This I find particularly neceſſary for me before I retire to reſt, in order to draw my ſlumbers upon me by degrees, and fall aſleep inſenſibly. This is the particular uſe I make of a ſet of heavy honeſt men, with whom I have paſſed many hours with much indolence, though not with great pleaſure. Their converſation is a kind of preparative for ſleep: it takes the mind down from it's abſtractions, leads it into the familiar traces of thought, and lulls it into that ſtate of tranquillity which is the condition of a thinking man, when he is but half awake. After this, my reader will not be ſurprized to hear the account which I am about to give of a club of my own contemporaries, among whom I paſs two or three hours every evening. This I look upon as taking my firſt nap before I go to bed. The truth of it is, I ſhould think myſelf unjuſt to poſterity, as well as to the ſociety at the Trumpet, of which I am a member, did not I in ſome part of my writings give an account of the perſons among whom I have paſſed almoſt a ſixth part of my time for theſe laſt forty years. Our club conſiſted originally of fifteen; but partly by the ſeverity of the law in arbitrary times, and partly by the natural effects of old-age, we are at preſent reduced to a third part of that number: in which, however, we have this conſolation, that the beſt company is ſaid to conſiſt of five perſons. I muſt confeſs, beſides the afore-mentioned benefit, which I meet with in the converſation of this ſelect ſociety, I am not the leſs pleaſed with the company, in that I find myſelf the greateſt wit among them, and am heard as their oracle in all points of learning and difficulty.

Sir Jeoffrey Notch, who is the oldeſt of the club, has been in poſſeſſion of the right-hand chair time out of mind, and is the only man among us that has the

the liberty of ſtirring the fire. This our foreman is a gentleman of an ancient family, that came to a great eſtate ſome years before he had diſcretion, and run it out in hounds, horſes, and cock-fighting; for which reaſon he looks upon himſelf as an honeſt, worthy gentleman, who has had misfortunes in the world, and calls every thriving man a pitiful upſtart.

Major Matchlock is the next ſenior, who ſerved in the laſt civil wars, and has all the battles by heart. He does not think any action in Europe worth talking of ſince the fight of Marſton-Moor; and every night tells us of his having been knocked off his horſe at the riſing of the London apprentices; for which he is in great eſteem among us.

Honeſt old Dick Reptile is the third of our ſociety. He is a good-natured indolent man, who ſpeaks little himſelf, but laughs at our jokes; and brings his young nephew along with him, a youth of eighteen years old, to ſhew him good company, and give him a taſte of the world. This young fellow ſits generally ſilent; but whenever he opens his mouth, or laughs at any thing that paſſes, he is conſtantly told by his uncle, after a jocular manner—'Aye, aye, 'Jack, you young men think us fools; 'but we old men know you are.'

The greateſt wit of our company, next to myſelf, is a Bencher of the neighbouring inn, who in his youth frequented the ordinaries about Charing Croſs, and pretends to have been intimate with Jack Ogle. He has about ten diſtichs of Hudibras without book, and never leaves the club until he has applied them all. If any modern wit be mentioned, or any town-frolic ſpoken of, he ſhakes his head at the dulneſs of the preſent age, and tells us a ſtory of Jack Ogle.

For my own part, I am eſteemed among them, becauſe they ſee I am ſomething reſpected by others; though at the ſame time I underſtand by their behaviour, that I am conſidered by them as a man of a great deal of learning, but no knowledge of the world; inſomuch that the Major ſometimes, in the height of his military pride, calls me the Philoſopher: and Sir Jeoffery, no longer ago than laſt night, upon a diſpute what day of the month it was then in Holland, pulled his pipe out of his mouth, and cried—'What does the 'ſcholar ſay to it?'

Our club meets preciſely at ſix of the clock in the evening; but I did not come laſt night until half an hour after ſeven, by which means I eſcaped the battle of Naſeby, which the Major uſually begins at about three quarters after ſix: I found alſo, that my good friend, the Bencher, had already ſpent three of his diſtichs; and only waited an opportunity to hear a ſermon ſpoken of, that he might introduce the couplet where 'a 'ſtick' rhymes to 'eccleſiaſtic.' At my entrance into the room, they were naming a red petticoat and a cloak, by which I found that the Bencher had been diverting them with a ſtory of Jack Ogle.

I had no ſooner taken my ſeat, but Sir Jeoffery, to ſhew his good-will towards me, gave me a pipe of his own tobacco, and ſtirred up the fire. I look upon it as a point of morality, to be obliged by thoſe who endeavour to oblige me; and therefore, in requital for his kindneſs, and to ſet the converſation a going, I took the beſt occaſion I could to put him upon telling us the ſtory of old Gantlett, which he always does with very particular concern. He traced up his deſcent on both ſides for ſeveral generations, deſcribing his diet and manner of life, with his ſeveral battles, and particularly that in which he fell. This Gantlett was a game cock, upon whoſe head the knight, in his youth, had won five hundred pounds, and left two thouſand. This naturally ſet the Major upon the account of Edge-hill fight, and ended in a duel of Jack Ogle's,

Old Reptile was extremely attentive to all that was ſaid, though it was the ſame he had heard every night for theſe twenty years; and upon all occaſions, winked upon his nephew to mind what paſſed.

This may ſuffice to give the world a taſte of our innocent converſation, which we ſpun out until about ten of the clock, when my maid came with a lanthorn to light me home. I could not but reflect with myſelf, as I was going out, upon the talkative humour of old men, and the little figure which that part of life makes in one who cannot employ his natural propenſity in diſcourſes which would make him venerable. I muſt own,

it makes me very melancholy in company, when I hear a young man begin a ſtory; and have often obſerved, that one of a quarter of an hour long in a man of five-and-twenty, gathers circumſtances every time he tells it, until it grows into a long Canterbury tale of two hours by that time he is threeſcore.

The only way of avoiding ſuch a trifling and frivolous old age is, to lay up in our way to it ſuch ſtores of knowledge and obſervations, as may make us uſeful and agreeable in our declining years. The mind of man in a long life will become a magazine of wiſdom or folly, and will conſequently diſcharge itſelf in ſomething impertinent or improving. For which reaſon, as there is nothing more ridiculous than an old trifling ſtory-teller, ſo there is nothing more venerable, than one who has turned his experience to the entertainment and advantage of mankind.

In ſhort, we, who are in the laſt ſtage of life, and are apt to indulge ourſelves in talk, ought to conſider, if what we ſpeak be worth being heard, and endeavour to make our diſcourſe like that of Neſtor, which Homer compares to the flowing of honey for it's ſweetneſs.

I am afraid I ſhall be thought guilty of this exceſs I am ſpeaking of, when I cannot conclude without obſerving, that Milton certainly thought of this paſſage in Homer, when in his deſcription of an eloquent ſpirit, he ſays,

His tongue dropped manna.——

N° CXXXIII. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1709.

CUM TACENT, CLAMANT. TULL.

THEIR SILENCE PLEADS ALOUD.

SHEER-LANE, FEBRUARY 13.

SILENCE is ſometimes more ſignificant and ſublime than the moſt noble and moſt expreſſive eloquence, and is on many occaſions the indication of a great mind. Several authors have treated of Silence as a part of duty and diſcretion, but none of them have conſidered it in this light. Homer compares the noiſe and clamour of the Trojans advancing towards the enemy, to the cackling of cranes, when they invade an army of pygmies. On the contrary, he makes his countrymen and favourites, the Greeks, move forward in a regular determined march, and in the depth of Silence. I find in the accounts which are given us of ſome of the more eaſtern nations, where the inhabitants are diſpoſed by their conſtitutions and climates to higher ſtrains of thought, and more elevated raptures than what we feel in the northern regions of the world, that Silence is a religious exerciſe among them. For when their public devotions are in the greateſt fervour, and their hearts lifted up as high as words can raiſe them, there are certain ſuſpenſions of ſound and motion for a time, in which the mind is left to itſelf, and ſuppoſed to ſwell with ſuch ſecret conceptions, as are too big for utterance. I have myſelf been wonderfully delighted with a maſter-piece of muſic, when in the very tumult and ferment of their harmony, all the voices and inſtruments have ſtopped ſhort on a ſudden; and after a little pauſe recovered themſelves again as it were, and renewed the conſort in all it's parts. In my opinion this ſhort interval of Silence has had more muſic in it, than any the ſame ſpace of time before or after it. There are two inſtances of Silence in the two greateſt poets that ever wrote, which have ſomething in them as ſublime as any of the ſpeeches in their whole works. The firſt is that of Ajax, in the eleventh book of the Odyſſey. Ulyſſes, who had been the rival of this great man in his life, as well as the occaſion of his death, upon meeting his ſhade in the region of departed heroes, makes his ſubmiſſion to him with an humility next to adoration, which the other paſſes over with dumb, ſullen majeſty, and ſuch a Silence, as, to uſe the words of Longinus, had more greatneſs in it than any thing he could have ſpoken.

The next inſtance I ſhall mention is in Virgil, where the poet doubtleſs imitates this Silence of Ajax in that of Dido; though I do not know that any of his commentators have taken notice of it. Æneas, finding among the ſhades of deſpairing lovers the ghoſt of her who

who had lately died for him, with the wound ſtill freſh upon her, addreſſes himſelf to her with expanded arms, floods of tears, and the moſt paſſionate profeſſions of his own innocence, as to what had happened; all which Dido receives with the dignity and diſdain of a reſenting lover, and an injured queen; and is ſo far from vouchſafing him an anſwer, that ſhe does not give him a ſingle look. The poet repreſents her as turning away her face from him while he ſpoke to her; and after having kept her eyes for ſome time upon the ground, as one that heard and contemned his proteſtations, flying from him into the grove of myrtle, and into the arms of another, whoſe fidelity had deſerved her love.

I have often thought our writers of tragedy have been very defective in this particular, and that they might have given great beauty to their works, by certain ſtops and pauſes in the repreſentation of ſuch paſſions, as it is not in the power of language to expreſs. There is ſomething like this in the laſt act of Venice Preſerved, where Pierre is brought to an infamous execution; but begs of his friend, as a reparation for paſt injuries, and the only favour he could do him, to reſcue him from the ignominy of the wheel by ſtabbing him. As he is going to make this dreadful requeſt, he is not able to communicate it; but withdraws his face from his friend's ear, and burſts into tears. The melancholy Silence that follows hereupon, and continues until he has recovered himſelf enough to reveal his mind to his friend, raiſes in the ſpectators a grief that is inexpreſſible; and an idea of ſuch a complicated diſtreſs in the actor, as words cannot utter. It would look as ridiculous to many readers, to give rules and directions for proper ſilences, as for 'Penning a Whiſper:' but it is certain, that in the extremity of moſt paſſions, particularly ſurprize, admiration, aſtoniſhment, nay, rage itſelf, there is nothing more graceful than to ſee the play ſtand ſtill for a few moments, and the audience fixed in an agreeable ſuſpence, during the Silence of a ſkilful actor.

But Silence never ſhews itſelf to ſo great an advantage, as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation, provided that we give no juſt occaſion for them. We might produce an example of it in the behaviour of one, in whom it appeared in all it's majeſty; and one, whoſe Silence, as well as his perſon, was altogether divine. When one conſiders this ſubject only in it's ſublimity, this great inſtance could not but occur to me; and ſince I only make uſe of it, to ſhew the higheſt example of it, I hope I do not offend in it. To forbear replying to an unjuſt reproach, and overlook it with a generous, or, if poſſible, with an entire neglect of it, is one of the moſt heroic acts of a great mind: and I muſt confeſs, when I reflect upon the behaviour of ſome of the greateſt men in antiquity, I do not ſo much admire them that they deſerved the praiſe of the whole age they lived in, as becauſe they contemned the envy and detraction of it.

All that is incumbent on a man of worth, who ſuffers under ſo ill a treatment, is to lie by for ſome time in Silence and obſcurity, until the prejudice of the times be over, and his reputation cleared. I have often read, with a great deal of pleaſure, a legacy of the famous Lord Bacon, one of the greateſt geniuſes that our own, or any country, has produced. After having bequeathed his ſoul, body, and eſtate, in the uſual form, he adds—'My name and memory I 'leave to foreign nations, and to my 'countrymen after ſome time be paſſed 'over.'

At the ſame time that I recommend this philoſophy to others, I muſt confeſs, I am ſo poor a proficient in it myſelf, that if in the courſe of my lucubrations it happens, as it has done more than once, that my paper is duller than in conſcience it ought to be, I think the time an age until I have an opportunity of putting out another, and growing famous again for two days.

I muſt not cloſe my diſcourſe upon Silence, without informing my reader, that I have by me an elaborate treatiſe on the Apoſiopeſis, called an Et cætera; it being a figure much uſed by ſome learned authors, and particularly by the great Littleton, who, as my Lord Chief Juſtice Coke obſerves, had a moſt admirable talent at an &c.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To oblige the Pretty Fellows, and my fair readers, I have thought fit to

insert the whole passage above-mentioned relating to Dido, as it is translated by Mr. Dryden.

Not far from thence, the mournful fields appear:
So call'd from lovers that inhabit there.
The souls, whom that unhappy flame invades,
In secret solitude, and myrtle shades,
Make endless moans; and pining with desire,
Lament too late their unextinguish'd fire.
Here Procris, Eriphyle here, he found
Baring her breast, yet bleeding with the wound
Made by her son. He saw Pasiphae there.
With Phædra's ghost, a foul incestuous pair:
There Laodamia with Evadne moves:
Unhappy both; but loyal in their loves.
Cæneus, a woman once, and once a man;
But ending in the sex she first began.
Not far from these Phœnician Dido stood;
Fresh from her wound, her bosom bath'd in blood:
Whom, when the Trojan hero hardly knew,
Obscure in shades, and with a doubtful view,
(Doubtful as he who runs thro' dusky night,
Or thinks he sees the moon's uncertain light,)
With tears he first approach'd the sullen shade,
And, as his love inspir'd him, thus he said:
'Unhappy queen! then is the common breath
'Of rumour true, in your reported death?
'And I, alas, the cause! by Heav'n I vow,
'And all the pow'rs that rule the realms below,
'Unwilling I forsook your friendly state;
'Commanded by the gods, and forc'd by fate;
'Those gods, that fate, whose unresisted might
'Have sent me to the seregions, void of light,
'Thro' the vast empire of eternal night.
'Nor dar'd I to presume, that, press'd with grief,
'My flight should urge you to this dire relief.
'Stay, stay your steps, and listen to my vows;
'Tis the last interview that fate allows!'
In vain he thus attempts her mind to move,
With tears and prayers, and late repenting love.
Disdainfully she look'd; then turning round,
But fix'd her eyes unmov'd upon the ground;
And what he says, and swears, regards no more,
Than the deaf rocks, when the loud billows roar;
But whirl'd away, to shun his hateful sight,
Hid in the forest, and the shades of night:
Then fought Sichæus thro' the shady grove,
Who answer'd all her cares, and equall'd all her love.

Nº CXXXIV. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1709.

——QUIS TALIA FANDO
MYRMIDONUM, DOLOPUMVE, AUT DURI MILES ULYSSEI,
TEMPERET A LACRYMIS? VIRG. ÆN. 2. VER. 8.

——SUCH WOES
NOT EVEN THE HARDEST OF OUR FOES COULD HEAR,
NOR STERN ULYSSES TELL WITHOUT A TEAR. DRYDEN.

SHEER-LANE, FEB. 16.

I Was awakened very early this morning by the distant crowing of a cock, which I thought had the finest pipe I ever heard. He seemed to me to strain his voice more than ordinary, as if he designed to make himself heard to the remotest corner of this lane. Having entertained myself a little before I went to bed with a discourse on the transmigration of men into other animals, I could not but fancy, that this was the soul of some drowsy bell-man who used to sleep upon his post, for which he was condemned to do penance in feathers, and distinguish the several watches of the night under the outside of a cock. While I was thinking of the condition of this poor bell-man in masquerade, I heard a great knocking at my door, and was soon after told by my maid, that my worthy friend the tall black gentleman, who frequents the coffee-houses hereabouts, desired to speak with me. This ancient Pythagorean, who has as much honesty as any man living, but good nature to an excess, brought me the following petition; which I am apt to believe he penned himself, the petitioner not being able to express his mind in paper under his present form, however famous he might have been for writing verses when he was in his original shape.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE, CENSOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF JOB CHANTICLEER, IN BEHALF OF HIMSELF; AND MANY OTHER POOR SUFFERERS IN THE SAME CONDITION,

SHEWETH,

THAT whereas your petitioner is truly descended of the ancient family of the Chanticleers, at Cock Hall near

Plate XI.

Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co.ª Oct. 22. 1785.

near Rumford in Eſſex, it has been his misfortune to come into the mercenary hands of a certain ill-diſpoſed perſon, commonly called an Higler, who, under the cloſe confinement of a pannier, has conveyed him and many others up to London; but hearing by chance of your worſhip's great humanity towards Robin-red-breaſts and Tom-tits, he is emboldened to beſeech you to take his deplorable condition into your tender conſideration, who otherwiſe muſt ſuffer, with many thouſands more as innocent as himſelf, that inhuman barbarity of a Shrove Tueſday perſecution. We humbly hope, that our courage and vigilance may plead for us on this occaſion.

Your poor petitioner moſt earneſtly implores your immediate protection from the inſolence of the rabble, the batteries of catſticks, and a painful lingering death.

And your petitioner, &c.

FROM MY COOP IN CLARE-MARKET, FEB. 13, 1709.

Upon delivery of this petition, the worthy gentleman, who preſented it, told me the cuſtoms of many wiſe nations of the Eaſt, through which he travelled, that nothing was more frequent than to ſee a derviſe lay out a whole year's income in the redemption of larks or linnets, that had unhappily fallen into the hands of bird-catchers: that it was alſo uſual to run between a dog and a bull to keep them from hurting one another, or to loſe the uſe of a limb in parting a couple of furious maſtiffs: He then inſiſted upon the ingratitude and diſingenuity of treating in this manner a neceſſary and domeſtic animal, that has made the whole houſe keep good hours, and called up the cook-maid for five years together: 'What would a Turk ſay,' continued he, 'ſhould he hear, that it is a common entertainment in a nation, which 'pretends to be one of the moſt civilized of Europe, to tie an innocent animal to a ſtake, and put him to an ignominious death, who has perhaps 'been the guardian and proveditor of a 'poor family, as long as he was able 'to get eggs for his miſtreſs?'

I thought what this gentleman ſaid was very reaſonable; and have often wondered, that we do not lay aſide a cuſtom, which makes us appear barbarous to nations much more rude and unpoliſhed than ourſelves. Some French writers have repreſented this diverſion of the common people much to our diſadvantage, and imputed it to natural fierceneſs and cruelty of temper; as they do ſome other entertainments peculiar to our nation: I mean thoſe elegant diverſions of bull-baiting and prize-fighting, with the like ingenious recreations of the bear-garden. I wiſh I knew how to anſwer this reproach which is caſt upon us, and excuſe the death of ſo many innocent cocks, bulls, dogs, and bears, as have been ſet together by the ears, or died untimely deaths, only to make us ſport.

It will be ſaid, that theſe are the entertainments of the common people. It is true; but they are the entertainments of no other common people. Beſides, I am afraid there is a tincture of the ſame ſavage ſpirit in the diverſions of thoſe of higher rank, and more refined reliſh. Rapin obſerves, that the Engliſh theatre very much delights in blood-ſhed, which he likewiſe repreſents as an indication of our tempers. I muſt own, there is ſomething very horrid in the public executions of an Engliſh tragedy. Stabbing and poiſoning, which are performed behind the ſcenes in other nations, muſt be done openly among us, to gratify the audience.

When poor Sandford was upon the ſtage, I have ſeen him groaning upon a wheel, ſtuck with daggers, impaled alive, calling his executioners, with a dying voice, cruel dogs and villains! and all this to pleaſe his judicious ſpectators, who were wonderfully delighted with ſeeing a man in torment ſo well acted. The truth of it is, the politeneſs of our Engliſh ſtage, in regard to decorum, is very extraordinary. We act murders, to ſhew our intrepidity, and adulteries to ſhew our gallantry: both of them are frequent in our moſt taking plays, with this difference only, that the former are done in the ſight of the audience, and the latter wrought up to ſuch an height upon the ſtage, that they are almoſt put in execution before the actors can get behind the ſcenes.

I would not have it thought, that there is juſt ground for thoſe conſequences which our enemies draw againſt us from theſe practices; but methinks one would be ſorry for any manner of occaſion for ſuch miſrepreſentations of

us. The virtues of tenderneſs, compaſſion, and humanity, are thoſe by which men are diſtinguiſhed from brutes, as much as by reaſon itſelf; and it would be the greateſt reproach to a nation, to diſtinguiſh itſelf from all others by any defect in theſe particular virtues. For which reaſons, I hope that my dear countrymen will no longer expoſe themſelves by an effuſion of blood, whether it be of theatrical heroes, cocks, or any other innocent animals, which we are not obliged to ſlaughter for our ſafety, convenience, or nouriſhment. When any of theſe ends are not ſerved in the deſtruction of a living creature, I cannot but pronounce it a great piece of cruelty, if not a kind of murder.

Nº CXXXV. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1709.

QUOD SI IN HOC ERRO, QUOD ANIMOS HOMINUM IMMORTALES ESSE CREDAM, LIBENTER ERROR; NEC MIHI HUNC ERROREM, QUO DELECTOR, DUM VIVO, EXTORQUERI VOLO: SIN MORTUUS, UT QUIDAM MINUTI PHILOSOPHI CENSENT, NIHIL SENTIAM; NON VEREOR, NE HUNC ERROREM MEUM MORTUI PHILOSOPHI IRRIDEANT.

TULL.

IF I AM MISTAKEN IN MY OPINION THAT THE HUMAN SOUL IS IMMORTAL, I WILLINGLY ERR; NOR WOULD I HAVE THIS PLEASING ERROR EXTORTED FROM ME: AND IF, AS SOME MINUTE PHILOSOPHERS SUPPOSE, DEATH SHOULD DEPRIVE ME OF MY BEING, I NEED NOT FEAR THE RAILLERY OF THOSE PRETENDED PHILOSOPHERS WHEN THEY ARE NO MORE.

R. WYNNE.

SHEER-LANE, FEB. 17.

SEVERAL letters which I have lately received, give me information, that ſome well-diſpoſed perſons have taken offence at my uſing the word Free-thinker as a term of reproach. To ſet, therefore, this matter in a clear light, I muſt declare, that no one can have a greater veneration than myſelf for the Free-thinkers of antiquity; who acted the ſame part in thoſe times, as the great men of the Reformation did in ſeveral nations of Europe, by exerting themſelves againſt the idolatry and ſuperſtition of the times in which they lived. It was by this noble impulſe that Socrates and his diſciples, as well as all the philoſophers of note in Greece, and Cicero, Seneca, with all the learned men of Rome, endeavoured to enlighten their contemporaries, amidſt the darkneſs and ignorance in which the world was then ſunk and buried.

The great points which theſe Free-thinkers endeavoured to eſtabliſh and inculcate into the minds of men, were the formation of the univerſe, the ſuperintendency of Providence, the perfection of the Divine Nature, the immortality of the ſoul, and the future ſtate of rewards and puniſhments. They all complied with the religion of their country, as much as poſſible, in ſuch particulars as did not contradict and pervert theſe great and fundamental doctrines of mankind. On the contrary, the perſons who now ſet up for Free-thinkers, are ſuch as endeavour, by a little traſh of words and ſophiſtry, to weaken and deſtroy thoſe very principles, for the vindication of which freedom of thought at firſt became laudable and heroic. Theſe apoſtates from reaſon and good ſenſe can look at the glorious frame of Nature, without paying an adoration to Him that raiſed it, can conſider the great revolutions in the univerſe, without lifting up their minds to that ſuperior Power which hath the direction of it; can preſume to cenſure the Deity in his ways towards men; can level mankind with the beaſts that periſh; can extinguiſh in their own minds all the pleaſing hopes of a future ſtate, and lull themſelves into a ſtupid ſecurity againſt the terrors of it. If one were to take the word Prieſtcraft out of the mouths of theſe ſhallow monſters, they would be immediately ſtruck dumb. It is by the help of this ſingle term that they endeavour to diſappoint the good works of the moſt learned and venerable order of men, and harden the hearts of the ignorant againſt the very light of Nature, and the common received notions of mankind. We ought not to treat ſuch miſcreants as theſe upon the foot of fair diſputants; but to pour out contempt upon

upon them, and ſpeak of them with ſcorn and infamy, as the peſts of ſociety, the revilers of human nature, and the blaſphemers of a Being, whom a good man would rather die than hear diſhonoured. Cicero, after having mentioned the great heroes of knowledge that recommended this divine doctrine of the immortality of the ſoul, calls thoſe ſmall pretenders to wiſdom, who declared againſt it, certain Minute Philoſophers, uſing a diminutive even of the word Little, to expreſs the deſpicable opinion he had of them. The contempt he throws upon them in another paſſage, is yet more remarkable; where, to ſhew the mean thoughts he entertains of them, he declares he would rather be in the wrong with Plato, than in the right with ſuch company. There is, indeed, nothing in the world ſo ridiculous, as one of theſe grave philoſophical Free-thinkers, that hath neither paſſions nor appetites to gratify, no heats of blood nor vigour of conſtitution that can turn his ſyſtems of infidelity to his advantage, or raiſe pleaſures out of them which are inconſiſtent with the belief of an hereafter. One that has neither wit, gallantry, mirth, or youth, to indulge by theſe notions, but only a poor, joyleſs, uncomfortable vanity of diſtinguiſhing himſelf from the reſt of mankind, is rather to be regarded as a miſchievous lunatic, than a miſtaken philoſopher. A chaſte infidel, a ſpeculative libertine, is an animal that I ſhould not believe to be in nature, did I not ſometimes meet with theſe ſpecies of men, that plead for the indulgence of their paſſions in the midſt of a ſevere ſtudious life, and talk againſt the immortality of the ſoul over a diſh of coffee.

I would fain aſk a Minute Philoſopher, what good he propoſes to mankind by the publiſhing of his doctrines? Will they make a man a better citizen, or father of a family; a more endearing huſband, friend, or ſon? Will they enlarge his public or private virtues, or correct any of his frailties or vices? What is there either joyful or glorious in ſuch opinions? Do they either refreſh or enlarge our thoughts? do they contribute to the happineſs, or raiſe the dignity of human nature? The only good, that I have ever heard pretended to, is, that they baniſh terrors, and ſet the mind at eaſe. But whoſe terrors do they baniſh? It is certain, if there were any ſtrength in their arguments, they would give great diſturbance to minds that are influenced by virtue, honour, and morality; and take from us the only comforts and ſupports of affliction, ſickneſs, and old age. The minds, therefore, which they ſet at eaſe, are only thoſe of impenitent criminals and malefactors, and which, to the good of mankind, ſhould be in perpetual terror and alarm.

I muſt confeſs, nothing is more uſual than for a Free-thinker, in proportion as the inſolence of ſcepticiſm is abated in him by years and knowledge, or humbled or beaten down by ſorrow or ſickneſs, to reconcile himſelf to the general conceptions of reaſonable creatures; ſo that we frequently ſee the apoſtates turning from their revolt towards the end of their lives, and employing the refuſe of their parts in promoting thoſe truths which they had before endeavoured to invalidate.

The hiſtory of a gentleman in France is very well known, who was ſo zealous a promoter of infidelity, that he had got together a ſelect company of diſciples, and travelled into all parts of the kingdom to make converts. In the midſt of his fantaſtical ſucceſs he fell ſick, and was reclaimed to ſuch a ſenſe of his condition, that after he had paſſed ſome time in great agonies and horrors of mind, he begged thoſe who had the care of burying him, to dreſs his body in the habit of a capuchin, that the devil might not run away with it. And to do further juſtice upon himſelf, deſired them to tie an halter about his neck, as a mark of that ignominious puniſhment, which, in his own thoughts, he had ſo juſtly deſerved.

I would not have perſecution ſo far diſgraced, as to wiſh theſe vermin might be animadverted on by any legal penalties; though I think it would be highly reaſonable, that thoſe few of them who die in the profeſſions of their infidelity, ſhould have ſuch tokens of infamy fixed upon them, as might diſtinguiſh thoſe bodies which are given up by the owners to oblivion and putrefaction, from thoſe which reſt in hope, and ſhall riſe in glory. But at the ſame time that I am againſt doing them the honour of the notice of our laws, which ought not to ſuppoſe there are ſuch criminals in being, I have often wondered, how they can be tolerated in any mixed converſations, while they are venting theſe abſurd

ſurd opinions; and ſhould think, that if, on any ſuch occaſions, half a dozen of the moſt robuſt chriſtians in the company would lead one of theſe gentlemen to a pump, or convey him into a blanket, they would do very good ſervice both to church and ſtate. I do not know how the laws ſtand in this particular; but, I hope, whatever knocks, bangs, or thumps, might be given with ſuch an honeſt intention, would not be conſtrued as a breach of the peace. I dare ſay, they would not be returned by the perſon who receives them; for whatever theſe fools may ſay in the vanity of their hearts, they are too wiſe to riſque their lives upon the uncertainty of their opinions.

When I was a young man about this town, I frequented the ordinary of the Black Horſe in Holbourn, where the perſon that uſually preſided at the table was a rough old-faſhioned gentleman, who, according to the cuſtoms of thoſe times, had been the major and preacher of a regiment. It happened one day that a noiſy young officer, bred in France, was venting ſome new-fangled notions, and ſpeaking, in the gaiety of his humour, againſt the diſpenſations of Providence. The major, at firſt, only deſired him to talk more reſpectfully of One for whom all the company had an honour; but finding him run on in his extravagance, began to reprimand him after a more ſerious manner. 'Young 'man,' ſaid he, 'do not abuſe your 'Benefactor whilſt you are eating his 'bread. Conſider whoſe air you 'breathe, whoſe preſence you are in, 'and who it is that gave you the power 'of that very ſpeech, which you make 'uſe of to his diſhonour.' The young fellow, who thought to turn matters into a jeſt, aſked him, if he was going to preach; but at the ſame time deſired him to take care what he ſaid when he ſpoke to a man of honour. 'A man of 'honour!' ſays the major; 'thou art 'an infidel and a blaſphemer, and I 'ſhall uſe thee as ſuch.' In ſhort, the quarrel ran ſo high, that the major was deſired to walk out. Upon their coming into the garden, the old fellow adviſed his antagoniſt to conſider the place into which one paſs might drive him; but finding him grow upon him to a degree of ſcurrility, as believing the advice proceeded from fear—'Sirrah,' ſays he, 'if a thunderbolt does not ſtrike thee 'dead before I come at thee, I ſhall not 'fail to chaſtiſe thee for thy profane-'neſs to thy Maker, and thy faucineſs 'to his ſervant.' Upon this he drew his ſword, and cried out with a loud voice—'The ſword of the Lord and of 'Gideon!' which ſo terrified his antagoniſt, that he was immediately diſarmed, and thrown upon his knees. In this poſture he begged his life; but the major refuſed to grant it, before he had aſked pardon for his offence in a ſhort extemporary prayer, which the old gentleman dictated to him upon the ſpot, and which his proſelyte repeated after him in the preſence of the whole ordinary, that were now gathered about him in the garden.

Nº CXXXVI. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1709.

DEFRENDI MISERUM EST: FABIO VEL JUDICE VINCAM.
HOR. SAT. 2. LIB. I. VER. ULT.

TO BE SURPRIZ'D, IS, SURE A WRETCHED TALE,
AND FOR THE TRUTH TO FABIUS I APPEAL. FRANCIS.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, FEB. 18.

THE HISTORY OF TOM VARNISH.

BECAUSE I have a profeſſed averſion to long beginnings of ſtories, I will go into this at once, by telling you, that there dwells near the Royal Exchange as happy a couple as ever entered into wedlock. Theſe live in that mutual confidence of each other, which renders the ſatisfactions of marriage even greater than thoſe of friendſhip, and makes wife and huſband the deareſt appellations of human life. Mr. Balance is a merchant of good conſideration, and underſtands the world, not from ſpeculation, but practice. His wife is the daughter of an honeſt houſe, ever bred in a family-way; and has, from a natural good underſtanding, and great innocence, a freedom which men of

of ſenſe know to be the certain ſign of virtue, and fools take to be an encouragement to vice.

Tom Varniſh, a young gentleman of the Middle Temple, by the bounty of a good father, who was ſo obliging as to die, and leave him, in his twenty-fourth year, beſides a good eſtate, a large ſum which lay in the hands of Mr. Balance, had by this means an intimacy at his houſe; and being one of thoſe hard ſtudents who read plays for improvement in the law, took his rules of life from thence. Upon mature deliberation, he conceived it very proper, that he, as a man of wit and pleaſure of the town, ſhould have an intrigue with his merchant's wife. He no ſooner thought of this adventure, but he began it by an amorous epiſtle to the lady, and a faithful promiſe to wait upon her, at a certain hour the next evening, when he knew her huſband was to be abſent.

The letter was no ſooner received, but it was communicated to the huſband, and produced no other effect in him, than that he joined with his wife to raiſe all the mirth they could out of this fantaſtical piece of gallantry. They were ſo little concerned at this dangerous man of mode, that they plotted ways to perplex him without hurting him. Varniſh comes exactly at his hour; and the lady's well-acted confuſion at his entrance, gave him opportunity to repeat ſome couplets very fit for the occaſion with very much grace and ſpirit. His theatrical manner of making love was interrupted by an alarm of the huſband's coming; and the wife in a perſonated terror, beſeeched him, if he had any value for the honour of a woman that loved him, he would jump out of the window. He did ſo, and fell upon feather-beds placed on purpoſe to receive him.

It is not to be conceived how great the joy of an amorous man is, when he has ſuffered for his miſtreſs, and is never the worſe for it. Varniſh the next day writ a moſt elegant billet, wherein he ſaid all that imagination could form upon the occaſion. He violently proteſted, going out of the window was no way terrible, but as it was going from her; with ſeveral other kind expreſſions, which procured him a ſecond aſſignation. Upon his ſecond viſit, he was conveyed by a faithful maid into her bed-chamber, and left there to expect the arrival of her miſtreſs. But the wench, according to her inſtructions, ran in again to him, and locked the door after her to keep out her maſter. She had juſt time enough to convey the lover into a cheſt before ſhe admitted the huſband and his wife into the room.

You may be ſure that trunk was abſolutely neceſſary to be opened; but upon her huſband's ordering it, ſhe aſſured him, ſhe had taken all the care imaginable in packing up the things with her own hands, and he might ſend the trunk abroad as ſoon as he thought fit. The eaſy huſband believed his wife, and the good couple went to bed; Varniſh having the happineſs to paſs the night in his miſtreſs's bed-chamber without moleſtation. The morning aroſe, but our lover was not well ſituated to obſerve her bluſhes; ſo that all we know of his ſentiments on this occaſion is, that he heard Balance aſk for the key, and ſay, he would himſelf go with this cheſt, and have it opened before the captain of the ſhip, for the greater ſafety of ſo valuable a lading.

The goods were hoiſted away, and Mr. Balance marching by his cheſt with great care and diligence, omitted nothing that might give his paſſenger perplexity. But to conſummate all, he delivered the cheſt, with ſtrict charge in caſe they were in danger of being taken, to throw it overboard, for there were letters in it, the matter of which might be of great ſervice to the enemy.

N. B. It is not thought advifeable to proceed further in this account; Mr. Varniſh being juſt returned from his travels, and willing to conceal the occaſion of his firſt applying himſelf to the languages.

SHEER-LANE, FEBRUARY 20.

I HAVE been earneſtly ſolicited for a further term, for wearing the Fardingal by ſeveral of the fair-ſex, but more eſpecially by the following petitioners.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF DEBORAH HARK, SARAH THREADPAPER, AND RACHEL THIMBLE, SPINSTERS, AND SINGLE WOMEN, COMMONLY CALLED WAITING-MAIDS, IN BEHALF OF THEMSELVES AND THEIR SISTERHOOD,

SHEWETH,

THAT your worſhip has been pleaſed to order and command, that no perſon or perſons ſhall preſume to wear quilted

quilted petticoats, on forfeiture of the said petticoats, or penalty of wearing ruffs, after the seventeenth instant now expired.

That your petitioners have, time out of mind, been entitled to wear their ladies clothes, or to sell the same.

That the sale of the said clothes is spoiled by your worship's said prohibition.

Your petitioners therefore most humbly pray, that your worship would please to allow, that all gentlewomens gentlewomen may be allowed to wear the said dress, or to repair the loss of such a perquisite in such manner as your worship shall think fit.

And your petitioners, &c.

I do allow the allegations of this petition to be just; and forbid all persons but the petitioners, or those who shall purchase from them, to wear the said garment after the date hereof.

N° CXXXVII. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1709.

TER CENTUM TONAT ORE DEOS, EREBUMQUE, CHAOSQUE,
TERGEMINAMQUE HECATEN——

VIRG. ÆN. 4. VER. 510.

HE THRICE INVOKES TH' INFERNAL POW'RS PROFOUND
OF EREBUS AND CHAOS; THRICE HE CALLS
ON HECATE'S TRIPLE FORM—— R. WYNNE.

SHEER-LANE, FEBRUARY 22.

DICK Reptile and I sat this evening later than the rest of the club: and as some men are better company when only with one friend, others when there is a larger number, I found Dick to be of the former kind. He was bewailing to me in very just terms, the offences which he frequently met with in the abuse of speech: some use ten times more words than they need; some put in words quite foreign to their purpose; and others adorn their discourses with oaths and blasphemies, by way of tropes and figures. What my good friend started dwelt upon me after I came home this evening, and led me into an enquiry with myself, whence should arise such strange excrescences in discourse? whereas it must be obvious to all reasonable beings, that the sooner a man speaks his mind, the more complaisant he is to the man with whom he talks: but upon mature deliberation, I am come to this resolution, that for one man who speaks to be understood, there are ten who talk only to be admired.

The ancient Greeks had little independent syllables called Expletives, which they brought into their discourses both in verse and prose, for no other purpose but for the better grace and sound of their sentences and periods. I know no example but this, which can authorize the use of more words than are necessary. But whether it be from this freedom taken by that wise nation, or however it arises, Dick Reptile hit upon a very just and common cause of offence in the generality of people of all orders. We have one here in our lane who speaks nothing without quoting an authority; for it is always with him, so and so, 'as the man said.' He asked me this morning, how I did, 'as the 'man said,' and hoped I would come now and then to see him, 'as the man 'said.' I am acquainted with another, who never delivers himself upon any subject, but he cries, he only speaks his poor judgment; this is his humble opinion; as for his part, if he might presume to offer any thing on that subject. But of all the persons who add elegancies and superfluities to their discourses, those who deserve the foremost rank are the Swearers; and the lump of these may, I think, be very aptly divided into the common distinction of High and Low. Dulness and barrenness of thought is the original of it in both these sects, and they differ only in constitution: the Low is generally a phlegmatic, and the High a choleric coxcomb. The man of phlegm is sensible of the emptiness of his discourse, and will tell you, that 'I'fack-'ins,' such a thing is true: or if you warm him a little, he may run into passion, and cry, 'Odsbodikins, you do 'not say right.' But the High affects a sublimity in dulness, and invokes hell and

and damnation at the breaking of a glaſs, or the ſlowneſs of a drawer.

I was the other day trudging along Fleet Street on foot, and an old army-friend came up with me. We were both going towards Weſtminſter; and finding the ſtreets were ſo crouded that we could not keep together, we reſolved to club for a coach. This gentleman I knew to be the firſt of the order of the Choleric. I muſt confeſs, were there no crime in it, nothing could be more diverting than the impertinence of the High juror: for whether there is remedy or not againſt what offends him, ſtill he is to ſhew he is offended; and he muſt, ſure, not omit to be magnificently paſſionate, by falling on all things in his way. We were ſtopped by a train of coaches at Temple Bar. 'What the 'devil!' ſays my companion, 'cannot 'you drive on, coachman? D—n you 'all, for a ſet of ſons of whores; you 'will ſtop here to be paid by the hour! 'There is not ſuch a ſet of confounded 'dogs as the coachmen, unhanged. 'But theſe raſcally cits—'Ounds, why 'ſhould there not be a tax to make theſe 'dogs widen their gates? Oh! but the 'hell-hounds move at laſt.'—'Ay,' ſaid I, 'I knew you would make them 'whip on, if once they heard you.'—'No,' ſays he, 'but would it not fret 'a man to the devil, to pay for being 'carried ſlower than he can walk? 'Look'ye! there is for ever a ſtop at 'this hole by St. Clement's church. 'Blood, you dog! Hark'ye, ſirrah!—'Why, and be d—d to you, do not 'you drive over that fellow?—Thunder, furies, and damnation! I will cut 'your ears off, you fellow before there '—Come hither, you dog you, and let 'me wring your neck round your ſhoulders.' We had a repetition of the ſame eloquence at the Cockpit, and the turning into Palace Yard.

This gave me a perfect image of the inſignificancy of the creatures who practiſe this enormity; and made me conclude, that it is ever want of ſenſe makes a man guilty in this kind. It was excellently well ſaid, that this folly had no temptation to excuſe it, no man being born of a ſwearing conſtitution. In a word, a few rumbling words and conſonants clapped together without any ſenſe will make an accompliſhed Swearer: and it is needleſs to dwell long upon this bluſtering impertinence, which is already baniſhed out of the ſociety of well-bred men, and can be uſeful only to bullies and ill tragic writers, who would have ſound and noiſe paſs for courage and ſenſe.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, FEB. 22.

THERE arrived a meſſenger laſt night from Harwich, who left that place juſt as the Duke of Marlborough was going on board. The character of this important general going out by the command of his Queen, and at the requeſt of his country, puts me in mind of that noble figure which Shakeſpeare gives Harry the Fifth upon his expedition againſt France. The poet wiſhes for abilities to repreſent ſo great an hero.

Oh for a muſe of fire! (ſays he,)
Then ſhould the warlike Harry, like himſelf,
Aſſume the port of Mars, and at his heels,
Leaſh'd in, like hounds, ſhould famine,
ſword, and fire,
Crouch for employments.

A conqueror drawn like the god of battle, with ſuch a dreadful leaſh of hell-hounds at his command, makes a picture of as much majeſty and terror as is to be met with in any poet.

Shakeſpeare underſtood the force of this particular allegory ſo well, that he had it in his thoughts in another paſſage, which is altogether as daring and ſublime as the former. What I mean is in the tragedy of Julius Cæſar, where Antony, after having foretold the bloodſhed and deſtruction that ſhould be brought upon the earth by the death of that great man, to fill up the horror of his deſcription, adds the following verſes:

And Cæſar's ſpirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his ſide, come hot from hell,
Shall in theſe confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry Havock; and let ſlip the dogs of war.

I do not queſtion but theſe quotations will call to mind, in my readers of learning and taſte, that imaginary perſon deſcribed by Virgil with the ſame ſpirit. He mentions it upon the occaſion of a peace which was reſtored to the Roman Empire; and which we may now hope for from the departure of that great man who has given occaſion to theſe reflections. 'The temple of Janus,' ſays he, 'ſhall be ſhut, and in the midſt of 'it military Fury ſhall ſit upon a pile

'of broken arms, loaded with an hundred chains, bellowing with madneſs, and grinding his teeth in blood.'

Claudentur belli portæ, Furor impius intus
Sæva ſedens ſuper arma, et centum vinctus ahenis
Poſt tergum nodis, fremit horridus ore cruento.
VIRG. ÆN. 1. VER. 298.

Janus himſelf before his fane ſhall wait,
And keep the dreadful iſſues of his gate,
With bolts and iron bars. Within remains
Impriſon'd Fury, bound in brazen chains;
High on a trophy rais'd of uſeleſs arms,
He ſits, and threats the world with vain alarms. DRYDEN.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE tickets which were delivered out for the benefit of Signor Nicolini Grimaldi, on the twenty-fourth inſtant, will be taken on Thurſday the ſecond of March, his benefit being deferred until that day.

N. B. In all Operas for the future, where it thunders and lightens in proper time and in tune, the matter of the ſaid lightning is to be of the fineſt roſin; and, for the ſake of harmony, the ſame which is uſed to the beſt Cremona fiddles.

Note alſo, that the true perfumed lightning is only prepared and ſold by Mr. Charles Lillie, at the corner of Beaufort Buildings.

The lady who has choſen Mr. Bickerſtaff for her Valentine, and is at a loſs what to preſent him with, is deſired to make him, with her own hands, a warm night-cap.

Nº CXXXVIII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1709.

SECRETOSQUE PIOS, HIS DANTEM JURA CATONEM.
VIRG. ÆN. 8. VER. 670.

APART FROM THESE, THE HAPPY SOULS HE DRAWS,
AND CATO'S PIOUS GHOST DISPENSING LAWS. DRYDEN.

SHEER-LANE, FEBRUARY 24.

IT is an argument of a clear and worthy ſpirit in a man to be able to diſengage himſelf from the opinions of others, ſo far as not to let the deference due to the ſenſe of mankind enſnare him to act againſt the dictates of his own reaſon. But the generality of the world are ſo far from walking by any ſuch maxim, that it is almoſt a ſtanding rule to do as others do, or be ridiculous. I have heard my old friend Mr. Hart ſpeak it as an obſervation among the players, that it is impoſſible to act with grace, except the actor has forgot that he is before an audience. Until he is arrived at that, his motion, his air, his every ſtep and geſture, has ſomething in them which diſcovers he is under a reſtraint, for fear of being ill received; or if he conſiders himſelf as in the preſence of thoſe who approve his behaviour, you ſee an affectation of that pleaſure run through his whole carriage. It is as common in life as upon the ſtage, to behold a man in the moſt indifferent action betray a ſenſe he has of doing what he is about gracefully. Some have ſuch an immoderate reliſh for applauſe, that they expect it for things which in themſelves are ſo frivolous, that it is impoſſible, without this affectation, to make them appear worthy either of blame or praiſe. There is Will Glare, ſo paſſionately intent upon being admired, that when you ſee him in public places, every muſcle of his face diſcovers his thoughts are fixed upon the conſideration of what figure he makes. He will often fall into a muſing poſture to attract obſervation; and is then obtruding himſelf upon the company, when he pretends to be withdrawn from it. Such little arts are the certain and infallible tokens of a ſuperficial mind, as the avoiding obſervation is the ſign of a great and ſublime one. It is therefore extremely difficult for a man to judge even of his own actions, without forming to himſelf an idea of what he ſhould act, were it in his power to execute all his deſires without the obſervation of the reſt of the world. There is an allegorical fable in Plato, which ſeems to admoniſh us, that we are very little acquainted with ourſelves, while we know our actions are to paſs the cenſures of others; but, had we the power to accompliſh all our wiſhes unobſerved, we ſhould then eaſily inform ourſelves

ourſelves how far we are poſſeſſed of real and intrinſic virtue. The fable I was going to mention is that of Gyges, who is ſaid to have had an enchanted ring, which had in it a miraculous quality, making him who wore it viſible or inviſible, as he turned it to or from his body. The uſe Gyges made of his occaſional inviſibility was, by the advantage of it, to violate a queen, and murder a king. Tully takes notice of this allegory, and ſays very handſomely, that a man of honour, who had ſuch a ring, would act juſt in the ſame manner as he would do without it. It is indeed no ſmall pitch of virtue, under the temptation of impunity, and the hopes of accompliſhing all a man deſires, not to tranſgreſs the rules of juſtice and virtue; but this is rather not being an ill man, than being poſitively a good one; and it ſeems wonderful, that ſo great a ſoul as that of Tully, ſhould not form to himſelf a thouſand worthy actions, which a virtuous mind would be prompted to by the poſſeſſion of ſuch a ſecret. There are certainly ſome part of mankind who are guardian beings to the other. Salluſt could ſay of Cato, That he had rather be, than appear, good; but, indeed, this eulogium roſe no higher than, as I juſt now hinted, to an inoffenſiveneſs, rather than an active virtue. Had it occurred to the noble orator to repreſent, in his language, the glorious pleaſures of a man ſecretly employed in beneficence and generoſity, it would certainly have made a more charming page than any he has now left behind him. How might a man, furniſhed with Gyges's ſecret, employ it in bringing together diſtant friends; laying ſnares for creating good-will in the room of groundleſs hatred; in removing the pangs of an unjuſt jealouſy, the ſhyneſs of an imperfect reconciliation, and the tremor of an awful love! Such a one could give confidence to baſhful merit, and confuſion to overbearing impudence.

Certain it is, that ſecret kindneſſes done to mankind are as beautiful, as ſecret injuries are deteſtable. To be inviſibly good is as godlike, as to be inviſibly ill, diabolical. As degenerate as we are apt to ſay the age we live in is, there are ſtill amongſt us men of illuſtrious minds, who enjoy all the pleaſures of good actions, except that of being commended for them. There happens, among other very worthy inſtances of a public ſpirit, one which I am obliged to diſcover, becauſe I know not otherwiſe how to obey the commands of the benefactor. A citizen of London has given directions to Mr. Rainer, the writing-maſter of Paul's School, to educate at his charge ten boys, who ſhall be nominated by me, in writing and accompts, until they ſhall be fit for any trade. I deſire therefore ſuch as know any proper objects for receiving this bounty, to give notice thereof to Mr. Morphew, or Mr. Lillie, and they ſhall, if properly qualified, have inſtructions accordingly.

Actions of this kind have in them ſomething ſo tranſcendent, that it is an injury to applaud them, and a diminution of that merit which conſiſts in ſhunning our approbation. We ſhall therefore leave them to enjoy that glorious obſcurity; and ſilently admire their virtue, who can contemn the moſt delicious of human pleaſures, that of receiving due praiſe. Such celeſtial diſpoſitions very juſtly ſuſpend the diſcovery of their benefactions, until they come where their actions cannot be miſinterpreted, and receive their firſt congratulations in the company of angels.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEREAS Mr. Bickerſtaff, by a letter bearing date this twenty-fourth of February, has received information that there are in and about the Royal Exchange a ſort of people commonly known by the name of Whetters, who drink themſelves into an intermediate ſtate of being neither drunk nor ſober before the hours of Exchange, or buſineſs; and in that condition buy and ſell ſtocks, diſcount notes, and do many other acts of well-diſpoſed citizens; this is to give notice, that from this day forward, no Whetter ſhall be able to give or endorſe any note, or execute any other point of commerce, after the third half-pint, before the hour of one: and whoever ſhall tranſact any matter or matters with a Whetter, not being himſelf of that order, ſhall be conducted to Moorfields, upon the firſt application of his next of kin.

N. B. No tavern near the Exchange ſhall deliver wine to ſuch as drink at the bar ſtanding, except the ſame ſhall be three parts of the beſt cyder; and the maſter of the houſe ſhall produce a cer-

tificate of the ſame from Mr. Tintoret, or ſome other credible wine-painter.

Whereas the model of the intended Bedlam is now finiſhed, and the edifice itſelf will be very ſuddenly begun; it is deſired, that all ſuch as have relations, whom they would recommend to our care, would bring in their proofs with all ſpeed; none being to be admitted, of courſe, but lovers, who are put into an immediate regimen. Young politicians alſo are received without fees or examination.

Nº CXXXIX. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1709.

——NIHIL EST QUOD CREDERE DE SE
NON POSSIT, CUM LAUDATUR DIIS ÆQUA POTESTAS.
JUV. SAT. 4. VER. 70.

NOTHING SO MONSTROUS CAN BE SAID OR FEIGN'D,
BUT WITH BELIEF AND JOY IS ENTERTAIN'D,
WHEN TO HIS FACE THE WORTHLESS WRETCH IS PRAIS'D,
WHOM VILE COURT-FLATTERY TO A GOD HAS RAIS'D. DRYDEN.

SHEER-LANE, FEBRUARY 27.

WHEN I reflect upon the many nights I have ſat up for ſome months laſt paſt, in the greateſt anxiety for the good of my neighbours and contemporaries, it is no ſmall diſcouragement to me, to ſee how ſlow a progreſs I make in the reformation of the world. But indeed I muſt do my female readers the juſtice to own, that their tender hearts are much more ſuſceptible of good impreſſions than the minds of the other ſex. Buſineſs and ambition take up men's thoughts too much to leave room for philoſophy: but if you ſpeak to women in a ſtyle and manner proper to approach them, they never fail to improve by your counſels. I ſhall, therefore, for the future, turn my thoughts more particularly to their ſervice; and ſtudy the beſt methods to adorn their perſons, and inform their minds in the juſteſt methods to make them what nature deſigned them, the moſt beauteous objects of our eyes, and the moſt agreeable companions of our lives. But when I ſay this, I muſt not omit at the ſame time to look into their errors and miſtakes, that being the readieſt way to the intended end of adorning and inſtructing them. It muſt be acknowledged, that the very inadvertencies of this ſex are owing to the other; for if men were not flatterers, women could not fall into that general cauſe of all their follies, and our misfortunes, their love of flattery. Were the commendation of theſe agreeable creatures built upon it's proper foundation, the higher we raiſed their opinion of themſelves, the greater would be the advantage to our ſex; but all the topic of praiſe is drawn from very ſenſeleſs and extravagant ideas we pretend we have of their beauty and perfection. Thus, when a young man falls in love with a young woman, from that moment ſhe is no more Mrs. Alice Such-an-one, born of ſuch a father, and educated by ſuch a mother; but from the firſt minute that he caſts his eye upon her with deſire, he conceives a doubt in his mind, what heavenly power gave ſo unexpected a blow to an heart that was ever before untouched. But who can reſiſt fate and deſtiny, which are lodged in Mrs. Alice's eyes? After which he deſires orders accordingly, whether he is to live or die; the ſmile or frown of his goddeſs is the only thing that can now either ſave or deſtroy him. By this means, the well-humoured girl, that would have romped with him before ſhe had received this declaration, aſſumes a ſtate ſuitable to the majeſty he has given her, and treats him as the vaſſal he calls himſelf. The girl's head is immediately turned by having the power of life and death, and takes care to ſuit every motion and air to her new ſovereignty. After he has placed himſelf at this diſtance, he muſt never hope to recover his former familiarity, until ſhe has had the addreſſes of another, and found them leſs ſincere.

If the application to women were juſtly turned, the addreſs of flattery, though it implied at the ſame time an admonition, would be much more likely to ſucceed. Should a captivated lover, in a billet, let his miſtreſs know, that her piety to her parents, her gen-

tleneſs

tleneſs of behaviour, her prudent œconomy with reſpect to her own little affairs in a virgin condition, had improved the paſſion which her beauty had inſpired him with into ſo ſettled an eſteem for her, that of all women breathing he wiſhed her his wife; though his commending her for qualities ſhe knew ſhe had as a virgin, would make her believe he expected from her an anſwerable conduct in the character of a matron; I will anſwer for it, his ſuit would be carried on with leſs perplexity.

Inſtead of this, the generality of our young women, taking all their notions of life from gay writings, or letters of love, conſider themſelves as goddeſſes, nymphs, and ſhepherdeſſes.

By this romantic ſenſe of things, all the natural relations and duties of life are forgotten; and our female part of mankind are bred and treated, as if they were deſigned to inhabit the happy fields of Arcadia, rather than be wives and mothers in Old England. It is, indeed, long ſince I had the happineſs to converſe familiarly with this ſex, and therefore have been fearful of falling into the error which recluſe men are very ſubject to, that of giving falſe repreſentations of the world, from which they have retired, by imaginary ſchemes drawn from their own reflections. An old man cannot eaſily gain admittance into the dreſſing-room of ladies; I therefore thought it time well ſpent, to turn over Agrippa, and uſe all my occult art, to give my old cornelian ring the ſame force with that of Gyges, which I have lately ſpoken of. By the help of this I went unobſerved to a friend's houſe of mine, and followed the chamber-maid inviſibly about twelve of the clock into the bed-chamber of the beauteous Flavia, his fine daughter, juſt before ſhe got up.

I drew the curtains; and being wrapped up in the ſafety of my old age, could with much pleaſure, without paſſion, behold her ſleeping with Waller's Poems, and a letter fixed in that part of him, where every woman thinks herſelf deſcribed. The light flaſhing upon her face, awakened her: ſhe opened her eyes, and her lips too, repeating that piece of falſe wit in that admired poet—

Such Helen was: and who can blame the boy,
That in ſo bright a flame conſum'd his Troy?

This ſhe pronounced with a moſt bewitching ſweetneſs; but after it fetched a ſigh, that methought had more deſire than languiſhment: then took out her letter; and read aloud, for the pleaſure, I ſuppoſe, of hearing ſoft words in praiſe of herſelf, the following epiſtle:

MADAM,

I Sat near you all the opera laſt night; but knew no entertainment from the vain ſhow and noiſe about me, while I waited wholly intent upon the motion of your bright eyes, in hopes of a glance that might reſtore me to the pleaſures of ſight and hearing in the midſt of beauty and harmony. It is ſaid, the hell of the accurſed, in the next life, ariſes from an incapacity to partake the joys of the bleſſed, though they were to be admitted to them. Such, I am ſure, was my condition all that evening; and if you, my deity, cannot have ſo much mercy as to make me, by your influence, capable of taſting the ſatisfactions of life, my being is ended, which conſiſted only in your favour.

The letter was hardly read over, when ſhe ruſhed out of bed in her wrapping-gown, and conſulted her glaſs for the truth of his paſſion. She raiſed her head, and turned it to a profile, repeating the laſt lines—'My being is ended, 'which conſiſted only in your favour.' The goddeſs immediately called her maid, and fell to dreſſing that miſchievous face of her's, without any manner of conſideration for the mortal who had offered up his petition. Nay, it was ſo far otherwiſe, that the whole time of her woman's combing her hair was ſpent in diſcourſe of the impertinence of his paſſion, and ended in declaring a reſolution, if ſhe ever had him, to make him wait. She alſo frankly told the favourite gipſy that was prating to her, that her paſſionate lover had put it out of her power to be civil to him, if ſhe were inclined to it; 'For,' ſaid ſhe, 'if 'I am thus celeſtial to my lover, he 'will certainly ſo far think himſelf diſ-'appointed, as I grow into the fami-'liarity and form of a mortal woman.'

I came away as I went in, without ſtaying for other remarks than what confirmed me in the opinion, that it is from the notions the men inſpire them with, that the women are ſo fantaſtical in the value of themſelves. This imaginary pre-eminence which is given to the fair-ſex, is not only formed from the

the addreſſes of people of condition; but it is the faſhion and humour of all orders to go regularly out of their wits, as ſoon as they begin to make love. I know at this time three goddeſſes in the New Exchange; and there are two ſhepherdeſſes that ſell gloves in Weſtminſter Hall.

Nº CXL. THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1709.

——ALIENA NEGOTIA CENTUM
PER CAPUT, ET CIRCA SALIUNT LATUS——
HOR. SAT. 6. LIB. 2. VER. 33.

AN HUNDRED MEN'S AFFAIRS CONFOUND
MY SENSES, AND BESIEGE ME ROUND. FRANCIS.

SHEER-LANE, MARCH 1.

HAVING the honour to be by my great grand-mother a Welſhman, I have been among ſome choice ſpirits of that part of Great Britain, where we ſolaced ourſelves in celebration of the day of St. David. I am, I confeſs, elevated above that ſtate of mind which is proper for lucubration: but I am the leſs concerned at this, becauſe I have for this day or two laſt paſt obſerved, that we noveliſts have been condemned wholly to the paſtry-cooks, the eyes of the nation being turned upon greater matters. This therefore being a time when none but my immediate correſpondents will read me, I ſhall ſpeak to them chiefly at this preſent writing. It is the fate of us who pretend to joke, to be frequently underſtood to be only upon the droll when we are ſpeaking the moſt ſeriouſly, as appears by the following letter to Charles Lillie.

LONDON, FEB. 28, 1709-10.

MR. LILLIE,

IT being profeſſed by Eſquire Bickerſtaff, that his intention is to expoſe the vices and follies of the age, and to promote virtue and good will amongſt mankind, it muſt be a comfort for a perſon labouring under great ſtraits and difficulties, to read any thing that has the appearance of ſuccour. I ſhould be glad to know therefore, whether the intelligence given in his Tatler of Saturday laſt, of the intended charity of a certain citizen of London, to maintain the education of ten boys in writing and accompts until they be fit for trade, be given only to encourage and recommend perſons to the practice of ſuch noble and charitable deſigns; or whether there be a perſon who really intends to do ſo. If the latter, I humbly beg Eſquire Bickerſtaff's pardon for making a doubt, and impute it to my ignorance; and moſt humbly crave, that he would be pleaſed to give notice in his Tatler, when he thinks fit, whether his nomination of ten boys be diſpoſed, or whether there be room for two boys to be recommended to him; and that he will permit the writer of this to preſent him with two boys, who, it is humbly preſumed, will be judged to be very remarkable objects of ſuch charity. Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant.

I am to tell this gentleman, in ſober ſadneſs, and without jeſt, that there really is ſo good and charitable a man as the benefactor enquired for in his letter, and that there are but two boys yet named. The father of one of them was killed at Blenheim, the father of the other at Almanza. I do not here give the names of the children; becauſe I ſhould take it to be an inſolence in me to publiſh them, in a charity which I have only the direction of as a ſervant to that worthy and generous Spirit, who beſtows upon them this bounty without laying the bondage of an obligation. What I have to do is to tell them, they are beholden only to their Maker, to kill in them, as they grow up, the falſe ſhame of poverty; and let them know, that their preſent fortune, which is come upon them by the loſs of their poor fathers on ſo glorious occaſions, is much more honourable than the inheritance of the moſt ample ill-gotten wealth.

The next letter which lies before me is from a man of ſenſe, who ſtrengthens his own authority with that of Tully, in perſuading me to what he very juſtly believes one cannot be averſe.

LONDON,

LONDON, FEB. 27, 1709.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

I Am so confident of your inclination to promote any thing that is for the advancement of liberal arts, that I lay before you the following translation of a paragraph in Cicero's oration in defence of Archias the poet, as an incentive to the agreeable and instructive reading of the writings of the Augustan age. 'Most vices and follies proceed from a 'man's incapacity of entertaining himself; and we are generally fools in 'company, because we dare not be wise 'alone.' I hope on some future occasions, you will find this no barren hint. Tully, after having said very handsome things of his client, commends the arts of which he was master, as follows:

'If so much profit be not reaped in 'the study of letters, and if pleasure 'only be found; yet, in my opinion, 'this relaxation of the mind should be 'esteemed most humane and ingenuous. 'Other things are not for all ages, 'places, and seasons. These studies 'form youth, delight old age, adorn 'prosperity, and soften, and even re'move adversity; entertain at home, 'are no hindrance abroad; do not leave 'us at night, and keep us company on 'the road, and in the country.' I am,

Your humble servant,

STREPHON.

The following epistle seems to want the quickest dispatch, because a lady is every moment offended until it is answered; which is best done by letting the offender see in her own letter how tender she is of calling him so.

SIR,

THIS comes from a relation of yours, though unknown to you, who, besides the tie of consanguinity, has some value for you on the account of your lucubrations, those being designed to refine our conversation, as well as cultivate our minds. I humbly beg the favour of you, in one of your Tatlers, after what manner you please, to correct a particular friend of mine, for an indecorum he is guilty of in discourse, of calling his acquaintance, when he speaks of them, Madam: as for example, my cousin Jenny Distaff, Madam Distaff; which I am sure you are sensible is very unpolite, and it is what makes me often uneasy for him, though I cannot tell him of it myself, which makes me guilty of this presumption, that I depend upon your goodness to excuse; and I do assure you, the gentleman will mind your reprehension, for he is, as I am, Sir, your most humble servant and cousin,

DOROTHY DRUMSTICK.

I write this in a thin under-petticoat, and never did or will wear a farthingal.

I had no sooner read the just complaint of Mrs. Drumstick, but I received an urgent one from another of the fair-sex, upon faults of more pernicious consequence.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

OBSERVING that you are entered into a correspondence with Pasquin, who is, I suppose, a Roman Catholic, I beg of you to forbear giving him any account of our religion or manners, until you have rooted out certain misdemeanours even in our churches. Among others, that of bowing, saluting, taking snuff, and other gestures. Lady Autumn made me a very low curtsy the other day from the next pew, and with the most courtly air imaginable, called herself, Miserable Sinner. Her niece, soon after, in saying, 'Forgive 'us our trespasses,' curtsied with a glouting look at my brother. He returned it, opening his snuff-box, and repeating yet a more solemn expression. I beg of you, good Mr. Censor, not to tell Pasquin any thing of this kind, and to believe this does not come from one of a morose temper, mean birth, rigid education, narrow fortune, or bigotry in opinion, or from one in whom time has worn out all taste of pleasure. I assure you, it is far otherwise, for I am possessed of all the contrary advantages; and I hope, wealth, good-humour, and good-breeding, may be best employed in the service of religion and virtue; and desire you would, as soon as possible, remark upon the abovementioned indecorums, that we may not long transgress against the latter, to preserve our reputation in the former.

Your humble servant,

LYDIA.

The last letter I shall insert is what follows. This is written by a very inquisitive lady; and, I think, such interrogative gentlewomen are to be answered

ed no other way than by interrogation. Her billet is this:

DEAR MR. BICKERSTAFF,

ARE you quite as good as you ſeem to be?

CHLOE.

To which I can only anſwer:

DEAR CHLOE,

ARE you quite as ignorant as you ſeem to be?

I. B.

Nº CXLI. SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1709.

SHEER-LANE, MARCH 3.

WHILE the attention of the town is drawn aſide from reading us writers of news, we all ſave ourſelves againſt it is at more leiſure. As for my own part, I ſhall ſtill let the labouring oar be managed by my correſpondents, and fill my paper with their ſentiments, rather than my own, until I find my readers more diſengaged than they are at preſent. When I came home this evening, I found ſeveral letters and petitions, which I ſhall inſert with no other order, than as I accidentally opened them, as follows:

SIR, MARCH 1, 1709-10.

HAVING a daughter about nine years of age, I would endeavour ſhe might have education: I mean ſuch as may be uſeful, as working well, and a good deportment. In order to it, I am perſuaded to place her at ſome boarding-ſchool, ſituate in a good air. My wife oppoſes it, and gives for her greateſt reaſon, that ſhe is too much a woman, and underſtands the formalities of viſiting, and a tea-table ſo very nicely, that none, though much older, can exceed her; and with all theſe perfections, the girl can ſcarce thread a needle: but however, after ſeveral arguments, we have agreed to be decided by your judgment; and knowing your abilities, ſhall manage our daughter exactly as you ſhall pleaſe to direct. I am ſerious in my requeſt, and hope you will be ſo in your anſwer, which will lay a deep obligation upon, Sir, your humble ſervant,

T. T.

Sir, pray anſwer it in your Tatler, that it may be ſerviceable to the public.

I am as ſerious on this ſubject as my correſpondent can be, and am of opinion, that the great happineſs or misfortune of mankind depends upon the manner of educating and treating that ſex. I have lately ſaid, I deſign to turn my thoughts more particularly to them, and their ſervice: I beg, therefore, a little time to give my opinion on ſo important a ſubject, and deſire the young lady may fill tea one week longer, until I have conſidered whether ſhe ſhall be removed or not.

CHANCERY LANE, FEB. 27, 1709.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

YOUR notice in the advertiſement in your Tatler of Saturday laſt about Whetters in and about the Royal Exchange, is mightily taken notice of by gentlemen who uſe the coffee-houſes near the Chancery Office in Chancery Lane; and there being a particular certain ſet of both young and old gentlemen that belong to and near adjoining to the Chancery Office, both in Chancery Lane and Bell Yard, that are not only Whetters all the morning long, but very muſically given about twelve at night the ſame days, and mightily taken with the humour of the dulcimer, violin, and ſong; at which recreation they rejoice together with perfect harmony, however their clients diſagree: you are humbly deſired by ſeveral gentlemen to give ſome regulation concerning them; in which you will contribute to the repoſe of us, who are your very humble ſervants,

L. T. N. F. T. W.

Theſe Whetters are a people I have conſidered with much pains; and find them to differ from a ſect I have hitherto ſpoken of, called Snuff-takers, only in the expedition they take in deſtroying their brains: the Whetter is obliged to refreſh himſelf every moment with a liquor, as the Snuff-taker with a powder. As for their harmony in the evening, I have nothing to object; provided

vided they remove to Wapping, or the Bridge Foot, where it is not to be supposed their vociferations will annoy the studious, the busy, or the contemplative. I once had lodgings in Gray's Inn, where we had two hard students, who learned to play upon the hautboy; and I had a couple of chamber-fellows over my head not less diligent in the practice of back-sword and single-rapier. I remember these gentlemen were assigned by the benchers the two houses at the end of the terras walk, as the only place fit for their meditations. Such students as will let none improve but themselves, ought indeed to have their proper distances from societies.

The gentlemen of loud mirth abovementioned I take to be, in the quality of their crime, the same as Eaves-droppers; for they who will be in your company, whether you will or no, are to as great a degree offenders, as they who hearken to what passes, without being of your company at all. The ancient punishment for the latter, when I first came to this town, was the blanket, which, I humbly conceive, may be as justly applied to him that bawls, as to him that listens. It is therefore provided for the future, that, except in the long vacation, no retainers to the law, with dulcimer, violin, or any other instrument, in any tavern, within a furlong of an inn of court, shall sing any tune, or pretended tune whatsoever, upon pain of the blanket, to be administered according to the discretion of all such peaceable people as shall be within the annoyance. And it is further directed, that all clerks who shall offend in this kind, shall forfeit their indentures, and be turned over as assistants to the clerks of parishes within the bills of mortality, who are hereby empowered to demand them accordingly.

I am not to omit the receipt of the following letter, with a night-cap from my Valentine; which night-cap, I find, was finished in the year 1588, and is too finely wrought to be of any modern stitching. It's antiquity will better appear by my Valentine's own words.

SIR,

SINCE you are pleased to accept of so mean a present as a night-cap from your Valentine, I have sent you one, which I do assure you has been very much esteemed of in our family; for my great grandmother's daughter who worked it, was maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth, and had the misfortune to lose her life by pricking her finger in the making of it, of which she bled to death, as her tomb now at Westminster will shew. For which reason, neither myself, nor any of the family, have loved work ever since; otherwise you should have one, as you desired, made by the hands of, Sir, your affectionate Valentine.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE, CENSOR OF GREAT BRITAIN, AND GOVERNOR OF THE HOSPITAL ERECTED, OR TO BE ERECTED, IN MOORFIELDS.

THE PETITION OF THE INHABITANTS OF THE PARISH OF GOTHAM, IN THE COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX,

HUMBLY SHEWETH,

THAT whereas it is the undoubted right of your said petitioners to repair on every Lord's day to a chapel of ease in the said parish, there to be instructed in their duties in the known or vulgar tongue; yet so it is, may it please your worship, that the preacher of the said chapel has of late given himself wholly up to matters of controversy, in no wise tending to the edification of your said petitioners; and in handling, as he calls it, the same, has used divers hard and crabbed words; such as, among many others, Orthodox and Heterodox, which are in no sort understood by your said petitioners; and it is with grief of heart, that your petitioners beg leave to represent to you, that in mentioning the aforesaid words or names, the latter of which, as we have reason to believe, is his deadly enemy, he will fall into ravings and foamings, ill becoming the meekness of his office, and tending to give offence and scandal to all good people.

Your petitioners further say, that they are ready to prove the aforesaid allegations; and therefore humbly hope, that from a true sense of their condition, you will please to receive the said preacher into the hospital, until he shall recover a right use of his senses.

And your petitioners, &c.

N° CXLII. TUESDAY, MARCH 7, 1709.

SHEER-LANE, MARCH 6.

ALL persons who employ themselves in public, are still interrupted in the course of their affairs: and it seems, the admired Cavalliere Nicolini himself is commanded by the ladies, who at present employ their time with great assiduity in the care of the nation, to put off his day until he shall receive their commands, and notice that they are at leisure for diversions. In the mean time it is not to be expressed, how many cold chickens the fair-ones have eaten since this day seven-night for the good of their country. This great occasion has given birth to many discoveries of high moment for the conduct of life. There is a toast of my acquaintance who told me, she had now found out, that it was day before nine in the morning; and I am very confident, if the affair hold many days longer, the ancient hours of eating will be revived among us, many having by it been made acquainted with the luxury of hunger and thirst.

There appears, methinks, something very venerable in all assemblies: and I must confess, I envied all who had youth and health enough to make their appearance there, that they had the happiness of being a whole day in the best company in the world. During the adjournments of that awful court, a neighbour of mine was telling me, that it gave him a notion of the ancient grandeur of the English hospitality, to see Westminster Hall a dining-room. There is a chearfulness at such repasts, which is very delightful to tempers which are so happy as to be clear of spleen and vapour; for to the jovial, to see others pleased is the greatest of all pleasures.

But since age and infirmities forbid my appearance at such public places, the next happiness is to make the best use of privacy, and acquit myself of the demands of my correspondents. The following letter is what has given me no small inquietude, it being an accusation of partiality, and disregard to merit, in the person of a virtuoso; who is the most eloquent of all men upon small occasions, and is the more to be admired for his prodigious fertility of invention, which never appears but upon subjects which others would have thought barren. But in consideration of his uncommon talents, I am contented to let him be the hero of my next two days, by inserting his friend's recommendation of him at large.

NANDO'S, FEB. 28, 1709.

DEAR COUSIN,

I Am just come out of the country, and upon perusing your late lucubrations, I find Charles Lillie to be the darling of your affections; that you have given him a place, and taken no small pains to establish him in the world; and at the same time have passed by his name-sake at this end of the town, as if he was a citizen defunct, and one of no use in a commonwealth. I must own, his circumstances are so good, and so well known, that he does not stand in need of having his fame published to the world; but being of an ambitious spirit, and an aspiring soul, he would be rather proud of the honour than desirous of the profit, which might result from your recommendation. He is a person of a particular genius, the first that brought toys in fashion, and baubles to perfection. He is admirably well versed in screws, springs, and hinges; and deeply read in knives, combs, or scissars, buttons or buckles. He is a perfect master of words, which, uttered with a smooth voluble tongue, flow into a most persuasive eloquence; insomuch that I have known a gentleman of distinction find several ingenious faults with a toy of his, and shew his utmost dislike to it, as being either useless, or ill contrived; but when the orator, behind the counter, had harangued upon it for an hour and an half, displayed it's hidden beauties, and revealed it's secret perfections, he has wondered how he had been able to spend so great a part of his life without so important an utensil. I will not pretend to furnish out an inventory of all the valuable commodities that are to be found at his shop.

I shall content myself with giving an account of what I think most curious.

Imprimis,

Imprimis, his pocket-books are very neat, and well contrived, not for keeping bank-bills, or goldſmiths notes, I confeſs; but they are admirable for regiſtering the lodgings of Madonas, and for preſerving letters from ladies of quality. His whips and ſpurs are ſo nice, that they will make one that buys them ride a fox-hunting, though before he hated noiſe and early riſing, and was afraid of breaking his neck. His ſeals are curiouſly fancied, and exquiſitely well cut, and of great uſe to encourage young gentlemen to write a good hand. Ned Puzzle-poſt has been ill uſed by his writing-maſter, and writ a ſort of Chineſe, or downright Scrawlian: however, upon his buying a ſeal of my friend, he is ſo much improved by continual writing, that it is believed in a ſhort time one may be able to read his letters, and find out his meaning, without gueſſing. His piſtols and fuſees are ſo very good, that they are fit to be laid up among the fineſt china. Then his tweezer-caſes are incomparable: you ſhall have one not much bigger than your finger, with ſeventeen ſeveral inſtruments in it, all neceſſary every hour of the day, during the whole courſe of a man's life. But if this virtuoſo excels in one thing more than another, it is in canes: he has ſpent his moſt ſelect hours in the knowledge of them; and is arrived at that perfection, that he is able to hold forth upon canes longer than upon any one ſubject in the world. Indeed, his canes are ſo finely clouded, and ſo well made up, either with gold or amber heads, that I am of the opinion it is impoſſible for a gentleman to walk, talk, ſit, or ſtand, as he ſhould do, without one of them. He knows the value of a cane, by knowing the value of the buyer's eſtate. Sir Timothy Shallow has two thouſand pounds per annum, and Tom Empty, one. They both at ſeveral times bought a cane of Charles: Sir Timothy's coſt ten guineas, and Tom Empty's five. Upon comparing them, they were perfectly alike. Sir Timothy, ſurprized there ſhould be no difference in the canes, and ſo much in the price, comes to Charles—'Damn it, Charles,' ſays he, 'you have ſold me a cane here 'for ten pieces, and the very ſame to 'Tom Empty for five.'—'Lord, Sir 'Timothy,' ſays Charles, 'I am con'cerned that you, whom I took to un'derſtand canes better than any baronet 'in town, ſhould be ſo overſeen! Why, 'Sir Timothy, yours is a true Jambee, 'and Eſquire Empty's only a plain 'Dragon.'

This virtuoſo has a parcel of Jambees now growing in the Eaſt Indies, where he keeps a man on purpoſe to look after them, which will be the fineſt that ever landed in Great Britain, and will be fit to cut about two years hence. Any gentleman may ſubſcribe for as many as he pleaſes. Subſcriptions will be taken in at his ſhop at ten guineas each joint. They that ſubſcribe for ſix ſhall have a Dragon gratis. This is all I have to ſay at preſent concerning Charles's curioſities; and hope it may be ſufficient to prevail with you to take him into your conſideration, which if you comply with, you will oblige your humble ſervant.

N. B. Whereas there came out, laſt term, ſeveral gold ſnuff-boxes, and others: this is to give notice, that Charles will put out a new edition on Saturday next, which will be the only one in faſhion until after Eaſter. The gentleman that gave fifty pounds for the box ſet with diamonds, may ſhew until Sunday night, provided he goes to church; but not after that time, there being one to be publiſhed on Monday, which will coſt fourſcore guineas.

N° CXLIII. THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1709.

SHEER-LANE, MARCH 8.

I Was this afternoon ſurprized with a viſit from my ſiſter Jenny, after an abſence of ſome time. She had, methought, in her manner and air, ſomething that was a little below that of women of the firſt breeding and quality, but at the ſame time above the ſimplicity and familiarity of her uſual deportment. As ſoon as ſhe was ſeated, ſhe began to talk to me of the odd place I lived in, and begged of me to remove out of the lane where I have been ſo long acquainted; 'For,' ſaid ſhe, 'it does ſo 'ſpoil one's horſes, that I muſt beg

'your pardon if you ſee me much ſeldomer, when I am to make ſo great 'a journey with a ſingle pair, and make 'viſits, and get home the ſame night.' I underſtood her pretty well, but would not; therefore deſired her to pay off her coach, for I had a great deal to talk to her. She very pertly told me, ſhe came in her own chariot. 'Why,' ſaid I, 'is your huſband in town? and has 'he ſet up an equipage?'—'No,' anſwered ſhe, 'but I have received five 'hundred pounds by his order; and 'his letters, which came at the ſame 'time, bade me want for nothing that 'was neceſſary.' I was heartily concerned at her folly, whoſe affairs render her but juſt able to bear ſuch an expence. However, I conſidered, that according to the Britiſh cuſtom of treating women, there is no other method to be uſed in removing any of their faults and errors, but conducting their minds from one humour to another, with as much ceremony as we lead their perſons from one place to another. I therefore diſſembled my concern, and in compliance with her, as a lady that was to uſe her feet no more, I begged of her, after a ſhort viſit, to let me perſuade her not to ſtay out until it was late, for fear of catching cold as ſhe went into her coach in the dampneſs of the evening. The malapert knew well enough I laughed at her; but was not ill pleaſed with the certainty of her power over her huſband, who, ſhe knew, would ſupport her in any humour he was able, rather than paſs through the torment of an expoſtulation to gainſay any thing ſhe had a mind to. As ſoon as my fine lady was gone, I writ the following letter to my brother.

DEAR BROTHER,

I Am at preſent under very much concern at the ſplendid appearance I ſaw my ſiſter make in an equipage, which ſhe has ſet up in your abſence. I beg of you not to indulge her in this vanity; and deſire you to conſider, the world is ſo whimſical, that though it will value you for being happy, it will hate you for appearing ſo. The poſſeſſion of wiſdom and virtue, the only ſolid diſtinctions of life, is allowed much more eaſily than that of wealth and quality. Beſides which, I muſt intreat you to weigh with yourſelf, what it is that people aim at in ſetting themſelves out to ſhew in gay equipages, and moderate fortunes! You are not by this means a better man than your neighbour is; but your horſes are better than his are. And will you ſuffer care and inquietude, to have it ſaid as you paſs by—'Thoſe are 'very pretty punch nags?' Nay, when you have arrived at this, there are a hundred worthleſs fellows who are ſtill four horſes happier than you are. Remember, dear brother, there is a certain modeſty in the enjoyment of moderate wealth, which to tranſgreſs expoſes men to the utmoſt deriſion; and as there is nothing but meanneſs of ſpirit can move a man to value himſelf upon what can be purchaſed with money, ſo he that ſhews an ambition that way, and cannot arrive at it, is more emphatically guilty of that meanneſs. I give you only my firſt thoughts on this occaſion; but ſhall, as I am a Cenſor, entertain you in my next with my ſentiments in general upon the ſubject of equipage; and ſhew, that though there are no ſumptuary laws amongſt us, reaſon and good ſenſe are equally binding; and will ever prevail in appointing approbation or diſlike in all matters of an indifferent nature, when they are purſued with earneſtneſs.

I am, Sir, &c.

ADVERTISEMENT.

TO ALL GENTLEMEN, LADIES, AND OTHERS, THAT DELIGHT IN SOFT LINES.

THESE are to give notice, that the proper time of the year for writing paſtorals now drawing near, there is a ſtage-coach ſettled from the One Bell in the Strand to Dorcheſter, which ſets out twice a week, and paſſes through Baſingſtoke, Sutton, Stockbridge, Saliſbury, Blandford, and ſo to Dorcheſter, over the fineſt downs in England. At all which places, there are accommodations of ſpreading beeches, beds of flowers, turf ſeats, and purling ſtreams, for happy ſwains; and thunderſtruck oaks, and left-handed ravens, to foretel misfortunes to thoſe that pleaſe to be wretched, with all other neceſſaries for penſive paſſion.

And for the conveniency of ſuch whoſe affairs will not permit them to leave this town, at the ſame place they may be furniſhed, during the ſeaſon, with opening buds, flowering thyme, warbling birds, ſporting lambkins, and fountain water,

water, right and good, and bottled on the ſpot by one ſent down on purpoſe.

N.B. The nymphs and ſwains are farther given to underſtand, that in thoſe happy climes, they are ſo far from being troubled with wolves, that for want of even foxes, a conſiderable pack of hounds have been lately forced to eat ſheep.

Whereas on the ſixth inſtant, at midnight, ſeveral perſons of light honour and looſe mirth, having taken upon them in the ſhape of men, but with the voice of the players belonging to Mr. Powell's company, to call up ſurgeons at midnight, and ſend phyſicians to perſons in ſound ſleep, and perfect health: this is to certify, that Mr. Powell had locked up the legs of all his company, for fear of miſchief that night; and that Mr. Powell will not pay for any damages done by the ſaid perſons. It is alſo further adviſed, that there were no midwives wanted when thoſe perſons called them up in the ſeveral parts of Weſtminſter; but that thoſe gentlewomen who were in the company of the ſaid impoſtors, may take care to call ſuch uſeful perſons on the ſixth of December next.

The Cenſor having obſerved, that there are fine wrought ladies ſhoes and ſlippers put out to view at a great ſhoemaker's ſhop towards St. James's end of Pall-Mall, which create irregular thoughts and deſires in the youth of this nation; the ſaid ſhopkeeper is required to take in thoſe eye-ſores, or ſhew cauſe the next court-day why he continues to expoſe the ſame; and he is required to be prepared particularly to anſwer to the ſlippers with green lace and blue heels.

It is impoſſible for me to return the obliging things Mr. Joſhua Barnes has ſaid to me, upon the account of our mutual friend Homer. He and I have read him now forty years with ſome underſtanding, and great admiration. A work to be produced by one who has enjoyed ſo great an intimacy with an author, is certainly to be valued more than any comment made by perſons of yeſterday. Therefore, according to my friend Joſhua's requeſt, I recommend his work*; and having uſed a little magic in the caſe, I give this recommendation by way of amulet or charm againſt the malignity of envious backbiters, who ſpeak evil of performances whereof themſelves were never capable. If I may uſe my friend Joſhua's own words, I ſhall at preſent ſay no more, but that we, Homer's oldeſt acquaintance now living, know beſt his ways; and can inform the world, that they are often miſtaken when they think he is in lethargic fits, which we know he was never ſubject to; and ſhall make appear to be rank ſcandal and envy, that of the Latin poet—

——*Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.*
HOR. ARS POET. VER. 359.

——Good old Homer ſometimes nods.

Nº CXLIV. SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1709.

SHEER-LANE, MARCH 10.

IN a nation of liberty, there is hardly a perſon in the whole maſs of the people more abſolutely neceſſary than a Cenſor. It is allowed, that I have no authority for aſſuming this important appellation, and that I am Cenſor of theſe nations juſt as one is choſen king at the game of Queſtions and Commands: but if, in the execution of this fantaſtical dignity, I obſerve upon things which do not fall within the cognizance of real authority, I hope it will be granted, that an idle man could not be more uſefully employed. Among all the irregularities of which I have taken notice, I know none ſo proper to be preſented to the world by a Cenſor, as that of the general expence and affectation in equipage. I have lately hinted, that this extravagance muſt neceſſarily get footing where we have no ſumptuary laws, and where every man may be dreſſed, attended, and carried, in what manner he pleaſes. But my tenderneſs to my fellow-ſubjects will not permit me to let this enormity go unobſerved.

As the matter now ſtands, every man takes it in his head that he has a liberty to ſpend his money as he pleaſes. Thus, in ſpite of all order, juſtice, and decorum, we, the greater number of the Queen's loyal ſubjects, for no reaſon in the world, but becauſe we want money, do not ſhare alike in the diviſion of

* Mr. Joſhua Barnes's new and accurate edition of all Homer's works, &c.

her

her Majeſty's high road. The horſes and ſlaves of the rich take up the whole ſtreet, while we Peripatetics are very glad to watch an opportunity to whiſk acroſs a paſſage, very thankful that we are not run over for interrupting the machine, that carries in it a perſon neither more handſome, wiſe, or valiant, than the meaneſt of us. For this reaſon, were I to propoſe a tax, it ſhould certainly be upon coaches and chairs: for no man living can aſſign a reaſon why one man ſhould have half a ſtreet to carry him at his eaſe, and perhaps only in purſuit of pleaſures, when as good a man as himſelf wants room for his own perſon, to paſs upon the moſt neceſſary and urgent occaſion. Until ſuch an acknowledgment is made the public, I ſhall take upon me to veſt certain rights in the ſcavengers of the cities of London and Weſtminſter, to take the horſes and ſervants of all ſuch as do not become or deſerve ſuch diſtinctions, into their peculiar cuſtody. The offenders themſelves I ſhall allow ſafe conduct to their places of abode in the carts of the ſaid ſcavengers; but their horſes ſhall be mounted by their footmen, and ſent into the ſervice abroad: and I take this opportunity, in the firſt place, to recruit the regiment of my good old friend the brave and honeſt Sylvius, that they may be as well taught as they are fed. It is to me moſt miraculous, ſo unreaſonable an uſurpation as this I am ſpeaking of, ſhould ſo long have been tolerated. We hang a poor fellow for taking any trifle from us on the road, and bear with the rich for robbing us of the road itſelf. Such a tax as this would be of great ſatisfaction to us who walk on foot; and ſince the diſtinction of riding in a coach is not to be appointed according to a man's merit or ſervice to his country, nor that liberty given as a reward for ſome eminent virtue, we ſhould be highly contented to ſee them pay ſomething for the inſult they do us, in the ſtate they take upon them while they are drawn by us.

Until they have made us ſome reparation of this kind, we the Peripatetics of Great Britain cannot think ourſelves well treated, while every one that is able is allowed to ſet up an equipage.

As for my part, I cannot but admire how perſons, conſcious to themſelves of no manner of ſuperiority above others, can out of mere pride or lazineſs expoſe themſelves at this rate to public view, and put us all upon pronouncing thoſe three terrible ſyllables—'Who is that?' When it comes to that queſtion, our method is to conſider the mien and air of the paſſenger, and comfort ourſelves for being dirty to the ancles, by laughing at his figure and appearance who overlooks us. I muſt confeſs, were it not for the ſolid injuſtice of the thing, there is nothing could afford a diſcerning eye greater occaſion for mirth, than this licentious huddle of qualities and characters in the equipages about this town. The overſeers of the highways and conſtables have ſo little ſkill or power to rectify this matter, that you may often ſee the equipage of a fellow whom all the town know to deſerve hanging, make a ſtop that ſhall interrupt the Lord High Chancellor, and all the judges, in their way to Weſtminſter.

For the better underſtanding of things and perſons in this general confuſion, I have given directions to all the coach-makers and coach-painters in town, to bring me in liſts of their ſeveral cuſtomers; and doubt not, but with comparing the orders of each man, in his placing his arms on the door of his chariot, as well as the words, devices, and cyphers to be fixed upon them, to make a collection which ſhall let us into the nature, if not the hiſtory of mankind, more uſefully than the curioſities of any medaliſt in Europe.

But this evil of vanity in our figure, with many others, proceeds from a certain gaiety of heart, which has crept into men's very thoughts and complexions. The paſſions and adventures of heroes, when they enter the liſts for the tournament in romances, are not more eaſily diſtinguiſhable by their palfreys, and their armour, than the ſecret ſprings and affections of the ſeveral pretenders to ſhew amongſt us are known by their equipages in ordinary life. The young bridegroom, with his gilded Cupids, and winged angels, has ſome excuſe in the joy of his heart to launch out into ſomething that may be ſignificant of his preſent happineſs: but to ſee men, for no reaſon upon earth but that they are rich, aſcend triumphant chariots, and ride through the people, has at the bottom nothing elſe in it but an inſolent tranſport, ariſing only from the diſtinction of fortune.

It

It is therefore high time that I call in ſuch coaches as are in their embelliſhments improper for the character of their owners. But if I find I am not obeyed herein, and that I cannot pull down thoſe equipages already erected, I ſhall take upon me to prevent the growth of this evil for the future, by enquiring into the pretenſions of the perſons who ſhall hereafter attempt to make public entries with ornaments and decorations of their own appointment. If a man, who believed he had the handſomeſt leg in this kingdom, ſhould take a fancy to adorn ſo deſerving a limb with a blue garter, he would juſtly be puniſhed for offending againſt the moſt noble order: and, I think, the general proſtitution of equipage and retinue is as deſtructive to all diſtinction, as the impertinence of one man, if permitted, would certainly be to that illuſtrious fraternity.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Cenſor having lately received intelligence that the ancient ſimplicity in the dreſs and manners of that part of this iſland, called Scotland, begins to decay; and that there are at this time, in the good town of Edinburgh, Beaux, Fops, and Coxcombs; his late correſpondent from that place is deſired to ſend up their names and characters with all expedition, that they may be proceeded againſt accordingly, and proper officers named to take in their canes, ſnuff-boxes, and all other uſeleſs neceſſaries commonly worn by ſuch offenders.

Nº CXLV. TUESDAY, MARCH 14, 1709.

NESCIO QUIS TENEROS OCULUS MIHI FASCINAT AGNOS.
VIRG. EC. 3. VER. 103.

AH! WHAT ILL EYES BEWITCH MY TENDER LAMBS?

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, MAR. 13.

THIS evening was allotted for taking into conſideration a late requeſt of two indulgent parents, touching the care of a young daughter, whom they deſign to ſend to a boarding-ſchool, or keep at home, according to my determination; but I am diverted from that ſubject by letters which I have received from ſeveral ladies, complaining of a certain ſect of profeſſed enemies to the repoſe of the fair-ſex, called Oglers. Theſe are, it ſeems, gentlemen who look with deep attention on one object at the playhouſes, and are ever ſtaring all round them in churches. It is urged by my correſpondents, that they do all that is poſſible to keep their eyes off theſe enſnarers; but that, by what power they know not, both their diverſions and devotions are interrupted by them in ſuch a manner, as that they cannot attend to either, without ſtealing looks at the perſons whoſe eyes are fixed upon them. By this means, my petitioners ſay, they find themſelves grow inſenſibly leſs offended, and in time enamoured of theſe their enemies. What is required of me on this occaſion is, that as I love and ſtudy to preſerve the better part of mankind, the females, I would give them ſome account of this dangerous way of aſſault; againſt which there is ſo little defence, that it lays ambuſh for the ſight itſelf, and makes them ſeeingly, knowingly, willingly, and forcibly, go on to their own captivity.

This repreſentation of the preſent ſtate of affairs between the two ſexes gave me very much alarm; and I had no more to do, but to recollect what I had ſeen at any one aſſembly for ſome years laſt paſt, to be convinced of the truth and juſtice of this remonſtrance. If there be not a ſtop put to this evil art, all the modes of addreſs, and the elegant embelliſhments of life, which ariſe out of the noble paſſion of love, will of neceſſity decay. Who would be at the trouble of rhetoric, or ſtudy the Bon Mien, when his introduction is ſo much eaſier obtained by a ſudden reverence in a down-caſt look at the meeting the eye of a fair lady, and beginning again to ogle her as ſoon as ſhe glances another way? I remember very well, when I was laſt at an opera, I could perceive the eyes of the whole audience caſt into particular croſs angles one upon another, without any manner of regard to the ſtage, though King Latinus was himſelf

himself present when I made that observation. It was then very pleasant to look into the hearts of the whole company; for the balls of sight are so formed, that one man's eyes are spectacles to another to read his heart with. The most ordinary beholder can take notice of any violent agitation in the mind, any pleasing transport, or any inward grief, in the person he looks at; but one of these Oglers can see a studied indifference, a concealed love, or a smothered resentment, in the very glances that are made to hide those dispositions of thought. The naturalists tell us, that the rattle-snake will fix himself under a tree where he sees a squirrel playing; and when he has once got the exchange of a glance from the pretty wanton, will give it such a sudden stroke on it's imagination, that though it may play from bough to bough, and strive to avert it's eyes from it for some time, yet it comes nearer and nearer by little intervals of looking another way, until it drops into the jaws of the animal, which it knew gazed at it for no other reason but to ruin it. I did not believe this piece of philosophy until that night I was just now speaking of; but I then saw the same thing pass between an Ogler and a Coquette. Mirtillo, the most learned of the former, had for some time discontinued to visit Flavia, no less eminent among the latter. They industriously avoided all places where they might probably meet, but chance brought them together to the play-house, and seated them in a direct line over-against each other, she in a front box, he in the pit next the stage. As soon as Flavia had received the looks of the whole crowd below her with that air of insensibility, which is necessary at the first entrance, she began to look round her, and saw the vagabond Mirtillo, who had so long absented himself from her circle; and when she first discovered him, she looked upon him with that glance, which, in the language of Oglers, is called the Scornful, but immediately turned her observation another way, and returned upon him with the Indifferent. This gave Mirtillo no small resentment; but he used her accordingly. He took care to be ready for her next glance. She found his eyes full in the Indolent, with his lips crumpled up, in the posture of one whistling. Her anger at this usage immediately appeared in every muscle of her face; and after many emotions, which glistened in her eyes, she cast them round the whole house, and gave them softnesses in the face of every man she had ever seen before. After she thought she had reduced all she saw to her obedience, the play began, and ended their dialogue. As soon as the first act was over, she stood up with a visage full of dissembled alacrity and pleasure, with which she overlooked the audience, and at last came to him; he was then placed in a side way, with his hat slouching over his eyes, and gazing at a wench in the side-box, as talking of that gypsy to the gentleman who sat by him. But as she fixed upon him, he turned suddenly with a full face upon her, and, with all the respect imaginable, made her the most obsequious bow in the presence of the whole theatre. This gave her a pleasure not to be concealed, and she made him the recovering, or second curtsy, with a smile that spoke a perfect reconciliation. Between the ensuing acts, they talked to each other with gestures and glances so significant, that they ridiculed the whole house in their silent speech, and made an appointment that Mirtillo should lead her to her coach.

The peculiar language of one eye, as it differs from another, as much as the tone of one voice from another, and the fascination or enchantment, which is lodged in the optic nerves of the persons concerned in these dialogues, is, I must confess, too nice a subject for one who is not an adept in these speculations; but I shall, for the good and safety of the fair-sex, call my learned friend Sir William Read to my assistance, and, by the help of his observations on this organ, acquaint them when the eye is to be believed, and when distrusted. On the contrary, I shall conceal the true meaning of the looks of ladies, and indulge in them all the art they can acquire in the management of their glances: and which is but too little against creatures who triumph in falsehood, and begin to forswear with their eyes, when their tongues can be longer believed.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A VERY clean well-behaved young gentleman, who is in a very good way in Cornhill, has writ to me the following lines; and seems in some passages of his letter,

letter, which I omit, to lay it very much to heart, that I have not spoken of a supernatural beauty whom he sighs for, and complains too in most elaborate language. 'Alas! What can a monitor do? All mankind live in romance.'

ROYAL EXCHANGE, MARCH 11.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

SOME time since, you were pleased to mention the beauties in the New Exchange and Westminster Hall, and in my judgment were not very impartial; for if you were pleased to allow there was one goddess in the New Exchange, and two shepherdesses in Westminster Hall, you very well might say, there was and is at present one angel in the Royal Exchange: and I humbly beg the favour of you to let justice be done her, by inserting this in your next Tatler; which will make her my good angel, and me your most humble servant,

A. B.

Nº CXLVI. THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1709.

PERMITTES IPSIS EXPENDERE NUMINIBUS, QUID
CONVENIAT NOBIS, REBUSQUE SIT UTILE NOSTRIS.
NAM PRO JUCUNDIS APTISSIMA QUÆQUE DABUNT DII.
CHARIOR EST ILLIS HOMO, QUAM SIBI. NOS ANIMORUM
IMPULSU, ET CÆCA MAGNAQUE CUPIDINE DUCTI,
CONJUGUM PETIMUS, PARTUMQUE UXORIS; AT ILLIS
NOTUM, QUI PUERI, QUALISQUE FUTURA SIT UXOR.

JUV. SAT. 10. VER. 347.

INTRUST THY FORTUNE TO THE POWERS ABOVE;
LEAVE THEM TO MANAGE FOR THEE, AND TO GRANT
WHAT THEIR UNERRING WISDOM SEES THEE WANT:
IN GOODNESS AS IN GREATNESS THEY EXCEL:
AH! THAT WE LOV'D OURSELVES BUT HALF SO WELL!
WE, BLINDLY BY OUR HEADSTRONG PASSIONS LED,
ARE HOT FOR ACTION, AND DESIRE TO WED;
THEN WISH FOR HEIRS, BUT TO THE GODS ALONE
OUR FUTURE OFFSPRING AND OUR WIVES ARE KNOWN.

DRYDEN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAR. 15.

AMONG the various sets of correspondents who apply to me for advice, and send up their cases from all parts of Great Britain, there are none who are more importunate with me, and whom I am more inclined to answer, than the Complainers. One of them dates his letter to me from the banks of a purling stream, where he used to ruminate in solitude upon the divine Clarissa, and where he is now looking about for a convenient leap, which he tells me he is resolved to take, unless I support him under the loss of that charming perjured woman. Poor Lavinia presses as much for consolation on the other side; and is reduced to such an extremity of despair by the inconstancy of Philander, that she tells me she writes her letter with her pen in one hand, and her garter in the other. A gentleman of an ancient family in Norfolk is almost out of his wits upon the account of a greyhound, that, after having been his inseparable companion for ten years, is at last run mad. Another, who I believe is serious, complains to me, in a very moving manner, of the loss of a wife; and another in terms still more moving, of a purse of money that was taken from him on Bagshot Heath, and which, he tells me, would not have troubled him, if he had given it to the poor. In short, there is scarce a calamity in human life that has not produced me a letter.

It is indeed wonderful to consider, how men are able to raise affliction to themselves out of every thing. Lands and houses, sheep and oxen, can convey happiness and misery into the hearts of reasonable creatures. Nay, I have known a muff, a scarf, or a tippet, become a solid blessing or misfortune. A lap-dog has broke the hearts of thousands. Flavia, who had buried five children, and two husbands, was never able to get over the loss of her parrot. How often has a divine creature been thrown into

a fit by a neglect at a ball or an assembly? Mopsa has kept her chamber ever since the last masquerade, and is in greater danger of her life upon being left out of it, than Clarinda from the violent cold she caught at it. Nor are these dear creatures the only sufferers by such imaginary calamities: many an author has been dejected at the censure of one whom he ever looked upon as an idiot: and many an hero cast into a fit of melancholy, because the rabble have not hooted at him as he passed through the streets. Theron places all his happiness in a running horse, Suffenus in a gilded chariot, Fulvius in a blue string, and Florio in a tulip-root. It would be endless to enumerate the many fantastical afflictions that disturb mankind; but as a misery is not to be measured from the nature of the evil, but from the temper of the sufferer, I shall present my readers, who are unhappy either in reality or imagination, with an allegory for which I am indebted to the great father and prince of poets.

As I was sitting after dinner in my elbow-chair, I took up Homer, and dipped into that famous speech of Achilles to Priam, in which he tells him, that Jupiter has by him two great vessels, the one filled with Blessings, and the other with Misfortunes; out of which he mingles a composition for every man that comes into the world. This passage so exceedingly pleased me, that as I fell insensibly into my afternoon's slumber, it wrought my imagination into the following dream.

When Jupiter took into his hands the government of the world, the several parts of Nature with the presiding deities did homage to him. One presented him with a mountain of winds, another with a magazine of hail, and a third with a pile of thunder-bolts. The stars offered up their influences; the ocean gave in his trident, the earth her fruits, and the sun his seasons. Among the several deities who came to make their court on this occasion, the Destinies advanced with two great tuns carried before them, one of which they fixed at the right-hand of Jupiter, as he sat upon his throne, and the other on his left. The first was filled with all the blessings, and the other with all the calamities of human life. Jupiter, in the beginning of his reign, finding the world much more innocent than it is in this iron age, poured very plentifully out of the tun that stood at his right-hand; but as mankind degenerated, and became unworthy of his blessings, he set abroach the other vessel, that filled the world with pain and poverty, battles and distempers, jealousy and falshood, intoxicating pleasures and untimely deaths.

He was at length so very much incensed at the great depravations of human nature, and the repeated provocations which he received from all parts of the earth, that having resolved to destroy the whole species, except Deucalion and Pyrrha, he commanded the Destinies to gather up the blessings which he had thrown away upon the sons of men, and lay them up until the world should be inhabited by a more virtuous and deserving race of mortals.

The three Sisters immediately repaired to the earth, in search of the several blessings that had been scattered on it; but found the task which was enjoined them to be much more difficult than they imagined. The first places they resorted to, as the most likely to succeed in, were cities, palaces, and courts; but instead of meeting with what they looked for here, they found nothing but envy, repining, uneasiness, and the like bitter ingredients of the left-hand vessel: whereas, to their great surprize, they discovered content, chearfulness, health, innocence, and other the most substantial blessings of life, in cottages, shades, and solitudes.

There was another circumstance no less unexpected than the former, and which gave them very great perplexity in the discharge of the trust which Jupiter had committed to them. They observed, that several blessings had degenerated into calamities, and that several calamities had improved into blessings, according as they fell into the possession of wise or foolish men. They often found power, with so much insolence and impatience cleaving to it, that it became a misfortune to the person on whom it was conferred. Youth had often distempers growing about it, worse than the infirmities of old age: wealth was often united to such a sordid avarice, as made it the most uncomfortable and painful kind of poverty. On the contrary, they often found pain made glorious by fortitude, poverty lost in content, deformity beautified with virtue. In a word, the blessings were often like good fruits

fruits planted in a bad ſoil, that by degrees fall off from their natural reliſh, into taſtes altogether inſipid or unwholeſome; and the calamities, like harſh fruits, cultivated in a good ſoil, and enriched by proper grafts and inoculations, until they ſwell with generous and delightful juices.

There was ſtill a third circumſtance that occaſioned as great a ſurprize to the three Siſters as either of the foregoing, when they diſcovered ſeveral bleſſings and calamities which had never been in either of the tuns that ſtood by the throne of Jupiter, and were nevertheleſs as great occaſions of happineſs or miſery as any there. Theſe were that ſpurious crop of bleſſings and calamities which were never ſown by the hand of the Deity, but grow of themſelves out of the fancies and diſpoſitions of human creatures: ſuch are dreſs, titles, place, equipage, falſe ſhame, and groundleſs fear, with the like vain imaginations that ſhoot up in trifling, weak, and irreſolute minds.

The Deſtinies, finding themſelves in ſo great a perplexity, concluded that it would be impoſſible for them to execute the commands that had been given them, according to their firſt intention; for which reaſon they agreed to throw all the bleſſings and calamities together into one large veſſel, and in that manner offer them up at the feet of Jupiter.

This was performed accordingly; the eldeſt ſiſter preſenting herſelf before the veſſel, and introducing it with an apology for what they had done:

'O Jupiter,' ſays ſhe, 'we have gathered together all the good and evil, 'the comforts and diſtreſſes of human 'life, which we thus preſent before thee 'in one promiſcuous heap. We beſeech thee, that thou thyſelf wilt ſort 'them out for the future, as in thy 'wiſdom thou ſhalt think fit. For we 'acknowledge, that there is none beſides thee that can judge what will occaſion grief or joy in the heart of a 'human creature, and what will prove 'a bleſſing or a calamity to the perſon 'on whom it is beſtowed.'

Nº CXLVII. SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1709.

——UT AMERIS, AMABILIS ESTO. OVID.

——BE LOVELY, THAT YOU MAY BE LOV'D.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAR. 17.

READING is to the mind what exerciſe is to the body. As by the one, health is preſerved, ſtrengthened, and invigorated; by the other, virtue, which is the health of the mind, is kept alive, cheriſhed, and confirmed. But as exerciſe becomes tedious and painful, when we make uſe of it only as the means of health; ſo reading is apt to grow uneaſy and burdenſome, when we apply ourſelves to it only for our improvement in virtue. For this reaſon, the virtue which we gather from a fable, or an allegory, is like the health we get by hunting; as we are engaged in an agreeable purſuit that draws us on with pleaſure, and makes us inſenſible of the fatigues that accompany it.

After this preface, I ſhall ſet down a very beautiful allegorical fable of the great poet whom I mentioned in my laſt paper, and whom it is very difficult to lay aſide when one is engaged in the reading of him. And this I particularly deſign for the uſe of ſeveral of my fair correſpondents, who in their letters have complained to me, that they have loſt the affections of their huſbands, and deſire my advice how to recover them.

Juno, ſays Homer, ſeeing her Jupiter ſeated on the top of mount Ida, [illegible] knowing that he had conceived an [illegible]ſion to her, began to ſtudy how [illegible] ſhould regain his affections, and [illegible]ought herſelf amiable to him. With this [illegible] ſhe immediately retired into her [illegible]cham-ber, where ſhe bathed herſelf [illegible]in am-broſia; which gave her perſon all it's beauty, and diffuſed ſo divine an odour, [illegible]d ſweetened as refreſhed all nature, [illegible] She let her both heaven and earth [illegible] immortal treſſes flow in the moſt graceful manner, and took particular care to dreſs herſelf in ſeveral ornaments, which the poet deſcribes at length, and which the goddeſs choſe out as the moſt proper

proper to set off her person to the best advantage. In the next place, she made a visit to Venus, the deity who presides over love, and begged of her, as a particular favour, that she would lend her for a while those charms with which she subdued the hearts both of gods and men. 'For,' says the goddess, 'I would make use of them to reconcile 'the two deities who took care of me 'in my infancy, and who at present 'are at so great a variance, that they 'are estranged from each other's bed.' Venus was proud of an opportunity of obliging so great a goddess, and therefore made her a present of the Cestus which she used to wear about her own waist, with advice to hide it in her bosom until she had accomplished her intention. This cestus was a fine party-coloured girdle, which, as Homer tells us, had all the attractions of the sex wrought into it. The four principal figures in the embroidery were, Love, Desire, Fondness of Speech, and Conversation, filled with that sweetness and complacency, which, says the poet, insensibly steal away the hearts of the wisest men.

Juno, after having made these necessary preparations, came, as by accident, into the presence of Jupiter, who is said to have been as much inflamed with her beauty, as when he first stole to her embraces, without the consent of their parents. Juno, to cover her real thoughts, told him, as she had told Venus, that she was going to make a visit to Oceanus and Tethys. He prevailed upon her to stay with him, protesting to her, that she appeared more amiable in his eye than ever any mortal, goddess, or even herself, had appeared to him until that day. The poet then represents him in so great an ardour, that, without going up to the house which had been built by the hands of Vulcan according to Juno's direction, he threw a golden cloud over their heads as they sat upon the top of mount Ida, while the earth beneath them sprung up in lotuses, saffrons, hyacinths, and a bed of the softest flowers for their repose.

This close translation of one of the finest passages in Homer, may suggest abundance of instruction to a woman, who has a mind to preserve or recal the affection of her husband. The care of the person, and the dress, with the particular blandishments woven in the cestus, are so plainly recommended by this fable, and so indispensibly necessary in every female who desires to please, that they need no further explanation. The discretion likewise in covering all matrimonial quarrels from the knowledge of others, is taught in the pretended visit to Tethys, in the speech where Juno addresses herself to Venus; as the chaste and prudent management of a wife's charms is intimated by the same pretence for her appearing before Jupiter, and by the concealment of the cestus in her bosom.

I shall leave this tale to the consideration of such good housewives who are never well dressed but when they are abroad, and think it necessary to appear more agreeable to all men living than their husbands: as also to those prudent ladies, who, to avoid the appearance of being over-fond, entertain their husbands with indifference, aversion, sullen silence, or exasperating language.

SHEER-LANE, MARCH 17.

UPON my coming home last night, I found a very handsome present of wine left for me, as a taste of two hundred and sixteen hogsheads, which are to be put to sale at twenty pounds a hogshead, at Garraway's Coffee-house in Exchange Alley, on the twenty-second instant, at three in the afternoon, and to be tasted in Major Long's Vaults from the twentieth instant until the time of sale. This having been sent to me with a desire that I would give my judgment upon it, I immediately impannelled a jury of men of nice palates, and strong heads, who being all of them very scrupulous, and unwilling to proceed rashly in a matter of so great importance, refused to bring in their verdict until three in the morning; at which time the foreman pronounced, as well as he was able—'Extra-a-ordinary French Claret.' For my own part, as I love to consult my pillow in all points of moment, I slept upon it before I would give my sentence, and this morning confirmed the verdict.

Having mentioned this tribute of wine, I must give notice to my correspondents for the future, who shall apply to me on this occasion, that as I shall decide nothing unadvisedly in matters of this nature, I cannot pretend to give judgment of a right good liquor, without examining at least three dozen bottles

bottles of it. I muſt, at the ſame time, do myſelf the juſtice to let the world know, that I have reſiſted great temptations in this kind; as it is well known to a butcher in Clare Market, who endeavoured to corrupt me with a dozen and a half of marrow-bones. I had likewiſe a bribe ſent me by a fiſhmonger, conſiſting of a collar of brawn, and a joll of ſalmon; but not finding them excellent in their kinds, I had the integrity to eat them both up, without ſpeaking one word of them. However, for the future, I ſhall have an eye to the diet of this great city, and will recommend the beſt and moſt wholeſome food to them, if I receive theſe proper and reſpectful notices from the ſellers; that it may not be ſaid hereafter, that my readers were better taught than fed.

N° CXLVIII. TUESDAY, MARCH 21, 1709.

——GUSTUS ELEMENTA PER OMNIA QUÆRUNT,
NUNQUAM ANIMO PRETIIS OBSTANTIBUS.——

Juv. Sat. II. ver. 14.

THEY RANSACK EV'RY ELEMENT FOR CHOICE
OF EV'RY FISH AND FOWL, AT ANY PRICE. Congreve.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAR. 20.

HAVING intimated in my laſt paper, that I deſign to take under my inſpection the Diet of this great city, I ſhall begin with a very earneſt and ſerious exhortation to all my well-diſpoſed readers, that they would return to the food of their forefathers, and reconcile themſelves to beef and mutton. This was the diet that bred that hardy race of mortals who won the fields of Creſſy and Agincourt. I need not go up ſo high as the hiſtory of Guy Earl of Warwick, who is well known to have eaten up a dun cow of his own killing. The renowned King Arthur is generally looked upon as the firſt who ever ſat down to a whole roaſted ox, which was certainly the beſt way to preſerve the gravy; and it is further added, that he and his knights ſat about it at his round table, and uſually conſumed it to the very bones before they would enter upon any debate of moment. The Black Prince was a profeſſed lover of the Briſket; not to mention the hiſtory of the Sirloin, or the inſtitution of the order of Beef-eaters; which are all ſo many evident and undeniable marks of the great reſpect which our warlike predeceſſors have paid to this excellent food. The tables of the ancient gentry of this nation were covered thrice a day with hot roaſt beef; and I am credibly informed, by an antiquary who has ſearched the regiſters in which the bills of fare of the court are recorded, that inſtead of tea and bread and butter, which have prevailed of late years, the maids of honour in Queen Elizabeth's time were allowed three rumps of beef for their breakfaſt. Mutton has likewiſe been in great repute among our valiant countrymen; but was formerly obſerved to be the food rather of men of nice and delicate appetites, than thoſe of ſtrong and robuſt conſtitutions. For which reaſon, even to this day, we uſe the word Sheep-biter as a term of reproach, as we do Beef-eater in a reſpectful and honourable ſenſe. As for the fleſh of lamb, veal, chicken, and other animals under age, they were the invention of ſickly and degenerate palates, according to that wholeſome remark of Daniel the hiſtorian, who takes notice, that in all taxes upon proviſions, during the reigns of ſeveral of our kings, there is nothing mentioned beſides the fleſh of ſuch fowl and cattle as were arrived at their full growth, and were mature for ſlaughter. The common people of this kingdom do ſtill keep up the taſte of their anceſtors; and it is to this that we, in a great meaſure, owe the unparalleled victories that have been gained in this reign: for I would deſire my reader to conſider, what work our countrymen would have made at Blenheim and Ramillies, if they had been fed with fricaſſees and ragoûts.

For this reaſon, we at preſent ſee the florid complexion, the ſtrong limb, and the hale conſtitution, are to be found chiefly among the meaner ſort of people, or in the wild gentry who have been educated among the woods or mountains:

tains: whereas many great families are inſenſibly fallen off from the athletic conſtitution of their progenitors, and are dwindled away into a pale, ſickly, ſpindle-legged generation of valetudinarians.

I may perhaps be thought extravagant in my notion; but I muſt confeſs, I am apt to impute the diſhonours that ſometimes happen in great families, to the inflaming kind of diet which is ſo much in faſhion. Many diſhes can excite deſire without giving ſtrength, and heat the body without nouriſhing it; as phyſicians obſerve, that the pooreſt and moſt diſpirited blood is moſt ſubject to fevers. I look upon a French ragoût to be as pernicious to the ſtomach as a glaſs of ſpirits; and when I have ſeen a young lady ſwallow all the inſtigations of high ſoups, ſeaſoned ſauces, and forced meats, I have wondered at the deſpair or tedious ſighing of her lovers.

The rules among theſe falſe delicates are to be as contradictory as they can be to Nature.

Without expecting the return of hunger, they eat for an appetite, and prepare diſhes not to allay, but to excite it.

They admit of nothing at their tables in it's natural form, or without ſome diſguiſe.

They are to eat every thing before it comes in ſeaſon, and to leave it off as ſoon as it is good to be eaten.

They are not to approve any thing that is agreeable to ordinary palates; and nothing is to gratify their ſenſes, but what would offend thoſe of their inferiors.

I remember I was laſt ſummer invited to a friend's houſe, who is a great admirer of the French cookery, and, as the phraſe is, 'eats well.' At our ſitting down, I found the table covered with a great variety of unknown diſhes. I was mightily at a loſs to learn what they were, and therefore did not know where to help myſelf. That which ſtood before me, I took to be a roaſted porcupine, however did not care for aſking queſtions; and have ſince been informed that it was only a larded turkey. I afterwards paſſed my eye over ſeveral haſhes, which I do not know the names of to this day; and, hearing that they were delicacies, did not think fit to meddle with them.

Among other dainties, I ſaw ſomething like a pheaſant, and therefore deſired to be helped to a wing of it; but, to my great ſurprize, my friend told me it was a rabbit, which is a ſort of meat I never cared for. At laſt I diſcovered, with ſome joy, a pig at the lower end of the table, and begged a gentleman that was near it to cut me a piece of it. Upon which the gentleman of the houſe ſaid, with great civility—'I am ſure you 'will like the pig, for it was whipped 'to death.' I muſt confeſs, I heard him with horror, and could not eat of an animal that had died ſo tragical a death. I was now in great hunger and confuſion, when methought I ſmelled the agreeable ſavour of roaſt beef; but could not tell from which diſh it aroſe, though I did not queſtion but it lay diſguiſed in one of them. Upon turning my head, I ſaw a noble ſirloin on the ſide-table, ſmoking in the moſt delicious manner. I had recourſe to it more than once, and could not ſee, without ſome indignation, that ſubſtantial Engliſh diſh baniſhed in ſo ignominious a manner, to make way for French kickſhaws.

The deſert was brought up at laſt, which in truth was as extraordinary as any thing that had come before it. The whole, when ranged in it's proper order, looked like a very beautiful winter-piece. There were ſeveral pyramids of candied ſweetmeats, that hung like icicles, with fruits ſcattered up and down, and hid in an artificial kind of froſt. At the ſame time there were great quantities of cream beaten up into a ſnow, and near them little plates of ſugar-plumbs, diſpoſed like ſo many heaps of hail-ſtones, with a multitude of congelations in jellies of various colours. I was indeed ſo pleaſed with the ſeveral objects which lay before me, that I did not care for diſplacing any of them; and was half angry with the reſt of the company, that for the ſake of a piece of lemon-peel, or a ſugar-plumb, would ſpoil ſo pleaſing a picture. Indeed, I could not but ſmile to ſee ſeveral of them cooling their mouths with lumps of ice, which they had juſt before been burning with ſalts and peppers.

As ſoon as this ſhow was over, I took my leave, that I might finiſh my dinner at my own houſe: for as I in every thing love what is ſimple and natural, ſo particularly in my food; two plain diſhes, with

with two or three good-natured, chearful, ingenious friends, would make me more pleased and vain, than all that pomp and luxury can bestow. For it is my maxim, that he keeps the greatest table who has the most valuable company at it.

N° CXLIX. THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1709.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAR. 22.

IT has often been a solid grief to me, when I have reflected on this glorious nation, which is the scene of public happiness and liberty, that there are still crowds of private tyrants, against whom there neither is any law now in being, nor can there be invented any by the wit of man. These cruel men are ill-natured husbands. The commerce in the conjugal state is so delicate, that it is impossible to prescribe rules for the conduct of it, so as to fit ten thousand nameless pleasures and disquietudes which arise to people in that condition. But it is in this as in some other nice cases, where touching upon the malady tenderly is half way to the cure; and there are some faults which need only to be observed, to be amended. I am put into this way of thinking by a late conversation, which I am going to give an account of.

I made a visit the other day to a family for which I have a great honour, and found the father, the mother, and two or three of the younger children, drop off designedly to leave me alone with the eldest daughter, who was but a visitant there as well as myself, and is the wife of a gentleman of a very fair character in the world. As soon as we were alone, I saw her eyes full of tears, and methought she had much to say to me, for which she wanted encouragement. 'Madam,' said I, 'you know 'I wish you all as well as any friend 'you have: speak freely what I see you 'are oppressed with; and you may be 'sure, if I cannot relieve your distress, 'you may at least reap so much present 'advantage, as safely to give yourself 'the ease of uttering it.' She immediately assumed the most becoming composure of countenance, and spoke as follows: 'It is an aggravation of affliction in a married life, that there is 'a sort of guilt in communicating it: 'for which reason it is, that a lady of 'your and my acquaintance, instead of 'speaking to you herself, desired me, 'the next time I saw you, as you are a 'professed friend to our sex, to turn 'your thoughts upon the reciprocal 'complaisance which is the duty of a 'married state.

'My friend was neither in birth, fortune, or education, below the gentleman whom she has married. Her person, her age, and her character, are also such as he can make no exception to. But so it is, that from the moment the marriage ceremony was over, the obsequiousness of a lover was turned into the haughtiness of a master. All the kind endeavours which she uses to please him, are at best but so many instances of her duty. This insolence takes away that secret satisfaction, which does not only excite to virtue, but also rewards it. It abates the fire of a free and generous love, and embitters all the pleasures of a social life.' The young lady spoke all this with such an air of resentment, as discovered how nearly she was concerned in the distress.

When I observed she had done speaking—'Madam,' said I, 'the affliction 'you mention is the greatest that can 'happen in human life; and I know 'but one consolation in it, if that be a 'consolation, that the calamity is a 'pretty general one. There is nothing 'so common as for men to enter into 'marriage, without so much as expecting to be happy in it. They seem to 'propose to themselves a few holidays 'in the beginning of it; after which 'they are to return at best to the usual 'course of their life; and, for aught 'they know, to constant misery and 'uneasiness. From this false state of 'the state they are going into, proceeds 'the immediate coldness and indifference, or hatred and aversion, which 'attend ordinary marriages, or rather 'bargains to cohabit.' Our conversation was here interrupted by company which came in upon us.

The humour of affecting a superior carriage,

carriage, generally riſes from a falſe notion of the weakneſs of a female underſtanding in general, or an over-weening opinion that we have of our own; for when it proceeds from a natural ruggedneſs and brutality of temper, it is altogether incorrigible, and not to be amended by admonition. Sir Francis Bacon, as I remember, lays it down as a maxim, that no marriage can be happy in which the wife has no opinion of her huſband's wiſdom; but without offence to ſo great an authority, I may venture to ſay, that a ſullen wife man is as bad as a good-natured fool. Knowledge, ſoftened with complacency and good-breeding, will make a man equally beloved and reſpected; but when joined with a ſevere, diſtant, and unſociable temper, it creates rather fear than love. I, who am a bachelor, have no other conjugal tenderneſs, but what I learn from books; and ſhall therefore produce three letters of Pliny, who was not only one of the greateſt, but the moſt learned man in the whole Roman empire. At the ſame time I am very much aſhamed, that on ſuch occaſions I am obliged to have recourſe to heathen authors; and ſhall appeal to my readers, if they would not think it a mark of a narrow education in a man of quality, to write ſuch paſſionate letters to any woman but a miſtreſs. They were all three written at a time when ſhe was at a diſtance from him: the firſt of them puts me in mind of a married friend of mind, who ſaid—'Sickneſs 'itſelf is pleaſant to a man that is at-'tended in it by one whom he dearly 'loves.'

PLINY TO CALPHURNIA.

I Never was ſo much offended at buſineſs, as when it hindered me from going with you into the country, or following you thither: for I more particularly wiſh to be with you at preſent, that I might be ſenſible of the progreſs you make in the recovery of your ſtrength and health; as alſo of the entertainment and diverſions you can meet with in your retirement. Believe me, it is an anxious ſtate of mind to live in ignorance of what happens to thoſe whom we paſſionately love. I am not only in pain for your abſence, but alſo for your indiſpoſition. I am afraid of every thing, fancy every thing, and, as it is the nature of men in fear, I fancy thoſe things moſt, which I am moſt afraid of. Let me therefore earneſtly deſire you to favour me, under theſe my apprehenſions, with one letter every day, or, if poſſible, with two; for I ſhall be a little at eaſe while I am reading your letters, and grow anxious again as ſoon as I have read them.

SECOND LETTER.

YOU tell me, that you are very much afflicted at my abſence, and that you have no ſatisfaction in any thing but my writings, which you often lay by you upon my pillow. You oblige me very much in wiſhing to ſee me, and making me your comforter in my abſence. In return, I muſt let you know, I am no leſs pleaſed with the letters which you writ to me, and read them over a thouſand times with new pleaſure. If your letters are capable of giving me ſo much pleaſure, what would your converſation do? Let me beg of you to write to me often; though at the ſame time I muſt confeſs, your letters give me anguiſh whilſt they give me pleaſure.

THIRD LETTER.

IT is impoſſible to conceive how much I languiſh for you in your abſence; the tender love I bear you is the chief cauſe of this my uneaſineſs; which is ſtill the more inſupportable, becauſe abſence is wholly a new thing to us. I lie awake moſt part of the night in thinking of you, and ſeveral times of the day go as naturally to your apartment, as if you were there to receive me; but when I miſs you, I come away dejected, out of humour, and like a man that had ſuffered a repulſe. There is but one part of the day in which I am relieved from this anxiety, and that is when I am engaged in public affairs.

You may gueſs at the uneaſy condition of one who has no reſt but in buſineſs, no conſolation but in trouble.

I ſhall conclude this paper with a beautiful paſſage out of Milton, and leave it as a lecture to thoſe of my own ſex, who have a mind to make their converſation agreeable, as well as inſtructive, to the fair partners who are fallen into their care. Eve having obſerved, that Adam was entering into ſome deep diſquiſitions with the angel, who

who was sent to visit him, is described as retiring from their company, with a design of learning what should pass there from her husband.

So spake our sire, and by his count'nance seem'd
Ent'ring on studious thoughts abstruse, which Eve
Perceiving where she sat retir'd in sight,
With lowliness majestic from her seat
Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flow'rs.
Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high: such pleasure she reserv'd,
Adam relating, she sole auditress;
Her husband the relater she preferr'd
Before the angel, and of him to ask
Chose rather: he, she knew, would intermix
Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
With conjugal caresses; from his lip
Not words alone pleas'd her. O! when meet now
Such pairs, in love and mutual honour join'd?

Nº CL. SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1710.

HÆC SUNT JUCUNDI CAUSA, CIBUSQUE MALI, OVID.

'TIS THIS THAT CAUSES AND FOMENTS THE EVIL,
AND GIVES US PLEASURE MIXT WITH PAIN——

R. WYNNE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAR. 24.

I Have received the following letter upon the subject of my last paper. The writer of it tells me, I there spoke of marriage as one that knows it only by speculation, and for that reason he sends me his sense of it, as drawn from experience.'

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

I Have received your paper of this day, and think you have done the nuptial state a great deal of justice in the authority you give us of Pliny, whose letters to his wife you have there translated: but give me leave to tell you, that it is impossible for you, that are a bachelor, to have so just a notion of this way of life, as to touch the affections of your readers in a particular, wherein every man's own heart suggests more than the nicest observer can form to himself without experience. I, therefore, who am an old married man, have sat down to give you an account of the matter from my own knowledge, and the observations which I have made upon the conduct of others in that most agreeable or wretched condition.

It is very commonly observed, that the most smart pangs which we meet with, are in the beginning of wedlock, which proceed from ignorance of each other's humour, and want of prudence to make allowances for a change from the most careful respect, to the most unbounded familiarity. Hence it arises, that trifles are commonly occasions of the greatest anxiety; for contradiction being a thing wholly unusual between a new married couple, the smallest instance of it is taken for the highest injury; and it very seldom happens, that the man is slow enough in assuming the character of a husband, or the woman quick enough in condescending to that of a wife. It immediately follows, that they think they have all the time of their courtship been talking in masks to each other, and therefore begin to act like disappointed people. Philander finds Delia ill-natured and impertinent; and Delia, Philander surly and inconstant.

I have known a fond couple quarrel in the very honey-moon about cutting up a tart: nay, I could name two, who, after having had seven children, fell out and parted beds upon the boiling of a leg of mutton. My very next neighbours have not spoke to one another these three days, because they differed in their opinions, whether the clock should stand by the window, or over the chimney. It may seem strange to you, who are not a married man, when I tell you how the least trifle can make a woman dumb for a week together. But if you ever enter into this state, you will find that the soft sex as often express their anger by an obstinate silence, as by an ungovernable clamour.

Those, indeed, who begin this course of life without jars at the setting out, arrive within few months at a pitch of benevolence and affection, of which the most

moſt perfect friendſhip is but a faint reſemblance. As in the unfortunate marriage, the moſt minute and indifferent things are objects of the ſharpeſt reſentment; ſo in an happy one, they are occaſions of the moſt exquiſite ſatisfaction. For what does not oblige in one we love? what does not offend in one we diſlike? For theſe reaſons I take it for a rule, that in marriage, the chief buſineſs is to acquire a prepoſſeſſion in favour of each other. They ſhould conſider one another's words and actions with a ſecret indulgence: there ſhould be always an inward fondneſs pleading for each other, ſuch as may add new beauties to every thing that is excellent, give charms to what is indifferent, and cover every thing that is defective. For want of this kind propenſity and bias of mind, the married pair often take things ill of each other, which no one elſe would take notice of in either of them.

But the moſt unhappy circumſtance of all is, where each party is always laying up fuel for diſſenſion, and gathering together a magazine of provocations to exaſperate each other with when they are out of humour. Theſe people, in common diſcourſe, make no ſcruple to let thoſe who are by know, they are quarrelling with one another; and think they are diſcreet enough, if they conceal from the company the matters which they are hinting at. About a week ago, I was entertained for a whole dinner with a myſterious converſation of this nature; out of which I could learn no more, than that the huſband and wife were angry at one another. We had no ſooner ſat down, but ſays the gentleman of the houſe, in order to raiſe diſcourſe—'I thought Margarita ſung 'extremely well laſt night.' Upon this, ſays the lady, looking as pale as aſhes —'I ſuppoſe ſhe had cherry-coloured 'ribbands on.'—'No,' anſwered the huſband with a bluſh in his face, 'but 'ſhe had laced ſhoes.' I look upon it, that a ſtander-by on ſuch occaſions has as much reaſon to be out of countenance as either of the combatants. To turn off my confuſion, and ſeem regardleſs of what had paſſed, I deſired the ſervant who attended to give me the vinegar, which unluckily created a new dialogue of hints; for, as far as I could gather by the ſubſequent diſcourſe, they had diſputed the day before about the preference of elder to wine vinegar. In the midſt of their diſcourſe, there appeared a diſh of chickens and aſparagus, when the huſband ſeemed diſpoſed to lay aſide all diſputes; and looking upon her with a great deal of good-nature, ſaid —'Pray, my dear, will you help my 'friend to a wing of the fowl that lies 'next you, for I think it looks ex-'tremely well.' The lady, inſtead of anſwering him, addreſſing herſelf to me—'Pray, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'do you 'in Surrey reckon the white or the 'black-legged fowls the beſt?' I found the huſband changed colour at the queſtion; and before I could anſwer, aſked me, whether we did not call hops broom in our country? I quickly found, they did not aſk queſtions ſo much out of curioſity as anger: for which reaſon I thought fit to keep my opinion to myſelf, and, as an honeſt man ought, when he ſees two friends in warmth with each other, I took the firſt opportunity I could to leave them by themſelves.

You ſee, Sir, I have laid before you only ſmall incidents, which are ſeemingly frivolous: but take it from a man very well experienced in this ſtate, they are principally evils of this nature which make marriages unhappy. At the ſame time, that I may do juſtice to this excellent inſtitution, I muſt own to you, there are unſpeakable pleaſures which are as little regarded in the computation of the advantages of marriage, as the others are in the uſual ſurvey that is made of it's misfortunes.

Lovemore and his wife live together in the happy poſſeſſion of each other's hearts, and by that means have no indifferent moments, but their whole life is one continued ſcene of delight. Their paſſion for each other communicates a certain ſatisfaction, like that which they themſelves are in, to all that approach them. When ſhe enters the place where he is, you ſee a pleaſure which he cannot conceal, nor he or any one elſe deſcribe. In ſo conſummate an affection, the very preſence of the perſon beloved has the effect of the moſt agreeable converſation. Whether they have matter to talk of or not, they enjoy the pleaſures of ſociety, and at the ſame time the freedom of ſolitude. Their ordinary life is to be preferred to the happieſt moments of other lovers. In a word, they have each of them great merit, live in the eſteem of all who know them, and ſeem but to comply with the opinions of their friends, in the juſt value they have for each other.

N° CLI. TUESDAY, MARCH 28, 1710.

——NI VIS BONI
IN IPSA INESSET FORMA, HÆC FORMAM EXTINGUERENT. TER.

WERE THERE NOT SOME DIVINE FORCE AND POWER IN BEAUTY, THESE THINGS WOULD BE ENOUGH TO EXTINGUISH IT'S LUSTRE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAR. 27.

WHEN artists would expose their diamonds to an advantage, they usually set them to show in little cases of black velvet. By this means the jewels appear in their true and genuine lustre, while there is no colour that can infect their brightness, or give a false cast to the water. When I was at the opera the other night, the assembly of ladies in mourning made me consider them in the same kind of view. A dress wherein there is so little variety shews the face in all it's natural charms, and makes one differ from another only as it is more or less beautiful. Painters are ever careful of offending against a rule which is so essential in all just representations. The chief figure must have the strongest point of light, and not be injured by any gay colourings, that may draw away the attention to any less considerable part of the picture. The present fashion obliges every body to be dressed with propriety, and makes the ladies faces the principal objects of sight. Every beautiful person shines out in all the excellence with which nature has adorned her; gaudy ribbands and glaring colours being now out of use, the sex has no opportunity given them to disfigure themselves, which they seldom fail to do whenever it lies in their power. When a woman comes to her glass, she does not employ her time in making herself look more advantageously what she really is; but endeavours to be as much another creature as she possibly can. Whether this happens because they stay so long, and attend their work so diligently, that they forget the faces and persons which they first sat down with, or whatever it is, they seldom rise from the toilet the same women they appeared when they began to dress. What jewel can the charming Cleora place in her ears, that can please her beholders so much as her eyes? the cluster of diamonds upon the breast can add no beauty to the fair chest of ivory which supports it. It may, indeed, tempt a man to steal a woman, but never to love her. Let Thalestris change herself into a motley, party-coloured animal: the pearl necklace, the flowered stomacher, the artificial nosegay, and shaded furbelow, may be of use to attract the eye of the beholder, and turn it from the imperfections of her features and shape. But if ladies will take my word for it, and as they dress to please men, they ought to consult our fancy rather than their own in this particular. I can assure them, there is nothing touches our imagination so much as a beautiful woman in a plain dress. There might be more agreeable ornaments found in our own manufacture, than any that rise out of the looms of Persia.

This, I know, is a very harsh doctrine to womankind, who are carried away with every thing that is showy, and with what delights the eye, more than any one species of living creatures whatsoever. Were the minds of the sex laid open, we should find the chief idea in one to be a tippet, in another a muff, in a third a fan, and in a fourth a farthingal. The memory of an old visiting lady is so filled up with gloves, silks, and ribbands, that I can look upon it as nothing else but a toy-shop. A matron of my acquaintance, complaining of her daughter's vanity, was observing, that she had all of a sudden held up her head higher than ordinary, and take an air that shewed a secret satisfact in herself, mixed with a scorn of oth 'I did not know,' says my fr 'what to make of the carriage this 'fantastical girl, until I was form 'by her eldest sister, that she had a pair 'of striped garters on.' This odd turn of mind often makes the [illegible] unhappy, and disposes them to be struck with every thing that makes a show, however trifling and superficial.

Many a lady has fetched a sigh at the loss of a wig, and been ruined by

the tapping of a ſnuff-box. It is impoſſible to deſcribe all the execution that was done by the ſhoulder-knot, while that faſhion prevailed, or to reckon up all the virgins that have fallen a ſacrifice to a pair of fringed gloves. A ſincere heart has not made half ſo many conqueſts as an open waiſtcoat; and I ſhould be glad to ſee an able head make ſo good a figure in a woman's company as a pair of red heels. A Grecian hero, when he was aſked whether he could play upon the lute, thought he had made a very good reply when he anſwered—'No; but I can make a great city of 'a little one.' Notwithſtanding his boaſted wiſdom, I appeal to the heart of any toaſt in town, whether ſhe would not think the luteniſt preferable to the ſtateſman: I do not ſpeak this out of any averſion that I have to the ſex; on the contrary, I have always had a tenderneſs for them; but I muſt confeſs it troubles me very much, to ſee the generality of them place their affections on improper objects, and give up all the pleaſures of life for gewgaws and trifles.

Mrs. Margery Bickerſtaff, my great aunt, had a thouſand pounds to her portion, which our family was deſirous of keeping among themſelves, and therefore uſed all poſſible means to turn off her thoughts from marriage. The method they took was, in any time of danger, to throw a new gown or petticoat in her way. When ſhe was about twenty-five years of age, ſhe fell in love with a man of an agreeable temper, and equal fortune, and would certainly have married him, had not my grandfather, Sir Jacob, dreſſed her up in a ſuit of flowered ſattin; upon which ſhe ſet ſo immoderate a value upon herſelf, that the lover was contemned and diſcarded. In the fortieth year of her age, ſhe was again ſmitten; but very luckily transferred her paſſion to a tippet, which was preſented to her by another relation who was in the plot. This, with a white ſarſenet hood, kept her ſafe in the family until fifty. About ſixty, which generally produces a kind of latter ſpring in amorous conſtitutions, my aunt Margery had again a colt's tooth in her head; and would certainly have eloped from the manſion-houſe, had not her brother Simon, who was a wiſe man and a ſcholar, adviſed to dreſs her in cherry-coloured ribbands, which was the only expedient that could have been found out by the wit of man to preſerve the thouſand pounds in our family, part of which I enjoy at this time.

This diſcourſe puts me in mind of an humouriſt mentioned by Horace, called Eutrapelus, who, when he deſigned to do a man a miſchief, made him a preſent of a gay ſuit; and brings to my memory another paſſage of the ſame author, when he deſcribes the moſt ornamental dreſs that a woman can appear in with two words, *ſimplex munditiis*, which I have quoted for the benefit of my female readers.

N° CLII. THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1710.

DII, QUIBUS IMPERIUM EST ANIMARUM, UMBRÆQUE SILENTES,
ET CHAOS, ET PHLEGETHON, LOCA NOCTE SILENTIA LATE,
SIT MIHI FAS AUDITA LOQUI; SIT NUMINE VESTRO
PANDERE RES ALTA TERRA ET CALIGINE MERSAS.

VIRG. ÆN. 6. VER. 264.

INFERNAL GODS, WHO RULE THE SHADES BELOW,
CHAOS AND PHLEGETHON, THE REALMS OF WOE;
GRANT WHAT I'VE HEARD I MAY TO LIGHT EXPOSE,
SECRETS WHICH EARTH, AND NIGHT, AND HELL, INCLOSE!

PITT.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAR. 29.

A Man who confines his ſpeculations to the time preſent, has but a very narrow province to employ his thoughts in. For this reaſon, perſons of ſtudious and contemplative natures often entertain themſelves with the hiſtory of paſt ages, or raiſe ſchemes and conjectures upon futurity. For my own part, I love to range through that half of eternity, which is ſtill to come, rather than

than look on that which is already run out; becauſe I know I have a real ſhare and intereſt in the one, whereas all that was tranſacted in the other can be only matter of curioſity to me.

Upon this account, I have been always very much delighted with meditating on the ſoul's immortality, and in reading the ſeveral notions which the wiſeſt of men, both ancient and modern, have entertained on that ſubject. What the opinions of the greateſt philoſophers have been, I have ſeveral times hinted at, and ſhall give an account of them from time to time as occaſion requires. It may likewiſe be worth while to conſider, what men of the moſt exalted genius, and elevated imagination, have thought of this matter. Among theſe, Homer ſtands up as a prodigy of mankind, that looks down upon the reſt of human creatures as a ſpecies beneath him. Since he is the moſt ancient heathen author, we may gueſs from his relation, what were the common opinions in his time concerning the ſtate of the ſoul after death.

Ulyſſes, he tells us, made a voyage to the regions of the dead, in order to conſult Tireſias how he ſhould return to his own country, and recommend himſelf to the favour of the gods. The poet ſcarce introduces a ſingle perſon, who doth not ſuggeſt ſome uſeful precept to his reader, and deſigns his deſcription of the dead for the amendment of the living.

Ulyſſes, after having made a very plenteous ſacrifice, ſat him down by the pool of holy blood, which attracted a prodigious aſſembly of ghoſts of all ages and conditions, that hovered about the hero, and feaſted upon the ſteams of his oblation. The firſt he knew was the ſhade of Elpenor, who, to ſhew the activity of a ſpirit above that of body, is repreſented as arrived there long before Ulyſſes, notwithſtanding the winds and ſeas had contributed all their force to haſten his voyage thither. This Elpenor, to inſpire the reader with a deteſtation of drunkenneſs, and at the ſame time with a religious care of doing proper honours to the dead, deſcribes himſelf as having broken his neck in a debauch of wine; and begs Ulyſſes, that for the repoſe of his ſoul, he would build a monument over him, and perform funeral rites to his memory. Ulyſſes, with great ſorrow of heart, promiſes to fulfil his requeſt, and is immediately diverted to an object much more moving than the former. The ghoſt of his own mother Anticlea, whom he ſtill thought living, appears to him among the multitudes of ſhades that ſurrounded him; and ſits down at a ſmall diſtance from him by the lake of blood, without ſpeaking to him, or knowing who he was. Ulyſſes was exceedingly troubled at the ſight, and could not forbear weeping as he looked upon her: but being all along ſet forth as a pattern of conſummate wiſdom, he makes his affection give way to prudence; and therefore, upon his ſeeing Tireſias, does not reveal himſelf to his mother, until he had conſulted that great prophet, who was the occaſion of this his deſcent into the empire of the dead. Tireſias, having cautioned him to keep himſelf and his companions free from the guilt of ſacrilege, and to pay his devotions to all the gods, promiſes him a ſafe return to his kingdom and family, and a happy old age in the enjoyment of them.

The poet, having thus with great art kept the curioſity of his reader in ſuſpenſe, repreſents his wiſe man, after the diſpatch of his buſineſs with Tireſias, as yielding himſelf up to the calls of natural affection, and making himſelf known to his mother. Her eyes are no ſooner opened, but ſhe cries out in tears—'Oh, my ſon!' and enquires into the occaſions that brought him thither, and the fortune that attended him.

Ulyſſes, on the other hand, deſires to know what the ſickneſs was that had ſent her into thoſe regions, and the condition in which ſhe had left his father, his ſon, and more particularly his wife. She tells him, they were all three inconſolable for his abſence; 'As for myſelf,' ſays ſhe, 'that was the ſickneſs of which 'I died. My impatience for your re'turn, my anxiety for your welfare, 'and my fondneſs for my dear Ulyſſes, 'were the only diſtempers that prevel 'upon my life, and ſeparated my ſo 'from my body.' Ulyſſes was mo with theſe expreſſions of tenderneſs and thrice endeavoured to catch the appa tion in his arms, that he might hold his mother to his boſom, and weep over her.

This gives the poet occaſion to deſcribe the notion the heathens at that time had of an unbodied ſoul; in the excuſe which the mother makes for ſeeming to withdraw herſelf from her ſon's embraces.

embraces. 'The soul,' says she, 'is 'composed neither of bones, flesh, nor 'sinews; but leaves behind her all those 'incumbrances of mortality to be con-'sumed on the funeral pile. As soon 'as she has thus cast her burden, she 'makes her escape, and flies away from 'it like a dream.'

When this melancholy conversation is at an end, the poet draws up to view as charming a vision as could enter into a man's imagination. He describes the next who appeared to Ulysses, to have been the shades of the finest women that had ever lived upon the earth, and who had either been the daughters of kings, the mistresses of gods, or mothers of heroes; such as Antiope, Alcemena, Leda, Ariadne, Iphimedia, Eriphyle, and several others, of whom he gives a catalogue, with a short history of their adventures. The beautiful assembly of apparitions were all gathered together about the blood: 'Each of them,' says Ulysses, as a gentle satire upon female vanity, 'giving me an account of her 'birth and family.' This scene of extraordinary women seems to have been designed by the poet as a lecture of morality to the whole sex, and to put them in mind of what they must expect, notwithstanding the greatest perfections, and highest honours, they can arrive at.

The circle of beauties at length disappeared, and was succeeded by the shades of several Grecian heroes, who had been engaged with Ulysses in the siege of Troy. The first that approached was Agamemnon, the generalissimo of that great expedition, who at the appearance of his old friend wept very bitterly, and without saying any thing to him, endeavoured to grasp him by the hand. Ulysses, who was much moved at the sight, poured out a flood of tears, and asked him the occasion of his death, which Agamemnon related to him in all it's tragical circumstances; how he was murdered at a banquet by the contrivance of his own wife, in confederacy with the adulterer: from whence he takes occasion to reproach the whole sex, after a manner which would be inexcusable in a man who had not been so great a sufferer by them. 'My wife,' says he, 'has disgraced all the women that shall 'ever be born into the world, even those 'who hereafter shall be innocent: take 'care how you grow too fond of your 'wife. Never tell her all you know. 'If you reveal some things to her, be 'sure you keep others concealed from 'her. You, indeed, have nothing to 'fear from your Penelope, she will not 'use you as my wife has treated me; 'however, take care how you trust a 'woman.' The poet, in this and other instances, according to the system of many Heathen as well as Christian philosophers, shews, how anger, revenge, and other habits which the soul had contracted in the body, subsist, and grow in it under it's state of separation.

I am extremely pleased with the companions which the poet in the next description assigns to Achilles. 'Achil-'les,' says the hero, 'came up to me 'with Patroclus and Antilochus.' By which we may see that it was Homer's opinion, and probably that of the age he lived in, that the friendships which are made among the living, will likewise continue among the dead. Achilles enquired after the welfare of his son, and of his father, with a fierceness of the same character that Homer has every where expressed in the actions of his life. The passage relating to his son is so extremely beautiful, that I must not omit it. Ulysses, after having described him as wise in council, and active in war, and mentioned the foes whom he had slain in battle, adds an observation that he himself had made of his behaviour, whilst he lay in the wooden horse. 'Most of the generals,' says he, 'that 'were with us, either wept or trembled: 'as for your son, I never saw him wipe 'a tear from his cheeks, or change his 'countenance: on the contrary, he 'would often lay his hand upon his 'sword, or grasp his spear, as impa-'tient to employ them against the Tro-'jans.' He then informs his father of the great honour and rewards which he had purchased before Troy, and of his return from it without a wound. The shade of Achilles, says the poet, was so pleased with the account he received of his son, that he enquired no further, but stalked away with more than ordinary majesty over the green meadow that lay before them.

This last circumstance, of a deceased father's rejoicing in the behaviour of his son, is very finely contrived by Homer, as an incentive to virtue, and made use of by none that I know besides himself.

The description of Ajax, which follows,

lows, and his refusing to speak to Ulysses, who had won the armour of Achilles from him, and by that means occasioned his death, is admired by every one that reads it. When Ulysses relates the fullenness of his deportment, and considers the greatness of the hero, he expresses himself with generous and noble sentiments. 'Oh! that I had never 'gained a prize which cost the life of 'so brave a man as Ajax! who for the 'beauty of his person, and greatness 'of his actions, was inferior to none 'but the divine Achilles.' The same noble condescension, which never dwells but in truly great minds, and such as Homer would represent that of Ulysses to have been, discovers itself likewise in the speech which he made to the ghost of Ajax on that occasion. 'Oh Ajax!' says he, 'will you keep your resent-'ments even after death? What destruc-'tions hath this fatal armour brought 'upon the Greeks, by robbing them 'of you, who were their bulwark and 'defence? Achilles is not more bit-'terly lamented among us than you. 'Impute not then your death to any 'one but Jupiter, who, out of his an-'ger to the Greeks, took you away 'from among them: let me intreat you 'to approach me; restrain the fierceness 'of your wrath, and the greatness of 'your soul, and hear what I have to 'say to you.' Ajax, without making a reply, turned his back upon him, and retired into a crowd of ghosts.

Ulysses, after all these visions, took a view of those impious wretches who lay in tortures for the crimes they had committed upon the earth, whom he describes under all the varieties of pain, as so many marks of divine vengeance, to deter others from following their example. He then tells us, that notwithstanding he had a great curiosity to see the heroes that lived in the ages before him, the ghosts began to gather about him in such prodigious multitudes, and with such a confusion of voices, that his heart trembled as he saw himself amidst so great a scene of horrors. He adds, that he was afraid lest some hideous spectre should appear to him, that might terrify him to distraction; and therefore withdrew in time.

I question not but my reader will be pleased with this description of a future state, represented by such a noble and fruitful imagination, that had nothing to direct it besides the light of nature, and the opinions of a dark and ignorant age.

Nº CLIII. SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1710.

BOMBALIO, CLANGOR, STRIDOR, TARATANTARA, MURMUR.
FARN. RHET.

REND WITH TREMENDOUS SOUNDS YOUR EARS ASUNDER,
WITH GUN, DRUM, TRUMPET, BLUNDERBUSS, AND THUNDER.
POPE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAR. 31.

I Have heard of a very valuable picture, wherein all the painters of the age in which it was drawn, are represented sitting together in a circle, and joining in a consort of music. Each of them plays upon such a particular instrument as is the most suitable to his character, and expresses that style and manner of painting which is peculiar to him. The famous cupola-painter of those times, to shew the grandeur and boldness of his figures, hath a horn in his mouth which he seems to wind with great strength and force. On the contrary, an eminent artist, who wrought up his pictures with the greatest accuracy, and gave them all those delicate touches which are apt to please the nicest eye, is represented as tuning a theorbo. The same kind of humour runs through the whole piece.

I have often, from this hint, imagined to myself, that different talents in discourse might be shadowed out after the same manner by different kinds of music; and that the several conversable parts of mankind in this great city, might be cast into proper characters and divisions, as they resemble several instruments that are in use among the masters of harmony. Of these therefore in their order; and first of the Drum.

Your Drums are the blusterers in conversation, that with a loud laugh, unnatural

tural mirth, and a torrent of noiſe, domineer in public aſſemblies; over-bear men of ſenſe; ſtun their companions; and fill the place they are in with a rattling ſound, that hath ſeldom any wit, humour, or good-breeding in it. The Drum notwithſtanding, by this boiſterous vivacity, is very proper to impoſe upon the ignorant; and in converſation with ladies who are not of the fineſt taſte, often paſſes for a man of mirth and wit, and for wonderful pleaſant company. I need not obſerve, that the emptineſs of the Drum very much contributes to it's noiſe.

The Lute is a character directly oppoſite to the Drum, that ſounds very finely by itſelf, or in a very ſmall conſort. It's notes are exquiſitely ſweet, and very low, eaſily drowned in a multitude of inſtruments, and even loſt among a few, unleſs you give a particular attention to it. A Lute is ſeldom heard in a company of more than five, whereas a Drum will ſhew itſelf to advantage in an aſſembly of five hundred. The Luteniſts therefore are men of fine genius, uncommon reflection, great affability, and eſteemed chiefly by perſons of good taſte, who are the only proper judges of ſo delightful and ſoft a melody.

The Trumpet is an inſtrument that has in it no compaſs of muſic, or variety of ſound, but is notwithſtanding very agreeable, ſo long as it keeps within it's pitch. It has not above four or five notes, which are however very pleaſing, and capable of exquiſite turns and modulations. The gentlemen who fall under this denomination, are your men of the moſt faſhionable education, and refined breeding, who have learned a certain ſmoothneſs of diſcourſe, and ſprightlineſs of air, from the polite company they have kept; but at the ſame time have ſhallow parts, weak judgments, and a ſhort reach of underſtanding. A play-houſe, a drawing-room, a ball, a viſiting-day, or a ring at Hyde Park, are the few notes they are maſters of, which they touch upon in all converſations. The Trumpet, however, is a neceſſary inſtrument about a court, and a proper enlivener of a conſort, though of no great harmony by itſelf.

Violins are the lively, forward, importunate wits, that diſtinguiſh themſelves by the flouriſhes of imagination, ſharpneſs of repartee, glances of ſatire, and bear away the upper part in every conſort. I cannot however but obſerve, that when a man is not diſpoſed to hear muſic, there is not a more diſagreeable ſound in harmony than that of a Violin.

There is another muſical inſtrument, which is more frequent in this nation than any other: I mean your Baſs-viol, which grumbles in the bottom of the conſort, and with a ſurly maſculine ſound ſtrengthens the harmony, and tempers the ſweetneſs of the ſeveral inſtruments that play along with it. The Baſs-viol is an inſtrument of a quite different nature to the Trumpet, and may ſignify men of rough ſenſe, and unpoliſhed parts; who do not love to hear themſelves talk, but ſometimes break out with an agreeable bluntneſs, unexpected wit, and ſurly pleaſantries, to the no ſmall diverſion of their friends and companions. In ſhort, I look upon every ſenſible true-born Briton to be naturally a Baſs-viol.

As for your rural Wits, who talk with great eloquence and alacrity of foxes, hounds, horſes, quick-ſet hedges, ſix-bar gates, double ditches, and broken necks, I am in doubt whether I ſhould give them a place in the converſable world. However, if they will content themſelves with being raiſed to the dignity of Hunting-horns, I ſhall deſire for the future that they may be known by that name.

I muſt not here omit the Bag-pipe ſpecies, that will entertain you from morning to night with the repetition of a few notes, which are played over and over, with the perpetual humming of a drone running underneath them. Theſe are your dull, heavy, tedious ſtory-tellers, the load and burden of converſations, that ſet up for men of importance, by knowing ſecret hiſtory, and giving an account of tranſactions, that whether they ever paſſed in the world or not, doth not ſignify an halfpenny to it's inſtruction, or it's welfare. Some have obſerved, that the northern parts of this iſland are more particularly fruitful in Bag-pipes.

There are ſo very few perſons who are maſters in every kind of converſation, and can talk on all ſubjects, that I do not know whether we ſhould make a diſtinct ſpecies of them: nevertheleſs, that my ſcheme may not be defective, for the ſake of thoſe few who are endowed

dowed with such extraordinary talents, I shall allow them to be Harpsichords, a kind of music which every one knows is a consort by itself.

As for your Passing-bells, who look upon mirth as criminal, and talk of nothing but what is melancholy in itself, and mortifying to human nature, I shall not mention them.

I shall likewise pass over in silence all the rabble of mankind, that croud our streets, coffee-houses, feasts, and public tables. I cannot call their discourse conversation, but rather something that is practised in imitation of it. For which reason, if I would describe them by any musical instrument, it should be by those modern inventions of the bladder and string, tongs and key, marrow-bone and cleaver.

My reader will doubtless observe, that I have only touched here upon male instruments, having reserved my female consort to another occasion. If he has a mind to know where these several characters are to be met with, I could direct him to a whole club of Drums; not to mention another of Bag-pipes, which I have before given some account of in my description of our nightly meetings in Sheer Lane. The Lutes may often be met with in couples upon the banks of a chrystal stream, or in the retreats of shady woods, and flowery meadows; which for different reasons are likewise the great resort of your Hunting-horns. Bass-viols are frequently to be found ever a glass of stale beer, and a pipe of tobacco; whereas those who set up for Violins seldom fail to make their appearance at Will's once every evening. You may meet with a Trumpet any where on the other side of Charing Cross.

That we may draw something for our advantage in life out of the foregoing discourse, I must intreat my reader to make a narrow search into his life and conversation, and upon his leaving any company, to examine himself seriously, whether he has behaved himself in it like a Drum or a Trumpet, a Violin or a Bass-viol; and accordingly endeavour to mend his music for the future. For my own part, I must confess, I was a Drum for many years; nay, and a very noisy one, until having polished myself a little in good company, I threw as much of the Trumpet into my conversation, as was possible for a man of an impetuous temper; by which mixture of different musics, I look upon myself, during the course of many years, to have resembled a Tabor and Pipe. I have since very much endeavoured at the sweetness of the Lute; but in spite of all my resolutions, I must confess, with great confusion, that I find myself daily degenerating into a Bag-pipe; whether it be the effect of my old age, or of the company I keep, I know not. All that I can do, is to keep a watch over my conversation, and to silence the Drone as soon as I find it begin to hum in my discourse, being determined rather to hear the notes of others, than to play out of time, and encroach upon their parts in the consort by a noise of so tiresome an instrument.

I shall conclude this paper with a letter which I received last night from a friend of mine, who knows very well my notions upon this subject, and invites me to pass the evening at his house, with a select company of friends, in the following words:

DEAR ISAAC,

I Intend to have a consort at my house this evening, having by great chance got a Harpsichord, which I am sure will entertain you very agreeably. There will be likewise two Lutes and a Trumpet: let me beg you to put yourself in tune; and believe me

Your very faithful servant,

NICHOLAS HUMDRUM.

N° CLIV. TUESDAY, APRIL 4, 1710.

OBSCURIS VERA INVOLVENS. VIRG. ÆN. 6. VER. 100.

INVOLVING TRUTH IN TERMS OBSCURE AND DARK. R. WYNNE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, APRIL 3.

WE have already examined Homer's deſcription of a future ſtate, and the condition in which he hath placed the ſouls of the deceaſed. I ſhall in this paper make ſome obſervations on the account which Virgil hath given us of the ſame ſubject, who, beſides a greatneſs of genius, had all the light of philoſophy and human learning to aſſiſt and guide him in his diſcoveries.

Æneas is repreſented as deſcending into the empire of death, with a propheteſs by his ſide, who inſtructs him in the ſecrets of thoſe lower regions.

Upon the confines of the dead, and before the very gates of this infernal world, Virgil deſcribes ſeveral inhabitants, whoſe natures are wonderfully ſuited to the ſituation of the place, as being either the occaſions or reſemblances of death. Of the firſt kind are the ſhadows of Sickneſs, Old Age, Fear, Famine, and Poverty; apparitions very terrible to behold: with ſeveral others, as Toil, War, Contention, and Diſcord, which contribute all of them to people this common receptacle of human ſouls. As this was likewiſe a very proper reſidence for every thing that reſembles death, the poet tells us, that Sleep, whom he repreſents as a near relation to Death, has likewiſe his habitation in theſe quarters; and deſcribes in them a huge gloomy elm-tree, which ſeems a very proper ornament for the place, and is poſſeſſed by an innumerable ſwarm of dreams, that hang in cluſters under every leaf of it. He then gives us a liſt of imaginary perſons, who very naturally lie within the ſhadow of the dream-tree, as being of the ſame kind of make in themſelves, and the materials, or, to uſe Shakeſpeare's phraſe, the ſtuff of which dreams are made. Such are the ſhades of the giant with an hundred hands, and of his brother with three bodies; of the double-ſhaped Centaur and Scylla; the Gorgon with ſnaky hair; the Harpy with a woman's face and lion's talons; the ſeven-headed Hydra; and the Chimæra, which breathes forth a flame, and is a compound of three animals. Theſe ſeveral mixed natures, the creatures of imagination, are not only introduced with great art after the dreams; but as they are planted at the very entrance, and within the very gates of thoſe regions, do probably denote the wild deliriums and extravagancies of fancy, which the ſoul uſually falls into when ſhe is juſt upon the verge of death.

Thus far Æneas travels in an allegory. The reſt of the deſcription is drawn with great exactneſs, according to the religion of the Heathens, and the opinions of the Platonic philoſophy. I ſhall not trouble my reader with a common dull ſtory, that gives an account why the Heathens firſt of all ſuppoſed a ferryman in hell, and his name to be Charon; but muſt not paſs over in ſilence the point of doctrine which Virgil hath very much inſiſted upon in this book, That the ſouls of thoſe who are unburied, are not permitted to go over into their reſpective places of reſt, until they have wandered a hundred years upon the banks of Styx. This was probably an invention of the Heathen prieſthood, to make the people extremely careful of performing proper rites and ceremonies to the memory of the dead. I ſhall not, however, with the infamous ſcribblers of the age, take an occaſion from ſuch a circumſtance to run into declamations againſt prieſtcraft; but rather look upon it, even in this light, as a religious artifice, to raiſe in the minds of men an eſteem for the memory of their forefathers, and a deſire to recommend themſelves to that of poſterity; as alſo to excite in them an ambition of imitating the virtues of the deceaſed, and to keep alive in their thoughts the ſenſe of the ſoul's immortality. In a word, we may ſay in defence of the ſevere opinions relating to the ſhades of unburied perſons, what hath been ſaid by ſome of our divines in regard to the rigid doctrines concerning the ſouls of ſuch who die

die without being initiated into our religion, that ſuppoſing they ſhould be erroneous, they can do no hurt to the dead, and will have a good effect upon the living, in making them cautious of neglecting ſuch neceſſary ſolemnities.

Charon is no ſooner appeaſed, and the triple-headed dog laid aſleep, but Æneas makes his entrance into the dominions of Pluto. There are three kinds of perſons deſcribed, as being ſituated on the borders; and I can give no reaſon for their being ſtationed there in ſo particular a manner, but becauſe none of them ſeem to have had a proper right to a place among the dead, as not having run out the whole thread of their days, and finiſhed the term of life that had been allotted them upon earth. The firſt of theſe are the ſouls of infants, who are ſnatched away by untimely ends: the ſecond are of thoſe who are put to death wrongfully, and by an unjuſt ſentence; and the third, of thoſe who grew weary of their lives, and laid violent hands upon themſelves. As for the ſecond of theſe, Virgil adds with great beauty, that Minos, the judge of the dead, is employed in giving them a rehearing, and aſſigning them their ſeveral quarters ſuitable to the parts they acted in life. The poet, after having mentioned the ſouls of thoſe unhappy men who deſtroyed themſelves, breaks out into a fine exclamation: 'Oh! how 'gladly,' ſays he, 'would they now 'endure life with all it's miſeries! But 'the Deſtinies forbid their return to 'earth, and the waters of Styx ſurround 'them with nine ſtreams that are un-'paſſable.' It is very remarkable, that Virgil, notwithſtanding ſelf-murder was ſo frequent among the Heathens, and had been practiſed by ſome of the greateſt men in the very age before him, hath here repreſented it as ſo heinous a crime. But in this particular he was guided by the doctrines of his great maſter Plato; who ſays on this ſubject, that a man is placed in his ſtation of life, like a ſoldier in his proper poſt, which he is not to quit, whatever may happen, until he is called off by his commander who planted him in it.

There is another point in the Platonic philoſophy, which Virgil has made the ground-work of the greateſt part in the piece we are now examining; having with wonderful art and beauty materialized, if I may ſo call it, a ſcheme of abſtracted notions, and cloathed the moſt nice refined conceptions of philoſophy in ſenſible images and poetical repreſentations. The Platoniſt tells us, that the ſoul, during her reſidence in the body, contracts many virtuous and vicious habits, ſo as to become a beneficent, mild, charitable; or an angry, malicious, revengeful being: a ſubſtance inflamed with luſt, avarice, and pride; or, on the contrary, brightened with pure, generous, and humble diſpoſitions: that theſe and the like habits of virtue and vice growing into the very eſſence of the ſoul, ſurvive and gather ſtrength in her after her diſſolution: that the torments of a vicious ſoul in a future ſtate ariſe principally from thoſe importunate paſſions which are not capable of being gratified without a body; and that on the contrary, the happineſs of virtuous minds very much conſiſts in their being employed in ſublime ſpeculations, innocent diverſions, ſociable affections, and all the extaſies of paſſion and rapture which are agreeable to reaſonable natures, and of which they gained a reliſh in this life.

Upon this foundation the poet raiſes that beautiful deſcription of the ſecret haunts and walks, which, he tells us, are inhabited by deceaſed lovers.

Not far from hence, ſays he, lies a great waſte of plains, that are called the Fields of Melancholy. In thoſe there grows a foreſt of myrtle, divided into many ſhady retirements and covered walks, and inhabited by the ſouls of thoſe who pined away with love. The paſſion, ſays he, continues with them after death. He then gives a liſt of this languiſhing tribe, in which his own Dido makes the principal figure, and is deſcribed as living in this ſoft romantic ſcene with the ſhade of her firſt huſband Sichæus.

The poet, in the next place, mentions another plain that was peopled with the ghoſts of warriors, as ſtill delighting in each other's company, and pleaſed with the exerciſe of arms. He there repreſents the Grecian generals and common ſoldiers who periſhed in the ſiege of Troy, as drawn up in ſquadrons, and terrified at the approach of Æneas, which renewed in them thoſe impreſſions of fear they had before received in battle with the Trojans. He afterwards likewiſe, upon the ſame notions, gives a view of the Trojan heroes who lived

in former ages, amidſt a viſionary ſcene of chariots and arms, flowery meadows, ſhining ſpears, and generous ſteeds, which he tells us were their pleaſures upon earth, and now make up their happineſs in Elyſium. For the ſame reaſon alſo, he mentions others as ſinging Pæans, and ſongs of triumph, amidſt a beautiful grove of laurel. The chief of the concert was the poet Muſæus, who ſtood encloſed with a circle of admirers, and roſe by the head and ſhoulders above the throng of ſhades that ſurrounded him. The habitations of unhappy ſpirits, to ſhew the duration of their torments, and the deſperate condition they are in, are repreſented as guarded by a Fury, moated round with a lake of fire, ſtrengthened with towers of iron, encompaſſed with a triple wall, and fortified with pillars of adamant, which all the gods together are not able to heave from their foundations. The noiſe of ſtripes, the clank of chains, and the groans of the tortured, ſtrike the pious Æneas with a kind of horror. The poet afterwards divides the criminals into two claſſes: the firſt and blackeſt catalogue conſiſts of ſuch as were guilty of outrages againſt the gods; and the next, of ſuch who were convicted of injuſtice between man and man: the greateſt number of whom, ſays the poet, are thoſe who followed the dictates of avarice.

It was an opinion of the Platoniſts, that the ſouls of men having contracted in the body great ſtains and pollutions of vice and ignorance, there were ſeveral purgations and cleanſings neceſſary to be paſſed through between both here and hereafter, in order to refine and purify them.

Virgil, to give his thought likewiſe a cloathing of poetry, deſcribes ſome ſpirits as bleaching in the winds, others as cleanſing under great falls of waters, and others as purging in fire, to recover the primitive beauty and purity of their natures.

It was likewiſe an opinion of the ſame ſect of philoſophers, that the ſouls of all men exiſt in a ſeparate ſtate, long before their union with their bodies; and that, upon their immerſion into fleſh, they forget every thing which paſſed in the ſtate of pre-exiſtence; ſo that what we here call knowledge, is nothing elſe but memory, or the recovery of thoſe things which we knew before.

In purſuance of this ſcheme, Virgil gives us a view of ſeveral ſouls, who, to prepare themſelves for living upon earth, flock about the banks of the river Lethe, and ſwill themſelves with the waters of oblivion.

The ſame ſcheme gives him an opportunity of making a noble compliment to his countrymen, where Anchiſes is repreſented taking a ſurvey of the long train of heroes that are to deſcend from him, and giving his ſon Æneas an account of all the glories of his race.

I need not mention the revolution of the Platonic year, which is but juſt touched upon in this book; and, as I have conſulted no author's thoughts in this explication, ſhall be very well pleaſed if it can make the nobleſt piece of the moſt accompliſhed poet more agreeable to my female readers, when they think fit to look into Dryden's tranſlation of it.

N° CLV. THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1710.

——ALIENA NEGOTIA CURAT,
EXCUSSUS PROPRIIS. HOR. SAT. 3. LIB. 2. VER. 19.

WHEN HE HAD LOST ALL BUSINESS OF HIS OWN,
HE RAN IN QUEST OF NEWS THRO' ALL THE TOWN,
INTENT ON THAT OF OTHERS.—— R. WYNNE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, APRIL 5.

THERE lived ſome years ſince, in my neighbourhood, an Upholſterer, who ſeemed a man of more than ordinary application to buſineſs. He was a very early riſer, and was often abroad two or three hours before any of his neighbours. He had a particular carefulneſs in the knitting of his brows, and a kind of impatience in all his motions, that plainly diſcovered he was always intent on matters of importance. Upon my enquiry into his life and converſation, I found him to be the greateſt newſmonger in our quarter; that he roſe before

before day to read the Poſtman; and that he would take two or three turns to the other end of the town before his neighbours were up, to ſee if there were any Dutch mails come in. He had a wife and ſeveral children; but was much more inquiſitive to know what paſſed in Poland than in his own family, and was in greater pain and anxiety of mind for King Auguſtus's welfare than that of his neareſt relations. He looked extremely thin in a dearth of news, and never enjoyed himſelf in a weſterly wind. This indefatigable kind of life was the ruin of his ſhop; for about the time that his favourite prince left the crown of Poland, he broke and diſappeared.

This man and his affairs had been long out of my mind, until about three days ago, as I was walking in St. James's Park, I heard ſomebody at a diſtance hemming after me: and who ſhould it be but my old neighbour the Upholſterer? I ſaw he was reduced to extreme poverty, by certain ſhabby ſuperfluities in his dreſs: for notwithſtanding that it was a very ſultry day for the time of the year, he wore a looſe great coat and a muff, with a long campaign wig out of curl; to which he had added the ornament of a pair of black garters buckled under the knee. Upon his coming up to me, I was going to enquire into his preſent circumſtances; but was prevented by his aſking me, with a whiſper, whether the laſt letters brought any accounts that one might rely upon from Bender? I told him, None that I heard of; and aſked him, whether he had yet married his eldeſt daughter? He told me, no. 'But pray,' ſays he, 'tell me ſincerely, what are your thoughts 'of the King of Sweden?' For though his wife and children were ſtarving, I found his chief concern at preſent was for this great monarch. I told him, that I looked upon him as one of the firſt heroes of the age. 'But pray,' ſays he, 'do you think there is any 'thing in the ſtory of his wound?' And finding me ſurprized at the queſtion—'Nay,' ſays he, 'I only propoſe it to 'you.' I anſwered, that I thought there was no reaſon to doubt of it. 'But 'why in the heel,' ſays he, 'more than 'any other part of the body?'—'Be'cauſe,' ſaid I, 'the bullet chanced to 'light there.'

This extraordinary dialogue was no ſooner ended, but he began to launch out into a long diſſertation upon the affairs of the North; and after having ſpent ſome time on them, he told me he was in great perplexity how to reconcile the Supplement with the Engliſh Poſt, and had been juſt now examining what the other papers ſay upon the ſame ſubject. 'The Daily Courant,' ſays he, 'has theſe words: "We have advices "from very good hands, that a certain "prince has ſome matters of great im"portance under conſideration." This 'is very myſterious; but the Poſt-boy 'leaves us more in the dark, for he tells 'us that "There are private intima"tions of meaſures taken by a certain "prince, which time will bring to light." 'Now the Poſtman,' ſays he, 'who uſes 'to be very clear, refers to the ſame 'news in theſe words: "The late con"duct of a certain prince affords great "matter of ſpeculation." This certain 'prince,' ſays the Upholſterer, 'whom 'they are all ſo cautious of naming, I 'take to be ——' Upon which, though there was nobody near us, he whiſpered ſomething in my ear, which I did not hear, or think worth my while to make him repeat.

We were now got to the upper end of the Mall, where were three or four very odd fellows ſitting together upon the bench. Theſe I found were all of them politicians, who uſed to ſun themſelves in that place every day about dinner-time. Obſerving them to be curioſities in their kind, and my friend's acquaintance, I ſat down among them.

The chief politician of the bench was a great aſſerter of paradoxes. He told us, with a ſeeming concern, that by ſome news he had lately read from Muſcovy, it appeared to him that there was a ſtorm gathering in the Black Sea, which might in time do hurt to the naval forces of this nation. To this he added, that for his part, he could not wiſh to ſee the Turk driven out of Europe, which he believed could not but be prejudicial to our woollen manufacture. He then told us, that he looked upon thoſe extraordinary revolutions which had lately happened in thoſe parts of the world, to have riſen chiefly from two perſons who were not much talked of; 'And thoſe,' ſays he, 'are Prince Men'zikoff, and the Dutcheſs of Mirandola.' He backed his aſſertions with ſo many broken

broken hints, and ſuch a ſhow of depth and wiſdom, that we gave ourſelves up to his opinions.

The diſcourſe at length fell upon a point which ſeldom eſcapes a knot of true-born Engliſhmen, Whether, in caſe of a religious war, the Proteſtants would not be too ſtrong for the Papiſts? This we unanimously determined on the Proteſtant ſide. One who ſat on my right-hand, and, as I found by his diſcourſe, had been in the Weſt Indies, aſſured us, that it would be a very eaſy matter for the Proteſtants to beat the Pope at ſea; and added, that whenever ſuch a war does break out, it muſt turn to the good of the Leeward Iſlands. Upon this, one who ſat at the end of the bench, and, as I afterwards found, was the geographer of the company, ſaid, that in caſe the Papiſts ſhould drive the Proteſtants from theſe parts of Europe, when the worſt came to the worſt, it would be impoſſible to beat them out of Norway and Greenland, provided the Northern crowns hold together, and the Czar of Muſcovy ſtand neuter.

He further told us, for our comfort, that there were vaſt tracts of land about the Pole, inhabited neither by Proteſtants nor Papiſts, and of greater extent than all the Roman Catholic dominions in Europe.

When we had fully diſcuſſed this point, my friend the Upholſterer began to exert himſelf upon the preſent negociations of peace; in which he depoſed princes, ſettled the bounds of kingdoms, and balanced the power of Europe, with great juſtice and impartiality.

I at length took my leave of the company, and was going away; but had not gone thirty yards, before the Upholſterer hemmed again after me. Upon his advancing towards me, with a whiſper, I expected to hear ſome ſecret piece of news, which he had not thought fit to communicate to the bench; but inſtead of that, he deſired me in my ear to lend him half a crown. In compaſſion to ſo needy a ſtateſman, and to diſſipate the confuſion I found he was in, I told him, if he pleaſed, I would give him five ſhillings, to receive five pounds of him when the Great Turk was driven out of Conſtantinople; which he very readily accepted, but not before he had laid down to me the impoſſibility of ſuch an event, as the affairs of Europe now ſtand.

This paper I deſign for the particular benefit of thoſe worthy citizens who live more in a coffee-houſe than in their ſhops, and whoſe thoughts are ſo taken up with the affairs of the Allies, that they forget their cuſtomers.

Nº CLVI. SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1710.

——SEQUITURQUE PATREM NON PASSIBUS ÆQUIS.
VIRG. ÆN. 2. VER. 724.

AND WITH UNEQUAL STEPS HIS SIRE PURSUES.
R. WYNNE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, APRIL 7.

WE have already deſcribed out of Homer the voyage of Ulyſſes to the infernal ſhades, with the ſeveral adventures that attended it. If we look into the beautiful romance publiſhed not many years ſince by the archbiſhop of Cambray, we may ſee the ſon of Ulyſſes bound on the ſame expedition, and after the ſame manner making his diſcoveries among the regions of the dead. The ſtory of Telemachus is formed altogether in the ſpirit of Homer, and will give an unlearned reader a notion of the great poet's manner of writing, more than any tranſlation of his can poſſibly do. As it was written for the inſtruction of a young prince who may one day ſit upon the throne of France, the author took care to ſuit the ſeveral parts of his ſtory, and particularly the deſcription we are now entering upon, to the character and quality of his pupil. For which reaſon, he inſiſts very much on the miſery of the bad, and the happineſs of good kings, in the account he hath given of puniſhments and rewards in the other world.

We may however obſerve, notwithſtanding the endeavours of this great and learned author to copy after the ſtyle and ſentiments of Homer, that there is a certain tincture of Chriſtianity running

running through the whole relation. The prelate in several places mixes himself with the poet; so that his future state puts me in mind of Michael Angelo's Last Judgment, where Charon and his boat are represented as bearing a part in the dreadful solemnities of that great day.

Telemachus, after having passed through the dark avenues of death in the retinue of Mercury, who every day delivers up a certain tale of ghosts to the ferryman of Styx, is admitted to the infernal bark. Among the companions of his voyage is the shade of Nabopharzan, a king of Babylon, and tyrant of all the East. Among the ceremonies and pomps of his funeral, there were four slaves sacrificed, according to the custom of the country, in order to attend him among the shades. The author, having described this tyrant in the most odious colours of pride, insolence, and cruelty, tells us, that his four slaves, instead of serving him after death, were perpetually insulting him with reproaches and affronts for his past usage: that they spurned him as he lay upon the ground, and forced him to shew his face, which he would fain have covered, as lying under all the confusions of guilt and infamy; and in short, that they kept him bound in a chain, in order to drag him before the tribunal of the dead.

Telemachus, upon looking out of the bark, sees all the strand covered with an innumerable multitude of shades, who, upon his jumping ashore, immediately vanished. He then pursues his course to the palace of Pluto, who is described as seated on his throne in terrible majesty, with Proserpine by his side. At the foot of his throne was the pale hideous spectre, who, by the ghastliness of his visage, and the nature of the apparitions that surround him, discovers himself to be Death. His attendants are, Melancholy, Distrust, Revenge, Hatred, Avarice, Despair, Ambition, Envy, Impiety, with frightful Dreams, and waking Cares, which are all drawn very naturally in proper actions and postures. The author, with great beauty, places near his frightful Dreams an assembly of phantoms, which are often employed to terrify the living, by appearing in the shape and likeness of the dead.

The young hero in the next place takes a survey of the different kinds of criminals, that lay in torture among clouds of sulphur and torrents of fire. The first of these were such as had been guilty of impieties, which every one hath an horror for: to which is added a catalogue of such offenders that scarce appear to be faulty in the eyes of the vulgar. Among these, says the author, are malicious critics, that have endeavoured to cast a blemish upon the perfections of others; with whom he likewise places such as have often hurt the reputation of the innocent, by passing a rash judgment on their actions, without knowing the occasion of them. These crimes, says he, are more severely punished after death, because they generally meet with impunity upon earth.

Telemachus, after having taken a survey of several other wretches in the same circumstances, arrives at that region of torments in which wicked kings are punished. There are very fine strokes of imagination in the description which he gives of this unhappy multitude. He tells us, that on one side of them there stood a revengeful Fury, thundering in their ears incessant repetitions of all the crimes they had committed upon earth, with the aggravations of ambition, vanity, hardness of heart, and all those secret affections of mind that enter into the composition of a tyrant. At the same time, she holds up to them a large mirror, in which every one sees himself represented in the natural horror and deformity of his character. On the other side of them stands another Fury, that, with an insulting derision, repeats to them all the praises that their flatterers had bestowed upon them while they sat upon their respective thrones. She too, says the author, presents a mirror before their eyes, in which every one sees himself adorned with all those beauties and perfections, in which they had been drawn by the vanity of their own hearts, and the flattery of others. To punish them for the wantonness of the cruelty which they formerly exercised, they are now delivered up to be treated according to the fancy and caprice of several slaves, who have here an opportunity of tyrannizing in their turns.

The author, having given us a description of these ghastly spectres, who, says he, are always calling upon Death, and are placed under the distillation of that burning vengeance which falls upon them drop by drop, and is never to be exhausted,

exhausted, leads us into a pleasing scene of groves, filled with the melody of birds, and the odours of a thousand different plants. These groves are represented as rising among a great many flowery meadows, and watered with streams that diffuse a perpetual freshness, in the midst of an eternal day, and a never-fading spring. This, says the author, was the habitation of those good princes who were friends of the gods, and parents of the people. Among these, Telemachus converses with the shade of one of his ancestors, who makes a most agreeable relation of the joys of Elysium, and the nature of it's inhabitants. The residence of Sesostris among these happy shades, with his character and present employment, is drawn in a very lively manner, and with great elevation of thought.

The description of that pure and gentle light, which overflows these happy regions, and clothes the spirits of these virtuous persons, hath something in it of that enthusiasm which this author was accused of by his enemies in the church of Rome; but, however it may look in religion, it makes a very beautiful figure in poetry.

The rays of the sun, says he, are darkness in comparison with this light, which rather deserves the name of glory, than that of light. It pierces the thickest bodies, in the same manner as the sunbeams pass through crystal. It strengthens the sight instead of dazzling it; and nourishes in the most inward recesses of the mind a perpetual serenity that is not to be expressed. It enters and incorporates itself with the very substance of the soul: the spirits of the blessed feel it in all their senses, and in all their perceptions. It produces a certain source of peace and joy that arises in them for ever, running through all the faculties, and refreshing all the desires of the soul. External pleasures and delights, with all their charms and allurements, are regarded with the utmost indifference and neglect by these happy spirits who have this great principle of pleasure within them, drawing the whole mind to itself, calling off their attention from the most delightful objects, and giving them all the transports of inebriation, without the confusion and the folly of it.

I have here only mentioned some master-touches of this admirable piece, because the original itself is understood by the greater part of my readers. I must confess, I take a particular delight in these prospects of futurity, whether grounded upon the probable suggestions of a fine imagination, or the more severe conclusions of philosophy; as a man loves to hear all the discoveries or conjectures relating to a foreign country which he is, at some time, to inhabit. Prospects of this nature lighten the burden of any present evil, and refresh us under the worst and lowest circumstances of mortality. They extinguish in us both the fear and envy of human grandeur. Insolence shrinks it's head, power disappears; pain, poverty, and death, fly before them. In short, the mind that is habituated to the lively sense of an hereafter, can hope for what is the most terrifying to the generality of mankind, and rejoice in what is the most afflicting.

N° CLVII. TUESDAY, APRIL 11, 1710.

——FACILE EST INVENTIS ADDERE.——

IT IS EASY TO IMPROVE AN INVENTION.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, APRIL 10.

I Was last night in an assembly of very fine women. How I came among them is of no great importance to the reader. I shall only let him know, that I was betrayed into so good company by the device of an old friend, who had promised to give some of his female acquaintance a sight of Mr. Bickerstaff. Upon hearing my name mentioned, a lady who sat by me, told me, they had brought together a female consort for my entertainment. 'You 'must know,' says she, 'that we all 'of us look upon ourselves to be musi-'cal instruments, though we do not yet 'know of what kind; which we hope 'to learn from you, if you will give us 'leave to play before you.' This was followed by a general laugh, which I always look upon as a necessary flourish in

in the opening of a female conſort. They then ſtruck up together, and played a whole hour upon two grounds, viz. the Trial and the Opera. I could not but obſerve, that ſeveral of their notes were more ſoft, and ſeveral more ſharp than any that ever I heard in a male conſort; though, I muſt confeſs, there was not any regard to time, nor any of thoſe reſts and pauſes which are frequent in the harmony of the other ſex. Beſides that, the muſic was generally full, and no particular inſtrument permitted to play long by itſelf.

I ſeemed ſo very well pleaſed with what every one ſaid, and ſmiled with ſo much complaiſance at all their pretty fancies, that though I did not put one word into their diſcourſe, I have the vanity to think, they looked upon me as very agreeable company. I then told them, that if I were to draw the picture of ſo many charming muſicians, it ſhould be like one I had ſeen of the muſes, with their ſeveral inſtruments in their hands; upon which the Lady Kettle-drum toſſed back her head, and cried—'A very pretty ſimile!' The conſort again revived; in which, with nods, ſmiles, and approbations, I bore the part rather of one who beats the time, than of a performer.

I was no ſooner retired to my lodgings, but I ran over in my thoughts the ſeveral characters of this fair aſſembly; which I ſhall give ſome account of, becauſe they are various in their kind, and may each of them ſtand as a ſample of a whole ſpecies.

The perſon who pleaſed me moſt was a Flute, an inſtrument that, without any great compaſs, hath ſomething exquiſitely ſweet and ſoft in it's ſound: it lulls and ſooths the ear, and fills it with ſuch a gentle kind of melody, as keeps the mind awake without ſtartling it, and raiſes a moſt agreeable paſſion between tranſport and indolence. In ſhort, the muſic of the Flute is the converſation of a mild and amiable woman, that has nothing in it very elevated, nor, at the ſame time, any thing mean or trivial.

I muſt here obſerve, that the Hautboy is the moſt perfect of the Flute ſpecies, which, with all the ſweetneſs of the ſound, hath a great ſtrength and variety of notes; though at the ſame time I muſt obſerve, that the Hautboy in the fair ſex is as ſcarce as the Harpſichord in the other.

By the ſide of the Flute there ſat a Flagelet; for ſo I muſt call a certain young lady, who, fancying herſelf a wit, deſpiſed the muſic of the Flute as low and inſipid, and would be entertaining the company with tart ill-natured obſervations, pert fancies, and little turns, which ſhe imagined to be full of life and ſpirit. The Flagelet therefore doth not differ from the Flute ſo much in the compaſs of it's notes, as in the ſhrillneſs and ſharpneſs of the ſound. We muſt however take notice, that the Flagelets among their own ſex are more valued and eſteemed than the Flutes.

There chanced to be a Coquette in the conſort, that with a great many ſkittiſh notes, affected ſqueaks, and ſtudied inconſiſtencies, diſtinguiſhed herſelf from the reſt of the company. She did not ſpeak a word during the whole Trial; but I thought ſhe would never have done upon the Opera. One while ſhe would break out upon—'That hideous 'King!' then upon 'The charming 'black-moor!' then, 'O that dear 'lion!' Then would hum over two or three notes; then run to the window to ſee what coach was coming. The Coquette therefore I muſt diſtinguiſh by that muſical inſtrument which is commonly known by the name of a Kit, that is more jiggiſh than the Fiddle itſelf, and never ſounds but to a dance.

The fourth perſon who bore a part in the converſation was a Prude, who ſtuck to the Trial, and was ſilent upon the whole Opera. The gravity of her cenſures, and compoſure of her voice, which were often attended with ſupercilious caſts of the eye, and a ſeeming contempt for the lightneſs of the converſation, put me in mind of that ancient, ſerious, matron-like inſtrument, the Virginal.

I muſt not paſs over in ſilence a Lancaſhire Hornpipe, by which I would ſignify a young country lady, who with a great deal of mirth and innocence, diverted the company very agreeably; and, if I am not miſtaken, by that time the wildneſs of her notes is a little ſoftened, and the redundancy of her muſic reſtrained by converſation and good company, will be improved into one of the moſt amiable Flutes about the town. Your romps and boarding-ſchool girls fall likewiſe under this denomination.

On the right-hand of the Hornpipe ſat a Welſh Harp, an inſtrument which very much delights in the tunes of old hiſtorical ballads, and in celebrating the

renowned actions and exploits of ancient British heroes. By this instrument I therefore would describe a certain lady, who is one of those female historians that upon all occasions enters into pedigrees and descents, and finds herself related, by some off shoot or other, to almost every great family in England: for which reason, she jars and is out of tune very often in conversation, for the company's want of due attention and respect to her.

But the most sonorous part of our consort was a She-drum, or, as the vulgar call it, a Kettle-drum, who accompanied her discourse with motions of the body, tosses of the head, and brandishes of the fan. Her music was loud, bold, and masculine. Every thump she gave alarmed the company, and very often set some body or other in it a blushing.

The last I shall mention was a certain romantic instrument called a Dulcimer, who talked of nothing but shady woods, flowery meadows, purling streams, larks and nightingales, with all the beauties of the spring, and the pleasures of a country-life. This instrument hath a fine melancholy sweetness in it, and goes very well with the Flute.

I think most of the conversable part of womankind may be found under one of the foregoing divisions; but it must be confessed that the generality of that sex, notwithstanding they have naturally a great genius for being talkative, are not mistresses of more than one note; with which however, by frequent repetition, they make a greater sound than those who are potsessed of the whole Gamut; as may be observed in your Larums or Household-scolds, and in your Castanets or impertinent Tittle-tattles, who have no other variety in their discourse but that of talking slower or faster.

Upon communicating this scheme of music to an old friend of mine, who was formerly a man of gallantry, and a rover, he told me, that he believed he had been in love with every instrument in my consort. The first that hit him was a Hornpipe, who lived near his father's house in the country; but upon his failing to meet her at an assize, according to appointment, she cast him off. His next passion was for a Kettle-drum, whom he fell in love with at a play; but when he became acquainted with her, not finding the softness of her sex in her conversation, he grew cool to her; though at the same time he could not deny but that she behaved herself very much like a gentlewoman. His third mistress was a Dulcimer, who he found took great delight in sighing and languishing, but would go no further than the preface of matrimony; so that she would never let a lover have any more of her than her heart, which after having won, he was forced to leave her, as despairing of any further success. 'I must confess,' says my friend, 'I 'have often considered her with a great 'deal of admiration; and I find her 'pleasure is so much in this first step of 'an amour, that her life will pass away 'in dream, solitude, and soliloquy, un-'til her decay of charms makes her 'snatch at the worst man that ever pre-'tended to her. In the next place,' says my friend, 'I fell in love with a 'Kit, who led me such a dance through 'all the varieties of a familiar, cold, 'fond, and indifferent behaviour, that 'the world began to grow censorious, 'though without any cause; for which 'reason, to recover our reputations, we 'parted by consent. To mend my 'hand,' says he, 'I made my next 'application to a Virginal, who gave 'me great encouragement, after her 'cautious manner, until some malicious 'companion told her of my long passion 'for the Kit, which made her turn me 'off as a scandalous fellow. At length, 'in despair,' says he, 'I betook my-'self to a Welsh Harp, who rejected 'me with contempt, after having found 'that my great grandmother was a 'brewer's daughter.' I found by the sequel of my friend's discourse, that he had never aspired to a Hautboy; that he had been exasperated by a Flagelet; and that, to this very day, he pines away for a Flute.

Upon the whole, having thoroughly considered how absolutely necessary it is, that two instruments, which are to play together for life, should be exactly tuned, and go in perfect consort with each other; I would propose matches between the music of both sexes, according to the following table of marriage.

1. Drum and Kettle-drum.
2. Lute and Flute.
3. Harpsichord and Hautboy.
4. Violin and Flagelet.
5. Bass-viol and Kit.

6. Trumpet

6. Trumpet and Welsh Harp.
7. Hunting-horn and Hornpipe.
8. Bagpipe and Castanet.
9. Passing-bell and Virginal.

Mr. Bickerstaff, in consideration of his ancient friendship and acquaintance with Mr. Betterton, and great esteem for his merit, summons all his disciples, whether dead or living, mad or tame, Toasts, Smarts, Dappers, Pretty-fellows, Musicians or Scrapers, to make their appearance at the play-house in the Haymarket on Thursday next, when there will be a play acted for the benefit of the said Betterton.

N° CLVIII. THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1710.

FACIUNT NÆ INTELLIGENDO, UT NIHIL INTELLIGANT. TER.

WHILE THEY PRETEND TO KNOW MORE THAN OTHERS, THEY KNOW NOTHING IN REALITY.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, APRIL 12.

TOM Folio is a broker in learning, employed to get together good editions, and stock the libraries of great men. There is not a sale of books begins until Tom Folio is seen at the door. There is not an auction where his name is not heard, and that too in the very nick of time, in the critical moment, before the last decisive stroke of the hammer. There is not a subscription goes forward in which Tom is not privy to the first rough draught of the proposals; nor a catalogue printed, that doth not come to him wet from the press. He is an universal scholar, so far as the title-page of all authors; knows the manuscripts in which they were discovered, the editions through which they have passed, with the praises or censures which they have received from the several members of the learned world. He has a greater esteem for Aldus and Elzevir, than for Virgil and Horace. If you talk of Herodotus, he breaks out into a panegyric upon Harry Stephens. He thinks he gives you an account of an author, when he tells you the subject he treats of, the name of the editor, and the year in which it was printed. Or if you draw him into further particulars, he cries up the goodness of the paper, extols the diligence of the corrector, and is transported with the beauty of the letter. This he looks upon to be sound learning, and substantial criticism. As for those who talk of the fineness of stile, and the justness of thought, or describe the brightness of any particular passages; nay, though they themselves write in the genius and spirit of the author they admire, Tom looks upon them as men of superficial learning, and flashy parts.

I had yesterday morning a visit from this learned ideot, for that is the light in which I consider every pedant, when I discovered in him some little touches of the coxcomb, which I had not before observed. Being very full of the figure which he makes in the republic of letters, and wonderfully satisfied with his great stock of knowledge, he gave me broad intimations, that he did not believe in all points as his forefathers had done. He then communicated to me a thought of a certain author upon a passage of Virgil's account of the dead, which I made the subject of a late paper. This thought hath taken very much among men of Tom's pitch and understanding, though universally exploded by all that know how to construe Virgil, or have any relish of antiquity. Not to trouble my reader with it, I found upon the whole, that Tom did not believe a future state of rewards and punishments, because Æneas, at his leaving the empire of the dead, passed through the gate of ivory, and not through that of horn. Knowing that Tom had not sense enough to give up an opinion which he had once received, that I might avoid wrangling, I told him, that Virgil possibly had his oversights as well as another author. 'Ah! Mr. Bickerstaff,' says he, 'you 'would have another opinion of him, if 'you would read him in Daniel Heinsius's edition. I have perused him 'myself several times in that edition,' continued he; 'and after the strictest 'and most malicious examination, could 'find but two faults in him; one of 'them is in the Æneids, where there

'are two commas inſtead of a parenthe-
'ſis; and another in the third Georgic,
'where you may find a ſemicolon turn-
'ed upſide down.'—'Perhaps,' ſaid I,
'theſe were not Virgil's faults, but
'thoſe of the tranſcriber.'—'I do not
'deſign it,' ſays Tom, 'as a reflection
'on Virgil: on the contrary, I know
'that all the manuſcripts declaim a-
'gainſt ſuch a punctuation. Oh! Mr.
'Bickerſtaff,' ſays he, 'what would a
'man give to ſee one ſmile of Virgil
'writ in his own hand!' I aſked him which was the ſimile he meant; but was anſwered—'Any ſimile in Virgil.' He then told me all the ſecret hiſtory in the commonwealth of learning; of modern pieces that had the names of ancient authors annexed to them; of all the books that were now writing or printing in the ſeveral parts of Europe; of many amendments which are made, and not yet publiſhed; and a thouſand other particulars, which I would not have my memory burdened with for a Vatican.

At length, being fully perſuaded that I thoroughly admired him, and looked upon him as a prodigy of learning, he took his leave. I know ſeveral of Tom's claſs who are profeſſed admirers of Taſſo, without underſtanding a word of Italian: and one in particular, that carries a Paſtor Fido in his pocket, in which I am ſure he is acquainted with no other beauty but the clearneſs of the character.

There is another kind of pedant, who, with all Tom Folio's impertinences, hath greater ſuperſtructures and embelliſhments of Greek and Latin; and is ſtill more inſupportable than the other, in the ſame degree as he is more learned. Of this kind very often are editors, commentators, interpreters, ſcholiaſts, and critics; and, in ſhort, all men of deep learning without common ſenſe. Theſe perſons ſet a greater value on themſelves for having found out the meaning of a paſſage in Greek, than upon the author for having written it; nay, will allow the paſſage itſelf not to have any beauty in it, at the ſame time that they would be conſidered as the greateſt men of the age, for having interpreted it. They will look with contempt on the moſt beautiful poems that have been compoſed by any of their contemporaries; but will lock themſelves up in their ſtudies for a twelvemonth together, to correct, publiſh, and expound, ſuch trifles of antiquity, as a modern author would be contemned for. Men of the ſtricteſt morals, ſevereſt lives, and the graveſt profeſſions, will write volumes upon an idle ſonnet, that is originally in Greek or Latin; give editions of the moſt immoral authors; and ſpin out whole pages upon the various readings of a lewd expreſſion. All that can be ſaid in excuſe for them is, that their works ſufficiently ſhew they have no taſte of their authors; and that what they do in this kind is out of their great learning; and not out of any levity or laſciviouſneſs of temper.

A pedant of this nature is wonderfully well deſcribed in ſix lines of Boileau, with which I ſhall conclude his character,

Un pedant enyvré de ſa vaine ſcience,
Tout heriſſé de Grec, tout bouffi d'arrogance,
Et qui de mille auteurs retenus mot par mot,
Dans ſa tête entaſſez n'a ſouvent fait qu'un ſot,
Croit qu'un livre fait tout, et que ſans Ariſtote
La raiſon ne voit goûte, et le bon ſens radote.

ENGLISHED.

Brim-full of learning ſee that pedant ſtride,
Briſtling with horrid Greek, and puff'd with pride!
A thouſand authors be in vain has read,
And with their maxims ſtuff'd his empty head;
And thinks that, without Ariſtotle's rule,
Reaſon is blind, and Common-ſenſe a fool.

R. WYNNE.

Nº CLIX. SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1710.

NITOR IN ADVERSUM; NEC ME, QUI CÆTERA, VINCIT IMPETUS——

Ovid. Met. lib. 2. ver. 72.

I STEER AGAINST THEIR MOTIONS; NOR AM I, BORNE BACK BY ALL THE CURRENT—— Addison.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, APRIL 14.

THE Wits of this iſland, for above fifty years paſt, inſtead of correcting the vices of the age, have done all they could to inflame them. Marriage has been one of the common topics of ridicule that every ſtage ſcribbler hath found his account in; for whenever there is an occaſion for a clap, an impertinent jeſt upon matrimony is ſure to raiſe it. This hath been attended with very pernicious conſequences. Many a country eſquire, upon his ſetting up for a man of the town, has gone home in the gaiety of his heart, and beat his wife. A kind huſband hath been looked upon as a clown, and a good wife as a domeſtic animal unfit for the company or converſation of the Beau Monde. In ſhort, ſeparate beds, ſilent tables, and ſolitary homes, have been introduced by your men of wit and pleaſure of the age.

As I ſhall always make it my buſineſs to ſtem the torrents of prejudice and vice, I ſhall take particular care to put an honeſt father of a family in countenance; and endeavour to remove all the evils out of that ſtate of life, which is either the moſt happy or moſt miſerable that a man can be placed in. In order to this, let us, if you pleaſe, conſider the Wits and well-bred perſons of former times. I have ſhewn in another paper, that Pliny, who was a man of the greateſt genius, as well as of the firſt quality of his age, did not think it below him to be a kind huſband, and to treat his wife, as a friend, companion, and counſellor. I ſhall give the like inſtance of another, who in all reſpects was a much greater man than Pliny, and hath writ a whole book of letters to his wife. They are not ſo full of turns as thoſe tranſlated out of the former author, who writes very much like a modern; but are full of that beautiful ſimplicity which is altogether natural, and is the diſtinguiſhing character of the beſt ancient writers. The author I am ſpeaking of, is Cicero; who, in the following paſſages, which I have taken out of his letters, ſhews, that he did not think it inconſiſtent with the politeneſs of his manners, or the greatneſs of his wiſdom, to ſtand upon record in his domeſtic character.

Theſe letters were written in a time when he was baniſhed from his country, by a faction that then prevailed at Rome.

CICERO TO TERENTIA.

I.

I Learn from the letters of my friends, as well as from common report, that you give incredible proofs of virtue and fortitude, and that you are indefatigable. How unhappy a man am I, that a woman of your virtue, conſtancy, honour, and good nature, ſhould fall into ſo great diſtreſſes upon my account! and that my dear Tulliola ſhould be ſo much afflicted for the ſake of a father, with whom ſhe had once ſo much reaſon to be pleaſed! How can I mention little Cicero, whoſe firſt knowledge of things began with the ſenſe of his own miſery! If all this had happened by the decrees of fate, as you would kindly perſuade me, I could have borne it: but, alas! it is all befallen me by my own indiſcretion, who thought I was beloved by thoſe that envied me, and did not join with them who ſought my friendſhip. At preſent, ſince my friends bid me hope, I ſhall take care of my health, that I may enjoy the benefit of your affectionate ſervices. Plancius hopes we may ſome time or other come together into Italy. If I ever live to ſee that day; if I ever return to your dear embraces; in ſhort, if I ever again recover you and myſelf; I ſhall think our conjugal piety very well rewarded.—As for what you write to me about ſelling your eſtate, conſider, my dear Terentia, conſider, alas!

alas! what would be the event of it. If our preſent fortune continues to oppreſs us, what will become of our poor boy! My tears flow ſo faſt, that I am not able to write any further; and I would not willingly make you weep with me. Let us take care not to undo the child that is already undone: if we can leave him any thing, a little virtue will keep him from want, and a little fortune raiſe him in the world. Mind your health, and let me know frequently what you are doing. Remember me to Tulliola and Cicero.

II.

DO not fancy that I write longer letters to any one than to yourſelf, unleſs when I chance to receive a longer letter from another, which I am indiſpenſibly obliged to anſwer in every particular. The truth of it is, I have no ſubject for a letter at preſent; and as my affairs now ſtand, there is nothing more painful to me than writing. As for you, and our dear Tulliola, I cannot write to you without abundance of tears; for I ſee both of you miſerable, whom I always wiſhed to be happy, and whom I ought to have made ſo. I muſt acknowledge, you have done every thing for me with the utmoſt fortitude, and the utmoſt affection; nor indeed is it more than I expected from you; though at the ſame time it is a great aggravation of my ill fortune, that the afflictions I ſuffer can be relieved only by thoſe which you undergo for my ſake. For honeſt Valerius has written me a letter, which I could not read without weeping very bitterly; wherein he gives me an account of the public proceſſion which you have made for me at Rome. Alas! my deareſt life, muſt then Terentia, the darling of my ſoul, whoſe favour and recommendations have been ſo often ſought by others; muſt my Terentia droop under the weight of ſorrow, appear in the habit of a mourner, pour out floods of tears, and all this for my ſake; for my ſake who have undone my family, by conſulting the ſafety of others? As for what you write about ſelling your houſe, I am very much afflicted, that what is laid out upon my account may any way reduce you to miſery and want. If we can bring about our deſign, we may indeed recover every thing; but if fortune perſiſts in perſecuting us, how can I think of your ſacrificing for me the poor remainder of your poſſeſſions? No, my deareſt life, let me beg you to let thoſe bear my expences who are able, and perhaps willing to do it; and if you would ſhew your love to me, do not injure your health, which is already too much impaired. You preſent yourſelf before my eyes day and night; I ſee you labouring amidſt innumerable difficulties; I am afraid leſt you ſhould ſink under them; but I find in you all the qualifications that are neceſſary to ſupport you: be ſure therefore to cheriſh your health, that you may compaſs the end of your hopes, and your endeavours.—Farewel, my Terentia, my heart's deſire, farewel!

III.

ARISTOCRITUS hath delivered to me three of your letters, which I have almoſt defaced with my tears. Oh! my Terentia, I am conſumed with grief, and feel the weight of your ſufferings more than of my own. I am more miſerable than you are, notwithſtanding you are very much ſo; and that for this reaſon, becauſe, though our calamity is common, it is my fault that brought it upon us. I ought to have died rather than have been driven out of the city: I am therefore overwhelmed, not only with grief, but with ſhame. I am aſhamed that I did not do my utmoſt for the beſt of wives, and the deareſt of children. You are ever preſent before my eyes in your mourning, your affliction, and your ſickneſs. Amidſt all which, there ſcarce appears to me the leaſt glimmering of hope.—However, as long as you hope, I will not deſpair. I will do what you adviſe me. I have returned my thanks to thoſe friends whom you mentioned, and have let them know that you have acquainted me with their good offices. I am ſenſible of Piſo's extraordinary zeal and endeavours to ſerve me. Oh! would the gods grant that you and I might live together in the enjoyment of ſuch a ſon in law, and of our dear children.—As for what you write of your coming to me, if I deſire it, I would rather you ſhould be where you are, becauſe I know you are my principal agent at Rome. If you ſucceed, I ſhall come to you: if not—— But I need ſay no more. Be careful of your

your health; and be assured, that nothing is, or ever was, so dear to me as yourself. Farewel, my Terentia! I fancy that I see you, and therefore cannot command my weakness so far as to refrain from tears.

IV.

I Do not write to you as often as I might; because, notwithstanding I am afflicted at all times, I am quite overcome with sorrow whilst I am writing to you, or reading any letters that I receive from you. If these evils are not to be removed, I must desire to see you, my dearest life, as soon as possible, and to die in your embraces; since neither the gods whom you always religiously worshipped, nor the men, whose good I always promoted, have rewarded us according to our deserts. What a distressed wretch am I! Should I ask a weak woman, oppressed with cares and sickness, to come and live with me; or shall I not ask her? Can I live without you? But I find I must. If there be any hopes of my return, help it forward, and promote it as much as you are able. But if all that is over, as I fear it is, find out some way or other of coming to me. This you may be sure of, that I shall not look upon myself as quite undone whilst you are with me. But what will become of Tulliola? You must look to that; I must confess, I am entirely at a loss about her. Whatever happens, we must take care of the reputation and marriage of that dear unfortunate girl. As for Cicero, he shall live in my bosom, and in my arms. I cannot write any further, my sorrows will not let me—Support yourself, my dear Terentia, as well as you are able. We have lived and flourished together amidst the greatest honours: it is not our crimes, but our virtues, that have distressed us. Take more than ordinary care of your health; I am more afflicted with your sorrows than my own. Farewel, my Terentia, thou dearest, faithfullest, and best of wives!

Methinks it is a pleasure to see this great man in his family, who makes so different a figure in the Forum, or Senate of Rome. Every one admires the Orator and the Consul; but for my part, I esteem the Husband and the Father. His private character, with all the little weaknesses of humanity, is as amiable as the figure he makes in public is awful and majestic. But at the same time that I love to surprize so great an author in his private walks, and to survey him in his most familiar lights, I think it would be barbarous to form to ourselves any idea of mean-spiritedness from those natural openings of his heart, and disburdening of his thoughts to a wife. He has written several other letters to the same person, but none with so great passion as these of which I have given the foregoing extracts.

It would be ill-nature not to acquaint the English reader, that his wife was successful in her solicitations for this great man; and saw her husband return to the honours of which he had been deprived, with all the pomp and acclamation that usually attended the greatest triumph.

Nº CLX. THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1710.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, APRIL 17.

A Common civility to an impertinent fellow often draws upon one a great many unforeseen troubles; and if one doth not take particular care, will be interpreted by him as an overture of friendship and intimacy. This I was very sensible of this morning. About two hours before day, I heard a great rapping at my door, which continued some time, until my maid could get herself ready to go down and see what was the occasion of it. She then brought me up word, that there was a gentleman who seemed very much in haste, and said he must speak with me. By the description she gave me of him, and by his voice, which I could hear as I lay in my bed, I fancied him to be my old acquaintance the Upholsterer, whom I met the other day in St. James's Park. For which reason I bid her tell the gentleman, whoever he was, that I was in bed; that I could be ready; and that, if he had any thing to say to me, I desired he would leave it in writing. My maid, after having delivered her message, told me, that the gentleman said he would stay at the next coffee-house

houſe until I was ſtirring; and bid her be ſure to tell me, that the French were driven from the Scarp, and that Douay was inveſted. He gave her the name of another town, which I found ſhe had dropped by the way.

As much as I love to be informed of the ſucceſs of my brave countrymen, I do not care for hearing of a victory before day; and was therefore very much out of humour at this unſeaſonable viſit. I had no ſooner recovered my temper, and was falling aſleep, but I was immediately ſtartled by a ſecond rap; and upon my maid's opening the door, heard the ſame voice aſk her, if her maſter was yet up; and at the ſame time bid her tell me, that he was come on purpoſe to talk with me about a piece of home news, which every body in town will be full of two hours hence. I ordered my maid, as ſoon as ſhe came into the room, without hearing her meſſage, to tell the gentleman, that whatever his news was, I would rather hear it two hours hence than now; and that I perſiſted in my reſolution not to ſpeak with any body that morning. The wench delivered my anſwer preſently, and ſhut the door. It was impoſſible for me to compoſe myſelf to ſleep after two ſuch unexpected alarms; for which reaſon, I put on my cloaths in a very peeviſh humour. I took ſeveral turns about my chamber, reflecting with a great deal of anger and contempt on theſe volunteers in politics, that undergo all the pain, watchfulneſs, and diſquiet of a firſt miniſter, without turning it to the advantage either of themſelves or their country; and yet it is ſurprizing to conſider how numerous this ſpecies of men is. There is nothing more frequent than to find a taylor breaking his reſt on the affairs of Europe, and to ſee a cluſter of porters ſitting upon the miniſtry. Our ſtreets ſwarm with politicians, and there is ſcarce a ſhop which is not held by a ſtateſman. As I was muſing after this manner, I heard the Upholſterer at the door delivering a letter to my maid, and begging her, in a ve y great hurry, to give it her maſter as ſoon as ever he was awake; which I opened and found as follows:

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

I Was to wait upon you about a week ago, to let you know, that the honeſt gentlemen whom you converſed with upon the bench at the end of the Mall, having heard that I had received five ſhillings of you, to give you an hundred pounds upon the Great Turk's being driven out of Europe, deſired me to acquaint you, that every one of that company would be willing to receive five ſhillings, to pay a hundred pounds on the ſame condition. Our laſt advices from Muſcovy making this a fairer bet than it was a week ago, I do not queſtion but you will accept the wager.

But this is not my preſent buſineſs. If you remember, I whiſpered a word in your ear, as we were walking up the Mall; and you ſee what has happened ſince. If I had ſeen you this morning, I would have told you in your ear another ſecret. I hope you will be recovered of your indiſpoſition by to-morrow morning, when I will wait on you at the ſame hour as I did this; my private circumſtances being ſuch, that I cannot well appear in this quarter of the town after it is day.

I have been ſo taken up with the late good news from Holland, and expectation of further particulars, as well as with other tranſactions of which I will tell you more to-morrow morning, that I have not ſlept a wink theſe three nights.

I have reaſon to believe that Picardy will ſoon follow the example of Artois, in caſe the enemy continue in their preſent reſolution of flying away from us. I think I told you the laſt time we were together my opinion about the Deulle.

The honeſt gentlemen upon the bench bid me tell you, that they would be glad to ſee you often among them. We ſhall be there all the warm hours of the day during the preſent poſture of affairs.

This happy opening of the campaign will, I hope, give us a very joyful ſummer; and I propoſe to take many a pleaſant walk with you, if you will ſometimes come into the Park; for that is the only place in which I can be free from the malice of my enemies. Farewel until three of the clock to-morrow morning. I am

Your moſt humble ſervant, &c.

P.S. The King of Sweden is ſtill at Bender.

I ſhould have fretted myſelf to death at this promiſe of a ſecond viſit, if I had not found in his letter an intimation of the good news which I have ſince heard at

at large. I have however ordered my maid to tie up the knocker of my door, in such a manner as she would do if I was really indispos'd. By which means I hope to escape breaking my morning's rest.

Since I have given this letter to the public, I shall communicate one or two more, which I have lately received from others of my correspondents. The following is from a Coquette, who is very angry at my having dispos'd of her in marriage to a Bass-viol.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

I Thought you would never have descended from the Censor of Great Britain, to become a Match-maker. But pray, why so severe upon the Kit? Had I been a Jews-harp, that is nothing but tongue, you could not have us'd me worse. Of all things, a Bass-viol is my aversion. Had you married me to a Bagpipe, or a Passing-bell, I should have been better pleas'd. Dear father Isaac, either chuse me a better husband, or I will live and die a Dulcimer. In hopes of receiving satisfaction from you, I am yours, whilst

ISABELLA KIT.

The pertness which this fair lady hath shewn in this letter, was one occasion of my joining her to the Bass-viol, which is an instrument that wants to be quickened by these little vivacities; as the sprightliness of the Kit ought to be checked and curbed by the gravity of the Bass-viol.

My next letter is from Tom Folio, who, it seems, takes it amiss that I have publish'd a character of him so much to his advantage.

SIR,

I Suppose you mean Tom Fool, when you called me Tom Folio in a late trifling paper of your's; for I find it is your design to run down all useful and solid learning. The tobacco-paper on which your own writings are usually printed, as well as the incorrectness of the press, and the scurvy letter, sufficiently shew the extent of your knowledge. I question not but you look upon John Morphew to be as great a man as Elzevir; and Aldus to have been such another as Bernard Lintot. If you would give me my revenge, I would only desire of you to let me publish an account of your library, which, I dare say, would furnish out an extraordinary catalogue.

TOM FOLIO.

It hath always been my way to baffle reproach with silence; though I cannot but observe the disingenuous proceedings of this gentleman, who is not content to asperse my writings, but hath wounded, through my sides, those eminent and worthy citizens, Mr. John Morphew, and Mr. Bernard Lintot.

N° CLXI. THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1710.

——NUNQUAM LIBERTAS GRATIOR EXSTAT
QUAM SUB REGE PIO.——

NEVER DOES LIBERTY APPEAR MORE AMIABLE THAN UNDER THE GOVERNMENT OF A PIOUS AND GOOD PRINCE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, APRIL 19.

I Was walking two or three days ago in a very pleasing retirement, and amusing myself with the reading of that ancient and beautiful allegory, called 'The Table 'of Cebes.' I was at last so tired with my walk, that I sat down to rest myself upon a bench that stood in the midst of an agreeable shade. The music of the birds, that filled all the trees about me, lulled me asleep before I was aware of it; which was followed by a dream, that I impute in some measure to the foregoing author, who had made an impression upon my imagination, and put me into his own way of thinking.

I fancied myself among the Alps, and, as it is natural in a dream, seemed every moment to bound from one summit to another, until at last, after having made this airy progress over the tops of several mountains, I arrived at the very centre of those broken rocks and precipices. I here, methought, saw a prodigious circuit of hills, that reached

above the clouds, and encompaſſed a large ſpace of ground, which I had a great curioſity to look into. I thereupon continued my former way of travelling through a great variety of winter ſcenes, until I had gained the top of theſe white mountains, which ſeemed another Alps of ſnow. I looked down from hence into a ſpacious plain, which was ſurrounded on all ſides by this mound of hills, and which preſented me with the moſt agreeable proſpect I had ever ſeen. There was a greater variety of colours in the embroidery of the meadows, a more lively green in the leaves and graſs, a brighter cryſtal in the ſtreams, than what I ever met with in any other region. The light itſelf had ſomething more ſhining and glorious in it, than that of which the day is made in other places. I was wonderfully aſtoniſhed at the diſcovery of ſuch a paradiſe amidſt the wildneſs of thoſe cold, hoary landſkips which lay about it; but found at length, that this happy region was inhabited by the goddeſs of Liberty; whoſe preſence ſoftened the rigours of the climate, enriched the barrenneſs of the ſoil, and more than ſupplied the abſence of the ſun. The place was covered with a wonderful profuſion of flowers, that without being diſpoſed into regular borders and parterres, grew promiſcuouſly; and had a greater beauty in their natural luxuriancy and diſorder, than they could have received from the checks and reſtraints of art. There was a river that aroſe out of the ſouth-ſide of the mountain, that, by an infinite number of turnings and windings, ſeemed to viſit every plant, and cheriſh the ſeveral beauties of the ſpring, with which the fields abounded. After having run to and fro in a wonderful variety of meadows, as unwilling to leave ſo charming a place, it at laſt throws itſelf into the hollow of a mountain; from whence it paſſes under a long range of rocks, and at length riſes in that part of the Alps where the inhabitants think it the firſt ſource of the Rhône. This river, after having made it's progreſs through thoſe free nations, ſtagnates in a huge lake at the leaving of them; and no ſooner enters into the regions of ſlavery, but runs through them with an incredible rapidity, and takes it's ſhorteſt way to the ſea.

I deſcended into the happy fields that lay beneath me, and in the midſt of them beheld the goddeſs ſitting upon a throne. She had nothing to incloſe her but the bounds of her own dominions, and nothing over her head but the heavens. Every glance of her eye caſt a track of light where it fell, that revived the ſpring, and made all things ſmile about her. My heart grew chearful at the ſight of her, and as ſhe looked upon me, I found a certain confidence growing in me, and ſuch an inward reſolution as I never felt before that time.

On the left-hand of the goddeſs ſat the Genius of a commonwealth, with the cap of Liberty on her head, and in her hand a wand, like that with which a Roman citizen uſed to give his ſlaves their freedom. There was ſomething mean and vulgar, but at the ſame time exceeding bold and daring, in her air; her eyes were full of fire; but had in them ſuch caſts of fierceneſs and cruelty, as made her appear to me rather dreadful than amiable. On her ſhoulders ſhe wore a mantle, on which there was wrought a great confuſion of figures. As it flew in the wind, I could not diſcern the particular deſign of them, but ſaw wounds in the bodies of ſome, and agonies in the faces of others; and over one part of it could read in letters of blood—'The Ides of March.'

On the right-hand of the goddeſs was the Genius of Monarchy. She was cloathed in the whiteſt ermine, and wore a crown of the pureſt gold upon her head. In her hand ſhe held a ſcepter, like that which is borne by the Britiſh monarchs. A couple of tame lions lay crouching at her feet: her countenance had in it a very great majeſty, without any mixture of terror: her voice was like the voice of an angel, filled with ſo much ſweetneſs, and accompanied with ſuch an air of condeſcenſion, as tempered the awfulneſs of her appearance, and equally inſpired love and veneration into the hearts of all that beheld her.

In the train of the goddeſs of Liberty were the ſeveral Arts and Sciences, who all of them flouriſhed underneath her eye. One of them in particular made a greater figure than any of the reſt, who held a thunderbolt in her hand, which had the power of melting, piercing, or breaking, every thing that ſtood in it's way. The name of this goddeſs was Eloquence.

There were two other dependent goddeſſes,

deſſes, who made a very conſpicuous figure in this bliſsful region. The firſt of them was ſeated upon a hill, that had every plant growing out of it, which the ſoil was in it's own nature capable of producing. The other was ſeated in a little iſland, that was covered with groves of ſpices, olives, and orange-trees; and in a word, with the products of every foreign clime. The name of the firſt was Plenty, of the ſecond Commerce. The firſt leaned her right-arm upon a plough, and under her left held a huge horn, out of which ſhe poured a whole autumn of fruits. The other wore a roſtral crown upon her head, and kept her eyes fixed upon a compaſs.

I was wonderfully pleaſed in ranging through this delightful place, and the more ſo, becauſe it was not encumbered with fences and incloſures; until at length, methought, I ſprung from the ground, and pitched upon the top of a hill, that preſented ſeveral objects to my ſight which I had not before taken notice of. The winds that paſſed over this flowery plain, and through the tops of the trees which were full of bloſſoms, blew upon me in ſuch a continued breeze of ſweets, that I was wonderfully charmed with my ſituation. I here ſaw all the inner declivities of that great circuit of mountains, whoſe outſide was covered with ſnow, overgrown with huge foreſts of fir-trees, which indeed are very frequently found in other parts of the Alps. Theſe trees were inhabited by ſtorks, that came thither in great flights from very diſtant quarters of the world. Methought, I was pleaſed in my dream to ſee what became of theſe birds, when, upon leaving the places to which they make an annual viſit, they riſe in great flocks ſo high until they are out of ſight, and for that reaſon have been thought by ſome modern philoſophers to take a flight to the moon. But my eyes were ſoon diverted from this proſpect, when I obſerved two great gaps that led through this circuit of mountains, where guards and watches were poſted day and night. Upon examination, I found that there were two formidable enemies encamped before each of the avenues, who kept the place in a perpetual alarm, and watched all opportunities of invading it.

Tyranny was at the head of one of theſe armies, dreſſed in an Eaſtern habit, and graſping in her hand an iron ſcepter. Behind her was Barbarity, with the garb and complexion of an Ethiopian; Ignorance, with a turbant upon her head; and Perſecution, holding up a bloody flag, embroidered with flower-de-luces. Theſe were followed by Oppreſſion, Poverty, Famine, Torture, and a dreadful train of appearances that made me tremble to behold them. Among the baggage of this army, I could diſcover racks, wheels, chains, and gibbets, with all the inſtruments art could invent to make human nature miſerable.

Before the other avenue I ſaw Licentiouſneſs, dreſſed in a garment not unlike the Poliſh caſſock, and leading up a whole army of monſters, ſuch as Clamour, with a hoarſe voice and an hundred tongues; Confuſion, with a miſ-ſhapen body, and a thouſand heads; Impudence, with a forehead of braſs; and Rapine, with hands of iron. The tumult, noiſe, and uproar in this quarter, were ſo very great, that they diſturbed my imagination more than is conſiſtent with ſleep, and by that means awaked me.

Nº CLXII. SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1710.

TERTIUS E COELO CECIDIT CATO. Juv. Sat. 2. ver. 40.

SEE! A THIRD CATO FROM THE CLOUDS IS DROPT. R. Wynne.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, APRIL 21.

IN my younger years I uſed many endeavours to get a place at court, and indeed continued my purſuits until I arrived at my grand climacteric. But at length, altogether deſpairing of ſucceſs, whether it were for want of capacity, friends, or due application, I at laſt reſolved to erect a new office, and for my encouragement to place myſelf in it. For this reaſon, I took upon me the title and dignity of Cenſor of Great Britain, reſerving to myſelf all ſuch perquiſites, profits, and emoluments, as ſhould ariſe out of the diſcharge of the ſaid office. Theſe in truth have not been inconſiderable; for, beſides thoſe

weekly contributions which I receive from John Morphew, and thoſe annual ſubſcriptions which I propoſe to myſelf from the moſt elegant part of this great iſland, I daily live in a very comfortable affluence of wine, ſtale beer, Hungary water, beef, books, and marrow-bones, which I receive from many well-diſpoſed citizens; not to mention the forfeitures which accrue to me from the ſeveral offenders that appear before me on court-days.

Having now enjoyed this office for the ſpace of a twelvemonth, I ſhall do what all good officers ought to do, take a ſurvey of my behaviour, and conſider carefully whether I have diſcharged my duty, and acted up to the character with which I am inveſted. For my direction in this particular, I have made a narrow ſearch into the nature of the old Roman Cenſors, whom I always muſt regard, not only as my predeceſſors, but as my patterns in this great employment; and have ſeveral times aſked my own heart with great impartiality, whether Cato will not bear a more venerable figure among poſterity than Bickerſtaff?

I find the duty of the Roman Cenſor was two-fold. The firſt part of it conſiſted in making frequent reviews of the people, in caſting up their numbers, ranging them under their ſeveral tribes, diſpoſing them into proper claſſes, and ſubdividing them into their reſpective centuries.

In compliance with this part of the office, I have taken many curious ſurveys of this great city. I have collected into particular bodies the Dappers and the Smarts, the natural and affected Rakes, the Pretty-fellows, and the very Pretty-fellows. I have likewiſe drawn out in ſeveral diſtinct parties your Pedants and Men of Fire, your Gameſters and Politicians. I have ſeparated Cits from Citizens, Free-thinkers from Philoſophers, Wits from Snuff-takers, and Duelliſts from Men of Honour. I have likewiſe made a calculation of Eſquires, not only conſidering the ſeveral diſtinct ſwarms of them that are ſettled in the different parts of this town, but alſo that more rugged ſpecies that inhabit the fields and woods, and are often found in pot-houſes, and upon hay-cocks.

I ſhall paſs the ſoft ſex over in ſilence, having not yet reduced them into any tolerable order; as likewiſe the ſofter tribe of Lovers, which will coſt me a great deal of time before I ſhall be able to caſt them into their ſeveral centuries and ſubdiviſions.

The ſecond part of the Roman Cenſor's office was to look into the manners of the people; and to check any growing luxury, whether in diet, dreſs, or building. This duty likewiſe I have endeavoured to diſcharge, by thoſe wholeſome precepts which I have given my countrymen in regard to beef and mutton, and the ſevere cenſures which I have paſſed upon ragoûts and fricaſſees. There is not, as I am informed, a pair of red heels to be ſeen within ten miles of London; which I may likewiſe aſcribe, without vanity, to the becoming zeal which I expreſſed in that particular. I muſt own, my ſucceſs with the petticoat is not ſo great: but as I have not yet done with it, I hope I ſhall in a little time put an effectual ſtop to that growing evil. As for the article of building, I intend hereafter to enlarge upon it; having lately obſerved ſeveral warehouſes, nay, private ſhops, that ſtand upon Corinthian pillars, and whole rows of tin pots ſhewing themſelves, in order to their ſale, through a ſaſh window.

I have likewiſe followed the example of the Roman Cenſors, in puniſhing offences according to the quality of the offender. It was uſual for them to expel a ſenator, who had been guilty of great immoralities, out of the ſenate-houſe, by omitting his name when they called over the liſt of his brethren. In the ſame manner, to remove effectually ſeveral worthleſs men who ſtand poſſeſſed of great honours, I have made frequent draughts of dead men out of the vicious part of the nobility, and given them up to the new ſociety of upholders, with the neceſſary orders for their interment. As the Roman Cenſors uſed to puniſh the knights or gentlemen of Rome, by taking away their horſes from them, I have ſeized the canes of many criminals of figure, whom I had juſt reaſon to animadvert upon. As for the offenders among the common people of Rome, they were generally chaſtiſed by being thrown out of a higher tribe, and placed in one which was not ſo honourable. My reader cannot but think I have had an eye to this puniſhment, when I have degraded one ſpecies of men into Bombs, Squibs, and Crackers; and another into Drums, Baſs-viols, and Bag-pipes; not

to mention whole packs of delinquents whom I have ſhut up in kennels, and the new hoſpital which I am at preſent erecting for the reception of thoſe of my countrymen, who give me but little hopes of their amendment, on the borders of Moorfields. I ſhall only obſerve upon this laſt particular, that ſince ſome late ſurveys I have taken of this iſland, I ſhall think it neceſſary to enlarge the plan of the buildings, which I deſign in this quarter.

When my great predeceſſor Cato the Elder ſtood for the Cenſorſhip of Rome, there were ſeveral other competitors who offered themſelves; and to get an intereſt amongſt the people, gave them great promiſes of the mild and gentle treatment which they would uſe towards them in that office. Cato on the contrary told them, he preſented himſelf as a candidate, becauſe he knew the age was ſunk in immorality and corruption; and that if they would give him their votes, he would promiſe them to make uſe of ſuch a ſtrictneſs and ſeverity of diſcipline, as ſhould recover them out of it. The Roman hiſtorians, upon this occaſion, very much celebrated the public ſpiritedneſs of that people, who choſe Cato for their Cenſor, notwithſtanding his method of recommending himſelf. I may in ſome meaſure extol my own countrymen upon the ſame account; who, without any reſpect to party, or any application from myſelf, have made ſuch generous ſubſcriptions for the Cenſor of Great Britain, as will give a magnificence to my old age, and which I eſteem more than I would any poſt in Europe of an hundred times the value. I ſhall only add, that upon looking into my catalogue of ſubſcribers, which I intend to print alphabetically in the front of my Lucubrations, I find the names of the greateſt beauties and wits in the whole iſland of Great Britain; which I only mention for the benefit of any of them who have not yet ſubſcribed, it being my deſign to cloſe the ſubſcription in a very ſhort time.

Nº CLXIII. TUESDAY, APRIL 25, 1710.

IDEM INFICETO EST INFICETIOR RURE,
SIMUL POEMATA ATTIGIT; NEQUE IDEM UNQUAM
ÆQUE EST BEATUS, AC POEMA CUM SCRIBIT:
TAM GAUDET IN SE, TAMQUE SE IPSE MIRATUR.
NIMIRUM IDEM OMNES FALLIMUR; NEQUE EST QUISQUAM
QUEM NON IN ALIQUA RE VIDERE SUFFENUM
POSSIS———————

CATUL. DE SUFFENO. 20. 14.

SUFFENUS HAS NO MORE WIT THAN A MERE CLOWN WHEN HE ATTEMPTS TO WRITE VERSES; AND YET HE IS NEVER HAPPIER THAN WHEN HE IS SCRIBBLING: SO MUCH DOES HE ADMIRE HIMSELF AND HIS COMPOSITIONS. AND, INDEED, THIS IS THE FOIBLE OF EVERY ONE OF US; FOR THERE IS NO MAN LIVING WHO IS NOT A SUFFENUS IN ONE THING OR OTHER.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, APRIL 24.

I Yeſterday came hither about two hours before the company generally make their appearance, with a deſign to read over all the news-papers; but upon my ſitting down, I was accoſted by Ned Softly, who ſaw me from a corner in the other end of the room, where I found he had been writing ſomething. 'Mr. Bickerſtaff,' ſays he, 'I 'obſerve by a late paper of yours, that 'you and I are juſt of a humour; for 'you muſt know, of all impertinencies, 'there is nothing which I ſo much hate 'as news. I never read a gazette in 'my life; and never trouble my head 'about our armies, whether they win 'or loſe; or in what part of the world 'they lie encamped.' Without giving me time to reply, he drew a paper of verſes out of his pocket, telling me, that he had ſomething which would entertain me more agreeably; and that he would deſire my judgment upon every line, for that we had time enough before us until the company came in.

Ned Softly is a very pretty poet, and a great admirer of eaſy lines. Waller is his favourite: and as that admirable writer has the beſt and worſt verſes of any among our great Engliſh poets, Ned Softly

Softly has got all the bad ones without book; which he repeats upon occasion, to shew his reading, and garnish his conversation. Ned is indeed a true English reader, incapable of relishing the great and masterly strokes of this art; but wonderfully pleased with the little Gothic ornaments of epigrammatical conceits, turns, points, and quibbles; which are so frequent in the most admired of our English poets, and practised by those who want genius and strength to represent, after the manner of the ancients, simplicity in it's natural beauty and perfection.

Finding myself unavoidably engaged in such a conversation, I was resolved to turn my pain into a pleasure, and to divert myself as well as I could with so very odd a fellow. 'You must understand,' says Ned, 'that the sonnet I am 'going to read to you was written upon 'a lady, who shewed me some verses 'of her own making, and is, perhaps, 'the best poet of our age. But you shall 'hear it.' Upon which he began to read as follows:

TO MIRA, ON HER INCOMPARABLE POEMS.

I.

WHEN dress'd in laurel wreaths you shine,
And tune your soft melodious notes,
You seem a sister of the Nine,
Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.

II.

I fancy, when your song you sing,
(Your song you sing with so much art)
Your pen was pluck'd from Cupid's wing;
For, ah! it wounds me like his dart.

'Why,' says I, 'this is a little nosegay of conceits, a very lump of salt: 'every verse hath something in it that 'piques; and then the Dart in the last 'line is certainly as pretty a sting in the 'tail of an epigram, for so I think you 'critics call it, as ever entered into the 'thought of a poet.'—'Dear Mr. Bickerstaff,' says he, shaking me by the hand, 'every body knows you to be a 'judge of these things; and to tell you 'truly, I read over Roscommon's translation of Horace's Art of Poetry three 'several times, before I sat down to 'write the sonnet which I have shewn 'you. But you shall hear it again, 'and pray observe every line of it; for 'not one of them shall pass without your 'approbation.

When dress'd in laurel wreaths you shine,

'That is,' says he, 'when you have 'your garland on; when you are writing verses.' To which I replied, 'I 'know your meaning: A metaphor?'—'The same,' said he, and went on.

And tune your soft melodious notes,

'Pray observe the gliding of that 'verse; there is scarce a consonant in 'it: I took care to make it run upon 'liquids. Give me your opinion of it.'—'Truly,' said I, 'I think it as good 'as the former.'—'I am very glad to 'hear you say so,' says he; 'but mind 'the next.

You seem a sister of the Nine,

'That is,' says he, 'you seem a sister 'of the Muses; for, if you look into 'ancient authors, you will find it was 'their opinion, that there were nine of 'them.'—'I remember it very well,' said I: 'but pray proceed.'

Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.

'Phœbus,' says he, 'was the god of 'poetry. These little instances, Mr. 'Bickerstaff, shew a gentleman's read-'ing. Then to take off from the air of 'learning, which Phœbus and the Muses 'have given to this first stanza, you may 'observe, how it falls all of a sudden 'into the familiar—"in petticoats!"

Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.

'Let us now,' says I, 'enter upon 'the second stanza; I find the first line 'is still a continuation of the metaphor.

I fancy when your song you sing,

'It is very right,' says he; 'but pray 'observe the turn of words in those two 'lines. I was a whole hour in adjust-'ing of them, and have still a doubt 'upon me, whether in the second line 'it should be—"Your song you sing;" 'or, "You sing your song?" You 'shall hear them both:

I fancy, when your song you sing,
(Your song you sing with so much art)

OR,

I fancy when your song you sing,
(You sing your song with so much art)

'Truly,'

'Truly,' said I, 'the turn is so natural either way, that you have made me almost giddy with it.'—'Dear Sir,' said he, grasping me by the hand, 'you have a great deal of patience; but pray what do you think of the next verse?

Your pen was pluck'd from Cupid's wing;

'Think!' says I; 'I think you have made Cupid look like a little goose.'—'That was my meaning,' says he: 'I think the ridicule is well enough hit off. But we come now to the last, which sums up the whole matter.

For, Ah! it wounds me like his dart.

'Pray how do you like that Ah! doth it not make a pretty figure in that place? Ah!—it looks as if I felt the dart, and cried out at being pricked with it.

For, Ah! it wounds me like his dart.

'My friend Dick Easy,' continued he, 'assured me, he would rather have written that Ah! than to have been the author of the Æneid.' He indeed objected, that I made Mira's pen like a quill in one of the lines, and like a dart in the other. 'But as to that—'Oh! as to that,' says I, 'it is but supposing Cupid to be like a porcupine, and his quills and darts will be the same thing.' He was going to embrace me for the hint; but half a dozen of critics coming into the room, whose faces he did not like, he conveyed the sonnet into his pocket, and whispered me in the ear, he would shew it me again as soon as his man had written it over fair.

Nº CLXIV. THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1710.

QUI SIBI PROMITTIT CIVES, URBEM, SIBI CURÆ,
IMPERIUM FORE, ET ITALIAM, ET DELUBRA DEORUM,
QUO PATRE SIT NATUS, NUM IGNOTA MATRE INHONESTUS?
OMNES MORTALES CURARE ET QUÆRERE COGIT.
HOR. SAT. 6. LIB. I. VER. 34.

WHOEVER PROMISES TO GUARD THE STATE,
THE GODS, THE TEMPLES, AND IMPERIAL SEAT,
MAKES EV'RY MORTAL ASK HIS FATHER'S NAME,
OR IF HIS MOTHER WAS A SLAVE-BORN DAME? FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, APRIL 26.

I Have lately been looking over the many packets of letters which I have received from all quarters of Great Britain, as well as from foreign countries, since my entering upon the office of Censor; and indeed am very much surprized to see so great a number of them, and pleased to think that I have so far increased the revenue of the Post-office. As this collection will grow daily, I have digested it into several bundles, and made proper indorsements on each particular letter; it being my design, when I lay down the work that I am now engaged in, to erect a Paper-office, and give it to the public.

I could not but make several observations upon reading over the letters of my correspondents: as first of all, on the different tastes that reign in the different parts of this city. I find, by the approbations which are given me, that I am seldom famous on the same days on both sides of Temple-Bar; and that when I am in the greatest repute within the liberties, I dwindle at the court-end of the town. Sometimes I sink in both these places at the same time; but for my comfort, my name hath then been up in the districts of Wapping and Rotherhithe. Some of my correspondents desire me to be always serious, and others to be always merry. Some of them intreat me to go to bed and fall into a dream, and like me better when I am asleep than when I am awake. Others advise me to sit all night upon the stars, and be more frequent in my astrological observations; for that a vision is not properly a lucubration. Some of my readers thank me for filling my paper with the flowers of antiquity, others desire news from Flanders. Some approve my criticisms on the dead, and others my censures on the living. For this reason, I once resolved, in the new edition of my works, to range my several

ral papers under diſtinct heads, according as their principal deſign was to benefit and inſtruct the different capacities of my readers; and to follow the example of ſome very great authors, by writing at the head of each diſcourſe—'Ad Aulam, Ad Academiam, Ad Populum, Ad Clerum.'

There is no particular in which my correſpondents of all ages, conditions, ſexes, and complexions, univerſally agree, except only in their thirſt after ſcandal. It is impoſſible to conceive, how many have recommended their neighbours to me upon this account, or how unmercifully I have been abuſed by ſeveral unknown hands, for not publiſhing the ſecret hiſtories of cuckoldom that I have received from almoſt every ſtreet in town.

It would indeed be very dangerous for me to read over the many praiſes and eulogiums, which come poſt to me from all the corners of the nation, were they not mixed with many checks, reprimands, ſcurrilities, and reproaches; which ſeveral of my good-natured countrymen cannot forbear ſending me, though it often coſts them two-pence or a groat before they can convey them to my hands: ſo that ſometimes when I am put into the beſt humour in the world, after having read a panegyric upon my performances, and looked upon myſelf as a benefactor to the Britiſh nation, the next letter, perhaps, I open, begins with—'You old doting ſcoundrel!—'Are not you a ſad dog?—Sirrah, you 'deſerve to have your noſe ſlit;' and the like ingenious conceits. Theſe little mortifications are neceſſary to ſuppreſs that pride and vanity which naturally ariſe in the mind of a received author, and enable me to bear the reputation which my courteous readers beſtow upon me, without becoming a coxcomb by it. It was for the ſame reaſon, that when a Roman general entered the city in the pomp of a triumph, the commonwealth allowed of ſeveral little drawbacks to his reputation, by conniving at ſuch of the rabble as repeated libels and lampoons upon him within his hearing; and by that means engaged his thoughts upon his weakneſs and imperfections, as well as on the merits that advanced him to ſo great honours. The conqueror, however, was not the leſs eſteemed for being a man in ſome particulars, becauſe he appeared as a god in others.

There is another circumſtance in which my countrymen have dealt very perverſely with me; and that is, in ſearching not only into my own life, but alſo into the lives of my anceſtors. If there has been a blot in my family for theſe ten generations, it hath been diſcovered by ſome or other of my correſpondents. In ſhort, I find the ancient family of the Bickerſtaffs has ſuffered very much through the malice and prejudice of my enemies. Some of them twit me in the teeth with the conduct of my aunt Margery: nay, there are ſome who have been ſo diſingenuous, as to throw Maud the milk-maid into my diſh, notwithſtanding I myſelf was the firſt who diſcovered that alliance. I reap, however, many benefits from the malice of theſe enemies, as they let me ſee my own faults, and give me a view of myſelf in the worſt light; as they hinder me from being blown up by flattery and ſelf-conceit; as they make me keep a watchful eye over my own actions; and at the ſame time make me cautious how I talk of others, and particularly of my friends and relations, or value myſelf upon the antiquity of my family.

But the moſt formidable part of my correſpondents are thoſe, whoſe letters are filled with threats and menaces. I have been treated ſo often after this manner, that not thinking it ſufficient to fence well, in which I am now arrived at the utmoſt perfection, and carry piſtols about me, which I have always tucked within my girdle; I ſeveral months ſince made my will, ſettled my eſtate, and took leave of my friends, looking upon myſelf as no better than a dead man. Nay, I went ſo far as to write a long letter to the moſt intimate acquaintance I have in the world, under the character of a departed perſon, giving him an account of what brought me to that untimely end, and of the fortitude with which I met it. This letter being too long for the preſent paper, I intend to print it by itſelf very ſuddenly; and at the ſame time I muſt confeſs, I took my hint of it from the behaviour of an old ſoldier in the civil wars, who was corporal of a company in a regiment of foot, about the ſame time that I myſelf was a cadet in the King's army.

This

This gentleman was taken by the enemy; and the two parties were upon such terms at that time, that we did not treat each other as prisoners of war, but as traitors and rebels. The poor corporal, being condemned to die, wrote a letter to his wife when under sentence of execution. He writ on the Thursday, and was to be executed on the Friday: but considering that the letter would not come to his wife's hands until Saturday, the day after execution, and being at that time more scrupulous than ordinary in speaking exact truth, he formed his letter rather according to the posture of his affairs, when she should read it, than as they stood when he sent it: though it must be confessed, there is a certain perplexity in the stile of it, which the reader will easily pardon, considering his circumstances.

DEAR WIFE,

HOPING you are in good health, as I am at this present writing; this is to let you know, that yesterday, between the hours of eleven and twelve, I was hanged, drawn, and quartered. I died very penitently, and every body thought my case very hard. Remember me kindly to my poor fatherless children.

Yours, until death,

W. B.

It so happened, that this honest fellow was relieved by a party of his friends, and had the satisfaction to see all the rebels hanged who had been his enemies. I must not omit a circumstance which exposed him to raillery his whole life after. Before the arrival of the next post, that would have set all things clear, his wife was married to a second husband, who lived in the peaceable possession of her; and the corporal, who was a man of plain understanding, did not care to stir in the matter, as knowing that she had the news of his death under his own hand, which she might have produced upon occasion.

Nº CLXV. SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1710.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, APRIL 28.

IT has always been my endeavour to distinguish between realities and appearances, and to separate true merit from the pretence to it. As it shall ever be my study to make discoveries of this nature in human life, and to settle the proper distinctions between the virtues and perfections of mankind, and those false colours and resemblances of them that shine alike in the eyes of the vulgar; so I shall be more particularly careful to search into the various merits and pretences of the learned world. This is the more necessary, because there seems to be a general combination among the pedants to extol one another's labours, and cry up one another's parts; while men of sense, either through that modesty which is natural to them, or the scorn they have for such trifling commendations, enjoy their stock of knowledge, like a hidden treasure, with satisfaction and silence. Pedantry in learning is like hypocrisy in religion, a form of knowledge without the power of it; that attracts the eyes of the common people; breaks out in noise and show; and finds it's reward not from any inward pleasure that attends it, but from the praises and approbations which it receives from men.

Of this shallow species there is not a more importunate, empty, and conceited animal, than that which is generally known by the name of a Critic. This, in the common acceptation of the word, is one that, without entering into the sense and soul of an author, has a few general rules, which, like mechanical instruments, he applies to the works of every writer; and as they quadrate with them, pronounces the author perfect or defective. He is master of a certain set of words, as Unity, Stile, Fire, Phlegm, Easy, Natural, Turn, Sentiment, and the like; which he varies, compounds, divides, and throws together, in every part of his discourse, without any thought or meaning. The marks you may know him by are, an elevated eye, and dogmatical brow, a positive voice, and a contempt for every thing that comes out, whether he has read it or not. He dwells altogether in generals. He praises or dispraises in the lump. He shakes his head very frequently at the pedantry of

universities, and bursts into laughter when you mention an author that is not known at Will's. He hath formed his judgment upon Homer, Horace, and Virgil, not from their own works, but from those of Rapin and Bossu. He knows his own strength so well, that he never dares praise any thing in which he has not a French author for his voucher.

With these extraordinary talents and accomplishments, Sir Timothy Tittle puts men in vogue, or condemns them to obscurity; and sits as judge of life and death upon every author that appears in public. It is impossible to represent the pangs, agonies, and convulsions, which Sir Timothy expresses in every feature of his face, and muscle of his body, upon the reading of a bad poet.

About a week ago, I was engaged at a friend's of mine in an agreeable conversation with his wife and daughters; when, in the height of our mirth, Sir Timothy, who makes love to my friend's eldest daughter, came in amongst us puffing and blowing as if he had been very much out of breath. He immediately called for a chair, and desired leave to sit down without any further ceremony. I asked him, where he had been? whether he was out of order? he only replied, that he was quite spent, and fell a cursing in soliloquy. I could hear him cry—'A wicked rogue—An 'execrable wretch—Was there ever 'such a monster!' The young ladies upon this began to be affrighted, and asked, whether any one had hurt him? He answered nothing, but still talked to himself—'To lay the first scene,' says he, 'in St. James's Park, and the 'last in Northamptonshire!'—'Is that 'all?' said I: 'then I suppose you have 'been at the rehearsal of a play this 'morning.'—'Been!' says he, 'I have 'been at Northampton, in the Park, in 'a lady's bed-chamber, in a dining-'room, every where; the rogue has led 'me such a dance—' Though I could scarce forbear laughing at his discourse, I told him I was glad it was no worse, and that he was only metaphorically weary. 'In short, Sir,' says he, 'the 'author has not observed a single unity 'in his whole play; the scene shifts in 'every dialogue; the villain has hurried 'me up and down at such a rate, that 'I am tired off my legs.' I could not but observe with some pleasure, that the young lady whom he made love to, conceived a very just aversion towards him, upon seeing him so very passionate in trifles. And as she had that natural sense which makes her a better judge than a thousand critics, she began to rally him upon this foolish humour. 'For my part,' says she, 'I never knew 'a play take that was written up to your 'rules, as you call them.'—'How, 'Madam!' says he, 'is that your opi-'nion? I am sure you have a better 'taste.'—'It is a pretty kind of ma-'gic,' says she, 'the poets have, to 'transport an audience from place to 'place without the help of a coach and 'horses; I could travel round the world 'at such a rate. It is such an enter-'tainment as an enchantress finds when 'she fancies herself in a wood, or upon 'a mountain, at a feast, or a solemnity; 'though at the same time she has never 'stirred out of her cottage.'—'Your 'simile, Madam,' says Sir Timothy, 'is by no means just.'—'Pray,' says she, 'let my similies pass without a cri-'ticism. I must confess,' continued she, (for I found she was resolved to exasperate him) 'I laughed very heart-'ily at the last new comedy which you 'found so much fault with.'—'But, 'Madam,' says he, 'you ought not 'to have laughed; and I defy any one 'to shew me a single rule that you could 'laugh by.'—'Ought not to laugh!' says she; 'pray who should hinder me?' —'Madam,' says he, 'there are such 'people in the world as Rapin, Dacier, 'and several others, that ought to have 'spoiled your mirth.'—'I have heard,' says the young lady, 'that your great 'critics are always very bad poets: I 'fancy there is as much difference be-'tween the works of one and the other, 'as there is between the carriage of a 'dancing-master and a gentleman. I 'must confess,' continued she, 'I 'would not be troubled with so fine a 'judgment as yours is; for I find you 'feel more vexation in a bad comedy, 'than I do in a deep tragedy.'—'Ma-'dam,' says Sir Timothy, 'that is not 'my fault; they should learn the art of 'writing.'—'For my part,' says the young lady, 'I should think the greatest 'art in your writers of comedies is to 'please.'—'To please!' says Sir Ti-mothy; and immediately fell a laughing. 'Truly,' says she, 'that is my opi-'nion.'

'nion.' Upon this he compoſed his countenance, looked upon his watch, and took his leave.

I hear that Sir Timothy has not been at my friend's houſe ſince this notable conference, to the great ſatisfaction of the young lady, who by this means has got rid of a very impertinent fop.

I muſt confeſs, I could not but obſerve, with a great deal of ſurprize, how this gentleman, by his ill-nature, folly, and affectation, had made himſelf capable of ſuffering ſuch imaginary pains, and looking with ſuch a ſenſeleſs ſeverity upon the common diverſions of life.

N° CLXVI. TUESDAY, MAY 2, 1710.

DICENDA, TACENDA LOCUTUS.
HOR. EP. 7. LIB. I. VER. 72.

HE SAID,
OR RIGHT OR WRONG, WHAT CAME INTO HIS HEAD.
FRANCIS.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, MAY 1.

THE world is ſo overgrown with ſingularities in behaviour, and method of living, that I have no ſooner laid before mankind the abſurdity of one ſpecies of men, but there ſtarts up to my view ſome ſect of impertinents that had before eſcaped notice. This afternoon, as I was talking with fine Mrs. Sprightly's porter, and deſiring admittance upon an extraordinary occaſion, it was my fate to be ſpied by Tom Modely riding by in his chariot. He did me the honour to ſtop, and aſked, what I did there on a Monday? I anſwered, that I had buſineſs of importance, which I wanted to communicate to the lady of the houſe. Tom is one of thoſe fools, who look upon knowledge of the faſhion to be the only liberal ſcience; and was ſo rough as to tell me, that a well-bred man would as ſoon call upon a lady, who keeps a day, at midnight, as on any day but that on which ſhe profeſſes being at home. 'There are rules and 'decorums,' adds he, 'which are never 'to be tranſgreſſed by thoſe who under-'ſtand the world; and he who offends 'in that kind, ought not to take it ill if 'he is turned away, even when he ſees 'the perſon look out at her window 'whom he enquires for. Nay,' he ſaid, 'my Lady Dimple is ſo poſitive in this 'rule, that ſhe takes it for a piece of 'good-breeding and diſtinction to deny 'herſelf with her own mouth. Mrs. 'Comma, the great ſcholar, inſiſts upon 'it, and I myſelf have heard her aſſert, 'that a lord's porter, or a lady's woman, cannot be ſaid to lye in that caſe, 'becauſe they act by inſtruction; and 'their words are no more their own, 'than thoſe of a puppet.'

He was going on with his ribaldry, when on a ſudden he looked on his watch, and ſaid, he had twenty viſits to make, and drove away without further ceremony. I was then at leiſure to reflect upon the taſteleſs manner of life, which a ſet of idle fellows lead in this town, and ſpend youth itſelf with leſs ſpirit, than other men do their old age. Theſe expletives in human ſociety, though they are in themſelves wholly inſignificant, become of ſome conſideration when they are mixed with others. I am very much at a loſs how to define, or under what character, diſtinction, or denomination, to place them; except you give me leave to call them the order of the Inſipids. This order is in it's extent like that of the Jeſuits; and you ſee of them in every way of life, and in every profeſſion. Tom Modely has long appeared to me at the head of this ſpecies. By being habitually in the beſt company, he knows perfectly well when a coat is well cut, or a periwig well mounted. As ſoon as you enter the place where he is, he tells the next man to him, who is your taylor, and judges of you more from the choice of your periwig-maker than of your friend. His buſineſs in this world is to be well dreſſed; and the greateſt circumſtance that is to be recorded in his annals is, that he wears twenty ſhirts a week. Thus, without ever ſpeaking reaſon among the men, or paſſion among the women, he

is every where well received; and without any one man's eſteem, he has every man's indulgence.

This order has produced great numbers of tolerable copiers in painting, good rhymers in poetry, and harmleſs projectors in politics. You may ſee them at firſt ſight grow acquainted by ſympathy; inſomuch that one who had not ſtudied nature, and did not know the true cauſe of their ſudden familiarities, would think that they had ſome ſecret intimation of each other, like the Free-maſons. The other day at Will's I heard Modely, and a critic of the ſame order, ſhew their equal talents with great delight. The learned Inſipid was commending Racine's turns; the genteel Inſipid, Devillier's curls.

Theſe creatures, when they are not forced into any particular employment, for want of ideas in their own imaginations, are the conſtant plague of all they meet with by enquiries for news and ſcandal, which makes them the heroes of viſiting-days; where they help the deſign of the meeting, which is to paſs away that odious thing called time, in diſcourſes too trivial to raiſe any reflections which may put well-bred perſons to the trouble of thinking.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAY. 1.

I WAS looking out of the parlour-window this morning, and receiving the honours which Margery, the milk-maid to our lane, was doing me, by dancing before my door with the plate of half her cuſtomers on her head, when Mr. Clayton, the author of Arſinoë, made me a viſit, and deſired me to inſert the following advertiſement in my enſuing paper.

The paſtoral maſque, compoſed by Mr. Clayton, author of Arſinoë, will be performed on Wedneſday, the third inſtant, in the great room at York Buildings. Tickets are to be had at White's Chocolate-houſe, St. James's Coffee-houſe in St. James's Street, and Young Man's Coffee-houſe.

Note; the tickets delivered out for the twenty-ſeventh of April, will be taken then.

When I granted his requeſt, I made one to him, which was, that the performers ſhould put their inſtruments in tune before the audience came in; for that I thought the reſentment of the Eaſtern Prince, who, according to the old ſtory, took Tuning for Playing, to be very juſt and natural. He was ſo civil, as not only to promiſe that favour, but alſo to aſſure me, that he would order the heels of the performers to be muffled in cotton, that the artiſts in ſo polite an age as ours, may not intermix with their harmony a cuſtom, which ſo nearly reſembles the ſtamping dances of the Weſt Indians or Hottentots.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A BASS-VIOL of Mr. Bickerſtaff's acquaintance, whoſe mind and fortune do not very exactly agree, propoſes to ſet himſelf to ſale by way of lottery. Ten thouſand pounds is the ſum to be raiſed, at three-pence a ticket, in conſideration that there are more women who are willing to be married, than that can ſpare a greater ſum. He has already made over his perſon to truſtees for the ſaid money to be forth coming, and ready to take to wife the fortunate woman that wins him.

N. B. Tickets are given out by Mr. Charles Lillie, and Mr. John Morphew. Each adventurer muſt be a virgin, and ſubſcribe her name to her ticket.

Whereas the ſeveral churchwardens of moſt of the pariſhes within the bills of mortality have in an earneſt manner applied themſelves by way of petition, and have alſo made a preſentment, of the vain and looſe deportment during divine ſervice, of perſons of too great figure in all their ſaid pariſhes for their reproof: and whereas it is therein ſet forth, that by ſalutations given each other, hints, ſhrugs, ogles, playing of fans, fooling with canes at their mouths, and other wanton geſticulations, their whole congregation appears rather a theatrical audience, than an houſe of devotion; it is hereby ordered that all canes, cravats, boſom-laces, muffs, fans, ſnuff-boxes, and all other inſtruments made uſe of to give perſons unbecoming airs, ſhall be immediately forfeited and ſold; and of the ſum ariſing from the ſale thereof, a ninth part ſhall be paid to the poor, and the reſt to the overſeers,

Nº CLXVII. THURSDAY, MAY 4, 1710.

SEGNIUS IRRITANT ANIMOS DEMISSA PER AUREM,
QUAM QUÆ SUNT OCULIS SUBMISSA FIDELIBUS.———
HOR. ARS POET. VER. 180.

———WHAT WE HEAR,
WITH WEAKER PASSION WILL AFFECT THE HEART,
THAN WHEN THE FAITHFUL EYE BEHOLDS THE PART.
FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAY 2.

HAVING received notice, that the famous actor Mr. Betterton was to be interred this evening in the cloysters near Westminster Abbey, I was resolved to walk thither, and see the last office done to a man whom I had always very much admired, and from whose action I had received more strong impressions of what is great and noble in human nature, than from the arguments of the most solid philosophers, or the descriptions of the most charming poets I had ever read. As the rude and untaught multitude are no way wrought upon more effectually, than by seeing public punishments and executions; so men of letters and education feel their humanity most forcibly exercised, when they attend the obsequies of men who had arrived at any perfection in liberal accomplishments. Theatrical action is to be esteemed as such, except it be objected, that we cannot call that an art which cannot be attained by art. Voice, stature, motion, and other gifts, must be very bountifully bestowed by nature, or labour and industry will but push the unhappy endeavourer in that way the further off his wishes.

Such an actor as Mr. Betterton ought to be recorded with the same respect as Roscius among the Romans. The greatest orator has thought fit to quote his judgment, and celebrate his life. Roscius was the example to all that would form themselves into proper and winning behaviour. His action was so well adapted to the sentiments he expressed, that the youth of Rome thought they wanted only to be virtuous, to be as graceful in their appearance as Roscius. The imagination took a lovely impression of what was great and good; and they, who never thought of setting up for the art of imitation, became themselves inimitable characters.

There is no human invention so aptly calculated for the forming a free-born people as that of a theatre. Tully reports, that the celebrated player of whom I am speaking, used frequently to say —'The perfection of an actor is only 'to become what he is doing.' Young men, who are too inattentive to receive lectures, are irresistibly taken with performances. Hence it is, that I extremely lament the little relish the gentry of this nation have, at present, for the just and noble representations in some of our tragedies. The operas, which are of late introduced, can leave no trace behind them that can be of service beyond the present moment. To sing, and to dance, are accomplishments very few have any thoughts of practising; but to speak justly, and move gracefully, is what every man thinks he does perform, or wishes he did.

I have hardly a notion that any performer of antiquity could surpass the action of Mr. Betterton, in any of the occasions in which he has appeared on our stage. The wonderful agony which he appeared in, when he examined the circumstance of the handkerchief in Othello; the mixture of love that intruded upon his mind, upon the innocent answers Desdemona makes, betrayed in his gesture such a variety and vicissitude of passions, as would admonish a man to be afraid of his own heart; and perfectly convince him, that it is to stab it, to admit that worst of daggers, jealousy. Whoever reads in his closet this admirable scene, will find that he cannot, except he has as warm an imagination as Shakespeare himself, find any but dry, incoherent, and broken sentences: but a reader that has seen Betterton act it, observes, there could not be a word added; that longer speeches had

had been unnatural, nay, impoſſible, in Othello's circumſtances. The charming paſſage in the ſame tragedy, where he tells the manner of winning the affection of his miſtreſs, was urged with ſo moving and graceful an energy, that while I walked in the cloyſters, I thought of him with the ſame concern as if I waited for the remains of a perſon who had in real life done all that I had ſeen him repreſent. The gloom of the place, and faint lights before the ceremony appeared, contributed to the melancholy diſpoſition I was in: and I began to be extremely afflicted that Brutus and Caſſius had any difference; that Hotſpur's gallantry was ſo unfortunate; and that the mirth and good-humour of Falſtaff could not exempt him from the grave. Nay, this occaſion, in me who look upon the diſtinctions amongſt men to be merely ſcenical, raiſed reflections upon the emptineſs of all human perfection and greatneſs in general; and I could not but regret that the ſacred heads which lie buried in the neighbourhood of this little portion of earth, in which my poor old friend is depoſited, are returned to duſt as well as he, and that there is no difference in the grave between the imaginary and the real monarch. This made me ſay of human life itſelf, with Macbeth—

To-morrow, to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in a ſtealing pace from day to day,
To the laſt moment of recorded time!
And all our yeſterdays have lighted fools
To the eternal night! Out, out, ſhort candle!
Life's but a walking ſhadow, a poor player
That ſtruts and frets his hour upon the ſtage,
And then is heard no more.

The mention I have here made of Mr. Betterton, for whom I had, as long as I have known any thing, a very great eſteem and gratitude for the pleaſure he gave me, can do him no good; but it may poſſibly be of ſervice to the unhappy woman he has left behind him, to have it known that this great tragedian was never in a ſcene half ſo moving as the circumſtances of his affairs created at his departure. His wife, after a cohabitation of forty years in the ſtricteſt amity, has long pined away with a ſenſe of his decay, as well in his perſon as his little fortune; and, in proportion to that, ſhe has herſelf decayed both in her health and reaſon. Her huſband's death, added to her age and infirmities, would certainly have determined her life, but that the greatneſs of her diſtreſs has been her relief, by a preſent deprivation of her ſenſes. This abſence of reaſon is her beſt defence againſt age, ſorrow, poverty, and ſickneſs. I dwell upon this account ſo diſtinctly, in obedience to a certain great ſpirit, who hides her name, and has by letter applied to me to recommend to her ſome object of compaſſion, from whom ſhe may be concealed.

This, I think, is a proper occaſion for exerting ſuch heroic generoſity; and as there is an ingenuous ſhame in thoſe who have known better fortune, to be reduced to receive obligations, as well as a becoming pain in the truly generous to receive thanks; in this caſe both thoſe delicacies are preſerved; for the perſon obliged is as incapable of knowing her benefactreſs, as her benefactreſs is unwilling to be known by her.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas it hath been ſignified to the Cenſor, that under the pretence that he has encouraged the Moving Picture, and particularly admired the Walking Statue, ſome perſons within the liberties of Weſtminſter have vended walking pictures, inſomuch that the ſaid pictures have, within few days after ſales by auction, returned to the habitations of their firſt proprietors; that matter has been narrowly looked into, and orders are given to Pacolet to take notice of all who are concerned in ſuch frauds, with directions to draw their pictures, that they may be hanged in effigy, *in terrorem* to all auctions for the future.

N° CLXVIII. SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1710.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAY 5.

NEVER was man ſo much teazed, or ſuffered half ſo much uneaſineſs, as I have done this evening, between a couple of fellows, with whom I was unfortunately engaged to ſup, where there were alſo ſeveral others in company. One of them is the moſt invincibly impudent, and the other as incorrigibly abſurd. Upon hearing my name, the man of audacity, as he calls himſelf,

himſelf, began to aſſume an aukward way of reſerve, by way of ridicule upon me as a Cenſor, and ſaid, he muſt have a care of his behaviour, for there would be notes writ upon all that ſhould paſs. The man of freedom and eaſe, for ſuch the other thinks himſelf, aſked me, whether my ſiſter Jenny was breeding or not? After they had done with me, they were impertinent to a very ſmart but well-bred man; who ſtood his ground very well, and let the company ſee they ought, but could not, be out of countenance. I look upon ſuch a defence as a real good action; for while he received their fire, there was a modeſt and a worthy young gentleman ſat ſecure by him, and a lady of the family at the ſame time guarded againſt the nauſeous familiarity of the one, and the more painful mirth of the other. This converſation, where there were a thouſand things ſaid, not worth repeating, made me conſider with myſelf how it is that men of theſe diſagreeable characters often go great lengths in the world, and ſeldom fail of outſtripping men of merit; nay, ſucceed ſo well, that with a load of imperfections on their heads, they go on in oppoſition to general diſeſteem; while they who are every way their ſuperiors, languiſh away their days, though poſſeſſed of the approbation and good-will of all who know them.

If we would examine into the ſecret ſprings of action in the impudent and the abſurd, we ſhall find, though they bear a great reſemblance in their behaviour, that they move upon very different principles. The impudent are preſſing, though they know they are diſagreeable; the abſurd are importunate, becauſe they think they are acceptable; Impudence is a vice, and Abſurdity a folly. Sir Francis Bacon talks very agreeably upon the ſubject of Impudence. He takes notice, that the orator being aſked what was the firſt, ſecond, and third requiſite to make a fine ſpeaker; ſtill anſwered—'Action. 'This,' ſaid he, 'is the very outward 'form of ſpeaking; and yet it is what 'with the generality has more force 'than the moſt conſummate abilities. 'Impudence is to the reſt of mankind 'of the ſame uſe which action is to 'orators.'

The truth is, the groſs of men are governed more by appearances than realities; and the impudent man, in his air and behaviour, undertakes for himſelf that he has ability and merit, while the modeſt or diffident gives himſelf up as one who is poſſeſſed of neither. For this reaſon, men of front carry things before them with little oppoſition; and make ſo ſkilful an uſe of their talent, that they can grow out of humour like men of conſequence, and be ſour, and make their diſſatisfaction do them the ſame ſervice as deſert. This way of thinking has often furniſhed me with an apology for great men who confer favours on the impudent. In carrying on the government of mankind, they are not to conſider what men they themſelves approve in their cloſets and private converſations; but what men will extend themſelves furtheſt, and more generally paſs upon the world for ſuch as their patrons want in ſuch and ſuch ſtations, and conſequently take ſo much work off the hands of thoſe who employ them.

Far be it that I ſhould attempt to leſſen the acceptance which men of this character meet with in the world; but I humbly propoſe only, that they who have merit of a different kind would accompliſh themſelves in ſome degree with this quality of which I am now treating. Nay, I allow theſe gentlemen to preſs as forward as they pleaſe in the advancements of their intereſts and fortunes, but not to intrude upon others in converſation alſo: let them do what they can with the rich and great, as far as they are ſuffered; but let them not interrupt the eaſy and agreeable. They may be uſeful as ſervants in ambition, but never as aſſociates in pleaſure. However, as I would ſtill drive at ſomething inſtructive in every Lucubration, I muſt recommend it to all men who feel in themſelves an impulſe towards attempting laudable actions, to acquire ſuch a degree of aſſurance, as never to loſe the poſſeſſion of themſelves in public or private, ſo far as to be incapable of acting with a due decorum on any occaſion they are called to. It is a mean want of fortitude in a good man, not to be able to do a virtuous action with as much confidence as an impudent fellow does an ill one. There is no way of mending ſuch falſe modeſty, but by laying it down for a rule, that there is nothing ſhameful but what is criminal.

The Jeſuits, an order whoſe inſtitution

tion is perfectly calculated for making a progress in the world, take care to accomplish their disciples for it, by breaking them of all impertinent bashfulness, and accustoming them to a ready performance of all indifferent things. I remember in my travels, when I was once at a public exercise in one of their schools, a young man made a most admirable speech, with all the beauty of action, cadence of voice, and force of argument imaginable, in defence of the love of Glory. We were all enamoured with the grace of the youth, as he came down from the desk where he spoke, to present a copy of his speech to the head of the society. The principal received it in a very obliging manner, and bid him go to the market-place and fetch a joint of meat, for he should dine with him. He bowed, and in a trice the orator returned, full of the sense of glory in this obedience, and with the best shoulder of mutton in the market.

This treatment capacitates them for every scene of life. I therefore recommend it to the consideration of all who have the instruction of youth, which of the two is the more inexcusable, he who does every thing by the mere force of his impudence, or he who performs nothing through the oppression of his modesty? In a word, it is a weakness not to be able to attempt what a man thinks he ought, and there is no modesty but in self-denial.

P. S. Upon my coming home, I received the following petition and letter:

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF SARAH LATELY,

SHEWETH,

THAT your petitioner has been one of those ladies who has had fine things constantly spoken to her in general terms, and lived, during her most blooming years, in daily expectation of declarations of marriage, but never had one made to her.

That she is now in her grand climacteric; which being above the space of four virginities, accounting at fifteen years each;

Your petitioner most humbly prays, that in the lottery for the Bass-viol she may have four tickets, in consideration that her single life has been occasioned by the inconstancy of her lovers, and not through the cruelty or frowardness of your petitioner.

And your petitioner, &c.

MR. BICKERSTAFF, MAY 3, 1710.

ACCORDING to my fancy, you took a much better way to dispose of a Bass-viol in yesterday's paper, than you did in your Table of Marriage. I desire the benefit of a lottery for myself too; the manner of it I leave to your own discretion: only, if you can, allow the tickets at above five farthings apiece. Pray accept of one ticket for your trouble; and I wish you may be the fortunate man that wins your very humble servant until then,

ISABELLA KIT.

I must own the request of the aged petitioner to be founded upon a very undeserved distress; and since she might, had she had justice done her, been mother of many pretenders to this prize, instead of being one herself, I do readily grant her demand; but as for the proposal of Mrs. Isabella Kit, I cannot project a lottery for her, until I have security she will surrender herself to the winner.

Nº CLXIX. TUESDAY, MAY 9, 1710.

O RUS! QUANDO EGO TE ASPICIAM? QUANDOQUE LICEBIT
NUNC VETERUM LIBRIS, NUNC SOMNO, ET INERTIBUS HORIS,
DUCERE SOLICITÆ JUCUNDA OBLIVIA VITÆ?

HOR. SAT. 6. LIB. 2. VER. 60.

——————OH WHEN AGAIN
SHALL I BEHOLD THE RURAL PLAIN?
AND WHEN WITH BOOKS OF SAGES DEEP,
SEQUESTER'D EASE, AND GENTLE SLEEP,
IN SWEET OBLIVION, BLISSFUL BALM!
THE BUSY CARES OF LIFE BECALM. FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAY 8.

THE ſummer-ſeaſon now approaching, ſeveral of our family have invited me to paſs away a month or two in the country; and indeed nothing could be more agreeable to me than ſuch a receſs, did I not conſider that I am by two quarts a worſe companion than when I was laſt among my relations: and I am admoniſhed by ſome of our club, who lately viſited Staffordſhire, that they drink at a greater rate than they did at that time. As every ſoil does not produce every fruit or tree, ſo every vice is not the growth of every kind of life; and I have, ever ſince I could think, been aſtoniſhed that drinking ſhould be the vice of the country. If it were poſſible to add to all our ſenſes, as we do to that of ſight by perſpectives, we ſhould methinks more particularly labour to improve them in the midſt of the variety of beauteous objects which Nature has produced to entertain us in the country; and do we in that place deſtroy the uſe of what organs we have? As for my part, I cannot but lament the deſtruction that has been made of the wild beaſts of the field, when I ſee large tracts of earth poſſeſſed by men who take no advantage of their being rational, but lead mere animal lives; making it their whole endeavour to kill in themſelves all they have above beaſts, to wit, the uſe of reaſon, and taſte of ſociety. It is frequently boaſted in the writings of orators and poets, that it is to eloquence and poeſy we owe that we are drawn out of woods and ſolitudes into towns and cities, and from a wild and ſavage being, become acquainted with the laws of humanity and civility. If we are obliged to theſe arts for ſo great ſervice, I could wiſh they were employed to give us a ſecond turn; that as they have brought us to dwell in ſociety, a bleſſing which no other creatures know, ſo they would perſuade us, now they have ſettled us, to lay out all our thoughts in ſurpaſſing each other in thoſe faculties in which only we excel other creatures. But it is at preſent ſo far otherwiſe, that the contention ſeems to be, who ſhall be moſt eminent in performances wherein beaſts enjoy greater abilities than we have. I will undertake, were the butler and ſwineherd, at any true eſquire's in Great Britain, to keep and compare accounts of what waſh is drank up in ſo many hours in the parlour and pig-ſtye, it would appear the gentleman of the houſe gives much more to his friends than his hogs.

This, with many other evils, ariſes from an error in men's judgments, and not making true diſtinctions between perſons and things. It is uſually thought that a few ſheets of parchment, made before a male and female of wealthy houſes come together, give the heirs and deſcendants of that marriage poſſeſſion of lands and tenements; but the truth is, there is no man who can be ſaid to be proprietor of an eſtate, but he who knows how to enjoy it. Nay, it ſhall never be allowed that the land is not a waſte, when the maſter is uncultivated. Therefore, to avoid confuſion, it is to be noted, that a peaſant with a great eſtate is but an incumbent, and that he muſt be a gentleman to be a landlord. A landlord enjoys what he has with his heart, an incumbent with his ſtomach. Gluttony, drunkenneſs, and riot, are the entertainments of an incumbent; benevolence, civility, ſocial and human virtues, the accompliſhments of a landlord. Who, that has any paſſion for his native country, does not think it worſe

than conquered, when so large dimensions of it are in the hands of savages, that know no use of property, but to be tyrants; or liberty, but to be unmannerly? A gentleman in a country life enjoys paradise with a temper fit for it; a clown is cursed in it with all the cutting and unruly passions man could be tormented with when he was expelled from it.

There is no character more deservedly esteemed than that of a country gentleman, who understands the station in which Heaven and Nature have placed him. He is father to his tenants, and patron to his neighbours, and is more superior to those of lower fortune by his benevolence than his possessions. He justly divides his time between solitude and company, so as to use the one for the other. His life is spent in the good offices of an advocate, a referee, a companion, a mediator, and a friend. His counsel and knowledge are a guard to the simplicity and innocence of those of lower talents, and the entertainment and happiness of those of equal. When a man in a country life has this turn, as it is hoped thousands have, he lives in a more happy condition than any that is described in the pastoral descriptions of poets, or the vain glorious solitudes recorded by philosophers.

To a thinking man it would seem prodigious, that the very situation in a country life does not incline men to a scorn of the mean gratifications some take in it. To stand by a stream, naturally lulls the mind into composure and reverence; to walk in shades diversifies that pleasure; and a bright sunshine makes a man consider all Nature in gladness; and himself the happiest being in it, as he is the most conscious of her gifts and enjoyments. It would be the most impertinent piece of pedantry imaginable to form our pleasures by imitation of others. I will not therefore mention Scipio and Lælius, who are generally produced on this subject as authorities for the charms of a rural life. He that does not feel the force of agreeable views and situations in his own mind, will hardly arrive at the satisfactions they bring from the reflections of others. However, they who have a taste that way, are more particularly inflamed with desire, when they see others in the enjoyment of it, especially when men carry into the country a knowledge of the world as well as of Nature. The leisure of such persons is endeared and refined by reflection upon cares and inquietudes. The absence of past labours doubles present pleasures, which is still augmented, if the person in solitude has the happiness of being addicted to letters. My cousin Frank Bickerstaff gives me a very good notion of this sort of felicity in the following letter.

SIR,

I Write this to communicate to you the happiness I have in the neighbourhood and conversation of the noble lord, whose health you enquired after in your last. I have bought that little hovel which borders upon his royalty; but am so far from being oppressed by his greatness, that I, who know no envy, and he, who is above pride, mutually recommend ourselves to each other by the difference of our fortunes. He esteems me for being so well pleased with a little, and I admire him for enjoying so handsomely a great deal. He has not the little taste of observing the colour of a tulip, or the edging of a leaf of box; but rejoices in open views, the regularity of this plantation, and the wildness of another, as well as the fall of a river, the rising of a promontory, and all other objects fit to entertain a mind like his, that has been long versed in great and public amusements. The make of the soul is as much seen in leisure as in business. He had long lived in courts, and been admired in assemblies; so that he has added to experience a most charming eloquence, by which he communicates to me the ideas of my own mind upon the objects we meet with so agreeably, that with his company in the fields, I at once enjoy the country, and a landskip of it. He is now altering the course of canals and rivulets, in which he has an eye to his neighbour's satisfaction, as well as his own. He often makes me presents by turning the water into my grounds, and sends me fish by their own streams. To avoid my thanks, he makes Nature the instrument of his bounty, and does all good offices so much with the air of a companion, that his frankness hides his own condescension, as well as my gratitude. Leave the world to itself, and come see us.

Your affectionate cousin,

FRANCIS BICKERSTAFF.

N° CLXX.

N° CLXX. THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1710.

FORTUNA SÆVO LÆTA NEGOTIO, ET
LUDUM INSOLENTUM LUDERE PERTINAX,
TRANSMUTAT INCERTOS HONORES,
NUNC MIHI, NUNC ALII BENIGNA.
HOR. OD. 29. LIB. 3. VER. 49.

BUT FORTUNE, EVER-CHANGING DAME,
INDULGES HER MALICIOUS JOY,
AND CONSTANT PLAYS HER HAUGHTY GAME,
PROUD OF HER OFFICE TO DESTROY;
TO DAY TO ME HER BOUNTY FLOWS,
AND NOW TO OTHERS SHE THE BLISS BESTOWS.
FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAY 10.

HAVING this morning ſpent ſome time in reading on the ſubject of the viciſſitude of human life, I laid aſide my book, and began to ruminate on the diſcourſe which raiſed in me theſe reflections. I believed it a very good office to the world, to ſit down and ſhew others the road, in which I am experienced by my wanderings and errors. This is Seneca's way of thinking, and he had half convinced me, how dangerous it is to our true happineſs and tranquillity, to fix our minds upon any thing which is in the power of fortune. It is excuſable only in animals who have not the uſe of reaſon, to be catched by hooks and baits. Wealth, glory, and power, which the ordinary people look up at with admiration, the learned and the wiſe know to be only ſo many ſnares laid to enſlave them. There is nothing farther to be ſought for with earneſtneſs than what will clothe and feed us. If we pamper ourſelves in our diet, or give our imaginations a looſe in our deſires, the body will no longer obey the mind. Let us think no further than to defend ourſelves againſt hunger, thirſt, and cold. We are to remember that every thing elſe is deſpicable, and not worth our care. To want little is true grandeur, and very few things are great to a great mind. Thoſe who form their thoughts in this manner, and abſtract themſelves from the world, are out of the way of fortune, and can look with contempt both on her favours and her frowns. At the ſame time, they who ſeparate themſelves from the immediate commerce with the buſy part of mankind, are ſtill beneficial to them, while, by their ſtudies and writings, they recommend to them the ſmall value which ought to be put upon what they purſue with ſo much labour and diſquiet. Whilſt ſuch men are thought the moſt idle, they are the moſt uſefully employed. They have all things, both human and divine, under conſideration. To be perfectly free from the inſults of fortune, we ſhould arm ourſelves with their reflections. We ſhould learn, that none but intellectual poſſeſſions are what we can properly call our own. All things from without are but borrowed. What fortune gives us is not ours; and whatever ſhe gives, ſhe can take away.

It is a common imputation to Seneca, that though he declaimed with ſo much ſtrength of reaſon, and a ſtoical contempt of riches and power, he was at the ſame time one of the richeſt and moſt powerful men in Rome. I know no inſtance of his being inſolent in that fortune, and can therefore read his thoughts on theſe ſubjects with the more deference. I will not give philoſophy ſo poor a look as to ſay it cannot live in courts; but I am of opinion, that it is there in the greateſt eminence, when amidſt the affluence of all the world can beſtow, and the addreſſes of a crowd who follow him for that reaſon, a man can think both of himſelf and thoſe about him, abſtracted from theſe circumſtances. Such a philoſopher is as much above an Anchorite, as a wiſe matron, who paſſes through the world with innocence, is preferable to the nun who locks herſelf up from it.

Full of theſe thoughts I left my lodging, and took a walk to the court end of the town; and the hurry and buſy faces I met with about Whitehall, made

me form to myſelf ideas of the different proſpects of all I ſaw, from the turn and caſt of their countenances. All, methought, had the ſame thing in view; but proſecuted their hopes with a different air: ſome ſhewed an unbecoming eagerneſs, ſome a ſurly impatience, ſome a winning deference; but the generality a ſervile complaiſance.

I could not but obſerve, as I roved about the offices, that all who were ſtill but in expectation, murmured at Fortune; and all who had obtained their wiſhes, immediately began to ſay, there was no ſuch being. Each believed it an act of blind chance that any other man was preferred, but owed only to ſervice and merit what he had obtained himſelf. It is the fault of ſtudious men to appear in public with too contemplative a carriage; and I began to obſerve, that my figure, age, and dreſs, made me particular: for which reaſon, I thought it better to remove a ſtudious countenance from among buſy ones, and take a turn with a friend in the Privy-garden.

When my friend was alone with me there—'Iſaac,' ſaid he, 'I know you 'come abroad only to moralize and 'make obſervations; and I will carry 'you hard by, where you ſhall ſee all 'that you have yourſelf conſidered or 'read in authors, or collected from ex'perience, concerning blind Fortune 'and irreſiſtible deſtiny, illuſtrated in 'real perſons and proper mechaniſms. 'The Graces, the Muſes, the Fates, all 'the beings which have a good or ill 'influence upon human life, are, you 'will ſay, very juſtly figured in the per'ſons of women; and where I am car'rying you, you ſee enough of that ſex 'together, in an employment which 'will have ſo important an effect 'upon thoſe who are to receive their 'manufacture, as will make them be 'reſpectively called Deities or Furies, 'as their labour ſhall prove diſadvan'tageous or ſucceſsful to their votaries.' Without waiting for my anſwer, he carried me to an apartment contiguous to the Banqueting-houſe, where there were placed at two long tables a large company of young women, in decent and agreeable habits, making up tickets for the lottery appointed by government. There walked between the tables a perſon who preſided over the work. This gentlewoman ſeemed an emblem of Fortune; ſhe commanded, as if unconcerned in their buſineſs; and though every thing was performed by her direction, ſhe did not viſibly interpoſe in particulars. She ſeemed in pain at our near approach to her, and moſt to approve us when we made her no advances. Her height, her mein, her geſture, her ſhape, and her countenance, had ſomething that ſpoke both familiarity and dignity. She therefore appeared to be not only a picture of Fortune, but of Fortune as I liked her; which made me break out in the following words.

'MADAM,

'I AM very glad to ſee the fate of the 'many, who now languiſh in expecta'tion of what will be the event of your 'labours, in the hands of one who can 'act with ſo impartial an indifference. 'Pardon me, that have often ſeen you 'before, and have loſt you for want of 'the reſpect due to you. Let me beg 'of you, who have both the furniſhing 'and turning of that wheel of lots, to 'be unlike the reſt of your ſex; repulſe 'the forward and the bold, and favour 'the modeſt and the humble. I know 'you fly the importunate; but ſmile no 'more on the careleſs. And not to the 'coffers of the uſurer; but give the 'power of beſtowing to the generous. 'Continue his wants, who cannot en'joy or communicate plenty; but turn 'away his poverty, who can bear it 'with more eaſe than he can ſee it in 'another.'

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEREAS Philander ſignified to Clarinda by letter, bearing date Thurſday twelve o'clock, that he had loſt his heart by a ſhot from her eyes, and deſired ſhe would condeſcend to meet him the ſame day at eight in the evening at Roſamond's Pond; faithfully proteſting, that in caſe ſhe would not do him that honour, ſhe might ſee the body of the ſaid Philander the next day floating on the ſaid lake of love, and that he deſired only three ſighs upon view of the ſaid body: it is deſired, if he has not made away with himſelf accordingly, that he would forthwith ſhew himſelf to the coroner of the city of Weſtminſter; or, Clarinda, being an old offender, will be found guilty of wilful murder.

Nº CLXXI. SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1710.

ALTER RIXATUR DE LANA SÆPE CAPRINA,
PROPUGNAT NUGIS ARMATUS.———
HOR. EP. 18. LIB. I. VER. 15.

HE STRIVES FOR TRIFLES, AND FOR TOYS CONTENDS;
HE IS IN EARNEST, WHAT HE SAYS, DEFENDS.

GRECIAN COFFEE-HOUSE, MAY 12.

IT hath appeared to be for ſome days the deliberation at the learneded board in this houſe, whence honour and title had it's firſt original. Timoleon, who is very particular in his opinion; but is thought particular for no other cauſe, but that he acts againſt depraved cuſtom by the rules of nature and reaſon; in a very handſome diſcourſe gave the company to underſtand, that in thoſe ages which firſt degenerated from ſimplicity of life and natural juſtice, the wiſe among them thought it neceſſary to inſpire men with the love of virtue, by giving thoſe who adhered to the intereſts of innocence and truth ſome diſtinguiſhing name to raiſe them above the common level of mankind. This way of fixing appellations of credit upon eminent merit, was what gave being to titles and terms of honour. 'Such a name,' continued he, 'without the qualities 'which ſhould give a man pretence to 'be exalted above others, does but turn 'him to jeſt and ridicule. Should one 'ſee another cudgelled, or ſcurvily 'treated, do you think a man ſo uſed 'would take it kindly to be called Hector or Alexander? Every thing muſt 'bear a proportion with the outward 'value that is ſet upon it; or, inſtead 'of being long had in veneration, that 'very term of eſteem will become a word 'of reproach.' When Timoleon had done ſpeaking, Urbanus purſued the ſame purpoſe, by giving an account of the manner in which the Indian kings, who were lately in Great Britain, did honour to the perſon where they lodged. 'They were placed,' ſaid he, 'in a 'handſome apartment at an upholſter-'er's in King Street, Covent Garden. 'The man of the houſe, it ſeems, had 'been very obſervant of them, and 'ready in their ſervice. Theſe juſt and 'generous princes, who act according 'to the dictates of natural juſtice, 'thought it proper to confer ſome dig-'nity upon their landlord before they 'left his houſe. One of them had been 'ſick during his reſidence there, and 'having never before been in a bed, had 'a very great veneration for him who 'made that engine of repoſe, ſo uſeful 'and ſo neceſſary in his diſtreſs. It 'was conſulted among the four princes, 'by what name to dignify his great 'merit and ſervices. The Emperor of 'the Mohocks, and the other three 'kings ſtood up, and in that poſture 'recounted the civilities they had re-'ceived; and particularly repeated the 'care which was taken of their ſick 'brother. This, in their imagination, 'who are uſed to know the injuries of 'weather and the viciſſitudes of cold and 'heat, gave them very great impreſ-'ſions of a ſkilful upholſterer, whoſe 'furniture was ſo well contrived for 'their protection on ſuch occaſions. It 'is with thoſe leſs inſtructed, I will not 'ſay leſs knowing people, the manner 'of doing honour, to impoſe ſome name 'ſignificant of the qualities of the per-'ſon they diſtinguiſh, and the good 'office received from him. It was 'therefore reſolved to call their land-'lord Cadaroque, which is the name of 'the ſtrongeſt fort in their part of the 'world. When they had agreed upon 'the name, they ſent for their landlord; 'and, as he entered into their preſence, 'the Emperor of the Mohocks, taking 'him by the hand, called him Cada-'roque. After which, the other three 'princes repeated the ſame word and 'ceremony.'

Timoleon appeared much ſatisfied with this account; and, having a philoſophic turn, began to argue againſt the modes and manners of thoſe nations which we eſteem polite, and expreſs himſelf with diſdain at our uſual method of calling ſuch as are ſtrangers to our innovations, barbarous. 'I have,' ſays he, 'ſo great a deference for the diſ-'tinction

'tinction given by these princes, that 'Cadaroque shall be my upholsterer.' He was going on; but the intended discourse was interrupted by Minucio, who sat near him, a small philosopher, who is also somewhat of a politician; one of those who sets up for knowledge by doubting, and has no other way of making himself considerable, but by contradicting all he hears said. He has, besides much doubt and spirit of contradiction, a constant suspicion as to state affairs. This accomplished gentleman, with a very awful brow, and a countenance full of weight, told Timoleon, that it was a great misfortune men of letters seldom looked into the bottom of things. 'Will any man,' continued he, 'persuade me, that this was not, 'from the beginning to the end, a con-'certed affair? Who can convince the 'world, that four kings shall come over 'here, and lie at the Two Crowns and 'Cushion, and one of them fall sick, 'and the place be called King Street, 'and all this by mere accident? No, 'no: to a man of very small penetration 'it appears, that Tee Yee Neen Ho Ga 'Row, Emperor of the Mohocks, was 'prepared for this adventure before-'hand. I do not care to contradict any 'gentleman in his discourse; but I must 'say, however Sa Ga Yeath Rua Geth 'Ton and E Tow Oh Koam, might 'be surprized in this matter; neverthe-'less, Ho Nec Yeth Taw No Row 'knew it before he set foot on the Eng-'lish shore.'

Timoleon looked stedfastly at him for some time; then shaked his head, paid for his tea, and marched off. Several others, who sat round him, were in their turns attacked by this ready disputant. A gentleman, who was at some distance, happened in discourse to say it was four miles to Hammersmith. 'I must beg your pardon,' says Minucio, 'when we say a place is so far off, 'we do not mean exactly from the very 'spot of earth we are in, but from the 'town where we are; so that you must 'begin your account from the end of 'Piccadilly; and if you do so, I will 'lay any man ten to one, it is not above 'three good miles off.' Another, about Minucio's level of understanding, began to take him up in this important argument; and maintained, that considering the way from Pimlico at the end of St. James's Park, and the crossing from Chelsea by Earl's Court, he would stand to it, that it was full four miles. But Minucio replied with great vehemence, and seemed so much to have the better of the dispute, that his adversary quitted the field, as well as the other. I sat until I saw the table almost all vanished; where, for want of discourse, Minucio asked me, how I did; to which I answered—'Very well.'—'That is very 'much,' said he; 'I assure you, you 'look paler than ordinary.'—'Nay,' thought I, 'if he will not allow me to 'know whether I am well or not, there 'is no staying for me neither.' Upon which I took my leave, pondering, as I went home, at this strange poverty of imagination, which makes men run into the fault of giving contradiction. They want in their minds entertainment for themselves or their company, and therefore build all they speak upon what is started by others; and since they cannot improve that foundation, they strive to destroy it. The only way of dealing with these people is to answer in monosyllables, or by way of question. When one of them tells you a thing that he thinks extraordinary, I go no farther than—'Say you so, Sir? Indeed! Hey-'day!'—or, 'Is it come to that?' These little rules, which appear but silly in the repetition, have brought me with great tranquillity to this age. And I have made it an observation, that as assent is more agreeable than flattery, so contradiction is more odious than calumny.

ADVERTISEMENT.

MR. Bickerstaff's aerial messenger has brought him a report of what passed at the auction of pictures, which was in Somerset-house Yard on Monday last; and finds there were no screens present, but all transacted with great justice.

N. B. All false buyers at auctions being employed only to hide others, are from this day forward to be known in Mr. Bickerstaff's writings by the word Screens.

Nº CLXXII. TUESDAY, MAY 16, 1710.

QUOD QUISQUE VITENT, NUNQUAM HOMINI SATIS CAUTUM EST IN HORAS.

HOR. OD. 13. LIB. 2. VER. 13.

NO MAN CAN TELL THE DANGERS OF EACH HOUR,
NOR IS PREPAR'D TO MEET THEM

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAY 15.

WHEN a man is in a ſerious mood, and ponders upon his own make, with a retroſpect to the actions of his life and the many fatal miſcarriages in it, which he owes to ungoverned paſſions, he is then apt to ſay to himſelf, that experience has guarded him againſt ſuch errors for the future: but nature often recurs in ſpite of his beſt reſolutions; and it is to the very end of our days a ſtruggle between our reaſon and our temper, which ſhall have the empire over us. However, this is very much to be helped by circumſpection, and a conſtant alarm againſt the firſt onſets of paſſion. As this is, in general, a neceſſary care to make a man's life eaſy and agreeable to himſelf; ſo it is more particularly the duty of ſuch as are engaged in friendſhip, and nearer commerce with others. Thoſe who have their joys, have alſo their griefs in proportion; and none can extremely exalt or depreſs friends but friends. The harſh things, which come from the reſt of the world, are received and repulſed with that ſpirit, which every honeſt man bears for his own vindication; but unkindneſs, in words or actions among friends, affects us at the firſt inſtant in the inmoſt receſſes of our ſouls. Indifferent people, if I may ſo ſay, can wound us only in heterogeneous parts, maim us in our legs or arms; but the friend can make no paſs but at the heart itſelf. On the other ſide, the moſt impotent aſſiſtance, the mere well-wiſhers of a friend, gives a man conſtancy and courage againſt the moſt prevailing force of his enemies. It is here only a man enjoys and ſuffers to the quick. For this reaſon, the moſt gentle behaviour is abſolutely neceſſary to maintain friendſhip in any degree above the common level of acquaintance. But there is a relation of life much more near than the moſt ſtrict and ſacred friendſhip, that is to ſay, marriage. This union is of too cloſe and delicate a nature to be eaſily conceived by thoſe, who do not know that condition by experience. Here a man ſhould, if poſſible, ſoften his paſſions; if not for his own eaſe, in compliance to a creature formed with a mind of a quite different make from his own. I am ſure, I do not mean it an injury to women, when I ſay there is a ſort of ſex in ſouls. I am tender of offending them, and know it is hard not to do it on this ſubject; but I muſt go on to ſay, that the ſoul of a man, and that of a woman, are made very unlike, according to the employments for which they are deſigned. The ladies will pleaſe to obſerve, I ſay, our minds have different, not ſuperior qualities to their. The virtues have reſpectively a maſculine and a feminine caſt. What we call in men wiſdom, is in women prudence. It is a partiality to call one greater than the other. A prudent woman is in the ſame claſs of honour as a wiſe man, and the ſcandals in the way of both are equally dangerous. But to make this ſtate any thing but a burden, and not hang a weight upon our very beings, it is very proper each of the couple ſhould frequently remember, that there are many things which grow out of their very natures that are pardonable, nay becoming, when conſidered as ſuch, but without that reflection muſt give the quickeſt pain and vexation. To manage well a great family is as worthy an inſtance of capacity, as to execute a great employment; and for the generality, as women perform the conſiderable part of their duties, as well as men do theirs; ſo in their common behaviour, females of ordinary genius are not more trivial than the common rate of men; and, in my opinion, the playing of a fan is every whit as good an entertainment as the beating of a ſnuff-box.

But however I have rambled in this libertine manner of writing by way of eſſay,

eſſay, I now ſat down with an intention to repreſent to my readers, how pernicious, how ſudden, and how fatal ſurprizes of paſſion are to the mind of man; and that in the more intimate commerces of life they are more liable to ariſe, even in our moſt ſedate and indolent hours. Occurrences of this kind have had very terrible effects; and when one reflects upon them, we cannot but tremble to conſider, what we are capable of being wrought up to againſt all the ties of nature, love, honour, reaſon, and religion, though the man who breaks through them all had, an hour before he did ſo, a lively and virtuous ſenſe of their dictates. When unhappy cataſtrophes make up part of the hiſtory of princes and perſons who act in high ſpheres, or are repreſented in the moving language, and well-wrought ſcenes of tragedians, they do not fail of ſtriking us with terrors; but then they affect us only in a tranſient manner, and paſs through our imagination as incidents in which our fortunes are too humble to be concerned, or which writers form for the oſtentation of their own force; or, at moſt, as things fit rather to exerciſe the powers of our minds, than to create new habits in them. Inſtead of ſuch high paſſages, I was thinking it would be of great uſe, if any body could hit it, to lay before the world ſuch adventures as befal perſons not exalted above the common level. This, methought, would better prevail upon the ordinary race of men; who are ſo prepoſſeſſed with outward appearances, that they miſtake fortune for nature, and believe nothing can relate to them, that does not happen to ſuch as live and look like themſelves.

The unhappy end of a gentleman, whoſe ſtory an acquaintance of mine was juſt now telling me, would be very proper for this end, if it could be related with all the circumſtances as I heard it this evening; for it touched me ſo much, that I cannot forbear entering upon it.

Mr. Euſtace, a young gentleman of a good eſtate near Dublin in Ireland, married a lady of youth, beauty, and modeſty, and lived with her, in general, with much eaſe and tranquillity; but was in his ſecret temper impatient of rebuke: ſhe was apt to fall into little ſallies of paſſion; yet as ſuddenly recalled by her own reflections on her fault, and the conſideration of her huſband's temper. It happened, as he, his wife, and her ſiſter, were at ſupper together about two months ago, that in the midſt of a careleſs and familiar converſation, the ſiſters fell into a little warmth and contradiction. He, who was one of that ſort of men who are never unconcerned at what paſſes before them, fell into an outrageous paſſion on the ſide of the ſiſter. The perſon about whom they diſputed was ſo near, that they were under no reſtraints from running into vain repetitions of paſt heats: on which occaſion all the aggravations of anger and diſtaſte boiled up, and were repeated with the bitterneſs of exaſperated lovers. The wife, obſerving her huſband extremely moved, began to turn it off, and railly him for interpoſing between two people, who from their infancy had been angry and pleaſed with each other every half hour. But it deſcended deeper into his thoughts, and they broke up with a ſullen ſilence. The wife immediately retired to her chamber, whither her huſband ſoon after followed. When they were in bed, he ſoon diſſembled a ſleep; and ſhe, pleaſed that his thoughts were compoſed, fell into a real one. Their apartment was very diſtant from the reſt of their family, in a lonely country houſe. He now ſaw his opportunity, and with a dagger he had brought to bed with him ſtabbed his wife in the ſide. She awaked in the higheſt terror; but immediately imagining it was a blow deſigned for her huſband by ruffians, began to graſp him, and ſtrove to awake and rouſe him to defend himſelf. He ſtill pretended himſelf ſleeping, and gave her a ſecond wound.

She now drew open the curtain, and by the help of moon-light, ſaw his hand lifted up to ſtab her. The horror diſarmed her from further ſtruggling; and he, enraged anew at being diſcovered, fixed his poniard in her boſom. As ſoon as he believed he had diſpatched her, he attempted to eſcape out of the window: but ſhe, ſtill alive, called to him not to hurt himſelf; for ſhe might live. He was ſo ſtung with the inſupportable reflection upon her goodneſs, and his own villainy, that he jumped to the bed, and wounded her all over with as much rage as if every blow was provoked by new aggravations. In this fury of mind he fled away. His wife had ſtill ſtrength to go to her ſiſter's apartment, and give an account of this wonderful

Cockerell del. Angus sculp.

Plate X.

Published as the Act directs by Harrison & Co. Oct. 15. 1785.

wonderful tragedy; but died the next day. Some weeks after, an officer of juſtice, in attempting to ſeize the criminal, fired upon him, as did the criminal upon the officer. Both their balls took place, and both immediately expired.

N° CLXXIII. THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1710.

——SAPIENTIA PRIMA EST
STULTITIA CARUISSE.——

HOR. EP. I. LIB. I. VER. 41.

WHEN FREE FROM FOLLY, WE TO WISDOM RISE.
FRANCIS.

SHEER-LANE, MAY 17.

WHEN I firſt began to learn to puſh, this laſt winter, my maſter had a great deal of work upon his hands to make me unlearn the poſtures and motions which I had got, by having in my younger years practiſed back-ſword, with a little eye to the ſingle falchion. Knock down, was the word in the civil wars; and we generally added to this ſkill the knowledge of the Corniſh hug, as well as the grapple, to play with hand and foot. By this means, I was for defending my head when the French gentleman was making a full paſs at my boſom; inſomuch, that he told me I was fairly killed ſeven times in one morning, without having done my maſter any other miſchief than one knock on the pate. This was a great misfortune to me; and I believe I may ſay, without vanity, I am the firſt who ever puſhed ſo erroneouſly, and yet conquered the prejudice of education ſo well, as to make my paſſes ſo clear, and recover hand and foot with that agility as I do at this day. The truth of it is, the firſt rudiments of education are given very indiſcreetly by moſt parents, as much with relation to the more important concerns of the mind, as in the geſtures of the body. Whatever children are deſigned for, and whatever proſpects the fortune or intereſt of their parents may give them in their future lives, they are all promiſcuouſly inſtructed the ſame way; and Horace and Virgil muſt be thumbed by a boy, as well before he goes to an apprenticeſhip, as to the univerſity. This ridiculous way of treating the under-aged of this iſland has very often raiſed both my ſpleen and mirth, but I think never both at once ſo much as to-day. A good mother of our neighbourhood made me a viſit with her ſon and heir; a lad ſomewhat above five feet, and wants but little of the height and ſtrength of a good muſqueteer in any regiment in the ſervice. Her buſineſs was to deſire I would examine him; for he was far gone in a book, the firſt letters of which ſhe often ſaw in my papers. The youth produced it, and I found it was my friend Horace. It was very eaſy to turn to the place the boy was learning in, which was the fifth ode of the firſt book to Pyrrha. I read it over aloud, as well becauſe I am always delighted when I turned to the beautiful parts of that author, as alſo to gain time for conſidering a little how to keep up the mother's pleaſure in her child, which I thought barbarity to interrupt. In the firſt place I aſked him, Who this ſame Pyrrha was? He anſwered very readily, ſhe was the wife of Pyrrhus, one of Alexander's captains. I lifted up my hands. The mother curtſies—'Nay,' ſays ſhe, 'I knew you 'would ſtand in admiration—I aſſure 'you,' continued ſhe, 'for all he looks 'ſo tall, he is but very young. Pray 'aſk him ſome more; never ſpare him.' With that I took the liberty to aſk him, what was the character of this gentlewoman? He read the three firſt verſes;

Quis multa gracilis te puer in roſa
Perfuſus liquidis urget odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, ſub antro!
HOR. OD. 5. LIB. 1. VER. 1.

While liquid odours round him breathe,
What youth the roſy bower beneath,
Now courts thee, Pyrrha, to be kind?
FRANCIS.

And very gravely told me, ſhe lived at the ſign of the Roſe in a cellar. I took care to be very much aſtoniſhed at the

lad's improvements; but withal adviſed her, as ſoon as poſſible, to take him from ſchool, for he could learn no more there. This very ſilly dialogue was a lively image of the impertinent method uſed, in breeding boys without genius or ſpirit to the reading things for which their heads were never framed. But this is the natural effect of a certain vanity in the minds of parents; who are wonderfully delighted with the thought of breeding their children to accompliſhments, which they believe nothing, but want of the ſame care in their own fathers, prevented them from being maſters of. Thus it is, that the part of life moſt fit for improvement is generally employed in a method againſt the bent of nature; and a lad of ſuch parts as are fit for an occupation, where there can be no calls out of the beaten path, is two or three years of his time wholly taken up in knowing, how well Ovid's miſtreſs became ſuch a dreſs; how ſuch a nymph for her cruelty was changed into ſuch an animal; and how it is made generous in Æneas to put Turnus to death: gallantries that can no more come within the occurrences of the lives of ordinary men, than they can be reliſhed by their imaginations. However, ſtill the humour goes on from one generation to another; and the paſtry-cook here in the lane, the other night, told me, he would not yet take away his ſon from his learning; but has reſolved, as ſoon as he had a little ſmattering in the Greek, to put him apprentice to a ſoap-boiler. Theſe wrong beginnings determine our ſucceſs in the world; and when our thoughts are originally falſely biaſſed, their agility and force do but carry us the further out of our way, in proportion to our ſpeed. But we are half way our journey, when we have got into the right road. If all our days were uſefully employed, and we did not ſet out impertinently, we ſhould not have ſo many groteſque profeſſors in all the arts of life; but every man would be in a proper and becoming method of diſtinguiſhing or entertaining himſelf, ſuitably to what nature deſigned him. As they go on now, our parents do not only force us upon what is againſt our talents, but our teachers are alſo as injudicious in what they put us to learn. I have hardly ever ſince ſuffered ſo much by the charms of any beauty, as I did before I had a ſenſe of paſſion, for not apprehending that the ſmile of Lalage was what pleaſed Horace; and I verily believe, the ſtripes I ſuffered about *Digito malè pertinaci* has given me that irreconcileable averſion, which I ſhall carry to my grave, againſt Coquettes.

As for the elegant writer of whom I am talking, his excellencies are to be obſerved as they relate to the different concerns of his life; and he is always to be looked upon as a lover, a courtier, or a man of wit. His admirable Odes have numberleſs inſtances of his merit in each of theſe characters. His Epiſtles and Satires are full of proper notices for the conduct of life in a court; and what we call good-breeding, moſt agreeably intermixed with this morality. His addreſſes to the perſons who favoured him, are ſo inimitably engaging, that Auguſtus complained of him for ſo ſeldom writing to him, and aſked him, whether he was afraid poſterity ſhould read their names together? Now for the generality of men to ſpend much time in ſuch writings is as pleaſant a folly as any he ridicules. Whatever the crowd of ſcholars may pretend, if their way of life, or their own imaginations, do not lead them to a taſte of him, they may read, nay write, fifty volumes upon him, and be juſt as they were when they began. I remember to have heard a great painter ſay, there are certain faces for certain painters, as well as certain ſubjects for certain poets. This is as true in the choice of ſtudies; and no one will ever reliſh an author thoroughly well, who would not have been fit company for that author, had they lived at the ſame time. All others are mechanics in learning, and take the ſentiments of writers like waiting-ſervants who report what paſſed at their maſter's table; but debaſe every thought and expreſſion, for want of the air with which they were uttered.

Nº CLXXIV. SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1710.

QUEM MALA STULTITIA, AUT QUÆCUNQUE INSCITIA VERI,
CÆCUM AGIT, INSANUM CHRYSIPPI PORTICUS, ET GREX
AUTUMAT.——— HOR. SAT. 3. LIB. 2. VER. 43.

WHOM VICIOUS PASSIONS, OR WHOM FALSHOOD, BLIND,
ARE BY THE STOICS HELD OF MADDING KIND. FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAY 19.

THE learned Scotus, to distinguish the race of mankind, gives every individual of that species what he calls a Seity, something peculiar to himself, which makes him different from all other persons in the world. This particularity renders him either venerable or ridiculous, according as he uses his talents, which always grow out into faults, or improve into virtues. In the office I have undertaken, you are to observe, that I have hitherto presented only the more insignificant and lazy part of mankind under the denomination of dead men, together with the degrees towards non-existence, in which others can neither be said to live or be defunct; but are only animals merely dressed up like men, and differ from each other but as flies do by a little colouring or fluttering of their wings. Now as our discourses heretofore have chiefly regarded the indolent part of the species, it remains that we do justice also upon the impertinently active and enterprising. Such as these I shall take particular care to place in safe custody, and have used all possible diligence to run up my edifice in Moorfields for that service.

We, who are adepts in astrology, can impute it to several causes in the planets, that this quarter of our great city is the region of such persons as either never had, or have lost the use of reason. It has indeed been, time out of mind, the reception of Fools as well as Madmen. The care and information of the former I assign to other learned men, who have for that end taken up their habitation in those parts; as, among others, to the famous Dr. Trotter, and my ingenious friend Dr. Langham. These oraculous proficients are day and night employed in deep searches, for the direction of such as run astray after their lost goods: but at present they are more particularly serviceable to their country, in foretelling the fate of such as have chances in the public lottery. Dr. Langham shews a peculiar generosity on this occasion, taking only one half-crown for a prediction, eighteen-pence of which to be paid out of the prizes; which method the doctor is willing to comply with in favour of every adventurer in the whole lottery. Leaving therefore the whole generation of such inquirers to such *Literati* as I have now mentioned, we are to proceed towards peopling our house, which we have erected with the greatest cost and care imaginable.

It is necessary in this place to premise, that the superiority and force of mind which is born with men of great genius, and which, when it falls in with a noble imagination, is called Poetical Fury, does not come under my consideration; but the pretence to such an impulse, without natural warmth, shall be allowed a fit object of this charity; and all the volumes, written by such hands, shall be from time to time placed in proper order upon the rails of the unhoused booksellers within the district of the college, who have long inhabited this quarter, in the same manner as they are already disposed, soon after their publication. I promise myself from these writings my best opiates for those patients, whose high imaginations and hot spirits have awaked them into distraction. Their boiling tempers are not to be wrought upon by my gruels and juleps, but must ever be employed, or appear to be so; or their recovery will be impracticable. I shall therefore make use of such poets as preserve so constant a mediocrity, as never to elevate the mind into joy, or depress it into sadness, yet at the same time keep the faculties of the readers in suspence, though they introduce no ideas of their own. By this means, a disordered mind, like a broken limb, will recover it's strength by the sole benefit of being out of use, and lying without motion. But as reading is not an enter-

tainment that can take up the full time of my patients, I have now in penſion a proportionable number of ſtory-tellers, who are by turns to walk about the galleries of the houſe, and by their narrations ſecond the labours of my pretty good poets. There are among theſe ſtory-tellers, ſome that have ſo earneſt countenances, and weighty brows, that they will draw a Madman, even when his fit is juſt coming on, into a whiſper; and by the force of ſhrugs, nods, and buſy geſtures, make him ſtand amazed ſo long, as that we may have time to give him his broth without danger.

But as fortune has the poſſeſſion of me'ns minds, a phyſician may cure all the ſick people of ordinary degree in the whole town, and never come into reputation. I ſhall therefore begin with perſons of condition; and the firſt I ſhall undertake ſhall be the Lady Fidget, the general viſitant; and Will Voluble, the fine talker. Theſe perſons ſhall be firſt locked up, for the peace of all whom the one viſits, and all whom the other talks to.

The paſſion, that firſt touched the brain of both theſe perſons, was envy; which has had ſuch wonderous effects, that to this Lady Fidget owes that ſhe is ſo courteous; to this, Will Voluble that he is eloquent. Fidget has a reſtleſs torment in hearing of any one's proſperity; and cannot know any quiet until ſhe viſits her, and is eye-witneſs of ſomething that leſſens it. Thus her life is a continual ſearch after what does not concern her; and her companions ſpeak kindly even of the abſent and the unfortunate, to teaze her. She was the firſt that viſited Flavia after the ſmall-pox, and has never ſeen her ſince becauſe ſhe is not altered. Call a young woman handſome in her company, and ſhe tells you, it is pity ſhe has no fortune: ſay ſhe is rich, and ſhe is as ſorry that ſhe is ſilly. With all this ill-nature, Fidget is herſelf, young, rich, and handſome; but loſes the pleaſure of all thoſe qualities, becauſe ſhe has them in common with others.

To make up her miſery, ſhe is well-bred; ſhe hears commendations, until ſhe is ready to faint for want of venting herſelf in contradictions. This Madneſs is not expreſſed by the voice; but is uttered in the eyes and features: it's firſt ſymptom is, upon beholding an agreeable object, a ſudden approbation immediately checked with diſlike.

This lady I ſhall take the liberty to conduct into a bed of ſtraw and darkneſs; and have ſome hopes, that after long abſence from the light, the pleaſure of ſeeing at all may reconcile her to what ſhe ſhall ſee, though it proves to be never ſo agreeable.

My phyſical remarks on the diſtraction of envy in other perſons, and particularly in Will Voluble, is interrupted by a viſit from Mr. Kidney, with advices which will bring matter of new diſturbance to many poſſeſſed with this ſort of diſorder, which I ſhall publiſh to bring out the ſymptoms more kindly, and lay the diſtemper more open to my view.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, MAY 19.

THIS evening a mail from Holland brought the following advices.

FROM THE CAMP BEFORE DOUAY, MAY 26, N. S.

ON the twenty-third the French aſſembled their army, and encamped with their right near Bouchain, and their left near Crevecœur. Upon this motion of the enemy, the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene made a movement with their army on the twenty-fourth, and encamped from Arlieux to Vitry and Iſez Eſqerchien, where they are ſo advantageouſly poſted, that they not only cover the ſiege, ſecure our convoys of proviſions, forage, and ammunition, from Liſle and Tournay, and the canals and dikes we have made to turn the water of the Scarp and La Cenſe to Bouchain; but are in readineſs, by marching from the right, to poſſeſs themſelves of the field of battle marked out betwixt Vitry and Montigny, or from the left to gain the lines of circumvallation betwixt Fierin and Dechy: ſo that whatever way the enemy ſhall approach to attack us, whether by the plains of Lens, or by Bouchain and Valenciennes, we have but a very ſmall movement to make, to poſſeſs ourſelves of the ground on which it will be moſt advantageous to receive them. The enemy marched this morning from their left, and are encamped with their right at Oiſy, and their left towards Arras, and, according to our advices, will paſs the Scarp to-morrow, and enter on the plains of Lens, though ſeveral regiments of horſe, the German and Liege troops which are deſtined to compoſe part of their

their army, have not yet joined them. If they paſs the Scarp, we ſhall do the like at the ſame time, to poſſeſs ourſelves with all poſſible advantage of the field of battle: but if they continue where they are, we ſhall not remove, becauſe in our preſent ſtation we ſufficiently cover from all inſults both our ſiege and convoys.

Monſieur Villars cannot yet go without crutches, and it is believed will have much difficulty to ride. He and the Duke of Berwick are to command the French army, the reſt of the marſhals being only to aſſiſt in council.

Laſt night we entirely perfected four bridges over the Avant Foſſé at both attacks; and our ſaps are ſo far advanced, that in three or four days batteries will be raiſed on the glacis, to batter in breach both the outworks and ramparts of the town.

Letters from the Hague of the twenty-ſeventh, N. S. ſay, that the deputies of the States of Holland, who ſet out for Gertruydenberg on the twenty-third, to renew the conferences with the French miniſters, returned on the twenty-ſixth, and had communicated to the States-General the new overtures that were made on the part of France, which, it is believed, if they are in earneſt, may produce a general treaty.

N° CLXXV. TUESDAY, MAY 23, 1710.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAY 22.

IN the diſtribution of the apartments in the New Bedlam, proper regard is had to the different ſexes, and the lodgings accommodated accordingly. Among other neceſſaries, as I have thought fit to appoint ſtory-tellers to ſoothe the men, ſo I have allowed tale-bearers to indulge the intervals of my female patients. But before I enter upon diſpoſing of the main of the great body that wants my aſſiſtance, it is neceſſary to conſider the human race abſtracted from all other diſtinctions and conſiderations, except that of ſex. This will lead us to a nearer view of their excellencies and imperfections, which are to be accounted, the one or the other, as they are ſuitable to the deſign for which the perſon ſo defective or accompliſhed came into the world.

To make this enquiry aright, we muſt ſpeak of the life of people of condition; and the proportionable applications of thoſe below them will be eaſily made, ſo as to value the whole ſpecies by the ſame rule. We will begin with the woman, and behold her as a virgin in her father's houſe. This ſtate of her life is infinitely more delightful than that of her brother at the ſame age. While ſhe is entertained with learning melodious airs at her ſpinnet, is led round a room in the moſt complaiſant manner to a fiddle, or is entertained with applauſes of her beauty and perfection in the ordinary converſation ſhe meets with; the young man is under the dictates of a rigid ſchool-maſter or inſtructor, contradicted in every word he ſpeaks, and curbed in all the inclinations he diſcovers. Mrs. Elizabeth is the object of deſire and admiration, looked upon with delight, courted with all the powers of eloquence and addreſs, approached with a certain worſhip, and defended with a certain loyalty. This is her caſe as to the world: in her domeſtic character, ſhe is the companion, the friend, and confident of her mother, and the object of a pleaſure, ſomething like the love between angels, to her father. Her youth, her beauty, her air, are by him looked upon with an ineffable tranſport beyond any other joy in this life, with as much purity as can be met with in the next.

Her brother William, at the ſame years, is but in the rudiments of thoſe acquiſitions which muſt gain him eſteem in the world. His heart beats for applauſe among men; yet is he fearful of every ſtep towards it. If he propoſes to himſelf to make a figure in the world, his youth is damped with a proſpect of difficulties, dangers, and diſhonours; and an oppoſition in all generous attempts, whether they regard his love or his ambition.

In the next ſtage of life ſhe has little elſe to do but (what ſhe is accompliſhed for by the mere gifts of Nature) to appear lovely and agreeable to her huſband, tender to her children, and affable to her ſervants: but a man, when he enters into this way, is but in the firſt

first scene, far from the accomplishment of his design. He is now in all things to act for others as well as himself. He is to have industry and frugality in his private affairs, and integrity and addresses in public. To these qualities he must add a courage and resolution to support his other abilities, lest he be interrupted in the prosecution of his just endeavours, in which the honour and interest of his posterity are as much concerned as his own personal welfare.

This little sketch may, in some measure, give an idea of the different parts which the sexes have to act, and the advantageous as well as inconvenient terms on which they are to enter upon their several parts of life. This may also be some rule to us in the examination of their conduct. In short, I shall take it for a maxim, that a woman who resigns the purpose of being pleasing, and the man who gives up the thoughts of being wise, do equally quit their claim to the true causes of living; and are to be allowed the diet and discipline of my charitable structure, to reduce them to reason.

On the other side, the woman who hopes to please by methods which should make her odious, and the man who would be thought wise by a behaviour that renders him ridiculous, are to be taken into custody for their false industry, as justly as they ought for their negligence.

N.B. Mr. Bickerstaff is taken extremely ill with the tooth-ach, and cannot proceed in this discourse.

Nº CLXXVI. THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1710.

NULLUM NUMEN ABEST, SI SIT PRUDENTIA.
JUV. SAT. 10. VER. 365.

IF PRUDENCE BE THY SOLE UNERRING GUIDE,
THOU NEED'ST NO GUARDIAN DEITY BESIDE. R. WYNNE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAY 23.

THIS evening, after a little ease from the raging pain caused by so small an organ as an aching tooth (under which I had behaved myself so ill as to have broke two pipes and my spectacles) I began to reflect with admiration on those heroic spirits, which in the conduct of their lives seem to live so much above the condition of our make, as not only under the agonies of pain to forbear any intemperate word or gesture, but also in their general and ordinary behaviour, to resist the impulses of their very blood and constitution. This watch over a man's self, and the command of his temper, I take to be the greatest of human perfections, and is the effect of a strong and resolute mind. It is not only the most expedient practice for carrying on our own designs; but is also very deservedly the most amiable quality in the sight of others. It is a winning deference to mankind, which creates an immediate imitation of itself wherever it appears; and prevails upon all who have to do with a person endued with it, either through shame or emulation. I do not know how to express this habit of mind, except you will let me call it Equanimity. It is a virtue which is necessary at every hour, in every place, and in all conversations; and is the effect of a regular and exact prudence. He that will look back upon all the acquaintances he has had in his whole life, will find he has seen more men capable of the greatest employments and performances, than such as could, in the general bent of their carriage, act otherwise than according to their own complexion and humour. But the indulgence of ourselves, is wholly giving way to our natural propensity, is so unjust and improper a licence, that when people take it up, there is but very little difference, with relation to their friends and families, whether they are good or ill-natured men: for he that errs by being wrought upon by what we call the sweetness of his temper, is as guilty as he that offends through the perverseness of it.

It is not therefore to be regarded what men are in themselves, but what they are in their actions. Eucrates is the best-natured of all men; but that natural softness has effects quite contrary to itself; and for want of due bounds to his

his benevolence, while he has a will to be a friend to all, he has the power of being such to none. His constant inclination to please, makes him never fail of doing so; though, without being capable of falsehood, he is a friend only to those who are present; for the same humour, which makes him the best companion, renders him the worst correspondent. It is a melancholy thing to consider, that the most engaging sort of men in conversation, are frequently the most tyrannical in power, and the least to be depended upon in friendship. It is certain this is not to be imputed to their own disposition; but he that is to be led by others, has only good luck if he is not the worst, though in himself the best, man living. For this reason, we are no more wholly to indulge our good than our ill dispositions. I remember a crafty old cit one day speaking of a well-natured young fellow, who set up with a good stock in Lombard Street—'I will,' says he, 'lay no 'more money in his hands; for he never 'denied me any thing.' This was a very base, but with him a prudential, reason for breaking off commerce: and this acquaintance of mine carried this way of judging so far, that he has often told me, he never cared to deal with a man he liked; for that our affections must never enter into our business.

When we look round us in this populous city, and consider how credit and esteem are lodged, you find men have a great share of the former, without the least proportion of the latter. He who knows himself for a beast of prey, looks upon others in the same light; and we are so apt to judge of others by ourselves, that the man who has no mercy, is as careful as possible never to want it. Hence it is that in many instances men gain credit by the very contrary methods by which they do esteem; for wary traders think every affection of the mind a key to their cash.

But what led me into this discourse was my impatience of pain; and I have, to my great disgrace, seen an instance of the contrary carriage in so high a degree, that I am out of countenance that I ever read Seneca. When I look upon the conduct of others in such occurrences, as well as behold the equanimity in the general tenor of their life, it very much abates the self-love, which is seldom well governed by any sort of men, and least of all by us authors.

The fortitude of a man who brings his will to the obedience of his reason, is conspicuous, and carries with it a dignity in the lowest state imaginable. Poor Martius, who now lies languishing in the most violent fever, discovers in the faintest moments of his distemper such a greatness of mind, that a perfect stranger, who should now behold him, would indeed see an object of pity, but at the same time, that it was lately an object of veneration. His gallant spirit resigns, but resigns with an air that speaks a resolution which could yield to nothing but fate itself. This is conquest in the philosophic sense; but the empire over ourselves is, methinks, no less laudable in common life, where the whole tenor of a man's carriage is in subservience to his own reason, and in conformity both to the good sense and inclination of other men.

Aristæus is, in my opinion, a perfect master of himself in all circumstances. He has all the spirit that man can have; and yet is as regular in his behaviour as a mere machine. He is sensible of every passion, but ruffled by none. In conversation he frequently seems to be less knowing to be more obliging, and chuses to be on a level with others, rather than oppress with the superiority of his genius. In friendship, he is kind without profession. In business, expeditious without ostentation. With the greatest softness and benevolence imaginable, he is impartial in spite of all importunity, even that of his own good-nature. He is ever clear in his judgment; but in complaisance to his company speaks with doubt; and never shews confidence in argument but to support the sense of another. Were such an equality of mind the general endeavour of all men, how sweet would be the pleasures of conversation! He that is loud would then understand, that we ought to call a constable; and know that spoiling good company is the most heinous way of breaking the peace. We should then be relieved from those zealots in society, who take upon them to be angry for all the company; and quarrel with the waiters to shew they have no respect for any body else in the room. To be in a rage before you, is in a kind being angry with you. You may

may as well ſtand naked before company as to uſe ſuch familiarities; and to be careleſs of what you ſay, is the moſt clowniſh way of being undreſſed.

SHEER-LANE, MAY 24.

WHEN I came home this evening, I found the following letters; and becauſe I think one a very good anſwer to the other, as well as that it is the affair of a young lady, it muſt be immediately diſmiſſed.

SIR,

I Have a good fortune, partly paternal, and partly acquired. My younger years I ſpent in buſineſs; but age coming on, and I having no more children than one daughter, I reſolved to be a ſlave no longer: and accordingly I have diſpoſed of my effects, placed my money in the funds, bought a pretty ſeat in a pleaſant country, am making a garden, and have ſet up a pack of little beagles. I live in the midſt of a good many well-bred neighbours, and ſeveral well-tempered clergymen. Againſt a rainy day, I have a little library; and againſt the gout in my ſtomach, a little good Claret: with all this I am the miſerableſt man in the world; not that I have loſt the reliſh of any of theſe pleaſures, but am diſtracted with ſuch a multiplicity of entertaining objects, that I am loſt in the variety. I am in ſuch a hurry of idleneſs, that I do not know with what diverſion to begin. Therefore, Sir, I muſt beg the favour of you, when your more weighty affairs will permit, to put me in ſome method of doing nothing; for I find Pliny makes a great difference betwixt *nihil agere* and *agere nihil*; and I fancy, if you would explain him, you would do a very great kindneſs to many in Great Britain, as well as to your humble ſervant,

J. B.

SIR,

THE incloſed is written by my father in one of his pleaſant humours. He bids me ſeal it up, and ſend you a word or two from myſelf; which he would not deſire to ſee until he hears of it from you. Deſire him, before he begins his method of doing nothing, to leave nothing to do; that is to ſay, let him marry off his daughter. I am your gentle reader,

S. B.

Nº CLXXVII. SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1710.

——MALE SI PALPERE, RECALCITRAT UNDIQUE TUTUS.
HOR. SAT. 1. LIB. 2. VER. 20.

HE SPURNS THE FLATTERER, AND HIS SAUCY PRAISE. FRANCIS.

SHEER-LANE, MAY 26.

THE ingenious Mr. Penkethman, the comedian, has lately left here a paper or ticket, to which is affixed a ſmall ſilver medal, which is to entitle the bearer to ſee one and twenty plays at his theatre for a guinea. Greenwich is the place where, it ſeems, he has erected his houſe; and his time of action is to be ſo contrived, that it is to fall in with going and returning with the tide. Beſides that, the bearer of this ticket may carry down with him a particular ſet of company to the play, ſtriking off for each perſon ſo introduced one of his twenty-one times of admittance. In this warrant of his, he has made a high compliment in a facetious diſtich, by way of dedication of his endeavours, and deſires I would recommend them to the world. I muſt needs ſay, I have not for ſome time ſeen a properer choice than he has made of a patron: who more fit to publiſh his work than a Noveliſt? who to recommend it than a Cenſor? This honour done me, has made me turn my thoughts upon the nature of Dedications in general, and the abuſe of that cuſtom, as well by a long practice of my predeceſſors, as the continued folly of my contemporary authors.

In ancient times, it was the cuſtom to addreſs their works to ſome perſons eminent for their merit to mankind, or particular patronage of the writers themſelves, or knowledge in the matter of which they treated. Under theſe regards, it was a memorable honour to both parties, and a very agreeable record of their commerce with each other.

Theſe

These applications were never stuffed with impertinent praises, but were the native product of their esteem; which was implicitly received, or generally known to be due to the patron of the work: but vain flourishes came into the world, with other barbarous embellishments; and the enumeration of titles and great actions, in the patrons themselves, or their sires, are as foreign to the matter in hand, as the ornaments in a Gothic building. This is clapping together persons which have no manner of alliance; and can for that reason have no other effect than making both parties justly ridiculous. What pretence is there in nature for me to write to a great man, and tell him—'My 'Lord, because your Grace is a Duke, 'your Grace's father before you was 'an Earl, his Lordship's father was a 'Baron, and his Lordship's father both 'a wise and a rich man: I Isaac Bickerstaff am obliged, and could not possibly forbear addressing to you the following treatise.' Though this is the plain exposition of all I could possibly say to him with a good conscience, yet the silly custom has so universally prevailed, that my Lord Duke and I must necessarily be particular friends from this time forward; or else I have just room for being disobliged, and may turn my panegyric into a libel. But to carry this affair still more home; were it granted that praises in Dedications were proper topics, what is it that gives a man authority to commend, or what makes it a favour to me that he does commend me? It is certain, that there is no praise valuable but from the praiseworthy. Were it otherwise, blame might be as much in the same hands. Were the good and evil of fame laid upon a level among mankind, the judge on the bench, and the criminal at the bar, would differ only in their stations; and if one's word is to pass as much as the other's, their reputation would be as much alike to the jury. Pliny, speaking of the death of Martial, expresses himself with great gratitude to him for the honour done him in the writings of that author; but he begins it with an account of his character, which only made the applause valuable. He indeed in the same epistle says—'It is a sign 'we have left off doing things which 'deserve praise, when we think commendation impertinent.' This is asserted with a just regard to the persons whose good opinion we wish for; otherwise reputation would be valued according to the number of voices a man has for it, which are not always to be insured on the more virtuous side. But however we pretend to model these nice affairs, true glory will never attend any thing but truth; and there is something so peculiar in it, that the very self-same action, done by different men, cannot merit the same degree of applause. The Roman, who was surprized in the enemy's camp before he had accomplished his design, and thrust his bare arm into a flaming pile, telling the general, there were many as determined as himself, who, against sense of danger, had conspired his death, wrought in the very enemy an admiration of his fortitude, and a dismission with applause. But the condemned slave who represented him in the theatre, and consumed his arm in the same manner, with the same resolution, did not raise in the spectators a great idea of his virtue, but of him whom he imitated in an action no way differing from that of the real Scævola, but in the motive to it.

Thus true glory is inseparable from true merit, and whatever you call men, they are no more than what they are in themselves; but a romantic sense has crept into the minds of the generality, who will ever mistake words and appearances for persons and things.

The simplicity of the ancients was as conspicuous in the address of their writings, as in any other monuments they have left behind them. Cæsar and Augustus were much more high words of respect, when added to occasions fit for their characters to appear in, than any appellations which have ever been since thought of. The latter of these great men had a very pleasant way of dealing with applications of this kind. When he received pieces of poetry which he thought had worth in them, he rewarded the writer; but where he thought them empty, he generally returned the compliment made him with some verses of his own.

This latter method I have at present occasion to imitate. A female author has dedicated a piece to me, wherein she would make my name, as she has others, the introduction of whatever is to follow in her book; and has spoke some panegyrical things which I know

not how to return, for want of better acquaintance with the lady, and consequently being out of a capacity of giving her praise or blame. All therefore that is left for me, according to the foregoing rules, is to lay the picture of a good and evil woman before her eyes, which are but mere words, if they do not concern her. Now you are to observe, the way in a Dedication is, to make all the rest of the world as little like the person we address to as possible, according to the following epistle:

MADAM,

But M——

——*Memorabile nullum*
Fœmincâ in pœnâ est.——

N° CLXXVIII. TUESDAY, MAY 30, 1710.

SHEER-LANE, MAY 29.

WHEN we look into the delightful history of the most ingenious Don Quixot of the Mancha, and consider the exercises and manner of life of that renowned gentleman, who cannot but admire the exquisite genius and discerning spirit of Michael Cervantes; who has not only painted his adventurer with great mastery in the conspicuous parts of his story, which relate to love and honour; but also intimated in his ordinary life, in his œconomy and furniture, the infallible symptoms he gave of his growing phrenzy, before he declared himself a Knight Errant. His hall was furnished with old lances, halberds, and morions; his food, lentils; his dress, amorous. He slept moderately, rose early, and spent his time in hunting. When by watchfulness and exercise he was thus qualified for the hardships of his intended peregrinations, he had nothing more to do but to fall hard to study; and before he should apply himself to the practical part, get into the methods of making love and war by reading books of Knighthood. As for raising tender passions in him, Cervantes reports, that he was wonderfully delighted with a smooth intricate sentence; and when they listened at his study-door, they could frequently hear him read loud—'The reason of the unreasonableness, 'which against my reason is wrought, 'doth so weaken my reason, as with 'all reason I do justly complain of your 'beauty.' Again, he would pause until he came to another charming sentence, and, with the most pleasing accent imaginable, be loud at a new paragraph—'The high heavens, which, with your 'divinity, do fortify you divinely with 'the stars, make you deservéress of the 'deserts that your greatness deserves.' With these and other such passages, says my author, the poor gentleman grew distracted, and was breaking his brains day and night to understand and unravel their sense.

As much as the case of this distempered knight is received by all the readers of his history as the most incurable and ridiculous of all phrenzies; it is very certain, we have crowds among us far gone in as visible a madness as his, though they are not observed to be in that condition. As great and useful discoveries are sometimes made by accidental and small beginnings, I came to the knowledge of the most epidemic ill of this sort, by falling into a coffee-house, where I saw my friend the Upholsterer, whose crack towards politics I have heretofore mentioned. This touch in the brain of the British subject, is as certainly owing to the reading newspapers, as is that of the Spanish worthy above-mentioned to the reading works of chivalry. My contemporaries the Novelists have, for the better spinning out paragraphs, and working down to the end of their columns, a most happy art in saying and unsaying, giving hints of intelligence, and interpretations of indifferent actions, to the great disturbance of the brains of ordinary readers. This way of going on in the words, and making no progress in the sense, is more particularly the excellency of my most ingenious and renowned fellow-labourer, the Postman; and it is to this talent in him that I impute the loss of my Upholsterer's intellects. That unfortunate tradesman has, for years past, been the chief orator in ragged assemblies, and the reader in alley coffee-houses. He was yesterday surrounded by an audience of that sort, among whom I sat unobserved, through the favour of a cloud of tobacco, and saw him with the Post-

man

man in his hand, and all the other papers ſafe under his elbow. He was intermixing remarks, and reading the Paris article of May the thirtieth, which ſays, that it is given out that an expreſs arrived this day with advice, that the armies were ſo near in the plain of Lens, that they cannonaded each other. 'Ay, 'ay, here we will have ſport.' And that it was highly probable the next expreſs would bring us an account of an engagement. 'They are welcome, as 'ſoon as they pleaſe.' Though ſome others ſay, that the ſame will be put off until the ſecond or third of June, becauſe the Marſhal Villars expects ſome further reinforcements from Germany, and other parts, before that time. 'What a-pox does he put it off for? 'Does he think our horſe is not marching up at the ſame time? But let us 'ſee what he ſays further.' They hope that Monſieur Albergotti, being encouraged by the preſence of ſo great an army, will make an extraordinary defence. 'Why, then, I find, Alber-'gotti is one of thoſe that love to have 'a great many on their ſide. Nay, I 'will ſay that for this paper, he makes 'the moſt natural inferences of any of 'them all: "The Elector of Bavaria, "being uneaſy to be without any com-"mand, has deſired leave to come to "court, to communicate a certain pro-"ject to his Majeſty. Whatever it be, "it is ſaid, that prince is ſuddenly ex-"pected; and then we ſhall have a more "certain account of his projects, if this "report has any foundation." Nay, 'this paper never impoſes upon us; he 'goes upon ſure grounds; for he would 'not be poſitive the Elector has a pro-'ject, or that he will come, or if he 'does come at all; for he doubts, you 'ſee, whether the report has any foun-'dation.'

What makes this the more lamentable is, that this way of writing falls in with the imaginations of the cooler and duller part of her Majeſty's ſubjects. The being kept up with one line contradicting another; and the whole, after many ſentences of conjecture, vaniſhing in a doubt whether there is any thing at all in what the perſon has been reading, puts an ordinary head into a vertigo, which his natural dulneſs would have ſecured him from. Next to the labours of the Poſtman, the Upholſterer took from under his elbow honeſt Icabod Dawkes's Letter; and there, among other ſpeculations, the hiſtorian takes upon him to ſay, that it is diſcourſed that there will be a battle in Flanders before the armies ſeparate, and many will have it to be to-morrow, the great battle of Ramelies being fought on a Whitſunday. A gentleman, who was a wag in this company, laughed at the expreſſion, and ſaid—'By Mr. Dawkes's favour, I warrant 'you, if we meet them on Whitſunday 'or Monday we ſhall not ſtand upon 'the day with them, whether it be be-'fore or after the holidays.' An admirer of this gentleman ſtood up, and told a neighbour at a diſtant table the conceit; at which indeed we were all very merry. Theſe reflections, in the writers of the tranſactions of the times, ſeize the noddles of ſuch as were not born to have thoughts of their own, and conſequently lay a weight upon every thing which they read in print. But Mr. Dawkes concluded his paper with a courteous ſentence, which was very well taken and applauded by the whole company. 'We wiſh,' ſays he, 'all our 'cuſtomers a merry Whitſuntide, and 'many of them.' Honeſt Icabod is as extraordinary a man as any of our fraternity, and as particular. His ſtyle is a dialect between the familiarity of talking and writing, and his letter ſuch as you cannot diſtinguiſh whether print or manuſcript, which gives us a refreſhment of the ideä from what has been told us from the preſs by others. This wiſhing a good Tide had it's effect upon us, and he was commended for his ſalutation, as ſhewing as well the capacity of a bell-man as an hiſtorian. My diſtempered old acquaintance read, in the next place, the account of the affairs abroad in the Courant: but the matter was told ſo diſtinctly, that theſe wanderers thought there was no news in it; this paper differing from the reſt as an hiſtory from a romance. The tautology, the contradiction, the doubts, and wants of confirmations, are what keep up imaginary entertainments in empty heads, and produce neglect of their own affairs, poverty, and bankruptcy, in many of the ſhop-ſtateſmen; but turn the imaginations of thoſe of a little higher orb into deliriums of diſſatisfaction, which is ſeen in a continual fret upon all that touches their brains, but more particularly upon any advantage obtained by their country, where they

are considered as lunatics, and therefore tolerated in their ravings.

What I am now warning the people of is, that the Newspapers of this island are as pernicious to weak heads in England, as ever books of chivalry to Spain; and therefore shall do all that in me lies, with the utmost care and vigilance imaginable, to prevent these growing evils. A flaming instance of this malady appeared in my old acquaintance at this time, who, after he had done reading all his papers, ended with a thoughtful air—'If we should have a peace, we 'should then know for certain whether 'it was the King of Sweden that lately 'came to Dunkirk.' I whispered him, and desired him to step aside a little with me. When I had opportunity, I decoyed him into a coach, in order for his more easy conveyance to Moorfields. The man went very quietly with me; and by that time he had brought the Swede from the defeat by the Czar to the Borysthenes, we were passing by Will's Coffee-house, where the man of the house beckoned to us. We made a full stop, and could hear from above a very loud voice swearing, with some expressions towards treason, that the subject in France was as free as in England. His distemper would not let him reflect, that his own discourse was an argument of the contrary. They told him, one would speak with him below. He came immediately to our coach-side. I whispered him, that I had an order to carry him to the Bastile. He immediately obeyed with great resignation: for to this sort of lunatic, whose brain is touched for the French, the name of a gaol in that kingdom has a more agreeable sound, than that of a paternal seat in this their own country. It happened a little unluckily bringing these lunatics together, for they immediately fell into a debate concerning the greatness of their respective monarchs; one for the King of Sweden, the other for the Grand Monarch of France. This gentleman from Will's is now next door to the Upholsterer, safe in his apartment in my Bedlam, with proper medicaments, and the Mercure Gallant to soothe his imagination that he is actually in France. If, therefore, he should escape to Covent Garden again, all persons are desired to lay hold of him, and deliver him to Mr. Morphew, my overseer. At the same time, I desire all true subjects to forbear discourse with him, any otherwise than, when he begins to fight a battle for France, to say—'Sir, I hope 'to see you in England.'

Nº CLXXIX. THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1710.

——OH! QUIS ME GELIDIS IN VALLIBUS HÆMI
SISTAT, ET INGENTI RAMORUM PROTEGAT UMBRA?
VIRG. GEORG. 2. VER. 488.

SOME GOD CONDUCT ME TO THE SACRED SHADES,——
OR LIFT ME HIGH TO HÆMUS' HILLY CROWN!
DRYDEN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAY 31.

IN this parched season, next to the pleasure of going into the country is that of hearing from it, and partaking the joys of it in description; as in the following letter.

SIR,

I Believe you will forgive me, though I write to you a very long epistle; since it relates to the satisfaction of a country life, which I know you would lead, if you could. In the first place I must confess to you, that I am one of the most luxurious men living; and as I am such, I take care to make my pleasures lasting, by following none but such as are innocent and refined, as well as, in some measure, improving. You have in your labours been so much concerned to represent the actions and passions of mankind, that the whole vegetable world has almost escaped your observation: but sure there are gratifications to be drawn from thence, which deserve to be recommended. For your better information, I wish you would visit your old friend in Cornwall. You would be pleased to see the many alterations

rations I have made about my houſe, and how much I have improved my eſtate without raiſing the rents of it.

As the winter engroſſes with us near a double portion of the year, the three delightful viciſſitudes being crouded almoſt within the ſpace of ſix months, there is nothing upon which I have beſtowed ſo much ſtudy and expence, as in contriving means to ſoften the ſeverity of it, and, if poſſible, to eſtabliſh twelve chearful months about my habitation. In order to this, the charges I have been at in building and furniſhing a green-houſe will, perhaps, be thought ſomewhat extravagant by a great many gentlemen whoſe revenues exceed mine. But when I conſider, that all men of any life and ſpirit have their inclinations to gratify; and when I compute the ſums laid out by the generality of the men of pleaſure, in the number of which I always rank myſelf, in riotous eating and drinking, in equipage and apparel, upon wenching, gaming, racing, and hunting; I find upon the balance, that the indulging of my humour comes at a reaſonable rate.

Since I communicate to you all incidents ſerious and trifling, even to the death of a butterfly, that fall out within the compaſs of my little empire; you will not, I hope, be ill pleaſed with the draught I now ſend you of my little winter Paradiſe, and with an account of my way of amuſing myſelf and others in it.

The younger Pliny, you know, writes a long letter to his friend Gallus, in which he gives him a very particular plan of the ſituation, the conveniencies, and the agreeableneſs of his villa. In my laſt, you may remember, I promiſed you ſomething of this kind. Had Pliny lived in a northern climate, I doubt not we ſhould have found a very compleat orangery among his epiſtles; and I, probably, ſhould have copied his model, inſtead of building after my own fancy, and you had been referred to him for the hiſtory of my late exploits in architecture: by which means my performances would have made a better figure, at leaſt in writing, than they are like to make at preſent.

The area of my green-houſe is a hundred paces long, fifty broad, and the roof thirty feet high. The wall toward the north is of ſolid ſtone. On the ſouth-ſide, and at both the ends, the ſtone-work riſes but three feet from the ground; excepting the pilaſters, placed at convenient diſtances, to ſtrengthen and beautify the building. The immediate ſpaces are filled up with large ſaſhes of the ſtrongeſt and moſt tranſparent glaſs. The middle ſaſh, which is wider than any of the other, ſerves for the entrance; to which you mount by ſix eaſy ſteps, and deſcend on the inſide by as many. This opens and ſhuts with greater eaſe, keeps the wind out better, and is at the ſame time more uniform, than folding-doors.

In the middle of the roof there runs a cieling thirty feet broad from one end to the other. This is enlivened by a maſterly pencil, with all the variety of rural ſcenes and proſpects, which he has peopled with the whole tribe of ſylvan deities. Their characters and their ſtories are ſo well expreſſed, that the whole ſeems a collection of all the moſt beautiful fables of the ancient poets tranſlated into colours. The remaining ſpaces of the roof, ten feet on each ſide of the cieling, are of the cleareſt glaſs, to let in the ſky and clouds from above. The buildings point full eaſt and weſt, ſo that I enjoy the ſun while he is above the horizon. His rays are improved through the glaſs; and I receive through it what is deſirable in a winter ſky, without the coarſe allay of the ſeaſon, which is a kind of ſifting or ſtraining the weather. My greens and flowers are as ſenſible as I am of this benefit: they flouriſh and look chearful as in the ſpring, while their fellow-creatures abroad are ſtarved to death. I muſt add, that a moderate expence of fire, over and above the contribution I receive from the ſun, ſerves to keep this large room in a due temperature; it being ſheltered from the cold winds by a hill on the north, and a wood on the eaſt.

The ſhell, you ſee, is both agreeable and convenient; and now you ſhall judge, whether I have laid out the floor to advantage. There goes through the whole length of it a ſpacious walk of the fineſt gravel, made to bind and unite ſo firmly that it ſeems one continued ſtone; with this advantage, that it is eaſier to the foot, and better for walking, than if it were what it ſeems to be. At each end of the walk, on the one and on the other ſide of it, lies a ſquare plot of graſs of the fineſt turf, and brighteſt verdure. What ground remains on both ſides, between

between theſe little ſmooth fields of green, is paved with large quarries of white marble; where the blue veins trace out ſuch a variety of irregular windings, through the clear ſurface, that theſe bright plains ſeem full of rivulets and ſtreaming meanders. This, to my eye, that delights in ſimplicity, is inexpreſſibly more beautiful than the chequered floors which are ſo generally admired by others. Upon the right and upon the left, along the gravel walk, I have ranged interchangeably the bay, the myrtle, the orange, and the lemon-trees, intermixed with painted hollies, ſilver firs, and pyramids of yew; all ſo diſpoſed, that every tree receives an additional beauty from it's ſituation, beſides the harmony that riſes from the diſpoſition of the whole: no ſhade cuts too ſtrongly, or breaks in harſhly upon the other; but the eye is cheared with a mild rather than gorgeous diverſity of greens.

The borders of the four graſs-plots are garniſhed with pots of flowers: thoſe delicacies of nature recreate two ſenſes at once; and leave ſuch delightful and gentle impreſſions upon the brain, that I cannot help thinking them of equal force with the ſofteſt airs of muſic, toward the ſmoothing of our tempers. In the centre of every plot is a ſtatue. The figures I have made choice of are a Venus, an Adonis, a Diana, and an Apollo; ſuch excellent copies, as to raiſe the ſame delight as we ſhould draw from the ſight of the ancient originals.

The north wall would have been but a tireſome waſte to the eye, if I had not diverſified it with the moſt lively ornaments, ſuitable to the place. To this intent, I have been at the expence to lead over arches, from a neighbouring hill, a plentiful ſtore of ſpring-water, which a beautiful Naiad, placed as high as is poſſible in the centre of the wall, pours out from an urn. This by a fall of above twenty feet, makes a moſt delightful caſcade into a baſon, that opens wide within the marble-floor on that ſide. At a reaſonable diſtance, on either hand of the caſcade, the wall is hollowed into two ſpreading ſcollops, each of which receives a couch of green velvet, and forms at the ſame time a canopy over them. Next to them come two large aviaries, which are likewiſe let into the ſtone. Theſe are ſucceeded by two grottos, ſet off with all the pleaſing rudeneſs of ſhells, and moſs, and cragged ſtones, imitating, in miniature, rocks and precipices, the moſt dreadful and gigantic works of Nature. After the grottos, you have two niches; the one inhabited by Ceres, with her ſickle and ſheaf of wheat; and the other by Pomona, who, with a countenance full of good cheer, pours a bounteous autumn of fruits out of her horn. Laſt of all come two colonies of bees, whoſe ſtations lying eaſt and weſt, the one is ſaluted by the riſing, the other by the ſetting ſun. Theſe, all of them being placed at proportioned intervals, furniſh out the whole length of the wall; and the ſpaces that lie between are painted in Freſco, by the ſame hand that has enriched my cieling.

Now, Sir, you ſee my whole contrivance to elude the rigour of the year, to bring a northern climate nearer the ſun, and to exempt myſelf from the common fate of my countrymen. I muſt detain you a little longer, to tell you that I never enter this delicious retirement, but my ſpirits are revived, and a ſweet complacency diffuſes itſelf over my whole mind. And how can it be otherwiſe, with a conſcience void of offence, where the muſic of falling waters, the ſymphony of birds, the gentle humming of bees, the breath of flowers, the fine imagery of painting and ſculpture; in a word, the beauties and the charms of nature and of art court all my faculties, refreſh the fibres of the brain, and ſmooth every avenue of thought? What pleaſing meditations, what agreeable wanderings of the mind, and what delicious ſlumbers have I enjoyed here? And when I turn up ſome maſterly writer to my imagination, methinks, here his beauties appear in the moſt advantageous light, and the rays of his genius ſhoot upon me with greater force and brightneſs than ordinary. This place likewiſe keeps the whole family in good-humour, in a ſeaſon wherein gloominess of temper prevails univerſally in this iſland. My wife does often touch her lute in one of the grottos, and my daughter ſings to it; while the ladies with you, amidſt all the diverſions of the town, and in the moſt affluent fortunes, are fretting and repining beneath a louring ſky for they know not what. In this Green-houſe we often dine,

dine, we drink tea, we dance country-dances; and, what is the chief pleasure of all, we entertain our neighbours in it, and by this means contribute very much to mend the climate five or six miles about us. I am,

Your most humble servant,

T. S.

Nº CLXXX. SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1710.

STULTITIAM PATIUNTUR OPES.——

HOR. EP. 18. LIB. 1. VER. 29.

THEIR FOLLY PLEADS THE PRIVILEGE OF WEALTH.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JUNE 2.

I Have received a letter which accuses me of partiality in the administration of the Censorship; and says, that I have been very free with the lower part of mankind, but extremely cautious in representations of matters which concern men of condition. This correspondent takes upon him also to say, the Upholsterer was not undone by turning politician, but became a bankrupt by trusting his goods to persons of quality; and demands of me, that I should do justice upon such as brought poverty and distress upon the world below them, while they themselves were sunk in pleasures and luxury, supported at the expence of those very persons whom they treated with negligence, as if they did not know whether they dealt with them or not. This is a very heavy accusation, both of me, and such as the man aggrieved accuses me of tolerating. For this reason, I resolved to take this matter into consideration; and upon very little meditation, could call to my memory many instances which made this complaint far from being groundless. The root of this evil does not always proceed from injustice in the men of figure, but often from a false grandeur which they take upon them in being unacquainted with their own business; not considering how mean a part they act, when their names and characters are subjected to the little arts of their servants and dependants. The overseers of the poor are a people who have no great reputation for the discharge of their trust; but are much less scandalous than the overseers of the rich. Ask a young fellow of great estate, who was that odd fellow that spoke to him in a public place; he answers—'One that does my 'business.' It is, with many, a natural consequence of being a man of fortune, that they are not to understand the disposal of it; and they long to come to their estates, only to put themselves under new guardianship. Nay, I have known a young fellow, who was regularly bred an attorney, and was a very expert one until he had an estate fallen to him. The moment that happened, he, who could prove the next land he cast his eye upon, his own; and was so sharp, that a man at first sight would give him a small sum for a general receipt, whether he owed him any thing or not: such a one, I say, have I seen, upon coming to an estate, forget all his diffidence of mankind, and become the most manageable thing breathing. He immediately wanted a stirring man to take upon him his affairs, to receive and pay, and do every thing which he himself was now too fine a gentleman to understand. It is pleasant to consider, that he who would have got an estate, had he not come to one, will certainly starve because one fell to him; but such contradictions are we to ourselves, and any change of life is insupportable to some natures.

It is a mistaken sense of superiority, to believe a figure or equipage gives men precedence to their neighbours. Nothing can create respect from mankind, but laying obligations upon them; and it may very reasonably be concluded, that if it were put into a due balance, according to the true state of the account, many who believe themselves in possession of a large share of dignity in the world, must give place to their inferiors. The greatest of all distinctions in civil life is that of debtor and creditor; and there needs no great progress in logic to know which, in that case, is the advantageous side. He who can say to another—'Pray, Master,' or, 'pray, my Lord, give me my own;' can as justly tell him—'It is a fantasti-

'cal

'cal distinction you take upon you, to 'pretend to pass upon the world for my 'Master or Lord, when at the same 'time that I wear your livery, you owe 'me wages;' or, 'while I wait at your 'door, you are ashamed to see me un-'til you have paid my bill.'

The good old way among the gentry of England, to maintain their pre-eminence over the lower rank, was by their bounty, munificence, and hospitality; and it is a very unhappy change, if at present, by themselves or their agents, the luxury of the gentry is supported by the credit of the trader. This is what my correspondent pretends to prove out of his own books, and those of his whole neighbourhood. He has the confidence to say, that there is a mug-house near Long Acre, where you may every evening hear an exact account of distresses of this kind. One complains that such a lady's finery is the occasion that his own wife and daughter appear so long in the same gown: another, that all the furniture of her visiting apartment are no more her's, than the scenery of a play are the proper goods of the actress. Nay, at the lower end of the same table, you may hear a butcher and poulterer say, that, at their proper charge, all that family has been maintained since they last came to town.

The free manner, in which people of fashion are discoursed on at such meetings, is but a just reproach of their failures in this kind; but the melancholy relations of the great necessity tradesmen are driven to, who support their credit in spite of the faithless promises which are made them, and the abatement which they suffer when paid by the extortion of upper servants, is what would stop the most thoughtless man in the career of his pleasures, if rightly represented to him.

If this matter be not very speedily amended, I shall think fit to print exact lists of all persons who are not at their own disposal, though above the age of twenty-one; and as the trader is made bankrupt for absence from his abode, so shall the gentleman for being at home, if, when Mr. Morphew calls, he cannot give him an exact account of what passes in his own family. After this fair warning, no one ought to think himself hardly dealt with, if I take upon me to pronounce him no longer master of his estate, wife, or family, than he continues to improve, cherish, and maintain them, upon the basis of his own property, without incursions upon his neighbour in any of these particulars.

According to that excellent philosopher Epictetus, we are all but acting parts in a play; and it is not a distinction in itself to be high or low, but to become the parts we are to perform. I am by my office Prompter on this occasion; and shall give those who are a little out in their parts, such soft hints as may help them to proceed, without letting it be known to the audience they were out: but if they run quite out of character, they must be called off the stage, and receive parts more suitable to their genius. Servile complaisance shall degrade a man from his honour and quality, and haughtiness be yet more debased. Fortune shall no longer appropriate distinctions, but Nature direct us in the disposition both of respect and discountenance. As there are tempers made for command, and others for obedience; so there are men born for acquiring possessions, and others incapable of being other than mere lodgers in the houses of their ancestors, and have it not in their very composition to be proprietors of any thing. These men are moved only by the mere effects of impulse: their good-will and disesteem are to be regarded equally; for neither is the effect of their judgment. This loose temper is that which makes a man, what Sallust so well remarks to happen frequently in the same person, to be covetous of what is another's, and profuse of what is his own. This sort of men is usually amiable to ordinary eyes; but in the sight of reason, nothing is laudable but what is guided by reason. The covetous prodigal is of all others the worst man in society: if he would but take time to look into himself, he would find his soul all over gashed with broken vows and promises; and his retrospect on his actions would not consist of reflections upon those good resolutions after mature thought, which are the true life of a reasonable creature, but the nauseous memory of imperfect pleasures, idle dreams, and occasional amusements. To follow such dissatisfying pursuits, is it possible to suffer the ignominy of being unjust? I remember, in Tully's Epistle, in the recommendation of a man to an affair which had no manner of relation

to

to money, it is ſaid—'You may truſt 'him, for he is a frugal man.' It is certain, he who has not a regard to ſtrict juſtice in the commerce of life, can be capable of no good action in any other kind; but he who lives below his income, lays up every moment of life armour againſt a baſe world, that will cover all his frailties while he is ſo fortified, and exaggerate them when he is naked and defenceleſs.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A STAGE-COACH ſets out exactly at ſix from Nando's coffee-houſe to Mr. Tiptoe's dancing-ſchool, and returns at eleven every evening, for one ſhilling and four-pence.

N. B. Dancing-ſhoes, not exceeding four inches height in the heel, and periwigs, not exceeding three feet in length, are carried in the coach-box gratis.

N° CLXXXI. TUESDAY, JUNE 6, 1710.

——DIES, NI FALLOR, ADEST, QUEM SEMPER, ACERBUM,
SEMPER HONORATUM, SIC DII VOLUISTIS, HABEBO.
VIRG. ÆN. 5. VER. 49.

AND NOW THE RISING DAY RENEWS THE YEAR,
A DAY FOR EVER SAD, FOR EVER DEAR. DRYDEN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JUNE 5.

THERE are thoſe among mankind, who can enjoy no reliſh of their being, except the world is made acquainted with all that relates to them, and think every thing loſt that paſſes unobſerved; but others find a ſolid delight in ſtealing by the crowd, and modelling their life after ſuch a manner, as is as much above the approbation as the practice of the vulgar. Life being too ſhort to give inſtances great enough of true friendſhip or good-will, ſome ſages have thought it pious to preſerve a certain reverence for the Manes of their deceaſed friends; and have withdrawn themſelves from the reſt of the world at certain ſeaſons, to commemorate in their own thoughts ſuch of their acquaintance who have gone before them out of this life; and indeed, when we are advanced in years, there is not a more pleaſing entertainment, than to recollect in a gloomy moment the many we have parted with, that have been dear and agreeable to us, and to caſt a melancholy thought or two after thoſe, with whom, perhaps, we have indulged ourſelves in whole nights of mirth and jollity. With ſuch inclinations in my heart I went to my cloſet yeſterday in the evening, and reſolved to be ſorrowful; upon which occaſion I could not but look with diſdain upon myſelf, that though all the reaſons which I had to lament the loſs of many of my friends are now as forcible as at the moment of their departure, yet did not my heart ſwell with the ſame ſorrow which I felt at the time; but I could, without tears, reflect upon many pleaſing adventures I have had with ſome, who have long been blended with common earth. Though it is by the benefit of Nature, that length of time thus blots out the violence of afflictions; yet with tempers too much given to pleaſure, it is almoſt neceſſary to revive the old places of grief in our memory; and ponder ſtep by ſtep on paſt life, to lead the mind into that ſobriety of thought which poizes the heart, and makes it beat with due time, without being quickened with deſire, or retarded with deſpair, from it's proper and equal motion. When we wind up a clock that is out of order, to make it go well for the future, we do not immediately ſet the hand to the preſent inſtant, but we make it ſtrike the round of all it's hours, before it can recover the regularity of it's time. Such, thought I, ſhall be my method this evening; and ſince it is that day of the year which I dedicate to the memory of ſuch in another life as I much delighted in when living, an hour or two ſhall be ſacred to ſorrow and their memory, while I run over all the melancholy circumſtances of this kind which have occurred to me in my whole life.

The firſt ſenſe of ſorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the houſe meant, than poſſeſſed with a

real underſtanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother ſat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a beating the coffin, and calling papa; for, I know not how, I had ſome ſlight idea that he was locked up there. My mother catched me in her arms, and, tranſported beyond all patience of the ſilent grief ſhe was before in, ſhe almoſt ſmothered me in her embraces; and told me in a flood of tears, papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, where he could never come to us again. She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble ſpirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidſt all the wildneſs of her tranſport; which, methought ſtruck me with an inſtinct of ſorrow, that before I was ſenſible of what it was to grieve, ſeized my very ſoul, and has made pity the weakneſs of my heart ever ſince. The mind in infancy is, methinks, like the body in embryo; and receives impreſſions ſo forcible, that they are as hard to be removed by reaſon, as any mark, with which a child is born, is to be taken away by any future application. Hence it is, that good-nature in me is no merit; but having been ſo frequently overwhelmed with her tears before I knew the cauſe of any affliction, or could draw defences from my own judgment, I imbibed commiſeration, remorſe, and unmanly gentleneſs of mind, which has ſince inſnared me into ten thouſand calamities; and from whence I can reap no advantage, except it be, that, in ſuch a humour as I am now in, I can the better indulge myſelf in the ſoftneſſes of humanity, and enjoy that ſweet anxiety that ariſes from the memory of paſt afflictions.

We, that are very old, are better able to remember things which befel us in our diſtant youth, than the paſſages of later days. For this reaſon it is, that the companions of my ſtrong and vigorous years preſent themſelves more immediately to me in this office of ſorrow. Untimely and unhappy deaths are what we are moſt apt to lament; ſo little are we able to make it indifferent when a thing happens, though we know it muſt happen. Thus we groan under life, and bewail thoſe who are relieved from it. Every object that returns to our imagination raiſes different paſſions, according to the circumſtance of their departure. Who can have lived in an army, and in a ſerious hour reflect upon the many gay and agreeable men that might long have flouriſhed in the arts of peace, and not join with the imprecations of the fatherleſs and widow on the tyrant to whoſe ambition they fell ſacrifices? But gallant men, who are cut off by the ſword, move rather our veneration than our pity; and we gather relief enough from their own contempt of death, to make that no evil, which was approached with ſo much chearfulneſs, and attended with ſo much honour. But when we turn our thoughts from the great parts of life on ſuch occaſions, and inſtead of lamenting thoſe who ſtood ready to give death to thoſe from whom they had the fortune to receive it; I ſay, when we let our thoughts wander from ſuch noble objects, and conſider the havock which is made among the tender and the innocent, pity enters with an unmixed ſoftneſs, and poſſeſſes all our ſouls at once.

Here (were there words to expreſs ſuch ſentiments with proper tenderneſs) I ſhould record the beauty, innocence, and untimely death, of the firſt object my eyes ever beheld with love. The beauteous virgin! how ignorantly did ſhe charm, how careleſsly excel? Oh Death! thou haſt right to be bold, to be ambitious, to the high, and to the haughty; but why this cruelty to the humble, to the meek, to the undiſcerning, to the thoughtleſs? Nor age, nor buſineſs, nor diſtreſs, can eraſe the dear image from my imagination. In the ſame week, I ſaw her dreſſed for a ball, and in a ſhrowd. How ill did the habit of Death become the pretty trifler? I ſtill behold the ſmiling earth——A large train of diſaſters were coming on to my memory, when my ſervant knocked at my cloſet-door, and interrupted me with a letter, attended with a hamper of wine, of the ſame ſort with that which is to be put to ſale, on Thurſday next, at Garraway's Coffee-houſe. Upon the receipt of it, I ſent for three of my friends. We are ſo intimate, that we can be company in whatever ſtate of mind we meet, and can entertain each other without expecting always to rejoice. The wine we found to be gene-

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rous and warming, but with such an heat as moved us rather to be chearful than frolicksome. It revived the spirits, without firing the blood. We commended it until two of the clock this morning; and having to-day met a little before dinner, we found, that though we drank two bottles a man, we had much more reason to recollect than forget what had passed the night before.

Nº CLXXXII. THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1710.

SPECTARET POPULUM LUDIS ATTENTIUS IPSIS.
HOR. EP. I. LIB. 2. VER. 197.

THE CROWD WOULD MORE DELIGHT THE LAUGHING SAGE*,
THAN ALL THE FARCE AND FOLLIES OF THE STAGE. FRANCIS.

SHEER-LANE, JUNE 7.

THE town grows so very empty, that the greater number of my gay characters are fled out of my sight into the country. My beaus are now shepherds, and my belles wood-nymphs. They are lolling over rivulets, and covered with shades, while we who remain in town hurry through the dust about impertinencies, without knowing the happiness of leisure and retirement. To add to this calamity, even the Actors are going to desert us for a season, and we shall not shortly have so much as a landskip or a forest-scene to refresh ourselves with in the midst of our fatigues. This may not, perhaps, be so sensible a loss to any other as to me; for I confess it is one of my greatest delights to sit unobserved and unknown in the gallery, and entertain myself either with what is personated on the stage, or observe what appearances present themselves in the audience. If there were no other good consequences in a playhouse, than that so many persons of different ranks and conditions are placed there in their most pleasing aspects, that prospect only would be very far from being below the pleasure of a wise man. There is not one person you can see, in whom, if you look with an inclination to be pleased, you may not behold something worthy or agreeable. Our thoughts are in our features; and the visage of those in whom love, rage, anger, jealousy, or envy, have their frequent mansions, carries the traces of those passions wherever the amorous, the choleric, the jealous, or the envious, are pleased to make their appearance. However, the assembly at a play is usually made up of such as have a sense of some elegance in pleasure; by which means the audience is generally composed of those who have gentle affections, or at least of such as, at that time, are in the best humour you can ever find them. This has insensibly a good effect upon our spirits, and the musical airs which are played to us, put the whole company into a participation of the same pleasure, and by consequence, for that time, equal in humour, in fortune, and in quality. Thus far we gain only by coming into an audience; but if we find, added to this, the beauties of proper action, the force of eloquence, and the gaiety of well-placed lights and scenes, it is being happy, and seeing others happy, for two hours; a duration of bliss not at all to be slighted by so short-lived a creature as man. Why then should not the duty of the player be had in much more esteem than it is at present? If the merit of a performance is to be valued according to the talents which are necessary to it, the qualifications of a player should raise him much above the arts and ways of life which we call mercenary or mechanic. When we look round a full house, and behold so few that can, though they set themselves out to shew as much as the persons on the stage do, come up to what they would appear even in dumb show. How much does the actor deserve our approbation, who adds to the advantage of looks and motions, the tone of voice, the dignity, the humility, the sorrow, and the triumph, suitable to the character he personates?

It may possibly be imagined by severe men, that I am too frequent in the mention of the theatrical representations; but who is not excessive in the discourse of what he extremely likes? Eugenio

* Democritus.

can lead you to a gallery of fine pictures, which collection he is always increasing: Craſſus, through woods and foreſts, to which he deſigns to add the neighbouring counties. Theſe are great and noble inſtances of their magnificence. The players are my pictures, and their ſcenes my territories. By communicating the pleaſure I take in them, it may in ſome meaſure add to men's gratifications this way; as viewing the choice and wealth of Eugenio and Craſſus augments the enjoyments of thoſe whom they entertain, with a proſpect of ſuch poſſeſſions as would not otherwiſe fall within the reach of their fortunes.

It is a very good office one man does another, when he tells him the manner of his being pleaſed; and I have often thought that a comment upon the capacities of the players would very much improve the delight that way, and impart it to thoſe who otherwiſe have no ſenſe of it.

The firſt of the preſent ſtage are Wilks and Cibber, perfect actors in their different kinds. Wilks has a ſingular talent in repreſenting the graces of Nature; Cibber the deformity in the affectation of them. Were I a writer of plays, I ſhould never employ either of them in parts which had not their bent this way. This is ſeen in the inimitable ſtrain and run of good-humour which is kept up in the character of Wildair, and in the nice and delicate abuſe of underſtanding in that of Sir Novelty. Cibber, in another light, hits exquiſitely the flat civility of an affected Gentleman-uſher, and Wilks the eaſy frankneſs of a Gentleman.

If you would obſerve the force of the ſame capacities in higher life, can any thing be more ingenuous than the behaviour of Prince Harry, when his father checks him? any thing more exaſperating than that of Richard, when he inſults his ſuperiors? To beſeech gracefully, to approach reſpectfully, to pity, to mourn, to love, are the places wherein Wilks may be made to ſhine with the utmoſt beauty: to rally pleaſantly, to ſcorn artfully, to flatter, to ridicule, and to neglect, are what Cibber would perform with no leſs excellence.

When actors are conſidered with a view to their talents, it is not only the pleaſure of that hour of action, which the ſpectators gain from their performance; but the oppoſition of right and wrong on the ſtage, would have it's force in the aſſiſtance of our judgments on other occaſions. I have at preſent under my tutelage a young poet, who, I deſign, ſhall entertain the town the enſuing winter. And as he does me the honour to let me ſee his comedy as he writes it, I ſhall endeavour to make the parts fit the genius of the ſeveral actors, as exactly as their habits can their bodies. And becauſe the two I have mentioned are to perform the principal parts, I have prevailed with the houſe to let the Careleſs Huſband be acted on Tueſday next, that my young author may have a view of the play which is acted to perfection, both by them and all concerned in it; as being born within the walls of the theatre, and written with an exact knowledge of the abilities of the performers. Mr. Wilks will do his beſt in this play, becauſe it is for his own benefit; and Mr. Cibber, becauſe he writ it. Beſides which, all the great beauties we have left in town, or within call of it, will be preſent, becauſe it is the laſt play this ſeaſon. This opportunity will, I hope, inflame my pupil with ſuch generous notions, from ſeeing the fair aſſembly as will be then preſent, that his play may be compoſed of ſentiments and characters proper to be preſented to ſuch an audience. His drama at preſent has only the outlines drawn. There are, I find, to be in it all the reverend offices of life, (ſuch as regard to parents, huſbands, and honourable lovers) preſerved with the utmoſt care; and at the ſame time that agreeableneſs of behaviour, with the intermixture of pleaſing paſſions which ariſe from innocence and virtue, interſperſed in ſuch a manner, as that to be charming and agreeable, ſhall appear the natural conſequence of being virtuous. This great end is one of thoſe I propoſe to do in my Cenſorſhip; but if I find a thin houſe on an occaſion when ſuch a work is to be promoted, my pupil ſhall return to his commons at Oxford, and Sheerlane and the theatres be no longer correſpondents.

Nº CLXXXIII. SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1710.

FUIT HÆC SAPIENTIA QUONDAM
PUBLICA PRIVATIS SECERNERE.

HOR. ARS POET. VER. 396.

OUR SAGE FOREFATHERS WISELY UNDERSTOOD
TO SEPARATE PRIVATE FROM THE PUBLIC GOOD. R. WYNNE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JUNE 9.

WHEN men look into their own bosoms, and consider the generous seeds which are there planted, that might, if rightly cultivated, ennoble their lives, and make their virtue venerable to futurity; how can they, without tears, reflect on the universal degeneracy from that public spirit, which ought to be the first and principal motive of all their actions? In the Grecian and Roman nations, they were wise enough to keep up this great incentive, and it was impossible to be in the fashion without being a patriot. All gallantry had it's first source from hence; and to want a warmth for the public welfare, was a defect so scandalous, that he who was guilty of it had no pretence to honour or manhood. What makes the depravity among us, in this behalf, the more vexatious and irksome to reflect upon, is, that the contempt of life is carried as far amongst us as it could be in those memorable people; and we want only a proper application of the qualities which are frequent among us, to be as worthy as they. There is hardly a man to be found who will not fight upon any occasion which he thinks may taint his own honour. Were this motive as strong in every thing that regards the public, as it is in this our private case, no man would pass his life away without having distinguished himself by some gallant instance of his zeal towards it in the respective incidents of his life and profession. But it is so far otherwise, that there cannot at present be a more ridiculous animal than one who seems to regard the good of others. He, in civil life, whose thoughts turn upon schemes which may be of general benefit, without further reflection, is called a Projector; and the man whose mind seems intent upon glorious atchievements, a Knight-errant. The ridicule among us runs strong against laudable actions; nay, in the ordinary course of things, and the common regards of life, negligence of the public is an epidemic vice. The brewer in his excise, the merchant in his customs, and, for aught we know, the soldier in his muster-rolls, think never the worse of themselves for being guilty of their respective frauds towards the public. This evil is come to such a fantastical height, that he is a man of a public spirit, and heroically affected to his country, who can go so far as even to turn usurer with all he has in her funds. There is not a citizen in whose imagination such a one does not appear in the same light of glory as Codrus, Scævola, or any other great name in old Rome. Were it not for the heroes of so much per cent. as have regard enough for themselves and their nation to trade with her with their wealth, the very notion of public love would long before now have vanished from among us. But however general custom may hurry us away in the stream of a common error, there is no evil, no crime, so great as that of being cold in matters which relate to the common good. This is in nothing more conspicuous than in a certain willingness to receive any thing that tends to the diminution of such as have been conspicuous instruments in our service. Such inclinations proceed from the most low and vile corruption of which the soul of man is capable. This effaces not only the practice, but the very approbation of honour and virtue; and has had such an effect, that, to speak freely, the very sense of public good has no longer a part even in our conversations. Can then the most generous motive of life, the good of others, be so easily banished the breast of man? Is it possible to draw all our passions inward? Shall the boiling heat of youth be sunk in pleasures, the ambition of manhood in selfish intrigues? Shall all that is glorious, all that is worth the pursuit of great minds, be so easily rooted out? When the universal bent of a people seems

ſeems diverted from the ſenſe of their common good, and common glory, it looks like a fatality, and criſis of impending misfortune.

The generous nations we juſt now mentioned underſtood this ſo very well, that there was hardly an oration ever made which did not turn upon this general ſenſe—that the love of their country was the firſt and moſt eſſential quality in an honeſt mind. Demoſthenes, in a cauſe wherein his fame, reputation, and fortune, were embarked, puts his all upon this iſſue: 'Let the Athenians,' ſays he, 'be benevolent to me, as they 'think I have been zealous for them.' This great and diſcerning orator knew there was nothing elſe in Nature could bear him up againſt his adverſaries, but this one quality of having ſhewn himſelf willing or able to ſerve his country. This certainly is the teſt of merit; and the firſt foundation for deſerving goodwill is having it yourſelf. The adverſary of this orator at that time was Æſchines, a man of wily arts and ſkill in the world, who could, as occaſion ſerved, fall in with a national ſtart of paſſion, or ſullenneſs of humour; which a whole nation is ſometimes taken with as well as a private man, and by that means divert them from their common ſenſe into an averſion for receiving any thing in it's true light. But when Demoſthenes had awaked his audience with that one hint of judging by the general tenor of his life towards them, his ſervices bore down his opponent before him, who fled to the covert of his mean arts, until ſome more favourable occaſion ſhould offer againſt the ſuperior merit of Demoſthenes.

It were to be wiſhed that love of their country were the firſt principle of action in men of buſineſs, even for their own ſakes; for when the world begins to examine into their conduct, the generality, who have no ſhare in, or hopes of, any part in power or riches, but what is the effect of their own labour or property, will judge of them by no other method than that of how profitable their adminiſtration has been to the whole? They who are out of the influence of men's fortune or favour, will let them ſtand or fall by this one only rule; and men who can bear being tried by it, are always popular in their fall: thoſe who cannot ſuffer ſuch a ſcrutiny are contemptible in their advancement.

But I am here running into ſhreds of maxims from reading Tacitus this morning, that has driven me from my recommendation of public ſpirit, which was the intended purpoſe of this Lucubration. There is not a more glorious inſtance of it than in the character of Regulus. This fame Regulus was taken priſoner by the Carthaginians, and was ſent by them to Rome, in order to demand ſome Punic noblemen, who were priſoners, in exchange for himſelf; and was bound by an oath that he would return to Carthage, if he failed in his commiſſion. He propoſes this to the Senate, who were in ſuſpenſe upon it; which Regulus obſerving, without having the leaſt notion of putting the care of his own life in competition with the public good, deſired them to conſider that he was old, and almoſt uſeleſs; that thoſe demanded in exchange were men of daring tempers, and great merit in military affairs; and wondered they would make any doubt of permitting him to go back to the ſhort tortures prepared for him at Carthage, where he ſhould have the advantage of ending a long life both glorioufly and uſefully. This generous advice was conſented to; and he took his leave of his country and his weeping friends, to go to certain death, with that chearful compoſure, as a man, after the fatigue of buſineſs in a court or a city, retires to the next village for the air.

N° CLXXXIV.

Nº CLXXXIV. TUESDAY, JUNE 13, 1710.

UNA DE MULTIS FACE NUPTIALI
DIGNA———

HOR. OD. II. LIB. 3. VER. 33.

YET WORTHY OF THE NUPTIAL FLAME———
OF MANY, ONE UNTAINTED MAID. FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JUNE 12.

THERE are certain occaſions of life which give propitious omens of the future good conduct of it, as well as others which explain our preſent inward ſtate, according to our behaviour in them. Of the latter ſort are funerals; of the former, weddings. The manner of our carriage when we loſe a friend ſhews very much our temper, in the humility of our words and actions, and a general ſenſe of our deſtitute condition, which runs through all our deportment. This gives a ſolemn teſtimony of the generous affection we bore our friends, when we ſeem to diſreliſh every thing, now we can no more enjoy them, or ſee them partake in our enjoyments. It is very proper and humane to put ourſelves, as it were, in their livery after their deceaſe, and wear a habit unſuitable to proſperity, while thoſe we loved and honoured are mouldering in the grave. As this is laudable on the ſorrowful ſide, ſo on the other, incidents of ſucceſs may no leſs juſtly be repreſented and acknowledged in our outward figure and carriage. Of all ſuch occaſions, that great change of a ſingle life into marriage is the moſt important; as it is the ſource of all relations, and from whence all other friendſhip and commerce do principally ariſe. The general intent of both ſexes is to diſpoſe of themſelves happily and honourably in this ſtate; and, as all the good qualities we have are exerted to make our way into it, ſo the beſt appearance, with regard to their minds, their perſons, and their fortunes, at the firſt entrance into it, is a due to each other in the married pair, as well as a compliment to the reſt of the world. It was an inſtruction of a wiſe law-giver, that unmarried women ſhould wear ſuch looſe habits, which, in the flowing of their garb, ſhould incite their beholders to a deſire of their perſons; and that the ordinary motion of their bodies might diſplay the figure and ſhape of their limbs in ſuch a manner as at once to preſerve the ſtricteſt decency, and raiſe the warmeſt inclinations.

This was the œconomy of the legiſlator for the increaſe of people, and at the ſame time for the preſervation of the genial bed. She who was the admiration of all who beheld her while unmarried, was to bid adieu to the pleaſure of ſhining in the eyes of many, as ſoon as ſhe took upon her the wedded condition. However, there was a feſtival of life allowed the new-married, a ſort of intermediate ſtate between celibacy and matrimony, which continued certain days. During that time, entertainments, equipages, and other circumſtances of rejoicing, were encouraged; and they were permitted to exceed the common mode of living, that the bride and bridegroom might learn from ſuch freedoms of converſation to run into a general conduct to each other, made out of their paſt and future ſtate, ſo to temper the cares of the man and the wife with the gaieties of the lover and the miſtreſs.

In thoſe wiſe ages the dignity of life was kept up, and on the celebration of ſuch ſolemnities there were no impertinent whiſpers, and ſenſeleſs interpretations put upon the unaffected chearfulneſs, or accidental ſeriouſneſs of the bride; but men turned their thoughts upon their general reflections, upon what iſſue might probably be expected from ſuch a couple in the ſucceeding courſe of their life, and felicitated them accordingly upon ſuch proſpects.

I muſt confeſs, I cannot, from any ancient manuſcripts, ſculptures, or medals, deduce the riſe of our celebrated cuſtom of throwing the ſtocking; but have a faint memory of an account a friend gave me of an original picture in the palace of Aldobrandini in Rome. This ſeems to ſhew a ſenſe of this affair very different from what is uſual among us. It is a Grecian wedding; and the figures repreſented are a perſon offering ſacrifice,

sacrifice, a beautiful damsel dancing, and another playing on the harp. The Bride is placed in her bed, the Bridegroom sits at the feet of it, with an aspect which intimates his thoughts were not only entertained with the joys with which he was surrounded; but also with a noble gratitude, and divine pleasure in the offering, which was then made to the gods to invoke their influence on his new condition. There appears in the face of the woman a mixture of fear, hope, and modesty; in the bridegroom a well-governed rapture. As you see in great spirits grief, which discovers itself the more by forbearing tears and complaints, you may observe also the highest joy is too big for utterance; the tongue being of all the organs the least capable of expressing such a circumstance. The nuptial torch, the bower, the marriage-song, are all particulars which we meet with in the allusions of the ancient writers; and in every one of them something is to be observed, which denotes their industry to aggrandize and adorn this occasion above all others.

With us all order and decency in this point is perverted, by the insipid mirth of certain animals we usually call Wags. These are a species of all men the most insupportable. One cannot without some reflection say, whether their flat mirth provokes us more to pity or to scorn; but if one considers with how great affectation they utter their frigid conceits, commiseration immediately changes itself into contempt.

A Wag is the last order even of pretenders to wit and good-humour. He has generally his mind prepared to receive some occasion of merriment, but is of himself too empty to draw any out of his own set of thoughts; and therefore laughs at the next thing he meets, not because it is ridiculous, but because he is under a necessity of laughing. A Wag is one that never in it's life saw a beautiful object; but sees, what it does see, in the most low and most inconsiderable light it can be placed. There is a certain ability necessary to behold what is amiable and worthy of our approbation, which little minds want, and attempt to hide by a general disregard to every thing they behold above what they are able to relish. Hence it is that a Wag in an assembly is ever guessing how well such a lady slept last night, and how much a youg fellow is pleased with himself. The Wag's gaiety consists in a certain professed ill breeding, as if it were an excuse for committing a fault, that a man knows he does so. Though all public places are full of persons of this order; yet, because I will not allow impertinence and affectation to get the better of native innocence and simplicity of manners, I have, in spite of such little disturbers of public entertainments, persuaded my brother Tranquillus, and his wife my sister Jenny, in favour of Mr. Wilks, to be at the play to-morrow evening.

They, as they have so much good sense as to act naturally, without regard to the observation of others, will not, I hope, be discomposed, if any of the fry of Wags should take upon them to make themselves merry upon the occasion of their coming, as they intend, in their wedding cloaths. My brother is a plain, worthy, and honest man; and as it is natural for men of that turn to be mightily taken with sprightly and airy women, my sister has a vivacity which may perhaps give hopes to impertinents, but will be esteemed the effect of innocence among wise men. They design to sit with me in the box; which the house have been so complaisant as to offer me, whenever I think fit to come thither in my public character.

I do not in the least doubt, but the true figure of conjugal affection will appear in their looks and gestures. My sister does not affect to be gorgeous in her dress; and thinks the happiness of a wife is more visible in a chearful look than a gay apparel. It is a hard task to speak of persons so nearly related to one with decency; but I may say, all who shall be at the play will allow him to have the mien of a worthy English gentleman; her, that of a notable and deserving wife.

Nº CLXXXV. THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1710.

NOTITIAM PRIMOSQUE GRADUS VICINIA FECIT;
TEMPORE CREVIT AMOR; TÆDÆ QUOQUE FORTE COISSENT;
SED VETUERE PATRES, QUOD NON POTUERE VETARE.
EX ÆQUO CAPTIS ARDEBANT MENTIBUS AMBO.
Ovid. de Pyr. et This. Met. lib. 4. ver. 59.

ACQUAINTANCE GREW, TH' ACQUAINTANCE THEY IMPROVE
TO FRIENDSHIP, FRIENDSHIP RIPEN'D INTO LOVE:
LOVE HAD BEEN CROWN'D, BUT IMPOTENTLY MAD,
WHAT PARENTS COULD NOT HINDER, THEY FORBAD.
FOR WITH FIERCE FLAMES YOUNG PYRAMUS STILL BURN'D,
AND GRATEFUL THISBE FLAMES AS FIERCE RETURN'D.
Eusden.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JUNE 14.

AS soon as I was up this morning, my man gave me the following letter; which, since it leads to a subject that may prove of common use to the world, I shall take notice of with as much expedition as my fair petitioner could desire.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

SINCE you have so often declared yourself a patron of the distressed, I must acquaint you, that I am daughter to a country gentleman of good sense, and may expect three or four thousand pounds for my fortune. I love and am beloved by Philander, a young gentleman who has an estate of five hundred pounds per annum, and is our next neighbour in the country every summer. My father, though he has been a long time acquainted with it, constantly refuses to comply with our mutual inclinations: but what most of all torments me is, that if ever I speak in commendation of my lover, he is much louder in his praises than myself; and professes, that it is out of pure love and esteem for Philander, as well as his daughter, that he can never consent we should marry each other; when, as he terms it, we may both do so much better. It must indeed be confessed, that two gentlemen of considerable fortunes made their addresses to me last winter, and Philander, as I have since learned, was offered a young heiress with fifteen thousand pounds; but it seems we could neither of us think, that accepting those matches would be doing better than remaining constant to our first passion. Your thoughts upon the whole may, perhaps, have some weight with my father, who is one of your admirers, as is your humble servant,

Sylvia.

P. S. You are desired to be speedy, since my father daily presses me to accept of, what he calls, an advantageous offer.

There is no calamity in life that falls heavier upon human nature than a disappointment in love; especially when it happens between two persons whose hearts are mutually engaged to each other. It is this distress which has given occasion to some of the finest tragedies that were ever written, and daily fills the world with melancholy, discontent, phrenzy, sickness, despair, and death. I have often admired at the barbarity of parents, who so frequently interpose their authority in this grand article of life. I would fain ask Sylvia's father, whether he thinks he can bestow a greater favour on his daughter, than to put her in a way to live happily? Whether a man of Philander's character, with five hundred pounds per annum, is not more likely to contribute to that end, than many a young fellow whom he may have in his thoughts with so many thousands? Whether he can make amends to his daughter by any increase of riches, for the loss of that happiness she proposes to herself in her Philander? Or, whether a father should compound with his daughter to be miserable, though she were to get twenty thousand pounds by the bargain? I suppose he would have her reflect with esteem on his memory after his death: and does he think this a proper method to make her do so, when,

as often as ſhe thinks on the loſs of her Philander, ſhe muſt at the ſame time remember him as the cruel cauſe of it? Any tranſient ill humour is ſoon forgotten; but the reflection of ſuch a cruelty muſt continue to raiſe reſentments as long as life itſelf; and by this one piece of barbarity, an indulgent father loſes the merit of all his paſt kindneſſes. It is not impoſſible, but ſhe may deceive herſelf in the happineſs which ſhe propoſes from Philander; but as in ſuch a caſe ſhe can have no one to blame but herſelf, ſhe will bear the diſappointment with greater patience; but if ſhe never makes the experiment, however happier ſhe may be with another, ſhe will ſtill think ſhe might have been happier with Philander. There is a kind of ſympathy in ſouls that fits them for each other; and we may be aſſured, when we ſee two perſons engaged in the warmth of a mutual affection, that there are certain qualities in both their minds which bear a reſemblance to one another. A generous and conſtant paſſion in an agreeable lover, where there is not too great a diſparity in other circumſtances, is the greateſt bleſſing that can befal the perſon beloved; and, if overlooked in one, may perhaps never be found in another. I ſhall conclude this with a celebrated inſtance of a father's indulgence in this particular; which, though carried to an extravagance, has ſomething in it ſo tender and amiable, as may juſtly reproach the harſhneſs of temper that is to be met with in many a Britiſh father.

Antiochus, a prince of great hopes, fell paſſionately in love with the young Queen Stratonice, who was his mother-in-law, and had bore a ſon to the old King Seleucus his father. The prince, finding it impoſſible to extinguiſh his paſſion, fell ſick; and refuſed all manner of nouriſhment, being determined to put an end to that life which was become inſupportable.

Eraſiſtratus, the phyſician, ſoon found that love was his diſtemper; and obſerving the alteration in his pulſe and countenance, whenſoever Stratonice made him a viſit, was ſoon ſatisfied that he was dying for his young mother-in-law. Knowing the old king's tenderneſs for his ſon, when he one morning enquired of his health, he told him, that the Prince's diſtemper was love; but that it was incurable, becauſe it was impoſſible for him to poſſeſs the perſon whom he loved. The king, ſurprized at his account, deſired to know how his ſon's paſſion could be incurable—'Why, 'Sir,' replied Eraſiſtratus, 'becauſe 'he is in love with the perſon I am mar-'ried to.'

The old king immediately conjured him by all his paſt favours, to ſave the life of his ſon and ſucceſſor. 'Sir,' ſaid Eraſiſtratus, 'would your Majeſty but 'fancy yourſelf in my place, you would 'ſee the unreaſonableneſs of what you 'deſire.'—'Heaven is my witneſs,' ſaid Seleucus, 'I could reſign even my Stra-'tonice to ſave my Antiochus.' At this, the tears ran down his cheeks; which when the phyſician ſaw, taking him by the hand—'Sir,' ſays he, 'if 'theſe are your real ſentiments, the 'prince's life is out of danger; it is 'Stratonice for whom he dies.' Seleucus immediately gave orders for ſolemnizing the marriage; and the young queen, to ſhew her obedience, very generouſly exchanged the father for the ſon.

N° CLXXXVI. SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1710.

EMITUR SOLA VIRTUTE POTESTAS. CLAUD.

VIRTUE ALONE ENNOBLES HUMAN KIND,
AND POW'R SHOULD ON HER GLORIOUS FOOTSTEPS WAIT.
R. WYNNE.

SHEER-LANE, JUNE 16.

AS it has been the endeavours of theſe our labours to extirpate, from among the polite or buſy part of mankind, all ſuch as are either prejudicial or inſignificant to ſociety; ſo it ought to be no leſs our ſtudy to ſupply the havock we have made, by an exact care of the growing generation. But when we begin to inculcate proper precepts to the children of this iſland, except we could take them out of their nurſes arms, we ſee an amendment is almoſt

almoſt impracticable; for we find the whole ſpecies of our youth, and grown men, is incorrigibly prepoſſeſſed with vanity, pride, and ambition, according to the reſpective purſuits to which they turn themſelves: by which means the world is infatuated with the love of appearances inſtead of things. Thus the vain man takes praiſe for honour; the proud man, ceremony for reſpect; the ambitious man, power for glory. Theſe three characters are indeed of very near reſemblance, but differently received by mankind. Vanity makes men ridiculous; pride, odious; and ambition, terrible. The foundation of all which is, that they are grounded upon falſhood: for if men, inſtead of ſtudying to appear conſiderable, were in their own hearts poſſeſſors of the requiſites for eſteem, the acceptance they otherwiſe unfortunately aim at would be as inſeparable from them, as approbation is from truth itſelf. By this means they would have ſome rule to walk by; and they may ever be aſſured, that a good cauſe of action will certainly receive a ſuitable effect. It may be an uſeful hint in ſuch caſes for a man to aſk of himſelf, whether he really is what he has a mind to be thought? If he is, he need not give himſelf much further anxiety. What will the world ſay? is the common queſtion in matters of difficulty; as if the terror lay wholly in the ſenſe which others, and not we ourſelves, ſhall have of our actions. From this one ſource ariſe all the impoſtors in every art and profeſſion, in all places, among all perſons, in converſation, as well as in buſineſs. Hence it is, that a vain fellow takes twice as much pains to be ridiculous, as would make him ſincerely agreeable.

Can any one be better faſhioned, better bred, or has any one more good-nature, than Damaſippus? But the whole ſcope of his looks and actions tends ſo immediately to gain the good opinion of all he converſes with, that he loſes it for that only reaſon. As it is the nature of vanity to impoſe falſe ſhews for truth, ſo does it alſo turn real poſſeſſions into imaginary ones. Damaſippus, by aſſuming to himſelf what he has not, robs himſelf of what he has.

There is nothing more neceſſary to eſtabliſh reputation, than to ſuſpend the enjoyment of it. He that cannot bear the ſenſe of merit with ſilence, muſt of neceſſity deſtroy it; for Fame being the general miſtreſs of mankind, whoever gives it to himſelf inſults all to whom he relates any circumſtances to his own advantage. He is conſidered as an open raviſher of that beauty, for whom all others pine in ſilence. But ſome minds are ſo incapable of any temperance in this particular, that on every ſecond in their diſcourſe, you may obſerve an earneſtneſs in their eyes, which ſhews they wait for your approbation; and perhaps the next inſtant caſt an eye on a glaſs, to ſee how they like themſelves. Walking the other day in a neighbouring Inn of Court, I ſaw a more happy and more graceful orator than I ever before had heard, or read of. A youth, of about nineteen years of age, was, in an Indian night-gown and laced cap, pleading a cauſe before a glaſs: the young fellow had a very good air, and ſeemed to hold his brief in his hand rather to help his action, than that he wanted notes for his further information. When I firſt began to obſerve him, I feared he would ſoon be alarmed; but he was ſo zealous for his client, and ſo favourably received by the court, that he went on with great fluency to inform the bench, that he humbly hoped they would not let the merit of the cauſe ſuffer by the youth and inexperience of the pleader; that in all things he ſubmitted to their candour; and modeſtly deſired they would not conclude, but that ſtrength of argument, and force of reaſon, may be conſiſtent with grace of action, and comelineſs of perſon.

To me (who ſee people every day in the midſt of crowds, whomſoever they ſeem to addreſs to, talk only to themſelves, and of themſelves) this orator was not ſo extravagant a man as perhaps another would have thought him: but I took part in his ſucceſs, and was very glad to find he had, in his favour, judgment, and coſt, without any manner of oppoſition.

The effects of pride and vanity are of conſequence only to the proud and the vain; and tend to no further ill than what is perſonal to themſelves, in preventing their progreſs in any thing that is worthy and laudable, and creating envy inſtead of emulation of ſuperior virtue. Theſe ill qualities are to be found only in ſuch as have ſo little minds, as to circumſcribe their thoughts and deſigns within what properly relates to the

value, which they think due to their dear and amiable selves: but ambition, which is the third great impediment to honour and virtue, is a fault of such as think themselves born for moving in an higher orb, and prefer being powerful and mischievous, to being virtuous and obscure. The parent of this mischief in life, so far as to regulate it into schemes, and make it possess a man's whole heart without his believing himself a dæmon, is Machiavel. He first taught, that a man must necessarily appear weak, to be honest. Hence it gains upon the imagination, that a great is not so despicable as a little villain; and men are insensibly led to a belief, that the aggravation of crimes is the diminution of them. Hence the impiety of thinking one thing, and speaking another. In pursuance of this empty and unsatisfying dream, to betray, to undermine, to kill in themselves all natural sentiments of love to friends or country, is the willing practice of such as are thirsty of power for any other reason, than that of being useful and acceptable to mankind.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEREAS Mr. Bickerstaff has lately received a letter out of Ireland, dated June the ninth, importing, that he is grown very dull, for the postage of which Mr. Morphew charges one shilling; and another without date of place or time, for which he, the said Morphew, charges two-pence: it is desired, that for the future, his courteous and uncourteous readers will go a little further in expressing their good and ill-will, and pay for the carriage of their letters; otherwise the intended pleasure or pain, which is designed for Mr. Bickerstaff, will be wholly disappointed.

Nº CLXXXVII. TUESDAY, JUNE 20, 1710.

——PUDET HÆC OPPROBRIA NOBIS
ET DICI POTUISSE, ET NON POTUISSE REFELLI.
OVID. MET. LIB. 2. VER. 759.

TO HEAR AN OPEN SLANDER IS A CURSE:
BUT NOT TO FIND AN ANSWER IS A WORSE. DRYDEN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JUNE 19.

PASQUIN OF ROME TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF OF LONDON.

HIS Holiness is gone to Castel Gandolpho, much discomposed at some late accounts from the missionaries in your island: for a committee of cardinals, which lately sat for the reviving the force of some obsolete doctrines, and drawing up amendments to certain points of faith, have represented the church of Rome to be in great danger, from a treatise written by a learned Englishman; which carries spiritual power much higher than we could have dared to have attempted even here. His book is called, 'An Epistolary Discourse, proving from the Scriptures, and the first Fathers, that the Soul is a principle naturally mortal: wherein is proved, that none have the power of giving this divine immortalizing Spirit, since the Apostles, but the Bishops. By Henry Dodwell, A. M.' The assertion appeared to our *Literati* so short and effectual a method of subjecting the laity, that it is feared auricular confession and absolution will not be capable of keeping the clergy of Rome in any degree of greatness, in competition with such teachers, whose flocks shall receive this opinion. What gives the greater jealousy here is, that in the catalogue of treatises which have been lately burnt within the British territories, there is no mention made of this learned work; which circumstance is a sort of implication, that the tenet is not held erroneous, but that the doctrine is received among you as orthodox. The youth of this place are very much divided in opinion, whether a very memorable quotation which the author repeats out of Tertullian, be not rather of the style and manner of Meursius?—'*In illo ipso* '*voluptatis ultimæ æstu, quo genitale* '*virus expellitur, nonne aliquid de ani-* '*mâ quoque sentimus exire, atque adeo* '*marcescimus et devigescimus cum lucis* '*detrimento?*' This piece of Latin goes no farther than to tell us how our fathers begot us; so that we are still at a loss

loſs how we afterwards commence eternal; for *creando infunditur, et infundendo creatur*, which is mentioned ſoon after, may allude only to fleſh and blood, as well as the former. Your readers in this city, ſome of whom have very much approved the warmth with which you have attacked Free-thinkers, Athieſts, and other enemies to religion and virtue, are very much diſturbed, that you have given them no account of this remarkable diſſertation: and I am employed by them to deſire you would, with all poſſible expedition, ſend me over the ceremony of the creation of ſouls, as well as a liſt of all the mortal and immortal men within the dominions of Great Britain. When you have done me this favour, I muſt trouble you for other tokens of your kindneſs; and particularly I deſire you would let me have the religious handkerchief, which is of late ſo much worn in England, for I have promiſed to make a preſent of it to a courtezan of a French miniſter.

Letters from the frontiers of France inform us, that a young gentleman, who was to have been created a cardinal on the next promotion, has put off his deſign of coming to Rome ſo ſoon as was intended; having, as it is ſaid, received letters from Great Britain, wherein ſeveral Virtuoſi of that iſland have deſired him to ſuſpend his reſolutions towards a monaſtic life, until the Britiſh grammarians ſhall publiſh their explication of the words Indefeazable and Revolution. According as theſe two hard terms are made to fit the mouths of the people, this gentleman takes his meaſures for his journey hither.

Your New Bedlam has been read and conſidered by ſome of your countrymen among us; and one gentleman, who is now here as a traveller, ſays, your deſign is impracticable; for that there can be no place large enough to contain the number of your lunatics. He adviſes you, therefore, to name the ambient ſea for the boundary of your hoſpital. If what he ſays be true, I do not ſee how you can think of any other incloſure: for, according to his diſcourſe, the whole people are taken with a vertigo; great and proper actions are received with coldneſs and diſcontent; ill news hoped for with impatience; heroes in your ſervice are treated with calumny, while criminals paſs through your towns with acclamations.

This Engliſhman went on to ſay, you ſeemed at preſent to flag under a ſatiety of ſucceſs, as if you wanted misfortune as a neceſſary viciſſitude. 'Yet, alas! 'though men have but a cold reliſh of 'proſperity, quick is the anguiſh of the 'contrary fortune.' He proceeded to make compariſons of times, ſeaſons, and great incidents. After which he grew too learned for my underſtanding, and talked of Hanno the Carthaginian, and his irreconcileable hatred to the glorious commander Hannibal. 'Hannibal,' ſaid he, 'was able to march to Rome 'itſelf, and brought that ambitious 'people, who deſigned no leſs than the 'empire of the world, to ſue for peace 'in the moſt abject and ſervile manner; 'when faction at home detracted from 'the glory of his actions, and, after 'many artifices, at laſt prevailed with 'the ſenate to recal him from the midſt 'of his victories, in the very inſtant 'when he was to reap the benefit of all 'his toils, by reducing the then com-'mon enemy of all nations which had 'liberty, to reaſon. When Hannibal 'heard the meſſage of the Carthaginian 'ſenators, who were ſent to recal him, 'he was moved with a generous and 'diſdainful ſorrow; and is reported to 'have ſaid—"Hannibal then muſt be "conquered, not by the arms of the "Romans, whom he has often put to "flight, but by the envy and detraction "of his countrymen. Nor ſhall Scipio "triumph ſo much in his fall, as Han-"no, who will ſmile to have purchaſed "the ruin of Hannibal, though attend-"ed with the fall of Carthage."

I am, Sir, &c.

PASQUIN.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JUNE 19.

THERE is a ſenſible ſatisfaction in obſerving the countenance and action of the people on ſome occaſions. To gratify myſelf in this pleaſure, I came hither with all ſpeed this evening with an account of the ſurrender of Douay. As ſoon as the battle-critics heard it, they immediately drew ſome comfort, in that it muſt have coſt us a great number of men. Others were ſo negligent of the glory of their country, that they went on in their diſcourſe on the full houſe

houſe which is to be at Othello on Thurſday, and the curioſity they ſhould go with, to ſee Wilks play a part ſo very different from what he had ever before appeared in, together with the expectation that was raiſed in the gay part of the town on that occaſion.

This univerſal indolence and inattention among us to things that concern the public, made me look back with the higheſt reverence on the glorious inſtances in antiquity, of a contrary behaviour in the like circumſtances. Harry Engliſh, upon obſerving the room ſo little rouſed on the news, fell into the ſame way of thinking. 'How unlike,' ſaid he, 'Mr. Bickerſtaff, are we to the 'old Romans? There was not a ſubject 'of their ſtate but thought himſelf as 'much concerned in the honour of his 'country, as the firſt officer of the 'commonwealth. How do I admire 'the meſſenger, who ran with a thorn 'in his foot to tell the news of a victory to the ſenate! He had not leiſure 'for his private pain, until he had expreſſed his public joy; nor could he 'ſuffer as a man, until he had triumphed as a Roman.'

Nº CLXXXVIII. THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1710.

QUÆ REGIO IN TERRIS NOSTRI NON PLENA LABORIS?
VIRG. ÆN. I. VER. 464.

WHAT CLIME, WHAT REGION, SO REMOTE AND STRANGE,
WHERE THESE OUR LABOURS ARE NOT KNOWN——
R. WYNNE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JUNE 21.

I Was this morning looking over my letters, that I have lately received from my ſeveral correſpondents; ſome of which, referring to my late papers, I have laid aſide, with an intent to give my reader a ſight of them. The firſt criticiſes upon my Green-houſe, and is as follows:

SOUTH-WALES, JUNE 7.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

THIS letter comes to you from my orangery, which I intend to reform as much as I can, according to your ingenious model; and ſhall only beg of you to communicate to me your ſecret of preſerving graſs-plots in a covered room; for in the climate where my country-ſeat lies, they require rain and dews as well as ſun and freſh air, and cannot live upon ſuch fine food as your Sifted Weather. I muſt likewiſe deſire you to write over your Green-houſe the following motto:

Hic ver perpetuum, atque alienis menſibus æſtas,

Here vernal bloom, and ſummer's genial warmth,
Reign all the year——
R. WYNNE.

Inſtead of your——

O! quis me gelidis ſub vallibus Hæmi
Siſtat, & ingenti ramorum protegat umbra?
VIRG. GEOR. 2. VER. 448.

Some god, convey me to the cooling ſhades
Of dewy Hæmus!——
R. WYNNE.

Which, under favour, is the panting of one in ſummer after cool ſhades, and not of one in winter after a ſummer-houſe. The reſt of your plan is very beautiful; and that your friend, who has ſo well deſcribed it, may enjoy it many winters, is the hearty wiſh of

His and your unknown, &c.

This overſight of a graſs-plot in my friend's Greenhouſe, puts me in mind of a like inconſiſtency in a celebrated picture; where Moſes is repreſented as ſtriking a rock, and the children of Iſrael quenching their thirſt at the waters that flow from it, and run through a beautiful landſkip of groves and meadows, which could not flouriſh in a place where water was to have been found only by a miracle.

The next letter comes to me from a Kentiſh Yeoman, who is very angry with me for my advice to parents, occaſioned by the amours of Sylvia and Philander,

Philander, as related in my paper, N° CLXXXV.

ESQUIRE BICKERSTAFF,

I Do not know by what chance one of your Tatlers is got into my family, and has almoſt turned the brains of my eldeſt daughter Winifred; who has been ſo undutiful as to fall in love of her own head, and tells me a fooliſh heathen ſtory that ſhe has read in your paper, to perſuade me to give my conſent. I am too wiſe to let children have their own wills in a buſineſs like marriage. It is a matter in which neither I myſelf, nor any of my kindred, were ever humoured. My wife and I never pretended to love one another like your Sylvias and Philanders; and yet, if you ſaw our fireſide, you would be ſatisfied we are not always a ſquabbling. For my part, I think that where man and woman come together by their own good liking, there is ſo much fondling and fooling, that it hinders young people from minding their buſineſs. I muſt therefore deſire you to change your note; and inſtead of adviſing us old folks, who perhaps have more wit than yourſelf, to let Sylvia know, that ſhe ought to act like a dutiful daughter, and marry the man that ſhe does not care for. Our great grandmothers were all bid to marry firſt, and love would come afterwards; and I do not ſee why their daughters ſhould follow their own inventions. I am reſolved Winifred ſhall not. Yours, &c.

This letter is a natural picture of ordinary contracts, and of the ſentiments of thoſe minds that lie under a kind of intellectual ruſticity. This trifling occaſion made me run over in my imagination the many ſcenes I have obſerved of the married condition, wherein the quinteſſences of pleaſure and pain are repreſented, as they accompany that ſtate, and no other. It is certain, there are many thouſands like the above-mentioned Yeoman and his wife, who are never highly pleaſed or diſtaſted in their whole lives: but when we conſider the more informed part of mankind, and look upon their behaviour, it then appears that very little of their time is indifferent, but generally ſpent in the moſt anxious vexation, or the higheſt ſatisfaction. Shakeſpeare has admirably repreſented both the aſpects of this ſtate in the moſt excellent tragedy of Othello. In the character of Deſdemona, he runs through all the ſentiments of a virtuous maid, and a tender wife. She is captivated by his virtue, and faithful to him as well from that motive, as regard to her own honour. Othello is a great and noble ſpirit, miſled by the villainy of a falſe friend to ſuſpect her innocence; and reſents it accordingly. When, after the many inſtances of paſſion, the wife is told her huſband is jealous; her ſimplicity makes her incapable of believing it, and ſay, after ſuch circumſtances as would drive another woman into diſtraction—

——I think the ſun where he was born
Drew all ſuch humours from him.

This opinion of him is ſo juſt, that his noble and tender heart beats itſelf to pieces, before he can affront her with the mention of his jealouſy; and he owns, this ſuſpicion has blotted out all the ſenſe of glory and happineſs which before it was poſſeſſed with, when he laments himſelf in the warm alluſions of a mind accuſtomed to entertainments, ſo very different from the pangs of jealouſy and revenge. How moving is his ſorrow, when he cries out as follows!

I had been happy, if the gen'ral camp,
Pioneers and all, had taſted her ſweet body,
So I had nothing known. Oh now! for ever
Farewel the tranquil mind! farewel content!
Farewel the plumed troops, and the big wars
That make ambition virtue! Oh farewel!
Farewel the neighing ſteed, and the ſhrill trump,
The ſpirit-ſtirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumſtance, of glorious war!
And, oh, ye mortal engines! whoſe rude throats
Th' immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewel! Othello's occupation's gone.

I believe I may venture to ſay, there is not in any other part of Shakeſpeare's works more ſtrong and lively pictures of Nature than in this. I ſhall therefore ſteal *incognito* to ſee it, out of curioſity to obſerve how Wilks and Cibber touch thoſe places, where Betterton and Sandford ſo very highly excelled. But now I am got into diſcourſe of acting, with which I am ſo profeſſedly pleaſed, I ſhal conclude this paper with a note I have juſt received from the two ingenious friends, Mr. Penkethman and Mr. Bullock.

SIR,

SIR,

FINDING by your Paper, N° CLXXXII. that you are drawing parallels between the greateſt actors of the age; as you have already begun with Mr. Wilks and Mr. Cibber, we deſire you would do the ſame juſtice to your humble ſervants,

WILLIAM BULLOCK and
WILLIAM PENKETHMAN.

For the information of poſterity, I ſhall comply with this letter, and ſet theſe two great men in ſuch a light as Salluſt has placed his Cato and Cæſar.

Mr. William Bullock and Mr. William Penkethman, are of the ſame age, profeſſion, and ſex. They both diſtinguiſh themſelves in a very particular manner under the diſcipline of the crab-tree, with this only difference, that Mr. Bullock has the more agreeable ſquall, and Mr. Penkethman the more graceful ſhrug. Penkethman devours a cold chick with great applauſe; Bullock's talent lies chiefly in aſparagus. Penkethman is very dextrous at conveying himſelf under a table; Bullock is no leſs active at jumping over a ſtick. Mr. Penkethman has a great deal of money; but Mr. Bullock is the taller man.

N° CLXXXIX. SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1710.

EST IN JUVENCIS, EST IN EQUIS PATRUM
VIRTUS; NEC IMBELLEM FEROCES
PROGENERANT AQUILÆ COLUMBAM.
HOR. OD. 4. LIB. 4. VER. 30.

IN STEERS LABORIOUS, AND IN GENEROUS STEEDS,
WE TRACE THEIR SIRES, NOR CAN THE BIRD OF JOVE
INTREPID, FIERCE, BEGET TH' UNWARLIKE DOVE.
FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JUNE 23.

HAVING lately turned my thoughts upon the conſiderations of the behaviour of parents to children in the great affair of marriage, I took much delight in turning over a bundle of letters, which a gentleman's ſteward in the country had ſent me ſome time ago. This parcel is a collection of letters written by the children of the family, to which he belongs, to their father; and contains all the little paſſages of their lives, and the new ideas they received as their years advanced. There is in them an account of their diverſions as well as their exerciſes; and what I thought very remarkable is, that two ſons of the family, who now make conſiderable figures in the world, gave omens of that ſort of character which they now bear, in the firſt rudiments of thought which they ſhew in their letters. Were one to point out a method of education, one could not, methinks, frame one more pleaſing or improving than this; where the children get an habit of communicating their thoughts and inclinations to their beſt friend with ſo much freedom, that he can form ſchemes for their future life and conduct from an obſervation of their tempers; and by that means be early enough in chuſing their way of life, and to make them forward in ſome art or ſcience at an age when others have not determined what profeſſion to follow. As to the perſons concerned in this packet I am ſpeaking of, they have given great proofs of the force of this conduct of their father in the effect it has upon their lives and manners. The elder, who is a ſcholar, ſhewed from his infancy a propenſity to polite ſtudies, and has made a ſuitable progreſs in literature; but his learning is ſo well woven into his mind, that from the impreſſions of it, he ſeems rather to have contracted an habit of life, than manner of diſcourſe. To his books he ſeems to owe a good œconomy in his affairs, and a complacency in his manners, though in others that way of education has commonly a quite different effect. The epiſtles of the other ſon are full of accounts of what he thought moſt remarkable in his reading. He ſends his father for news the laſt noble ſtory he had read. I obſerve, he is particularly touched with the conduct of Codrus, who plotted his own death, becauſe the oracle

he had ſaid, if he were not killed, the enemy ſhould prevail over his country. Many other incidents in his little letters give omens of a ſoul capable of generous undertakings; and what makes it the more particular is, that this gentleman had, in the preſent war, the honour and happineſs of doing an action, for which only it was worth coming into the world. Their father is the moſt intimate friend they have; and they always conſult him rather than any other, when any error has happened in their conduct through youth and inadvertency. The behaviour of this gentleman to his ſons has made his life paſs away with the pleaſures of a ſecond youth; for as the vexations which men receive from their children haſten the approach of age, and double the force of years; ſo the comforts which they reap from them, are balm to all other ſorrows, and diſappoint the injuries of time. Parents of children repeat their lives in their offspring; and their concern for them is ſo near, that they feel all their ſufferings and enjoyments as much as if they regarded their own proper perſons. But it is generally ſo far otherwiſe, that the common race of Eſquires in this kingdom uſe their ſons as perſons that are waiting only for their funerals, and ſpies upon their health and happineſs; as indeed they are, by their own making them ſuch. In caſes where a man takes the liberty after this manner to reprehend others, it is commonly ſaid—'Let him look at home.' I am ſorry to own it; but there is one branch of the houſe of the Bickerſtaffs, who have been as erroneous in their conduct this way as any other family whatſoever. The head of this branch is now in town, and has brought up with him his ſon and daughter, who are all the children he has, in order to be put ſome way into the world, and ſee faſhions. They are both very ill-bred cubs; and having lived together from their infancy, without knowledge of the diſtinctions and decencies that are proper to be paid to each other's ſex, they ſquabble like two brothers. The father is one of thoſe who knows no better than that all pleaſure is debauchery, and imagines, when he ſees a man become his eſtate, that he will certainly ſpend it. This branch are a people who never had among them one man eminent either for good or ill; however, have all along kept their heads juſt above water, not by a prudent and regular œconomy, but by expedients in the matches they have made in their houſe. When one of the family has, in the purſuit of foxes, and in the entertainment of clowns, run out the third part of the value of his eſtate, ſuch a ſpendthrift has dreſſed up his eldeſt ſon, and married what they call a good fortune; who has ſupported the father as a tyrant over them, during his life, in the ſame houſe or neighbourhood. The ſon, in ſucceſſion, has juſt taken the ſame method to keep up his dignity, until the mortgages, he has eat and drank himſelf into, have reduced him to the neceſſity of ſacrificing his ſon alſo, in imitation of his progenitor. This had been, for many generations, the whole that had happened in the family of Sam Bickerſtaff, until the time of my preſent couſin Samuel, the father of the young people we have juſt now ſpoken of.

Samuel Bickerſtaff, Eſquire, is ſo happy, as that by ſeveral legacies from diſtant relations, deaths of maiden ſiſters, and other inſtances of good fortune, he has, beſides his real eſtate, a great ſum of ready-money. His ſon at the ſame time knows he has a good fortune, which the father cannot alienate; though he ſtrives to make him believe, he depends only on his will for maintenance. Tom is now in his nineteenth year, Mrs. Mary in her fifteenth. Couſin Samuel, who underſtands no one point of good behaviour as it regards all the reſt of the world, is an exact critic in the dreſs, the motion, the looks, and geſtures of his children. What adds to their miſery is, that he is exceſſively fond of them, and the greateſt part of their time is ſpent in the preſence of this nice obſerver. Their life is one continued conſtraint. The girl never turns her head, but ſhe is warned not to follow the proud minxes of the town. The boy is not to turn fop, or be quarrelſome; at the ſame time, not to take an affront. I had the good fortune to dine with him to-day, and heard his fatherly table-talk as we ſat at dinner, which, if my memory does not fail me, for the benefit of the world, I ſhall ſet down as he ſpoke it; which was much as follows, and may be of great uſe to thoſe parents who ſeem to make it a rule, that their children's turn to enjoy the world is not to commence until they themſelves have left it.

'Now, Tom, I have bought you 'chambers in the Inns of Court. I 'allow you to take a walk once or twice 'a day round the garden. If you mind 'your buſineſs, you need not ſtudy to 'be as great a lawyer as Coke upon 'Littleton. I have that that will keep 'you; but be ſure you keep an exact 'account of your linen. Write down 'what you give out to your laundreſs, 'and what ſhe brings home again. Go 'as little as poſſible to the other end of 'the town; but if you do, come home 'early. I believe I was as ſharp as 'you for your years; and I had my hat 'ſnatched off my head coming home 'late at a ſtop by St. Clement's church, 'and I do not know from that day to 'this who took it. I do not care if you 'learn to fence a little; for I would not 'have you be made a fool of. Let me 'have an account of every thing, every 'poſt; I am willing to be at that charge, 'and I think you need not ſpare your 'pains.—As for you, daughter Molly, 'do not mind one word that is ſaid to 'you in London; for it is only for your 'money.'

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

TO

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES, LORD HALIFAX.

FROM THE HOVEL AT HAMPTON-WICK,
APRIL 7, 1711.

MY LORD,

WHEN I firſt reſolved upon doing myſelf this honour, I could not but indulge a certain vanity in dating from this little covert, where I have frequently had the honour of your Lordſhip's company, and received from you very many obligations. The elegant ſolitude of this place, and the greateſt pleaſures of it, I owe to it's being ſo near thoſe beautiful manors wherein you ſometimes reſide: it is not retiring from the world, but enjoying it's moſt valuable bleſſings, when a man is permitted to ſhare in your Lordſhip's converſations in the country. All the bright images which the wits of paſt ages have left behind them in their writings, the noble plans which the greateſt ſtateſmen have laid down for adminiſtration of affairs, are equally the familiar objects of your knowledge. But what is peculiar to your Lordſhip above all the illuſtrious perſonages that have appeared in any age, is, that wit and learning have from your example fallen into a new æra. Your patronage has produced thoſe arts, which before ſhunned the commerce of the world, into the ſervice of life; and it is to you we owe, that the man of wit has turned himſelf to be a man of buſineſs. The falſe delicacy of men of genius, and the objections which others were apt to inſinuate againſt their abilities for entering into affairs, have equally vaniſhed. And experience has ſhewn, that men of letters are not only qualified with a greater capacity, but alſo a greater integrity in the diſpatch of buſineſs. Your own ſtudies have been diverted from being the higheſt ornament, to the higheſt uſe to mankind; and the capacities which would have rendered you the greateſt poet of your age, have to the advantage of Great Britain been employed in purſuits which have made you the moſt able and unbiaſſed patriot. A vigorous imagination, an extenſive apprehenſion, and a ready judgment, have diſtinguiſhed you in all the illuſtrious parts of adminiſtration, in a reign attended with ſuch difficulties, that the ſame talents without the ſame quickneſs in the poſſeſſion of them, would have been incapable of conquering. The natural ſucceſs of ſuch abilities, has advanced you to a ſeat in that illuſtrious houſe, where you were received by a crowd of your relations. Great as you are in your honours, and perſonal qualities, I know you will forgive an humble neighbour, the vanity of pretending to a place in your friendſhip, and ſubſcribing himſelf,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt obliged,

And moſt devoted ſervant,

RICHARD STEELE.

THE

PREFACE.

IN the laſt Tatler I promiſed ſome explanation of paſſages and perſons mentioned in this work, as well as ſome account of the aſſiſtances I have had in the performance. I ſhall do this in very few words; for when a man has no deſign but to ſpeak plain truth, he may ſay a great deal in a very narrow compaſs. I have, in the dedication of the firſt volume made my acknowledgments to Doctor Swift, whoſe pleaſant writings, in the name of Bickerſtaff, created an inclination in the town towards any thing that could appear in the ſame diſguiſe. I muſt acknowledge alſo, that at my firſt entering upon this work, a certain uncommon way of thinking, and a turn in converſation peculiar to that agreeable gentleman, rendered his company very advantageous to one whoſe imagination was to be continually employed upon obvious and common ſubjects, though at the ſame time obliged to treat of them in a new and unbeaten method. His verſes on the Shower in Town, and the Deſcription of the Morning, are inſtances of the happineſs of that genius, which could raiſe ſuch pleaſing ideas upon occaſions ſo barren to an ordinary invention.

When I am upon the houſe of Bickerſtaff, I muſt not forget that genealogy of the family ſent to me by the poſt, and written, as I ſince underſtand, by Mr. Twiſden, who died at the battle of Mons, and has a monument in Weſtminſter Abbey, ſuitable to the reſpect which is due to his wit and his valour. There are through the courſe of the work very many incidents which were written by unknown correſpondents. Of this kind is the tale in the ſecond Tatler, and the epiſtle from Mr. Downes the prompter, with others which were very well received by the public. But I have only one gentleman, who will be nameleſs, to thank for any frequent aſſiſtance to me, which indeed it would have been barbarous in him to have denied to one with whom he has lived in an intimacy from childhood, conſidering the great eaſe with which he is able to diſpatch the moſt entertaining pieces of this nature. This good office he performed with ſuch force of genius, humour, wit, and learning, that I fared like a diſtreſſed prince, who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid; I was undone by my auxiliary; when I had once called him in, I could not ſubſiſt without dependance on him.

The ſame hand writ the diſtinguiſhing characters of men and women under the names of Muſical Inſtruments, the Diſtreſs of the News-writers, the Inventory of the Play-houſe, and the Deſcription of the Thermometer, which I cannot but look upon as the greateſt embelliſhments of this work.

Thus far I thought neceſſary to ſay relating to the great hands which have been concerned in theſe volumes, with relation to the ſpirit and genius of the work; and am far from pretending to modeſty

in

in making this acknowledgment. What a man obtains from the good opinion and friendſhip of worthy men, is a much greater honour than he can poſſibly reap from any accompliſhments of his own. But all the credit of wit which was given by the gentlemen above-mentioned, with whom I have now accounted, has not been able to atone for the exceptions made againſt me for ſome raillery in behalf of that learned advocate for the epiſcopacy of the church, and the liberty of the people, Mr. Hoadley. I mentioned this only to defend myſelf againſt the imputation of being moved rather by party than opinion; and I think it is apparent, I have with the utmoſt frankneſs allowed merit wherever I found it, though joined in intereſts different from thoſe for which I have declared myſelf. When my Favonius is acknowledged to be Dr. Smalridge, and the amiable character of the Dean in the ſixty-ſixth Tatler, drawn for Doctor Atterbury; I hope I need ſay no more as to my impartiality.

I really have acted in theſe caſes with honeſty, and am concerned it ſhould be thought otherwiſe: for wit, if a man had it, unleſs it be directed to ſome uſeful end, is but a wanton frivolous quality; all that one ſhould value himſelf upon in this kind is, that he had ſome honourable intention in it.

As for this point, never hero in romance was carried away with a more furious ambition to conquer giants and tyrants, than I have been in extirpating gameſters and duelliſts. And indeed, like one of thoſe knights too, though I was calm before, I am apt to fly out again, when the thing that firſt diſturbed me is preſented to my imagination. I ſhall therefore leave off when I am well, and fight with windmills no more: only ſhall be ſo arrogant as to ſay of myſelf, that in ſpite of all the force of faſhion and prejudice, in the face of all the world, I alone bewailed the condition of an Engliſh gentleman, whoſe fortune and life are at this day precarious; while his eſtate is liable to the demands of gameſters, through a falſe ſenſe of juſtice; and to the demands of duelliſts, through a falſe ſenſe of honour. As to the firſt of theſe orders of men, I have not one word more to ſay of them: as to the latter, I ſhall conclude all I have more to offer againſt them, with reſpect to their being prompted by the fear of ſhame, by applying to the duelliſt, what I think Doctor South ſays ſomewhere of the liar—'He is a coward to man, and a bravo to God.'

THE

THE

TATLER.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

Nº CXC. TUESDAY, JUNE 27, 1710.

——TIMEO DANAOS ET DONA FERENTES.
VIRG. ÆN. LIB. 2. VER. 48.

I FEAR THE GRECIANS WHEN THEY PRESENTS BRING.

SHEER-LANE, JUNE 26.

THERE are ſome occaſions in life, wherein regard to a man's ſelf is the moſt pitiful and contemptible of all paſſions; and ſuch a time certainly is, when the true public ſpirit of a nation is run into a faction againſt their friends and benefactors. I have hinted heretofore ſome things which diſcover the real ſorrow I am in at the obſervation, that it is now very much ſo in Great Britain, and have had the honour to be pelted with ſeveral epiſtles to expoſtulate with me on that ſubject. Among others, one from a perſon of the number of thoſe they call Quakers, who ſeems to admoniſh me out of pure zeal and good-will. But as there is no character ſo unjuſt as that of talking in party upon all occaſions, without reſpect to merit or worth on the contrary ſide; ſo there is no part we can act ſo juſtifiable as to ſpeak our mind when we ſee things urged to extremity, againſt all that is praiſe-worthy or valuable in life, upon general and groundleſs ſuggeſtions. But if I have talked too frankly upon ſuch reflections, my correſpondent has laid before me, after his way, the error of it in a manner that makes me indeed thankful for his kindneſs, but the more inclinable to repeat the imprudence from the neceſſity of the circumſtance.

THE 23d OF THE 6th MONTH, WHICH IS THE MONTH JUNE.

FRIEND ISAAC,

FORASMUCH as I love thee, I cannot any longer refrain declaring my mind unto thee concerning ſome things. Thou didſt thyſelf indite the epiſtle in one of thy late Lucubrations, as thou wouldſt have us call them: for verily thy friend of ſtone, and I ſpeak according to knowledge, hath no fingers; and though he hath a mouth, yet ſpeaketh he not therewith; nor yet did that epiſtle at all come unto thee from the manſion-houſe of the ſcarlet whore. It is plain therefore that the truth is not in thee: but ſince thou wouldſt lye, couldſt thou not lye with more diſcretion? Wherefore ſhould thou inſult over the afflicted, or add ſorrow unto the heavy of heart? Truly this gall proceedeth not from the ſpirit of meekneſs. I tell thee moreover, the people of this land be marvellouſly given to change; inſomuch that it may likely come to paſs, that before thou art many years nearer to thy diſſolution, thou mayeſt behold him ſitting on a high place whom thou now laugheſt to ſcorn: and then how wilt thou be glad to humble thyſelf to the ground, and lick the duſt of his feet, that thou mayeſt find favour in his ſight? If thou didſt meditate as much upon the word, as thou doſt upon the profane ſcribblings of the wiſe ones of this generation, thou wouldſt have remembered what happened unto Shimei, the ſon of Gera the Benjamite, who curſed the good man David in his diſtreſs. David pardoned his tranſgreſſion, yet was he afterwards taken as in a ſnare by the words of his own mouth, and fell by the ſword of Solomon the chief ruler. Furthermore, I do not remember to have heard in the days of my youth and vanity, when, like thine, my converſation

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was with the Gentiles, that the men of Rome, which is Babylon, ever ſued unto the men of Carthage for tranquillity, as thou doſt aver: neither was Hannibal, the ſon of Hamilcar, called home by his countrymen until theſe ſaw the ſword of their enemies at their gates; and then was it not time for him, thinkeſt thou, to return? It appeareth therefore that thou doſt propheſy backwards; thou doſt row one way and look another; and indeed in all things art thou too much a time-ſerver; yet ſeemeſt thou not to conſider what a day may bring forth. Think of this, and take tobacco.

Thy friend,

AMINADAB.

If the zealous writer of the above letter has any meaning, it is of too high a nature to be the ſubject of my Lucubrations. I ſhall therefore wave ſuch high points, and be as uſeful as I can to perſons of leſs moment than any he hints at. When a man runs into a little fame in the world, as he meets with a great deal of reproach which he does not deſerve, ſo does he alſo a great deal of eſteem to which he has in himſelf no pretenſions. Were it otherwiſe, I am ſure no one would offer to put a law-caſe to me: but becauſe I am an adept in phyſic and aſtrology, they will needs perſuade me that I am no leſs a proficient in all other ſciences. However, the point mentioned in the following letter is ſo plain a one, that I think I need not trouble myſelf to caſt a figure to be able to diſcuſs it.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

IT is ſome years ago ſince the entail of the eſtate of our family was altered, by paſſing a fine in favour of me, who now am in poſſeſſion of it, after ſome others deceaſed. The heirs general who lived beyond ſea, were excluded by this ſettlement, and the whole eſtate is to paſs in a new channel after me and my heirs. But ſeveral tenants of the lordſhip perſuade me to let them hereafter hold their lands of me according to the old cuſtoms of the barony, and not oblige them to act by the limitations of the laſt ſettlement. This, they ſay, will make me more popular among my dependents, and the ancient vaſſals of the eſtate, to whom any deviation from the line of ſucceſſion is always invidious.

Your's, &c.

SIR, SHEER-LANE, JUNE 24.

YOU have by the fine a plain right, in which none elſe of your family can be your competitor; for which reaſon, by all means demand vaſſalage upon that title. The contrary advice can be given for no other purpoſe in nature but to betray you, and favour other pretenders, by making you place a right which is in you only, upon a level with a right which you have in common with others. I am, Sir, your moſt faithful ſervant until death,

I. B.

There is nothing ſo dangerous or ſo pleaſing, as compliments made to us by our enemies: and my correſpondent tells me, that though he knows ſeveral of thoſe who give him this counſel were at firſt againſt paſſing the fine in favour of him; yet he is ſo touched with their homage to him, that he can hardly believe they have a mind to ſet it aſide, in order to introduce the heirs-general into his eſtate.

Theſe are great evils; but ſince there is no proceeding with ſucceſs in this world, without complying with the arts of it, I ſhall uſe the ſame method as my correſpondent's tenants did with him, in relation to one whom I never had a kindneſs for; but ſhall, notwithſtanding, preſume to give him my advice.

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE, OF GREAT BRITAIN, TO LEWIS THE FOURTEENTH OF FRANCE.

SIR,

YOUR Majeſty will pardon me while I take the liberty to acquaint you, that ſome paſſages written from your ſide of the water do very much obſtruct your intereſt. We take it very unkindly that the prints of Paris are ſo very partial in favour of one ſet of men among us, and treat the others as irreconcileable to your intereſts. Your writers are very large in recounting any thing which relates to the figure and power of one party, but are dumb when they ſhould repreſent the actions of the other. This is a trifling circumſtance which many here are apt to lay ſome ſtreſs upon; therefore I thought fit to offer it to your conſideration before you diſpatch the next courier.

I. B.

Nº CXCI. THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1710.

——PROPTER VITAM VIVENDI PERDERE CAUSAS.
JUV. SAT. 8. VER. 84.

——BASELY THEY
THE SACRED CAUSE FOR WHICH THEY'RE BORN, BETRAY,
WHO GIVE UP VIRTUE FOR A WORTHLESS LIFE. R. WYNNE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JUNE 28.

OF all the evils under the sun, that of making vice commendable is the greatest: for it seems to be the basis of society, that applause and contempt should be always given to proper objects. But in this age we behold things, for which we ought to have an abhorrence, not only received without disdain, but even valued as motives of emulation. This is naturally the destruction of simplicity of manners, openness of heart, and generosity of temper. When a person gives himself the liberty to range and run over in his thoughts the different geniuses of men which he meets in the world, one cannot but observe, that most of the indirection and artifice, which is used among men, does not proceed so much from a degeneracy in nature, as an affectation of appearing men of consequence by such practices. By this means it is that a cunning man is so far from being ashamed of being esteemed such, that he secretly rejoices in it. It has been a sort of maxim, That the greatest art is to conceal art; but I know not how, among some people we meet with, their greatest cunning is to appear cunning. There is Polypragmon makes it the whole business of his life to be thought a cunning fellow, and thinks it a much greater character to be terrible than agreeable. When it has once entered into a man's head to have an ambition to be thought crafty, all other evils are necessary consequences. To deceive is the immediate endeavour of him who is proud of the capacity of doing it. It is certain, Polypragmon does all the ill he possibly can, but pretends to much more than he performs. He is contented in his own thoughts, and hugs himself in his closet, that though he is locked up there and doing nothing, the world does not know but that he is doing mischief. To favour this suspicion, he gives half looks and shrugs in his general behaviour, to give you to understand that you do not know what he means. He is also wonderfully adverbial in his expressions, and breaks off with a 'Perhaps,' and a nod of the head, upon matters of the most indifferent nature. It is a mighty practice with men of this genius to avoid frequent appearance in public, and to be as mysterious as possible when they do come into company. There is nothing to be done, according to them, in the common way; and let the matter in hand be what it will, it must be carried with an air of importance, and transacted, if we may so speak, with an ostentatious secrecy. These are your persons of long heads, who would fain make the world believe their thoughts and ideas very much superior to their neighbours; and do not value what these their neighbours think of them, provided they do not reckon them fools. These have such a romantic touch in business, that they hate to perform any thing like other men. Were it in their choice, they had rather bring their purposes to bear by over-reaching the persons they deal with, than by a plain and simple manner. They make difficulties for the honour of surmounting them. Polypragmon is eternally busied after this manner, with no other prospect than that he is in hopes to be thought the most cunning of all men, and fears the imputation of the want of understanding much more than that of the abuse of it. But, alas! how contemptible is such an ambition; which is the very reverse of all that is truly laudable, and the very contradiction to the only means to a just reputation, simplicity of manners! Cunning can in no circumstance imaginable be a quality worthy a man, except in his own defence, and merely to conceal himself from such as are so; and in such cases, it is no longer craft, but wisdom. The monstrous affectation of being thought artful immediately kills all thoughts of humanity and goodness; and gives men a sense of the soft affections and impulses

of the mind, which are imprinted in us for our mutual advantage and succour, as of mere weakneſſes and follies. According to the men of cunning, you are to put off the nature of a man as faſt as you can, and acquire that of a dæmon; as if it were a more eligible character to be a powerful enemy, than an able friend. But it ought to be a mortification to men affected this way, that there wants but little more than inſtinct to be conſiderable in it; for when a man has arrived at being very bad in his inclination, he has not much more to do but to conceal himſelf, and he may revenge, cheat, and deceive, without much employment for underſtanding, and go on with great chearfulneſs with the high applauſe of being a prodigious cunning fellow. But indeed, when we arrive at that pitch of falſe taſte, as not to think Cunning a contemptible quality, it is, methinks, a very great injuſtice that pickpockets are had in ſo little veneration; who muſt be admirably well turned, not only for the rhetoric, but alſo the practical behaviour of cunning fellows. After all the endeavours of this family of men whom we call Cunning, their whole work falls to pieces, if others will lay down all eſteem for ſuch artifices; and treat it as an unmanly quality, which they forbear to practiſe only becauſe they abhor it. When the ſpider is ranging in the different apartments of his web, it is true, that he only can weave ſo fine a thread; but it is in the power of the meaneſt drone that has wings to fly through and deſtroy it.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JUNE 28.

THOUGH the taſte of wit and pleaſure is at preſent but very low in this town, yet there are ſome that preſerve their reliſh undebauched with common impreſſions, and can diſtinguiſh between reality and impoſture. A gentleman was ſaying here this evening, that he would go to the play to-morrow night to ſee heroiſm, as it has been repreſented by ſome of our tragedians, repreſented in burleſque. It ſeems, the play of Alexander is to be then turned into ridicule for it's bombaſt, and other falſe ornaments in the thoughts as well as the language. The bluſter Alexander makes is as much inconſiſtent with the character of an hero, as the roughneſs of Clytus, an inſtance of the ſincerity of a bold artleſs ſoldier. To be plain is not to be rude, but rather inclines a man to civility and deference; not indeed to ſhew it in the geſtures of the body, but in the ſentiments of the mind. It is, among other things, from the impertinent figures unſkilful dramatiſts draw of the characters of men, that youth are bewildered and prejudiced in their ſenſe of the world, of which they have no notions but what they draw from books and ſuch repreſentations. Thus talk to a very young man, let him be of never ſo good ſenſe, and he ſhall ſmile when you ſpeak of ſincerity in a courtier, good ſenſe in a ſoldier, or honeſty in a politician. The reaſon of this is, that you hardly ſee one play, wherein each of theſe ways of life is not drawn by hands that know nothing of any one of them; and the truth is ſo far of the oppoſite ſide to what they paint, that it is more impracticable to live in eſteem in courts than any where elſe, without ſincerity. Good ſenſe is the great requiſite in a ſoldier, and honeſty the only thing that can ſupport a politician. This way of thinking made the gentleman, of whom I was juſt now ſpeaking, ſay, he was glad any one had taken upon him to depreciate ſuch unnatural fuſtian as the tragedy of Alexander. The character of that prince indeed was, that he was unequal, and given to intemperance; but in his ſober moments, when he had the precepts of his great inſtructor warm in his imagination, he was a pattern of generous thoughts and diſpoſitions, in oppoſition to the ſtrongeſt deſires which are incident to a youth and conqueror. But inſtead of repreſenting that hero in the glorious character of generoſity and chaſtity, in his treatment of the beauteous family of Darius, he is drawn all along as a monſter of luſt, or of cruelty; as if the way to raiſe him to the degree of an hero, were to make his character as little like that of a worthy man as poſſible. Such rude and indigeſted draughts of things are the proper objects of ridicule and contempt; and depreciating Alexander, as we have him drawn, is the only way of reſtoring him to what he was in himſelf. It is well contrived of the players to let this part be followed by a true picture of life, in the comedy called The Chances, wherein Don John and Conſtantia are acted to the utmoſt perfection. There need

not

not be a greater instance of the force of action than in many incidents of this play, where in different passages, and such as conduce only to the tacking of the scenes together, are enlivened with such an agreeable gesture and behaviour, as apparently shews what a play might be, though it is not wholly what a play should be.

N° CXCII. SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1710.

TECUM VIVERE AMEM, TECUM OBEAM LIBENS.
HOR. OD. 9. LIB. 3. VER. ULT.

GLADLY I
WITH THEE WOULD LIVE, WITH THEE WOULD DIE. FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JUNE 30.

SOME years since I was engaged with a coach-full of friends to take a journey as far as the Land's End. We were very well pleased with one another the first day; every one endeavouring to recommend himself by his good-humour, and complaisance to the rest of the company. This good correspondence did not last long; one of our party was soured the very first evening by a plate of butter, which had not been melted to his mind, and which spoiled his temper to such a degree, that he continued upon the fret to the end of our journey. A second fell off from his good-humour the next morning, for no other reason, that I could imagine, but because I chanced to step into the coach before him, and place myself on the shady side. This, however, was but my own private guess; for he did not mention a word of it, nor indeed of any thing else, for three days following. The rest of our company held out very near half the way, when on a sudden Mr. Sprightly fell asleep; and instead of endeavouring to divert and oblige us, as he had hitherto done, carried himself with an unconcerned, careless, drowsy behaviour, until he came to our last stage. There were three of us who still held up our heads, and did all we could to make our journey agreeable; but, to my shame be it spoken, about three miles on this side Exeter, I was taken with an unaccountable fit of sullenness, that hung upon me for above threescore miles; whether it were for want of respect, or from an accidental tread upon my foot, or from a foolish maid's calling me the old gentleman, I cannot tell. In short, there was but one who kept his good-humour to the Land's End.

There was another coach that went along with us, in which I likewise observed, that there were many secret jealousies, heart burnings, and animosities: for when we joined companies at night, I could not but take notice that the passengers neglected their own company, and studied how to make themselves esteemed by us, who were altogether strangers to them; until at length they grew so well acquainted with us, that they liked us as little as they did one another. When I reflect upon this journey, I often fancy it to be a picture of human life, in respect to the several friendships, contracts, and alliances, that are made and dissolved in the several periods of it. The most delightful and most lasting engagements are generally those which pass between man and woman; and yet upon what trifles are they weakened, or entirely broken? Sometimes the parties fly asunder even in the midst of courtship, and sometimes grow cool in the very honey-month. Some separate before the first child, and some after the fifth; others continue good until thirty, others until forty; while some few, whose souls are of an happier make, and better fitted to one another, travel on together to the end of their journey in a continual intercourse of kind offices and mutual endearments.

When we therefore chuse our companions for life, if we hope to keep both them and ourselves in good-humour to the last stage of it, we must be extremely careful in the choice we make, as well as in the conduct on our part. When the persons to whom we join ourselves can stand an examination, and bear the scrutiny; when they mend upon our acquaintance with them, and discover new beauties, the more we search into their characters; our love will naturally rise in proportion to their perfections.

But becauſe there are very few poſſeſſed of ſuch accompliſhments of body and mind, we ought to look after thoſe qualifications both in ourſelves and others, which are indiſpenſibly neceſſary towards this happy union, and which are in the power of every one to acquire, or at leaſt to cultivate and improve. Theſe, in my opinion, are chearfulneſs and conſtancy. A chearful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten ſickneſs, poverty, and affliction; convert ignorance into an amiable ſimplicity; and render deformity itſelf agreeable.

Conſtancy is natural to perſons of even tempers and uniform diſpoſitions; and may be acquired by thoſe of the greateſt fickleneſs, violence, and paſſion, who conſider ſeriouſly the terms of union on which they come together, the mutual intereſt in which they are engaged, with all the motives that ought to incite their tenderneſs and compaſſion towards thoſe who have their dependance upon them, and are embarked with them for life in the ſame ſtate of happineſs or miſery. Conſtancy, when it grows in the mind upon conſiderations of this nature, becomes a moral virtue, and a kind of good-nature, that is not ſubject to any change of health, age, fortune, or any of thoſe accidents, which are apt to unſettle the beſt diſpoſitions that are founded rather in conſtitution than in reaſon. Where ſuch a conſtancy as this is wanting, the moſt inflamed paſſion may fall away into coldneſs and indifference, and the moſt melting tenderneſs degenerate into hatred and averſion. I ſhall conclude this paper with a ſtory, that is very well known in the north of England.

About thirty years ago, a packet-boat that had ſeveral paſſengers on board, was caſt away upon a rock, and in ſo great danger of ſinking, that all who were in it endeavoured to ſave themſelves as well as they could; though only thoſe who could ſwim well had a bare poſſibility of doing it. Among the paſſengers there were two women of faſhion, who ſeeing themſelves in ſuch a diſconſolate condition, begged for their huſbands not to leave them. One of them choſe rather to die with his wife, than to forſake her; the other, though he was moved with the utmoſt compaſſion for his wife, told her, that for the good of their children, it was better one of them ſhould live, than both periſh. By a great piece of good luck, next to a miracle, when one of our good men had taken the laſt and long farewel in order to ſave himſelf, and the other held in his arms the perſon that was dearer to him than life, the ſhip was preſerved. It is with a ſecret ſorrow and vexation of mind that I muſt tell the ſequel of the ſtory, and let my reader know, that this faithful pair, who were ready to have died in each other's arms, about three years after their eſcape, upon ſome trifling diſguſt grew to a coldneſs at firſt, and at length fell out to ſuch a degree, that they left one another, and parted for ever. The other couple lived together in an uninterrupted friendſhip and felicity; and, what was remarkable, the huſband, whom the ſhipwreck had like to have ſeparated from his wife, died a few months after her, not being able to ſurvive the loſs of her.

I muſt confeſs, there is ſomething in the changeableneſs and inconſtancy of human nature, that very often both dejects and terrifies me. Whatever I am at preſent, I tremble to think what I may be. While I find this principle in me, how can I aſſure myſelf that I ſhall be always true to my God, my friend, or myſelf? In ſhort, without Conſtancy there is neither love, friendſhip, or virtue, in the world.

E. K. Bunney del.

Isaac Taylor sculp.

Plate V.

Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co. Sept.r 1.o 1785.

Nº CXCIII. TUESDAY, JULY 4, 1710.

QUI DIDICIT PATRIÆ QUID DEBEAT, ET QUID AMICIS;
QUO SIT AMORE PARENS, QUO FRATER AMANDUS ET HOSPES—
REDDERE PERSONÆ SCIT CONVENIENTIA CUIQUE.
HOR. ARS POET. VER. 312.

THE POET, WHO WITH NICE DISCERNMENT KNOWS
WHAT TO HIS COUNTRY AND HIS FRIENDS HE OWES;
HOW VARIOUS NATURE WARMS THE HUMAN BREAST,
TO LOVE THE PARENT, BROTHER, FRIEND, OR GUEST—
HE SURELY KNOWS, WITH NICE, WELL-JUDGING ART,
THE STROKES PECULIAR TO EACH DIFFERENT PART. FRANCIS.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY 3.

I Have of late received many epiſtles, wherein the writers treat me as a mercenary perſon, for ſome little hints concerning matters which, they think, I ſhould not have touched upon but for ſordid conſiderations. It is apparent that my motive could not be of that kind; for when a man declares himſelf openly on one ſide, that party will take no more notice of him, becauſe he is ſure; and the ſet of men whom he declares againſt, for the ſame reaſon, are violent againſt him. Thus it is folly in a plain dealer to expect that either his friends will reward him, or his enemies forgive him. For which reaſon, I thought it was the ſhorteſt way to impartiality, to put myſelf beyond further hopes or fears, by declaring myſelf at a time when the diſpute is not about perſons and parties, but things and cauſes. To relieve myſelf from the vexation which naturally attends ſuch reflections, I came hither this evening to give my thoughts quite a new turn, and converſe with men of pleaſure and wit, rather than thoſe of buſineſs and intrigue. I had hardly entered the room when I was accoſted by Mr. Thomas Dogget, who deſired my favour in relation to the play which was to be acted for his benefit on Thurſday. He pleaſed me in ſaying it was The Old Bachelor, in which comedy there is a neceſſary circumſtance obſerved by the author, which moſt other poets either overlook or do not underſtand, that is to ſay, the diſtinction of characters. It is very ordinary with writers to indulge a certain modeſty of believing all men as witty as themſelves, and making all the perſons of the play ſpeak the ſentiments of the author, without any manner of reſpect to the age, fortune, or quality of him that is on the ſtage. Ladies talk like rakes, and footmen make ſimiles: but this writer knows men; which makes his plays reaſonable entertainments, while the ſcenes of moſt others are like the tunes between the acts. They are perhaps agreeable ſounds; but they have no ideas affixed to them. Dogget thanked me for my viſit to him in the winter; and, after his comic manner, ſpoke his requeſt with ſo arch a leer, that I promiſed the droll I would ſpeak to all my acquaintance to be at this play.

Whatever the world may think of the actors, whether it be that their parts have an effect on their lives, or whatever it is, you ſee a wonderful benevolence among them towards the intereſts and neceſſities of each other. Dogget, therefore would not let me go, without delivering me a letter from poor old Downs, the prompter, wherein that retainer to the theatre deſires my advice and aſſiſtance in a matter of concern to him. I have ſent him my private opinion for his conduct; but the ſtage and ſtate affairs being ſo much canvaſſed by parties and factions, I ſhall for ſome time hereafter take leave of ſubjects which relate to either of them; and employ my cares in the conſideration of matters which regard that part of mankind who live without intereſting themſelves with the troubles or pleaſures of either. However, for a mere notion of the preſent poſture of the ſtage, I ſhall give you the letter at large, as follows:

HONOURED SIR, JULY 1, 1710.

FINDING, by divers of your late papers, that you are a friend to the profeſſion of which I was many years an unworthy member, I the rather make bold to crave your advice touching a propoſal

proposal that has been lately made me of coming again into business, and the sub-administration of stage affairs. I have, from my youth, been bred up behind the curtain, and been a prompter from the time of the Restoration. I have seen many changes, as well of scenes as of actors; and have known men within my remembrance arrive to the highest dignities of the theatre, who made their entrance in the quality of mutes, joint-stools, flower-pots, and tapestry hangings. It cannot be unknown to the nobility and gentry, that a gentleman of the Inns of Court, and a deep intriguer, had some time since worked himself into the sole management and direction of the theatre. Nor is it less notorious, that his restless ambition, and subtle machinations, did manifestly tend to the extirpation of the good old British actors, and the introduction of foreign pretenders; such as Harlequins, French dancers, and Roman singers; who, though they impoverished the proprietors, and imposed on the audience, were for some time tolerated, by reason of his dextrous insinuations; which prevailed upon a few deluded women, especially the Vizard Masks, to believe that the stage was in danger. But his schemes were soon exposed; and the great ones that supported him withdrawing their favour, he made his exit, and remained for a season in obscurity. During this retreat the Machiavilian was not idle, but secretly fomented divisions, and wrought over to his side some of the inferior actors, reserving a trap-door to himself, to which he only had a key. This entrance secured, this cunning person, to compleat his company, bethought himself of calling in the most eminent strollers from all parts of the kingdom. I have seen them all ranged together behind the scenes; but they are many of them persons that never trod the stage before, and so very awkward and ungainly, that it is impossible to believe the audience will bear them. He was looking over his catalogue of plays, and indeed picked up a good tolerable set of grave faces for counsellors, to appear in the famous scene of Venice Preserved, when the danger is over; but they being but mere outsides, and the actors having a great mind to play The Tempest, there is not a man of them, when he is to perform any thing above dumb show, is capable of acting with a good grace so much as the part of Trincalo. However the master persists in his design, and is fitting up the old storm; but I am afraid he will not be able to procure able sailors or experienced officers for love or money.

Besides all this, when he comes to cast the parts, there is so great a confusion amongst them for want of proper actors, that, for my part, I am wholly discouraged. The play with which they design to open is The Duke and No Duke; and they are so put to it, that the master himself is to act the Conjuror, and they have no one for the General but honest George Powell.

Now, Sir, they being so much at a loss for the Dramatis Personæ, viz. the persons to enact, and the whole frame of the house being designed to be altered, I desire your opinion, whether you think it advisable for me to undertake to prompt them? For though I can clash swords, when they represent a battle, and have yet lungs enough left to huzza their victories, I question, if I should prompt them right, whether they would act accordingly. I am your honour's most humble servant,

J. Downs.

P. S. Sir, since I writ this, I am credibly informed, that they design a new house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, near the Popish chapel, to be ready by Michaelmas next; which indeed is but repairing an old one that has already failed. You know the honest man who kept the office is gone already.

Chas. Burney del. Angus sculpt.

Plate VII. Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co. Sept. 21. 1785.

Nº CXCIV. THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1710.

MILITAT OMNIS AMANS. OVID. AMOR. EL. 9. VER. 1.

THE TOILS OF LOVE REQUIRE A WARRIOR'S ART,
AND EVERY LOVER PLAYS THE SOLDIER'S PART. R. WYNNE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JULY 5.

I Was this morning reading the tenth canto in the fourth book of Spenser, in which Sir Scudamore relates the progress of his courtship to Amoret under a very beautiful allegory, which is one of the most natural and unmixed of any in that most excellent author. I shall transprose it, to use Mr. Bayes's term, for the benefit of many English lovers, who have, by frequent letters, desired me to lay down some rules for the conduct of their virtuous amours; and shall only premise, that by the Shield of Love is meant a generous, constant passion for the person beloved.

'When the fame,' says he, 'of this 'celebrated beauty first flew abroad, I 'went in pursuit of her to the Temple 'of Love. This temple,' continues he, 'bore the name of the goddess Venus, and was seated in a most fruitful 'island, walled by Nature against all 'invaders. There was a single bridge 'that led into the island, and before it 'a castle garrisoned by twenty knights. 'Near the castle was an open plain, 'and in the midst of it a pillar, on 'which was hung the Shield of Love; 'and underneath it, in letters of gold, 'was this inscription:

Happy the man who well can use his bliss;
Whole ever be the shield, fair Amoret be his.

'My heart panted upon reading the 'inscription: I struck upon the shield 'with my spear. Immediately issued 'forth a knight well mounted, and 'compleatly armed, who, without speaking, ran fiercely at me. I received 'him as well as I could, and by good 'fortune threw him out of the saddle. 'I encountered the whole twenty successively, and, leaving them all extended on the plain, carried off the 'shield in token of victory. Having 'thus vanquished my rivals, I passed 'on without impediment, until I came 'to the utmost gate of the bridge, 'which I found locked and barred. I 'knocked and called; but could get 'no answer. At last I saw one on the 'other side of the gate, who stood peeping through a small crevice. This 'was the porter; he had a double face 'resembling a Janus, and was continually looking about him, as if he 'mistrusted some sudden danger. His 'name, as I afterwards learned, was 'Doubt. Overagainst him sat Delay, 'who entertained passengers with some 'idle story, while they lost such opportunities as were never to be recovered. 'As soon as the porter saw my shield, 'he opened the gate; but upon my entering, Delay caught hold of me, and 'would fain have made me listen to her 'fooleries. However, I shook her off, 'and passed forward until I came to the 'second gate, the Gate of Good Desert, which always stood wide open, 'but in the porch was an hideous giant, 'that stopped the entrance; his name 'was Danger. Many warriors of good 'reputation, not able to bear the sternness of his look, went back again. 'Cowards fled at the first sight of him; 'except some few, who, watching their 'opportunity, slipt by him unobserved. 'I prepared to assault him; but upon 'the first sight of my shield, he immediately gave way. Looking back upon 'him, I found his hinder parts much 'more deformed and terrible than his 'face; Hatred, Murder, Treason, Envy, 'and Detraction, lying in ambush behind him, to fall upon the heedless 'and unwary.

'I now entered the Island of Love, 'which appeared in all the beauties of 'Art and Nature, and feasted every 'sense with the most agreeable objects. 'Amidst a pleasing variety of walks 'and alleys, shady seats, and flowery 'banks, sunny hills, and gloomy valleys, were thousands of lovers sitting, 'or walking together in pairs, and 'singing hymns to the deity of the 'place.

'I could

'I could not forbear envying this 'happy people, who were already in 'poſſeſſion of all they could deſire. 'While I went forward to the temple, 'the ſtructure was beautiful beyond 'imagination. The gate ſtood open. 'In the entrance ſat a moſt amiable wo-'man, whoſe name was Concord.

'On either ſide of her ſtood two 'young men, both ſtrongly armed, as 'if afraid of each other. As I after-'wards learned, they were both her 'ſons, but begotten of her by two dif-'ferent fathers; their names Love and 'Hatred.

'The lady ſo well tempered and re-'conciled them both, that ſhe forced 'them to join hands; though I could 'not but obſerve, that Hatred turned 'aſide his face, as not able to endure 'the ſight of his younger brother.

'I at length entered the inmoſt tem-'ple, the roof of which was raiſed upon 'an hundred marble pillars, decked 'with crowns, chains, and garlands. 'The ground was ſtrewed with flowers. 'An hundred altars, at each of which 'ſtood a virgin prieſteſs cloathed in 'white, blazed all at once with the ſa-'crifice of lovers, who were perpetu-'ally ſending their vows to Heaven in 'clouds of incenſe.

'In the midſt ſtood the goddeſs her-'ſelf upon an altar whoſe ſubſtance was 'neither gold nor ſtone, but infinitely 'more precious than either. About 'her neck flew numberleſs flocks of lit-'tle Loves, Joys, and Graces; and all 'about her altar lay ſcattered heaps of 'lovers, complaining of the diſdain, 'pride, or treachery of their miſtreſſes. 'One among the reſt, no longer able 'to contain his griefs, broke out into 'the following prayer:

'"Venus, queen of grace and beau-"ty, joy of gods and men, who with a "ſmile becalmeſt the ſeas, and reneweſt "all nature; goddeſs, whom all the "different ſpecies in the univerſe obey "with joy and pleaſure, grant I may "at laſt obtain the object of my vows."

'The impatient lover pronounced 'this with great vehemence; but I, in 'a ſoft murmur, beſought the goddeſs 'to lend me her aſſiſtance. While I 'was thus praying, I chanced to caſt 'my eye on a company of ladies, who 'were aſſembled together in a corner 'of the temple waiting for the anthem.

'The foremoſt ſeemed ſomething 'elder, and of a more compoſed coun-'tenance than the reſt, who all appear-'ed to be under her direction. Her 'name was Womanhood. On one 'ſide of her ſat Shamefacedneſs, with 'bluſhes riſing in her cheeks, and her 'eyes fixed on the ground: on the other 'was Chearfulneſs, with a ſmiling 'look, that infuſed a ſecret pleaſure 'into the hearts of all that ſaw her. 'With theſe ſat Modeſty, holding her 'hand on her heart: Courteſy, with a 'graceful aſpect, and obliging beha-'viour: and the two ſiſters, who were 'always linked together, and reſem-'bled each other, Silence and Obedi-'ence.

Thus ſat they all around in ſeemly rate,
And in the midſt of them a goodly maid,
Ev'n in the lap of Womanhood there ſate,
The which was all in lily-white array'd;
Where ſilver ſtreams among the linen ſtray'd,
Like to the morn, when firſt her ſhining face,
Hath to the gloomy world itſelf bewray'd.
That ſame was faireſt Amoret in place,
Shining with beauty's light, and heavenly virtue's grace.

'As ſoon as I beheld the charming 'Amoret, my heart throbbed with hopes, 'I ſtepped to her, and ſeized her hand; 'when Womanhood, immediately riſ-'ing up, ſharply rebuked me for offer-'ing in ſo rude a manner to lay hold 'on a virgin. I excuſed myſelf as mo-'deſtly as I could, and at the ſame time 'diſplayed my ſhield: upon which, as 'ſoon as ſhe beheld the god emblazon-'ed with his bow and ſhafts, ſhe was 'ſtruck mute, and inſtantly retired.

'I ſtill held faſt fair Amoret; and 'turning my eyes towards the goddeſs 'of the place, ſaw that ſhe favoured 'my pretenſions with a ſmile, which 'ſo emboldened me, that I carried off 'my prize.

'The maid, ſometimes with tears, 'ſometimes with ſmiles, intreated me 'to let her go: but I led her through 'the temple-gate, where the goddeſs 'Concord, who had favoured my en-'trance, befriended my retreat.'

This allegory is ſo natural, that it explains itſelf. The perſons in it are very artfully deſcribed, and diſpoſed in proper places. The poſts aſſigned to Doubt, Delay, and Danger, are admirable. The gate of Good Deſert has ſomething

something noble and instructive in it. But above all, I am most pleased with the beautiful groupe of figures in the corner of the temple. Among these Womanhood is drawn like what the philosophers call an Universal Nature, and is attended with beautiful representatives of all those virtues that are the ornaments of the female sex, considered in it's natural perfection and innocence.

Nº CXCV. SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1710.

GRECIAN COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY 7.

THE learned world are very much offended at many of my ratiocinations, and have but a very mean opinion of me as a politician. The reason of this is, that some erroneously conceive a talent for politics to consist in the regard to a man's own interest; but I am of quite another mind, and think the first and essential quality towards being a statesman is to have a public spirit. One of the gentlemen, who are out of humour with me, imputes my falling into a way, wherein I am so very awkward, to a barrenness of invention; and has the charity to lay new matter before me for the future. He is at the bottom my friend; but is at a loss to know whether I am a fool or a physician, and is pleased to expostulate with me with relation to the latter. He falls heavy upon licentiates, and seems to point more particularly at us who are not regularly of the faculty. But since he has been so civil to me, as to meddle only with those who are employed no further than about men's lives, and not reflected upon me as of the astrological sect, who concern ourselves about lives and fortunes also, I am not so much hurt as to stifle any part of his fond letter.

SIR,

I Am afraid there is something in the suspicions of some people, that you begin to be short of matter for your Lucubrations. Though several of them now and then did appear somewhat dull and insipid to me, I was always charitably inclined to believe the fault lay in myself, and that I wanted the true key to decypher your mysteries; and remember your advertisement upon this account. But since I have seen you fall into an unpardonable error, yea, with a relapse; I mean, since I have seen you turn politician in the present unhappy dissensions, I have begun to stagger, and could not chuse but lessen the great value I had for the Censor of our isle. How is it possible that a man, whom interest did naturally lead to a constant impartiality in these matters, and who hath wit enough to judge that his opinion was not like to make many proselytes; how is it possible, I say, that a little passion, for I have still too good an opinion of you to think you was bribed by the staggering party, could blind you so far as to offend the very better half of the nation, and to lessen off so much the number of your friends? Mr. Morphew will not have cause to thank you, unless you give over, and endeavour to regain what you have lost. There are still a great many themes you have left untouched: such as the ill management of matters relating to law and physic; the setting down rules for knowing the quacks in both professions. What a large field is there left in discovering the abuses of the college, who had a charter and privileges granted them to hinder the creeping in and prevailing of quacks and pretenders; and yet grant licences to barbers, and write letters of recommendation in the country towns, out of the reach of their practice, in favour of mere boys; valuing the health and lives of their countrymen no farther than they get money by them. You have said very little or nothing about the dispensation of justice in town and country, where clerks are the counsellors to their masters.

But as I cannot expect that the Censor of Great Britain should publish a letter, wherein he is censured with too much reason himself; yet I hope you will be the better for it, and think upon the themes I have mentioned, which must certainly be of greater service to the world, yourself, and Mr. Morphew, than to let us know whether you are a Whig or a Tory. I am still your admirer and servant,

CATO JUNIOR.

This gentleman and I differ about the words Staggering and Better Part; but instead of answering to the particulars

culars of this epiſtle, I ſhall only acquaint my correſpondent, that I am at preſent forming my thoughts upon the foundation of Sir Scudamore's progreſs in Spenſer, which has led me from all other amuſements, to conſider the ſtate of love in this iſland; and from the corruptions in the government of that, to deduce the chief evils of life. In the mean time that I am thus employed, I have given poſitive orders to Don Saltero of Chelſea, the tooth-drawer, and Doctor Thomas Smith the corn-cutter, of King Street, Weſtminſter, who have the modeſty to confine their pretenſions to manual operations, to bring me in, with all convenient ſpeed, compleat lifts of all who are but of equal learning with themſelves, and yet adminiſter phyſic beyond the feet and gums. Theſe advices I ſhall reſerve for my future leiſure; but have now taken a reſolution to dedicate the remaining part of this inſtant July to the ſervice of the fair ſex, and have almoſt finiſhed a ſcheme for ſettling the whole remainder of that ſex who are unmarried and above the age of twenty-five.

In order to this good and public ſervice, I ſhall conſider the paſſion of love in it's full extent, as it is attended both with joys and inquietudes; and lay down, for the conduct of my lovers, ſuch rules as ſhall baniſh the cares, and heighten the pleaſures, which flow from that amiable ſpring of life and happineſs. There is no leſs than an abſolute neceſſity that ſome proviſion be made to take off the dead ſtock of women in city, town, and country. Let there happen but the leaſt diſorder in the ſtreets, and in an inſtant you ſee the inequality of the numbers of males and females. Beſides that the feminine crowd on ſuch occaſions is more numerous in the open way, you may obſerve them alſo to the very garrets huddled together, four at leaſt at a caſement. Add to this, that by an exact calculation of all that have come to town by ſtage-coach or waggon for this twelvemonth laſt, three times in four the treated perſons have been males. This over-ſtock of beauty, for which there are ſo few bidders, calls for an immediate ſupply of lovers and huſbands; and I am the ſtudious knight-errant, who have ſuffered long nocturnal contemplations to find out methods for the relief of all Britiſh females, who at preſent ſeem to be devoted to involuntary virginity. The ſcheme, upon which I deſign to act, I have communicated to none but a beauteous young lady, who has for ſome time left the town, in the following letter.

TO AMANDA IN KENT.

MADAM,

I Send, with this, my diſcourſe of ways and means for encouraging marriage, and repeopling the iſland. You will ſoon obſerve, that according to theſe rules, the mean conſiderations, which make beauty and merit ceaſe to be the objects of love and courtſhip, will be fully exploded. I have unanſwerably proved, that jointures and ſettlements are the bane of happineſs; and not only ſo, but the ruin even of their fortunes who enter into them. I beg of you therefore to come to town upon the receipt of this, where I promiſe you, you ſhall have as many lovers as toaſters; for there needed nothing but to make men's intereſts fall in with their inclinations, to render you the moſt courted of your ſex. As many as love you will now be willing to marry you: haſten, then, and be the honourable miſtreſs of mankind. Caſſander, and many others, ſtand in the gate of Good Deſert to receive you. I am, Madam, your moſt obedient, moſt humble ſervant,

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

Nº CXCVI. TUESDAY, JULY 11, 1710.

DULCIS INEXPERTO CULTURA POTENTIS AMICI,
EXPERTUS METUIT———

HOR. EP. 18. LIB. 2. VER. 86.

UNTRY'D, HOW SWEET A COURT ATTENDANCE!
WHEN TRY'D, HOW DREADFUL THE DEPENDANCE!

FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JULY 10.

THE intended courſe of my ſtudies was altered this evening by a viſit from an old acquaintance, who complained to me, mentioning one upon whom he had long depended, that he found his labour and perſeverance in his patron's ſervice and intereſts wholly ineffectual; and he thought now, after his beſt years were ſpent in a profeſſed adherence to him and his fortunes, he ſhould in the end be forced to break with him, and give over all further expectations from him. He ſighed, and ended his diſcourſe, by ſaying—'You, 'Mr. Cenſor, ſome time ago, gave us 'your thoughts of the behaviour of 'great men to their creditors. This 'ſort of demand upon them, for what 'they invite men to expect, is a debt 'of honour; which, according to cuſ-'tom, they ought to be moſt careful of 'paying, and would be a very worthy 'ſubject for a Lucubration.'

Of all men living, I think, I am the moſt proper to treat of this matter; becauſe in the character and employment of Cenſor, I have had encouragement ſo infinitely above my deſert, that what I ſay cannot poſſibly be ſuppoſed to ariſe from peeviſhneſs, or any diſappointment in that kind, which I myſelf have met with. When we conſider Patrons and their Clients, thoſe who receive addreſſes, and thoſe who are addreſſed to, it muſt not be underſtood that the dependants are ſuch as are worthleſs in their natures, abandoned to any vice or diſhonour, or ſuch as without a call thruſt themſelves upon men in power; nor when we ſay Patrons, do we mean ſuch as have it not in their power, or have no obligation to aſſiſt their friends; but we ſpeak of ſuch leagues where there are power and obligation on the one part, and merit and expectation on the other. Were we to be very particular on this ſubject, I take it, that the diviſion of Patron and Client may include a third part of your nation. The want of merit and real worth will ſtrike out about ninety-nine in the hundred of theſe; and want of ability in the Patron will diſpoſe of as many of that order. He, who out of mere vanity to be applied to, will take up another's time and fortune in his ſervice, where he has no proſpect of returning it, is as much more unjuſt, as thoſe who took up my friend the Upholder's goods without paying him for them; I ſay, he is as much more unjuſt, as our life and time is more valuable than our goods and moveables. Among many whom you ſee about the great, there is a contented well pleaſed ſet, who ſeem to like the attendance for it's own ſake, and are early at the abodes of the powerful, out of mere faſhion. This ſort of vanity is as well grounded, as if a man ſhould lay aſide his own plain ſuit, and dreſs himſelf up in a gay livery of another.

There are many of this ſpecies who exclude others of juſt expectation, and make thoſe proper dependants appear impatient, becauſe they are not ſo chearful as thoſe who expect nothing. I have made uſe of the penny poſt for the inſtruction of theſe voluntary ſlaves, and informed them, that they will never be provided for; but they double their diligence upon admonition. Will Afterday has told his friends, that he was to have the next thing, theſe ten years; and Harry Linger has been fourteen, within a month of a conſiderable office. However, the fantaſtic complaiſance which is paid to them, may blind the great from ſeeing themſelves in a juſt light; they muſt needs, if they in the leaſt reflect, at ſome times, have a ſenſe of the injuſtice they do in raiſing in others a falſe expectation. But this is ſo common a practice in all the ſtages of

power, that there are not more cripples come out of the wars, than from the attendance of Patrons. You see in one a settled melancholy, in another a bridled rage; a third has lost his memory, and a fourth his whole constitution and humour. In a word, when you see a particular cast of mind or body, which looks a little upon the distracted, you may be sure the poor gentleman has formerly had great friends. For this reason, I have thought it a prudent thing to take a nephew of mine out of a lady's service, where he was a page, and have bound him to a shoemaker.

But what, of all the humours under the sun, is the most pleasant to consider is, that you see some men lay, as it were, a set of acquaintance by them, to converse with when they are out of employment, who had no effect of their power when they were in. Here Patrons and Clients both make the most fantastical figure imaginable. Friendship indeed is most manifested in adversity; but I do not know how to behave myself to a man, who thinks me his friend at no other time but that. Dick Reptile of our club had this in his head the other night, when he said I am afraid of ill news, when I am visited by any of my old friends. These Patrons are a little like some fine gentlemen, who spend all their hours of gaiety with their wenches, but when they fall sick will let no one come near them but their wives. It seems, truth and honour are companions too sober for prosperity. It is certainly the most black ingratitude, to accept of a man's best endeavours to be pleasing to you, and return it with indifference.

I am so much of this mind, that Dick Eastcourt the comedian, for coming one night to our club, though he laughed at us all the time he was there, shall have our company at his play on Thursday. A man of talents is to be favoured, or never admitted. Let the ordinary world truck for money and wares; but men of spirit and conversation should in every kind do others as much pleasure as they receive from them. But men are so taken up with outward forms, that they do not consider their actions; else how should it be, that a man shall deny that to the entreaties, and almost tears of an old friend, which he shall solicit a new one to accept of? I remember, when I first came out of Staffordshire, I had an intimacy with a man of quality, in whose gift there fell a very good employment. All the town cried —'There's a thing for Mr. Bicker-'staff!' When, to my great astonishment, I found my Patron had been forced upon twenty artifices to surprize a man with it, who never thought of it: but sure, it is a degree of murder to amuse men with vain hopes. If a man takes away another's life, where is the difference, whether he does it by taking away the minutes of his time, or the drops of his blood? But indeed, such as have hearts barren of kindness are served accordingly by those whom they employ; and pass their lives away with an empty show of civility for love, and an insipid intercourse of a commerce in which their affections are no way concerned. But on the other side, how beautiful is the life of a Patron who performs his duty to his inferiors? A worthy merchant, who employs a crowd of artificers? A great lord, who is generous and merciful to the several necessities of his tenants? A courtier, who uses his credit and power for the welfare of his friends? These have in their several stations a quick relish of the exquisite pleasure of doing good. In a word, good Patrons are like the guardian angels of Plato, who are ever busy, though unseen, in the care of their wards; but ill Patrons are like the deities of Epicurus, supine, indolent, and unconcerned, though they see mortals in storms and tempests even while they are offering incense to their power.

Nº CXCVII. THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1710.

SEMPER EGO AUDITOR TANTUM?—— JUV. SAT. I. VER. 19

STILL SHALL I ONLY HEAR? DRYDEN.

GRECIAN COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY 12.

WHEN I came hither this evening, the man of the house delivered me a book, very finely bound. When I received it, I overheard one of the boys whisper another, and say, it was a fine thing to be a great scholar! what a pretty book that is! It has indeed a very gay outside, and is dedicated to me by a very ingenious gentleman, who does not put his name to it. The title of it, for the work is in Latin, is, 'Epistolarum Obscurorum Virorum, 'ad Dm. M. Ortuinum Gratium, Volu-'mina II.' &c. 'The Epistles of the 'obscure Writers to Ortuinus,' &c. The purpose of the work is signified in the dedication, in very elegant language, and fine raillery. It seems, this is a collection of letters which some profound blockheads, who lived before our times, have written in honour of each other, and for their mutual information in each other's absurdities. They are mostly of the German nation, whence from time to time, inundations of writers have flowed, more pernicious to the learned world, than the swarms of Goths and Vandals to the politic. It is, methinks, wonderful, that fellows could be awake, and utter such incoherent conceptions, and converse with great gravity, like learned men, without the least taste of knowledge or good sense. It would have been an endless labour to have taken any other method of exposing such impertinences, than by an edition of their own works; where you see their follies, according to the ambition of such virtuosi, in a most correct edition.

Looking over these accomplished labours, I could not but reflect upon the immense load of writings which the commonalty of scholars have pushed into the world, and the absurdity of parents, who educate crowds to spend their time in pursuit of such cold and sprightless endeavours to appear in public. It seems therefore a fruitless labour, to attempt the correction of the taste of our contemporaries; except it was in our power to burn all the senseless labours of our ancestors. There is a secret propensity in nature from generation to generation, in the blockheads of one age to admire those of another; and men of the same imperfections are as great admirers of each other, as those of the same abilities.

This great mischief of voluminous follies proceeds from a misfortune which happens in all ages, that men of barren genius's, but fertile imaginations, are bred scholars. This may at first appear a paradox; but when we consider the talking creatures we meet in public places, it will no longer be such. Ralph Shallow is a young fellow, that has not by nature any the least propensity to strike into what has not been observed and said, every day of his life, by others; but with that inability of speaking any thing that is uncommon, he has a great readiness at what he can speak of, and his imagination runs into all the different views of the subject he treats of in a moment. If Ralph had learning added to the common chit-chat of the town, he would have been a disputant upon all topics that ever were considered by men of his own genius. As for my part, I never am teazed by any empty town-fellow, but I bless my stars that he was not bred a scholar. This addition, we must consider, would have made him capable of maintaining his follies. His being in the wrong would have been protected by suitable arguments; and when he was hedged in by logical terms, and false appearances, you must have owned yourself convinced before you could then have got rid of him, and the shame of his triumph had been added to the pain of his impertinence.

There is a sort of littleness in the minds of men of wrong sense, which makes them much more insufferable than mere fools, and has the further inconvenience of being attended by an endless loquacity. For which reason, it would be a very proper work, if some well-wisher to human society would consider the terms, upon which people meet in

in public places, in order to prevent the unſeaſonable declamations which we meet with there. I remember, in my youth, it was an humour at the univerſity, when a fellow pretended to be more eloquent than ordinary, and had formed to himſelf a plot to gain all our admiration, or triumph over us with an argument, to either of which he had no manner of call; I ſay, in either of theſe caſes, it was the humour to ſhut one eye. This whimſical way of taking notice to him of his abſurdity, has prevented many a man from being a coxcomb. If amongſt us, on ſuch an occaſion each man offered a voluntary Rhetorician ſome ſnuff, it would probably produce the ſame effect. As the matter now ſtands, whether a man will or no, he is obliged to be informed in whatever another pleaſes to entertain him with; though the preceptor makes theſe advances out of vanity, and not to inſtruct, but inſult him.

There is no man will allow him who wants courage to be called a ſoldier; but men, who want good ſenſe, are very frequently not only allowed to be ſcholars, but eſteemed for being ſuch. At the ſame time it muſt be granted, that as courage is the natural parts of a ſoldier, ſo is a good underſtanding of a ſcholar. Such little minds as theſe, whoſe productions are collected in the volume to which I have the honour to be Patron, are the inſtruments for artful men to work with; and become popular with the unthinking part of mankind. In courts, they make tranſparent flatterers; in camps, oſtentatious bullies; in colleges, unintelligible pedants; and their faculties are uſed accordingly by thoſe who lead them.

When a man who wants judgment is admitted into the converſation of reaſonable men, he ſhall remember ſuch improper circumſtances, and draw ſuch groundleſs concluſions from their diſcourſe, and that with ſuch colour of ſenſe, as would divide the beſt ſet of company that can be got together. It is juſt thus with a fool who has a familiarity with books; he ſhall quote and recite one author againſt another in ſuch a manner as ſhall puzzle the beſt underſtanding to refute him; though the moſt ordinary capacity may obſerve, that it is only ignorance that makes the intricacy. All the true uſe of that we call learning is to ennoble and improve our natural faculties, and not to diſguiſe our imperfections. It is therefore in vain for folly to attempt to conceal itſelf, by the refuge of learned languages. Literature does but make a man more eminently the thing which Nature made him; and Polyglottes, had he ſtudied leſs than he has, and writ only in his mother tongue, had been known only in Great Britain for a pedant.

Mr. Bickerſtaff thanks Dorinda, and will both anſwer her letter, and take her advice.

Nº CXCVIII. SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1710.

QUALE SIT ID QUOD AMAS CELERI CIRCUMSPICE MENTE,
ET TUA LÆSURO SUBSTRAHE COLLA JUGO.
OVID. AM. AMOR. LIB. I. VER. 89.

BE CAUTIOUS WHOM YOU LOVE; IN TIME WITHDRAW
YOUR CAPTIVE-NECK FROM CUPID'S GALLING YOKE.——
R. WYNNE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JULY 14.

THE HISTORY OF CÆLIA.

IT is not neceſſary to look back into the firſt years of this young lady, whoſe ſtory is of conſequence only, as her life has lately met with paſſages very uncommon. She is now in the twentieth year of her age, and owes a ſtrict, but chearful education, to the care of an aunt; to whom ſhe was recommended by her dying father, whoſe deceaſe was haſtened by an inconſolable affliction for the loſs of her mother. As Cælia is the offspring of the moſt generous paſſion that has been known in our age, ſhe is adorned with as much beauty and grace as the moſt celebrated of her ſex poſſeſs; but her domeſtic life, moderate fortune, and religious education, gave her but little opportunity, and leſs inclination

clination to be admired in public aſſemblies. Her abode has been for ſome years at a convenient diſtance from the cathedral of Saint Paul's; where her aunt and ſhe choſe to reſide for the advantage of that rapturous way of devotion which gives extaſy to the pleaſures of innocence, and, in ſome meaſure, is the immediate poſſeſſion of thoſe heavenly enjoyments for which they are addreſſed.

As you may trace the uſual thoughts of men in their countenances, there appeared in the face of Cælia a chearfulneſs, the conſtant companion of unaffected virtue, and a gladneſs, which is as inſeparable from true piety. Her every look and motion ſpoke the peaceful, mild, reſigning, humble inhabitant, that animated her beauteous body. Her air diſcovered her body a mere machine of her mind, and not that her thoughts were employed in ſtudying graces and attractions for her perſon. Such was Cælia, when ſhe was firſt ſeen by Palamede at her uſual place of worſhip. Palamede is a young man of two-and-twenty, well-faſhioned, learned, genteel, and diſcreet; the ſon and heir of a gentleman of a very great eſtate, and himſelf poſſeſſed of a plentiful one by the gift of an uncle. He became enamoured with Cælia; and after having learned her habitation, had addreſs enough to communicate his paſſion and circumſtances with ſuch an air of good ſenſe and integrity, as ſoon obtained permiſſion to viſit and profeſs his inclinations towards her. Palamede's preſent fortune and future expectations were no way prejudicial to his addreſſes; but after the lovers had paſſed ſome time in the agreeable entertainments of a ſucceſsful courtſhip, Cælia one day took occaſion to interrupt Palamede, in the midſt of a very pleaſing diſcourſe of the happineſs he promiſed himſelf in ſo accompliſhed a companion; and, aſſuming a ſerious air, told him, there was another heart to be won before he gained hers, which was that of his father. Palamede ſeemed much diſturbed at the overture; and lamented to her, that his father was one of thoſe too provident parents, who only place their thoughts upon bringing riches into their families by marriages, and are wholly inſenſible of all other conſiderations. But the ſtrictneſs of Cælia's rules of life made her inſiſt upon this demand; and the ſon, at a proper hour, communicated to his father the circumſtances of his love, and the merit of the object. The next day, the father made her a viſit. The beauty of her perſon, the fame of her virtue, and a certain irreſiſtible charm in her whole behaviour, on ſo tender and delicate an occaſion, wrought ſo much upon him, in ſpite of all prepoſſeſſions, that he haſtened the marriage with an impatience equal to that of his ſon. Their nuptials were celebrated with a privacy ſuitable to the character and modeſty of Cælia; and from that day, until a fatal one laſt week, they lived together with all the joy and happineſs which attend minds entirely united.

It ſhould have been intimated, that Palamede is a ſtudent of the Temple, and uſually retired thither early in the morning, Cælia ſtill ſleeping.

It happened, a few days ſince, that ſhe followed him thither to communicate to him ſomething ſhe had omitted, in her redundant fondneſs, to ſpeak of the evening before. When ſhe came to his apartment, the ſervant there told her, ſhe was coming with a letter to her. While Cælia in an inner room was reading an apology from her huſband, that he had been ſuddenly taken by ſome of his acquaintance to dine at Brentford, but that he ſhould return in the evening, a country girl, decently clad, aſked, if theſe were not the chambers of Mr. Palamede? She was anſwered, they were; but that he was not in town. The ſtranger aſked, when he was expected at home? The ſervant replied, ſhe would go in and aſk his wife. The young woman repeated the word Wife, and fainted. This accident raiſed no leſs curioſity than amazement in Cælia, who cauſed her to be removed into the inner room. Upon proper applications to revive her, the unhappy young creature returned to herſelf; and ſaid to Cælia, with an earneſt and beſeeching tone—'Are you really Mr. Palamede's wife?' Cælia replies—'I hope I do not look 'as if I were any other in the condition 'you ſee me.' The ſtranger anſwered —'No, Madam, he is my huſband.' At the ſame inſtant, ſhe threw a bundle of letters into Cælia's lap, which confirmed the truth of what ſhe aſſerted. Their mutual innocence and ſorrow made them look at each other as partners in diſtreſs, rather than rivals in love. The ſuperiority of Cælia's underſtanding

ing and genius gave her an authority to examine into this adventure as if she had been offended againſt, and the other the delinquent. The ſtranger ſpoke in the following manner:

'Madam, if it ſhall pleaſe you, Mr. 'Palamede having an uncle of a good 'eſtate near Wincheſter, was bred at 'the ſchool there, to gain the more his 'good-will by being in his ſight. His 'uncle died, and left him the eſtate 'which my huſband now has. When 'he was a mere youth, he ſet his affec-'tions on me; but when he could not 'gain his ends he married me; making 'me and my mother, who is a farmer's 'widow, ſwear we would never tell it 'upon any account whatſoever; for that 'it would not look well for him to 'marry ſuch a one as me; beſides that 'his father would cut him off of the 'eſtate. I was glad to have him in an 'honeſt way; and he now and then 'came and ſtayed a night and away 'at our houſe. But very lately he came 'down to ſee us with a fine young 'gentleman, his friend, who ſtayed be-'hind there with us, pretending to like 'the place for the ſummer: but ever 'ſince maſter Palamede went, he has 'attempted to abuſe me; and I ran 'hither to acquaint him with it, and 'avoid the wicked intentions of his 'falſe friend.'

Cælia had no more room for doubt; but left her rival in the ſame agonies ſhe felt herſelf. Palamede returns in the evening; and finding his wife at his chambers, learned all that had paſſed, and haſtened to Cælia's lodgings.

It is much eaſier to imagine than expreſs the ſentiments of either the criminal or the injured, at this encounter.

As ſoon as Palamede had found way for ſpeech, he confeſſed his marriage, and his placing his companion on purpoſe to vitiate his wife, that he might break through a marriage made in his nonage, and devote his riper and knowing years to Cælia. She made him no anſwer; but retired to her cloſet. He returned to the Temple, where he ſoon after received from her the following letter:

SIR,

YOU, who this morning were the beſt, are now the worſt of men who breathe vital air. I am at once overwhelmed with love, hatred, rage, and diſdain. Can infamy and innocence live together? I feel the weight of the one too ſtrong for the comfort of the other. How bitter, Heaven! how bitter is my portion! How much have I to ſay! but the infant which I bear about me ſtirs with my agitation. I am, Palamede, to live in ſhame, and this creature be heir to it. Farewel for ever!

N° CXCIX. TUESDAY, JULY 18, 1710.

WHEN we revolve in our thoughts ſuch cataſtrophes as that in the hiſtory of the unhappy Cælia there ſeems to be ſomething ſo hazardous in the changing a ſingle ſtate of life into that of marriage, that, it may happen, all the precautions imaginable are not ſufficient to defend a virgin from ruin by her choice. It ſeems a wonderful inconſiſtence in the diſtribution of public juſtice, that a man who robs a woman of an ear-ring or a jewel, ſhould be puniſhed with death; but one who by falſe arts and inſinuations ſhould take from her her very ſelf, is only to ſuffer diſgrace. This excellent young woman has nothing to conſolate herſelf with, but the reflection that her ſufferings are not the effect of any guilt or miſconduct; and has for her protection the influence of a Power, which, amidſt the unjuſt reproach of all mankind, can give not only patience, but pleaſure, to innocence in diſtreſs.

As the perſon who is the criminal againſt Cælia cannot be ſufficiently puniſhed according to our preſent law; ſo are there numberleſs unhappy perſons without remedy according to preſent cuſtom. That great ill which has prevailed among us in theſe later ages, is the making even beauty and virtue the purchaſe of money. The generality of parents, and ſome of thoſe of quality, inſtead of looking out for introducing health of conſtitution, frankneſs of ſpirit, or dignity of countenance into their families, lay out all their thoughts upon finding out matches for their eſtates, and not for their children. You ſhall have one form ſuch a plot for the good of his family, that there ſhall not be

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six men in England capable of pretending to his daughter. A second shall have a son obliged, out of mere discretion, for fear of doing any thing below himself, to follow all the drabs in town. These sage parents meet; and, as there is no pass, no courtship between the young ones, it is no unpleasant observation to behold how they proceed to treaty. There is ever in the behaviour of each something that denotes his circumstance; and honest Coupler, the conveyancer, says, he can distinguish upon sight of the parties, before they have opened any point of the business, which of the two has the daughter to sell. Coupler is of our club, and I have frequently heard him declaim upon this subject, and assert, that the marriage settlements which are now used, have grown fashionable even within his memory.

When the theatre, in some late reigns, owed it's chief support to those scenes which were written to put matrimony out of countenance, and render that state terrible, then it was that pin-money first prevailed; and all the other articles were inserted which create a diffidence, and intimate to the young people, that they are very soon to be in a state of war with each other; though this had seldom happened, except the fear of it had been expressed. Coupler will tell you also, that jointures were never frequent until the age before his own; but the women were contented with the third part of the estate the law allotted them, and scorned to engage with men whom they thought capable of abusing their children. He has also informed me, that those, who were the oldest benchers when he came to the Temple, told him, the first marriage settlement of considerable length was the invention of an old serjeant; who took the opportunity of two testy fathers, who were ever squabbling, to bring about an alliance between their children. These fellows knew each other to be knaves; and the serjeant took hold of their mutual diffidence, for the benefit of the law, to extend the settlement to three skins of parchment.

To this great benefactor to the profession is owing the present current price of lines and words. Thus is tenderness thrown out of the question, and the great care is, what the young couple should do when they come to hate each other? I do not question but from this one humour of settlements might very fairly be deduced, not only our present defection in point of morals, but also our want of people. This has given way to such unreasonable gallantries, that a man is hardly reproachable that deceives an innocent woman, though she has ever so much merit, if she is below him in fortune. The man has no dishonour following his treachery; and her own sex are so debased by force of custom, as to say in the case of the woman—'How could she expect he would 'marry her?'

By this means the good offices, the pleasures and graces of life, are not put into the balance: the bridegroom has given his estate out of himself; and he has no more left but to follow the blind decree of his fate, whether he shall be succeeded by a fot, or a man of merit, in his fortune. On the other side, a fine woman, who has also a fortune, is set up by way of auction; her first lover has ten to one against him. The very hour after he has opened his heart and his rent-roll, he is made no other use of but to raise her price: she and her friends lose no opportunity of publishing it, to call in new bidders. While the poor lover very innocently waits, until the plenipotentiaries at the inns of court have debated about the alliance, all the partizans of the lady throw difficulties in the way, until other offers come in; and the man who came first is not put in possession, until she has been refused by half the town. If an abhorrence to such mercenary proceedings were well settled in the minds of my fair readers, those of merit would have a way opened to their advancement; nay, those who abound in wealth only would in reality find their account in it. It would not be in the power of their prude acquaintance, their waiters, their nurses, cousins, and whisperers, to persuade them, that there are not above twenty men in a kingdom, and those such as perhaps they may never set eyes on, whom they can think of with discretion. As the case stands now, let any one consider, how the great heiresses, and those to whom they were offered, for no other reason but that they could make them suitable settlements, live together. What can be more insipid, if not loathsome, than for two persons to be at the head of a crowd, who have as little regard

for them as they for each other; and behold one another in an affected ſenſe of proſperity, without the leaſt reliſh of that exquiſite gladneſs at meeting, that ſweet inquietude at parting, together with the charms of voice, look, geſture, and that general benevolence between well-choſen lovers, which makes all things pleaſe, and leaves not the leaſt triſle indifferent.

But I am diverted from theſe ſketches for future eſſays in behalf of my numerous clients of the fair-ſex, by a notice ſent to my office in Sheer Lane, that a blooming widow in the third year of her widowhood, and twenty-ſixth of her age, deſigns to take a colonel of twenty-eight. The parties requeſt I would draw up their terms of coming together, as having a regard to my opinion againſt long and diffident ſettlements; and I have ſent them the following indenture:

'We John ——— and Mary '———, having eſtates for life, 'reſolve to take each other. I John 'will venture my life to enrich thee 'Mary; and I Mary will conſult my 'health to nurſe thee John. To which 'we have interchangeably ſet our hands, 'hearts, and ſeals, this ſeventeenth of 'July, 1710.'

Nº CC. THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1710.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JULY 19.

HAVING devoted the greater part of my time to the ſervice of the fair-ſex, I muſt aſk pardon of my men correſpondents if I poſtpone their commands, when I have any from the ladies which lie unanſwered. That which follows is of importance.

SIR,

YOU cannot think it ſtrange if I, who know little of the world, apply to you for advice in the weighty affair of matrimony; ſince you yourſelf have often declared it to be of that conſequence as to require the utmoſt deliberation. Without further preface therefore, give me leave to tell you, that my father at his death left me a fortune ſufficient to make me a match for any gentleman. My mother, for ſhe is ſtill alive, is very preſſing with me to marry; and I am apt to think, to gratify her, I ſhall venture upon one of two gentlemen who at this time make their addreſſes to me. My requeſt is, that you would direct me in my choice; which that you may the better do, I ſhall give you their characters; and to avoid confuſion, deſire you to call them by the names of Philander and Silvius. Philander is young, and has a good eſtate; Silvius is as young, and has a better. The former has had a liberal education, has ſeen the town, is retired from thence to his eſtate in the country, is a man of few words, and much given to books. The latter was brought up under his father's eye, who gave him juſt learning enough to enable him to keep his accounts; but made him withal very expert in country buſineſs, ſuch as ploughing, ſowing, buying, ſelling, and the like. They are both very ſober men, neither of their perſons is diſagreeable, nor did I know which to prefer until I had heard them diſcourſe; when the converſation of Philander ſo much prevailed, as to give him the advantage with me in all other reſpects. My mother pleads ſtrongly for Silvius; and uſes theſe arguments: that he not only has the larger eſtate at preſent, but by his good huſbandry and management encreaſes it daily: that his little knowledge in other affairs will make him eaſy and tractable; whereas, according to her, men of letters know too much to make good huſbands. To part of this, I imagine, I anſwer effectually, by ſaying, Philander's eſtate is large enough; that they who think two thouſand pounds a year ſufficient, make no difference between that and three. I eaſily believe him leſs converſant in thoſe affairs, the knowledge of which ſhe ſo much commends in Silvius; but I think them neither ſo neceſſary or becoming in a gentleman, as the accompliſhments of Philander. It is no great character of a man to ſay he rides in his coach and ſix, and underſtands as much as he who follows the plough. Add to this, that the converſation of theſe ſort of men ſeems ſo diſagreeable to me, that though they make good bailiffs, I can hardly be perſuaded they can be good companions,

nions. It is possible I may seem to have odd notions, when I say, I am not fond of a man only for being of what is called a thriving temper. To conclude, I own I am at a loss to conceive how good sense should make a man an ill husband, or conversing with books less complaisant.

CÆLIA.

The resolution which this lady is going to take, she may very well say, is founded on reason: for after the necessities of life are served, there is no manner of competition between a man of a liberal education and an illiterate. Men are not altered by their circumstances, but as they give them opportunities of exerting what they are in themselves; and a powerful clown is a tyrant in the most ugly form he can possibly appear. There lies a seeming objection in the thoughtful manner of Philander: but let her consider, which she shall oftener have occasion to wish, that Philander would speak, or Silvius hold his tongue.

The train of my discourse is prevented by the urgent haste of another correspondent.

MR. BICKERSTAFF, JULY 14.

THIS comes to you from one of those virgins of twenty-five years old and upwards, that you, like a patron of the distressed, promise to provide for; who makes it her humble request, that no occasional stories or subjects may, as they have for three or four of your last days, prevent your publishing the scheme you have communicated to Amanda; for every day and hour is of the greatest consequence to damsels of so advanced an age. Be quick then, if you intend to do any service for your admirer,

DIANA FORECAST.

In this important affair I have not neglected the proposals of others. Among them is the following sketch of a lottery for persons. The author of it has proposed very ample encouragement, not only to myself, but also to Charles Lillie and John Morphew. If the matter bears, I shall not be unjust to his merit: I only desire to enlarge his plan; for which purpose I lay it before the town, as well for the improvement as the encouragement of it,

THE AMICABLE CONTRIBUTION FOR RAISING THE FORTUNES OF TEN YOUNG LADIES.

IMPRIMIS, It is proposed to raise one hundred thousand crowns by way of lots, which will advance for each lady two thousand five hundred pounds; which sum, together with one of the ladies, the gentleman that shall be so happy as to draw a prize, provided they both like, will be entitled to, under such restrictions hereafter mentioned. And in case they do not like, then either party that refuses shall be entitled to one thousand pounds only, and the remainder to him or her that shall be willing to marry, the man being first to declare his mind. But it is provided, that if both parties shall consent to have one another, the gentleman shall, before he receives the money thus raised, settle one thousand pounds of the same in substantial hands; who shall be as trustees for the said ladies, and shall have the whole and sole disposal of it for her use only.

Note, each party shall have three months time to consider, after an interview had, which shall be within ten days after the lots are drawn.

Note also, the name and place of abode of the prize shall be placed on a proper ticket.

Item, they shall be ladies that have had a liberal education, between fifteen and twenty-three; all genteel, witty, and of unblameable characters.

The money to be raised shall be kept in an iron box; and when there shall be two thousand subscriptions, which amounts to five hundred pounds, it shall be taken out and put into the goldsmith's hand, and the note made payable to the proper lady, or her assigns, with a clause therein to hinder her from receiving it, until the fortunate person that draws her shall first sign the note, and so on until the whole sum is subscribed for: and as soon as one hundred thousand subscriptions are compleated, and two hundred crowns more to pay the charges, the lottery shall be drawn at a proper place, to be appointed a fortnight before the drawing.

Note; Mr. Bickerstaff objects to the marriageable years here mentioned; and is of opinion they should not commence until after twenty-three. But he appeals to the learned, both of Warwick Lane and Bishopsgate Street, on this subject.

N° CCI. SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1710.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, JULY 21.

IT has often been asserted in these papers, that the great source of our wrong pursuits is the impertinent manner with which we treat women both in the common and important circumstances of life. In vain do we say the whole sex would run into England, while the privileges which are allowed them do no way balance the inconveniencies arising from those very immunities. Our women have very much indulged to them in the participation of our fortunes and our liberty; but the errors they commit in the use of either are by no means so impartially considered as the false steps which are made by men. In the commerce of lovers, the man makes the address, assails, and betrays; and yet stands in the same degree of acceptance as he was in before he committed that treachery: the woman, for no other crime but believing one whom she thought loved her, is treated with shyness and indifference at the best, and commonly with reproach and scorn. He that is past the power of beauty may talk of this matter with the same unconcern as of any other subject: therefore I shall take upon me to consider the sex, as they live within rules, and as they transgress them. The ordinary class of the good or the ill have very little influence upon the actions of others; but the eminent, in either kind, are those who lead the world below. The ill are employed in communicating scandal, infamy, and disease, like furies; the good distribute benevolence, friendship, and health, like angels. The ill are damped with pain and anguish at the sight of all that is laudable, lovely, or happy. The virtuous are touched with commiseration towards the guilty, the disagreeable, and the wretched. There are those who betray the innocent of their own sex, and solicit the lewd of our's. There are those who have abandoned the very memory, not only of innocence, but shame. There are those who never forgave, nor could ever bear being forgiven. There are those also who visit the beds of the sick, lull the cares of the sorrowful, and double the joys of the joyful. Such is the destroying fiend, such the guardian-angel, woman.

The way to have a greater number of the amiable part of womankind, and lessen the crowd of the other sort, is to contribute what we can to the success of well-grounded passions; and therefore I comply with the request of an enamoured man, in inserting the following billet:

MADAM,

MR. Bickerstaff you always read, though me you will never hear. I am obliged therefore to his compassion for the opportunity of imploring your's. I sigh for the most accomplished of her sex. That is so just a distinction of her to whom I write, that the owning I think so is no distinction of me, who write. Your good qualities are peculiar to you; my admiration is common with thousands. I shall be present when you read this; but fear every woman will take it for her character sooner than she who deserves it.

If the next letter which presents itself should come from the mistress of this modest lover, and I make them break through the oppression of their passions, I shall expect gloves at their nuptials.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

YOU, that are a philosopher, know very well the make of the mind of women, and can best instruct me in the conduct of an affair which highly concerns me. I never can admit my lover to speak to me of love; yet think him impertinent when he offers to talk of any thing else. What shall I do with a man that always believes me? It is a strange thing, this distance in men of sense! Why do they not always urge their fate? If we are sincere in our severity, you lose nothing by attempting. If we are hypocrites, you certainly succeed.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JULY 21.

BEFORE I withdraw from business for the night, it is my custom to receive all addresses to me, that others may go

to reſt as well as myſelf, at leaſt as far as I can contribute to it. When I called to know if any would ſpeak with me, I was informed that Mr. Mills, the player, deſired to be admitted. He was ſo; and with much modeſty acquainted me, as he did other people of note, that Hamlet was to be acted on Wedneſday next for his benefit. I had long wanted to ſpeak with this perſon; becauſe I thought I could admoniſh him of many things, which would tend to his improvement. In the general I obſerved to him, that though action was his buſineſs, the way to that action was not to ſtudy geſture; for the behaviour would follow the ſentiments of the mind.

Action to the player, is what ſpeech is to an orator. If the matter be well conceived, words will flow with eaſe: and if the actor is well poſſeſſed of the nature of his part, a proper action will neceſſarily follow. He informed me, that Wilks was to act Hamlet: I deſired him to requeſt of him in my name, that he would wholly forget Mr. Betterton; for that he failed in no part of Othello, but where he had him in view. An actor's forming himſelf by the carriage of another, is like the trick among the widows, who lament their huſbands as their neighbours did theirs, and not according to their own ſentiments of the deceaſed.

There is a fault alſo in the audience, which interrupts their ſatisfaction very much; that is, the figuring to themſelves the actor in ſome part wherein they formerly particularly liked him, and not attending to the part he is at that time performing. Thus, whatever Wilks, who is the ſtricteſt follower of nature, is acting, the vulgar ſpectators turn their thoughts upon Sir Harry Wildair. When I had indulged the loquacity of an old man for ſome time, in ſome looſe hints, I took my leave of Mr. Mills; and was told, Mr. Elliot of Saint James's Coffee-houſe would ſpeak with me. His buſineſs was to deſire I would, as I am an aſtrologer, let him know before-hand, who were to have the benefit tickets in the enſuing lottery; which knowledge he was of opinion he could turn to great account, as he was concerned in news.

I granted his requeſt, upon an oath of ſecrecy, that he would only make his own uſe of it, and not let it be publicly known until after they were drawn. I had not done ſpeaking, when he produced me a plan which he had formed of keeping books, with the names of all ſuch adventurers, and the numbers of their tickets, as ſhould come to him; in order to give an hourly account of what tickets ſhall come up during the whole time of the lottery, the drawing of which is to begin on Wedneſday next. I liked his method of diſguiſing the ſecret I had told him; and pronounced him a thriving man, who could ſo well watch the motions of things, and profit by a prevailing humour and impatience ſo aptly, as to make his honeſt induſtry agreeable to his cuſtomers, as it is to be the meſſenger of their good fortune.

ADVERTISEMENT.

FROM THE TRUMPET IN SHEER-LANE, JULY 20.

ORDERED, that for the improvement of the pleaſures of ſociety, a member of this houſe, one of the moſt wakeful of the Soporific aſſembly beyond Smithfield Bars, and one of the order of Story-tellers in Holborn, may meet and exchange ſtale matter, and report the ſame to their principals.

N. B. No man is to tell above one ſtory in the ſame evening; but has liberty to tell the ſame the night following.

Mr. Bickerſtaff deſires his love-correſpondents to vary the names they ſhall aſſume in their future letters; for that he is overſtocked with Philanders.

Nº CCII. TUESDAY, JULY 25, 1710.

——————EST HIC,
EST ULUBRIS, ANIMUS SI TE NON DEFICIT ÆQUUS.
HOR. EP. II. LIB. I. VER. ULT.

TRUE HAPPINESS IS TO NO SPOT CONFIN'D;
IF YOU PRESERVE A FIRM AND CONSTANT MIND,
'TIS HERE, 'TIS EVERY WHERE——————
R. WYNNE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JULY 24.

THIS afternoon I went to visit a gentleman of my acquaintance at Mile-End; and passing through Stepney church-yard, I could not forbear entertaining myself with the inscriptions on the tombs and graves. Among others, I observed one with this notable memorial:

'Here lies the body of T. B.'

This fantastical desire of being remembered only by the two first letters of a name, led me into the contemplation of the vanity and imperfect attainments of Ambition in general. When I ran back in my imagination all the men whom I have ever known and conversed with in my whole life, there are but very few who have not used their faculties in the pursuit of what it is impossible to acquire; or left the possession of what they might have been, at their setting out, masters, to search for it where it was out of their reach. In this thought it was not possible to forget the instance of Pyrrhus, who proposing to himself in discourse with a philosopher, one, and another, and another conquest, was asked, what he would do after all that? 'Then,' says the king, 'we will make 'merry.' He was well answered—'What hinders your doing that in the 'condition you are already?' The restless desire of exerting themselves above the common level of mankind is not to be resisted in some tempers; and minds of this make may be observed in every condition of life. Where such men do not make to themselves, or meet with employment, the soil of their constitution runs into tares and weeds. An old friend of mine, who lost a major's post forty years ago, and quitted, has ever since studied maps, encampments, retreats, and countermarches; with no other design but to feed his spleen and ill-humour, and furnish himself with matter for arguing against all the successful actions of others. He that, at his first setting out in the world, was the gayest man in our regiment; ventured his life with alacrity, and enjoyed it with satisfaction; encouraged men below him, and was courted by men above him; has been ever since the most froward creature breathing. His warm complexion spends itself now only in a general spirit of contradiction; for which he watches all occasions, and is in his conversation still upon centry, treats all men like enemies, with every other impertinence of a speculative warrior.

He, that observes in himself this natural inquietude, should take all imaginable care to put his mind in some method of gratification; or he will soon find himself grow into the condition of this disappointed major. Instead of courting proper occasions to rise above others, he will be ever studious of pulling others down to him: it being the common refuge of disappointed ambition, to ease themselves by detraction. It would be no great argument against ambition, that there are such mortal things in the disappointment of it; but it certainly is a forcible exception, that there can be no solid happiness in the success of it. If we value popular praise, it is in the power of the meanest of the people to disturb us by calumny. If the fame of being happy, we cannot look into a village, but we see crowds in actual possession of what we seek only the appearance. To this may be added, that there is I know not what malignity in the minds of ordinary men, to oppose you in what they see you fond of; and it is a certain exception against a man's receiving applause, that he visibly courts it. However, this is not only the passion of great and undertaking spirits; but

but you see it in the lives of such as, one would believe, were far enough removed from the ways of Ambition. The rural Esquires of this nation even eat and drink out of vanity. A vain-glorious Fox-hunter shall entertain half a county, for the ostentation of his beef and beer, without the least affection for any of the crowd about him. He feeds them, because he thinks it a superiority over them that he does so; and they devour him, because they know he treats them out of insolence. This indeed is Ambition in grotesque; but may figure to us the condition of politer men, whose only pursuit is glory. When the superior acts out of a principle of vanity, the dependant will be sure to allow it him; because he knows it destructive of the very applause which is courted by the man who favours him, and consequently makes him nearer himself.

But as every man living has more or less of this incentive, which makes men impatient of an unactive condition, and urges men to attempt what may tend to their reputation; it is absolutely necessary they should form to themselves an Ambition, which is in every man's power to gratify. This Ambition would be independent, and would consist only in acting what, to a man's own mind, appears most great and laudable. It is a pursuit in the power of every man, and is only a regular prosecution of what he himself approves. It is what can be interrupted by no outward accidents; for no man can be robbed of his good intention. One of our society of the Trumpet therefore started last night a notion, which I thought had reason in it. 'It is, methinks,' said he, 'an unreasonable thing, that heroic virtue 'should, as it seems to be at present, 'be confined to a certain order of men, 'and be attainable by none but those 'whom Fortune has elevated to the 'most conspicuous stations.' I would have every thing to be esteemed as heroic, which is great and uncommon in the circumstances of the man who performs it. Thus there would be no virtue in human life, which every one of the species would not have a pretence to arrive at, and an ardency to exert. Since Fortune is not in our power, let us be as little as possible in hers. Why should it be necessary that a man should be rich, to be generous? If we measured by the quality and not the quantity of things, the particulars which accompany an action is what should denominate it mean or great. The highest station of human life is to be attained by each man that pretends to it: for every man can be as valiant, as generous, as wise, and as merciful, as the faculties and opportunities which he has from Heaven and Fortune will permit. He that can say to himself—'I do as much good, and am 'as virtuous as my most earnest endea-'vours will allow me,' whatever is his station in the world, is to see himself possessed of the highest honour. If Ambition is not thus turned, it is no other than a continual succession of anxiety and vexation. But when it has this cast, it invigorates the mind; and the consciousness of it's own worth is a reward, which it is not in the power of envy, reproach, or detraction, to take from it. Thus the seat of solid honour is in a man's own bosom; and no one can want support who is in possession of an honest conscience, but he who would suffer the reproaches of it for other greatness.

P. S. I was going on in my philosophy, when notice was brought me, that there was a great crowd in my anti-chamber, who expected audience. When they were admitted, I found they all met at my lodgings, each coming upon the same errand, to know whether they were of the fortunate in the lottery, which is now ready to be drawn. I was much at a loss how to extricate myself from their importunity; but observing the assembly made up of both sexes, I signified to them, that in this case it would appear Fortune is not blind, for all the lots would fall upon the wisest and the fairest. This gave so general a satisfaction, that the room was soon emptied, and the company retired with the best air, and the most pleasing grace, I had any where observed. Mr. Elliot of Saint James's Coffee-house now stood alone before me, and signified to me, he had now not only prepared his books, but had received a very great subscription already. His design was to advertise his subscribers at their respective places of abode, within an hour after their number is drawn, whether it was a blank or benefit, if the adventurer lives within the bills of mortality; if he dwells in the country, by the next post. I encouraged the man in his industry, and told him the ready path to good fortune was to believe there was no such thing.

Nº CCIII. THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1710.

UT TU FORTUNAM, SIC NOS TE, CELSE, FEREMUS.
HOR. EP. S. LIB. I. VER. ULT.

AS CELSUS BEARS HIS HAPPY LOT, HIS FRIENDS
WILL BEAR HIS CHANGE OF FORTUNE.——

R. WYNNE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JULY 26.

IT is natural for the imaginations of men, who lead their lives in too ſolitary a manner, to prey upon themſelves, and form from their own conceptions, beings and things which have no place in nature. This often makes an adept as much at a loſs, when he comes into the world, as a mere ſavage. To avoid therefore that ineptitude for ſociety, which is frequently the fault of us ſcholars, and has, to men of underſtanding and breeding, ſomething much more ſhocking and untractable than ruſticity itſelf; I take care to viſit all public ſolemnities, and go into aſſemblies as often as my ſtudies will permit. This being therefore the firſt day of the drawing of the lottery, I did not neglect ſpending a conſiderable time in the crowd: but as much a philoſopher as I pretend to be, I could not but look with a ſort of veneration upon the two boys who received the tickets from the wheels, as the impartial and equal diſpenſers of the fortunes which were to be diſtributed among the crowd, who all ſtood expecting the ſame chance. It ſeems at firſt thought very wonderful, that one paſſion ſhould ſo univerſally have the pre-eminence of another in the poſſeſſion of mens minds, as that in this caſe all in general have a ſecret hope of the great ticket: and yet fear in another inſtance, as in going into a battle, ſhall have ſo little influence, as that, though each man believes there will be many thouſands ſlain, each is confident he himſelf ſhall eſcape. This certainly proceeds from our vanity; for every man ſees abundance in himſelf that deſerves reward, and nothing which ſhould meet with mortification. But of all the adventurers that filled the hall, there was one who ſtood by me, who I could not but fancy expected the thouſand pounds *per annum*, as a mere juſtice to his parts and induſtry. He had his pencil and table-book; and was, at the drawing of each lot, counting how much a man with ſeven tickets was now nearer the greater prize, by the ſtriking out another and another competitor. This man was of the moſt particular conſtitution I had ever obſerved; his paſſions were ſo active, that he worked in the utmoſt ſtretch of hope and fear. When one rival fell before him, you might ſee a ſhort gleam of triumph in his countenance; which immediately vaniſhed at the approach of another. What added to the particularity of this man was, that he every moment caſt a look either upon the commiſſioners, the wheels, or the boys. I gently whiſpered him, and aſked, when he thought the thouſand pounds would come up? 'Pugh!' ſays he, 'who knows that?' And then looks upon a little liſt of his own tickets, which were pretty high in their numbers, and ſaid it would not come this ten days. The fellow will have a good chance, though not that which he has put his heart on. The man is mechanically turned, and made for getting. The ſimplicity and eagerneſs which he is in argues an attention to his point; though what he is labouring at does not in the leaſt contribute to it. Were it not for ſuch honeſt fellows as theſe, the men who govern the reſt of their ſpecies would have no tools to work with: for the outward ſhow of the world is carried on by ſuch as cannot find out that they are doing nothing. I left my man with great reluctance, ſeeing the care he took to obſerve the whole conduct of the perſons concerned, and compute the inequality of the chances with his own hands and eyes. 'Dear Sir,' ſaid I, 'they muſt riſe early that cheat you.' —'Aye,' ſaid he, 'there is nothing 'like a man's minding his buſineſs him-'ſelf.'—'It is very true,' ſaid I, 'the 'maſter's eye makes the fat horſe.'

As much the greater number are to go without prizes, it is but very expedient

dient to turn our lecture, to the forming juſt ſentiments on the ſubject of Fortune. One ſaid this morning, that the chief lot, he was confident, would fall upon ſome puppy; but this gentleman is one of thoſe wrong tempers, who approve only the unhappy, and have a natural prejudice to the fortunate. But as it is certain, that there is a great meanneſs in being attached to a man purely for his Fortune; there is no leſs a meanneſs in diſliking him for his happineſs. It is the ſame perverſeneſs under different colours; and both theſe reſentments ariſe from mere pride.

True greatneſs of mind conſiſts in valuing men apart from their circumſtances, or according to their behaviour in them. Wealth is a diſtinction only in traffic; but it muſt not be allowed as a recommendation in any other particular, but only juſt as it is applied. It was very prettily ſaid, that we may learn the little value of Fortune by the perſons, on whom Heaven is pleaſed to beſtow it. However, there is not a harder part in human life, than becoming wealth and greatneſs. He muſt be very well ſtocked with merit, who is not willing to draw ſome ſuperiority over his friends from his Fortune; for it is not every man that can entertain with the air of a gueſt, and do good offices with the mien of one that receives them.

I muſt confeſs, I cannot conceive how a man can place himſelf in a figure wherein he can ſo much enjoy his own ſoul, and, that greateſt of pleaſures, the juſt approbation of his own actions, as an adventurer on this occaſion, to ſit and ſee the lots go off without hope or fear; perfectly unconcerned as to himſelf, but taking part in the good Fortune of others.

I will believe there are happy tempers in being, to whom all the good that arrives to any of their fellow-creatures gives a pleaſure. Theſe live in a courſe of ſubſtantial and laſting happineſs, and have the ſatisfaction to ſee all men endeavour to gratify them. This ſtate of mind not only lets a man into certain enjoyments, but relieves him from as certain anxieties. If you will not rejoice with happy men, you muſt repine at them. Dick Reptile alluded to this when he ſaid, he would hate no man out of pure idleneſs. As for my own part, I look at Fortune quite in another view than the reſt of the world; and, by my knowledge in futurity, tremble at the approaching prize, which I ſee coming to a young lady for whom I have much tenderneſs; and have therefore writ her the following letter, to be ſent by Mr. Elliot, with the notice of her ticket.

MADAM,

YOU receive, at the inſtant this comes to your hands, an account of your having, what you only wanted, Fortune; and to admoniſh you, that you may not now want every thing elſe. You had yeſterday wit, virtue, beauty; but you never heard of them until to-day. They ſay Fortune is blind; but you will find ſhe has opened the eyes of all your beholders. I beſeech you, Madam, make uſe of the advantages of having been educated without flattery. If you can ſtill be Chloe, Fortune has indeed been kind to you; if you are altered, ſhe has it not in her power to give you an equivalent.

GRECIAN COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY 26.

SOME time ago a virtuoſi, my very good friend, ſent me a plan of a covered ſummer-houſe; which a little after was rallied by another of my correſpondents. I cannot therefore defer giving him an opportunity of making his defence to the learned, in his own words.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

SIR, JULY 15, 1710.

I Have been this ſummer upon a ramble, to viſit ſeveral friends and relations; which is the reaſon I have left you, and our ingenious unknown-friend of South Wales, ſo long in your error concerning the graſs-plots in my Greenhouſe. I will not give you the particulars of my gardener's conduct in the management of my covered garden; but content myſelf with letting you know, that my little fields within doors, though by their novelty they appear too extravagant to you to ſubſiſt even in a regular imagination, are in effect things that require no conjuration. Your correſpondent may depend upon it, that under a laſhed roof, which lets in the ſun at all times, and the air as often as is convenient, he may have graſs-plots in

the greateſt perfection, if he will be at the pains to water, mow, and roll them. Graſs and herbs in general, the leſs they are expoſed to the ſun and winds, the livelier is their verdure. They require only warmth and moiſture; and if you were to ſee my plots, your eye would ſoon confeſs, that the bowling-green at Marybone wears not half ſo bright a livery.

The motto, with which the gentleman has been pleaſed to furniſh you, is ſo very proper, and pleaſes me ſo well, that I deſign to have it ſet upon the front of my Green-houſe in letters of gold. I am, Sir, &c.

Nº CCIV. SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1710.

GAUDENT PRÆNOMINE MOLLES
AURICULÆ——— HOR. SAT. 5. LIB. 2. VER. 32.

——HE WITH RAPTURE HEARS
A TITLE TINGLING IN HIS TENDER EARS. FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JULY 28.

MANY are the inconveniencies which happen from the improper manner of addreſs in common ſpeech, between perſons of the ſame or of different quality. Among theſe errors, there is none greater than that of the impertinent uſe of Title, and a paraphraſtical way of ſaying, You. I had the curioſity the other day to follow a crowd of people near Billingſgate, who were conducting a paſſionate woman that ſold fiſh to a magiſtrate, in order to explain ſome words, which were ill taken by one of her own quality and profeſſion in the public market. When ſhe came to make her defence, ſhe was ſo very full of, His Worſhip, and of, If it ſhould pleaſe his Honour, that we could, for ſome time, hardly hear any other apology ſhe made for herſelf, than that of atoning for the ill language ſhe had been accuſed of towards her neighbour, by the great civilities ſhe paid to her judge. But this extravagance in her ſenſe of doing honour was no more to be wondered at, than that her many rings on each finger were worn as inſtances of finery and dreſs. The vulgar may thus heap and huddle terms of reſpect, and nothing better be expected from them; but for people of rank to repeat appellatives inſignificantly, is a folly not to be endured, neither with regard to our time, or our underſtanding. It is below the dignity of ſpeech to extend it with more words or phraſes, than are neceſſary to explain ourſelves with elegance: and it is, methinks, an inſtance of ignorance, if not of ſervitude, to be redundant in ſuch expreſſions.

I waited upon a man of quality ſome mornings ago: he happened to be dreſſing; and his ſhoemaker fitting him, told him, that if his Lordſhip would pleaſe to tread hard, or that if his Lordſhip would ſtamp a little, his Lordſhip would find his Lordſhip's ſhoe will fit as eaſy any piece of work his Lordſhip ſhould ſee in England. As ſoon as my Lord was dreſſed, a gentleman approached him with a very good air, and told him, he had an affair which had long depended in the lower courts; which, through the inadvertency of his anceſtors on the one ſide, and the ill arts of their adverſaries on the other, could not poſſibly be ſettled according to the rules of the lower courts; that, therefore, he deſigned to bring his cauſe before the Houſe of Lords next ſeſſion, where he ſhould be glad if his Lordſhip ſhould happen to be preſent: for he doubted not but his cauſe would be approved by all men of juſtice and honour. In this place the word Lordſhip was gracefully inſerted; becauſe it was applied to him in that circumſtance wherein his quality was the occaſion of the diſcourſe, and wherein it was moſt uſeful to the one, and moſt honourable to the other.

This way is ſo far from being diſreſpectful to the honour of nobles, that it is an expedient for uſing them with greater deference. I would not put Lordſhip to a man's hat, gloves, wig, or cane; but to deſire his Lordſhip's favour, his Lordſhip's judgment, or his Lordſhip's patronage, is a manner of ſpeaking which expreſſes an alliance between his quality and his merit. It is this knowledge which diſtinguiſhed the diſcourſe of the ſhoe-maker from that

that of the gentleman. The higheſt point of good-breeding, if any one can hit it, is to ſhew a very nice regard to your own dignity, and, with that in your heart, expreſs your value for the man above you.

But the ſilly humour to the contrary has ſo much prevailed, that the ſlaviſh addition of Title enervates diſcourſe, and renders the application of it almoſt ridiculous. We writers of diurnals are nearer in our ſtyle to that of common talk than any other writers, by which means we uſe words of reſpect ſometimes very unfortunately. The Poſtman, who is one of the moſt celebrated of our fraternity, fell into this misfortune yeſterday in his paragraph from Berlin of the twenty-ſixth of July. 'Count Wartembourg,' ſays he, 'great 'chamberlain and chief miniſter of 'this court, who on Monday laſt ac-'companied the King of Pruſſia to 'Oranienburg, was taken ſo very ill, 'that on Wedneſday his life was de-'ſpaired of; and we had a report that 'his Excellency was dead.'

I humbly preſume that it flattens the narration, to ſay his Excellency in a caſe which is common to all men; except you would infer what is not to be inferred, to wit, that the author deſigned to ſay, all wherein he excelled others was departed from him.

Were diſtinctions uſed according to the rules of reaſon and ſenſe, thoſe additions to men's names would be, as they were firſt intended, ſignificant of their worth, and not their perſons; ſo that in ſome caſes it might be proper to ſay—'The man is dead; but his Ex-'cellency will never die.' It is, methinks, very unjuſt to laugh at a Quaker, becauſe he has taken up a reſolution to treat you with a word, the moſt expreſſive of complaiſance that can be thought of, and with an air of good-nature and charity calls you Friend. I ſay, it is very unjuſt to rally him for this term to a ſtranger, when you yourſelves, in all your phraſes of diſtinction, confound phraſes of honour into no uſe at all.

Tom Courtly, who is the pink of courteſy, is an inſtance of how little moment an undiſtinguiſhing application of ſounds of honour are to thoſe who underſtand themſelves. Tom never fails of paying his obeiſance to every man he ſees, who has title or office to make him conſpicuous; but his deference is wholly given to outward conſiderations. I, who know him, can tell within half an acre how much land one man has more than another by Tom's bow to him. Title is all he knows of honour, and civility of friendſhip: for this reaſon, becauſe he cares for no man living, he is religiouſly ſtrict in performing what he calls his reſpects to you. To this end he is very learned in pedigree; and will abate ſomething in the ceremony of his approaches to a man, if he is in any doubt about the bearing of his coat of arms. What is the moſt pleaſant of all his character is, that he acts with a ſort of integrity in theſe impertinences; and though he would not do any ſolid kindneſs, he is wonderfully juſt and careful not to wrong his quality. But as integrity is very ſcarce in the world, I cannot forbear having reſpect for the impertinent: it is ſome virtue to be bound by any thing. Tom and I are upon very good terms for the reſpect he has for the houſe of Bickerſtaff. Though one cannot but laugh at his ſerious conſideration of things ſo little eſſential, one muſt have a value even for a frivolous good conſcience.

N° CCV. TUESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1710.

Νηπιοι, οδ' ισασιν οσω πλειον ημισυ παντος
Και οσον εν μαλαχη τε και ασφοδελω μεγ' ονειαρ.
HESIOD. ET OPER. DIER. VER. 40.

FOOLS! NOT TO KNOW HOW FAR AN HUMBLE LOT
EXCEEDS ABUNDANCE BY INJUSTICE GOT;
HOW HEALTH AND TEMPERANCE BLESS THE RUSTIC SWAIN,
WHILE LUXURY DESTROYS HER PAMPER'D TRAIN. R. WYNNE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JULY 31.

NATURE has implanted in us two very ſtrong deſires, Hunger for the preſervation of the individual, and Luſt for the ſupport of the ſpecies; or, to ſpeak more intelligibly, the former to continue our own perſons, and the latter to introduce others into the world.

According as men behave themſelves with regard to theſe appetites, they are above or below the beaſts of the field, which are incited by them without choice or reflection. But reaſonable creatures correct theſe incentives, and improve them into elegant motives of friendſhip and ſociety. It is chiefly from this homely foundation that we are under the neceſſity of ſeeking for the agreeable companion, and the honourable miſtreſs. By this cultivation of art and reaſon, our wants are made pleaſures, and the gratification of our deſires, under proper reſtrictions, a work no way below our nobleſt faculties. The wiſeſt man may maintain his character, and yet conſider in what manner he ſhall beſt entertain his friend, or divert his miſtreſs: nay, it is ſo far from being a derogation to him, that he can in no other inſtances ſhew ſo true a taſte of his life or his fortune. What concerns one of the above-mentioned appetites, as it is elevated into love, I ſhall have abundant occaſion to diſcourſe of, before I have provided for the numberleſs crowd of damſels I have propoſed to take care of. The ſubject therefore of the preſent paper ſhall be that part of ſociety, which owes it's beginning to the common neceſſity of Hunger. When this is conſidered as the ſupport of our being, we may take in under the ſame head Thirſt alſo; otherwiſe when we are purſuing the glutton, the drunkard may make his eſcape. The true choice of our diet, and our companions at it, ſeems to conſiſt in that which contributes moſt to chearfulneſs and refreſhment: and theſe certainly are beſt conſulted by ſimplicity in the food, and ſincerity in the company. By this rule are, in the firſt place, excluded from pretence to happineſs all meals of ſtate and ceremony, which are performed in dumb ſhow, and greedy ſullenneſs. At the boards of the great, they ſay, you ſhall have a number attending with as good habits and countenances as the gueſts, which only circumſtance muſt deſtroy the whole pleaſure of the repaſt: for if ſuch attendants are introduced for the dignity of their appearance, modeſt minds are ſhocked by conſidering them as ſpectators; or elſe look upon them as equals, for whoſe ſervitude they are in a kind of ſuffering. It may be here added, that the ſumptuous ſide-board, to an ingenious eye, has often more the air of an altar than a table. The next abſurd way of enjoying ourſelves at meals is, where the bottle is plied without being called for, where humour takes place of appetite, and the good company are too dull, or too merry, to know any enjoyment in their ſenſes.

Though this part of time is abſolutely neceſſary to ſuſtain life, it muſt be alſo conſidered, that life itſelf is to the endleſs being of man but what a meal is to this life, not valuable for itſelf, but for the purpoſes of it. If there be any truth in this, the expence of many hours this way is ſomewhat unaccountable: and placing much thought either in too great ſumptuouſneſs and elegance in this matter, or wallowing in noiſe and riot at it, are both, though not equally, unaccountable. I have often conſidered theſe different people with very great attention, and always ſpeak of them with the diſtinction of the Eaters and the Swallowers. The Eaters ſacrifice all their ſenſes and underſtanding to this appetite: the Swallowers hurry themſelves out of both, without pleaſing this or any other appetite at all. The latter are improved brutes, the former degenerated men. I have ſometimes thought it would not be improper to add to my dead and living men, perſons in an intermediate ſtate of humanity, under the appellation of Dozers. The Dozers are a ſect, who, inſtead of keeping their appetites in ſubjection, live in ſubjection to them; nay, they are ſo truly ſlaves to them, that they keep at too great a diſtance ever to come into their preſence. Within my own acquaintance, I know thoſe that I dare ſay have forgot that they ever were hungry, and are no leſs utter ſtrangers to thirſt and wearineſs; who are beholden to ſauces for their food, and to their food for their wearineſs.

I have often wondered, conſidering the excellent and choice ſpirits that we have among our divines, that they do not think of putting vicious habits into a more contemptible and unlovely figure, than they do at preſent. So many men of wit and ſpirit as there are in ſacred orders, have it in their power to make the faſhion of their ſide. The leaders in human ſociety are more effectually prevailed upon this way than can eaſily be imagined. I have more than one in my thoughts at this time, capable of doing this againſt all the oppoſition of the moſt

moſt witty, as well as the moſt voluptuous. There may poſſibly be more acceptable ſubjects; but ſure there are none more uſeful. It is viſible, that though men's fortunes, circumſtances, and pleaſures, give them prepoſſeſſions too ſtrong to regard any mention either of puniſhments or rewards, they will liſten to what makes them inconſiderable or mean in the imaginations of others, and by degrees in their own.

It is certain ſuch topics are to be touched upon, in the light we mean, only by men of the moſt conſummate prudence, as well as excellent wit: for theſe diſcourſes are to be made, if made to run into example, before ſuch as have their thoughts more intent upon the propriety than the reaſon of the diſcourſe. What indeed leads me into this way of thinking is, that the laſt thing I read was a ſermon of the learned Doctor South upon 'The Ways of Pleaſant-'neſs.' This admirable diſcourſe was made at court, where the preacher was too wiſe a man not to believe, the greateſt argument in that place againſt the pleaſures then in vogue, muſt be, that they loſt greater pleaſures by proſecuting the courſe they were in. The charming diſcourſe has in it whatever wit and wiſdom can put together. This gentleman has a talent of making all his faculties bear to the great end of his hallowed profeſſion. Happy genius! he is the better man for being a wit. The beſt way to praiſe this author is to quote him; and, I think, I may defy any man to ſay a greater thing of him, or his ability, than that there are no paragraphs in the whole diſcourſe I ſpeak of below theſe which follow.

After having recommended the ſatisfaction of the mind, and the pleaſure of conſcience, he proceeds:

'An ennobling property of it is, that 'it is ſuch a pleaſure as never ſatiates 'or wearies; for it properly affects the 'ſpirit; and a ſpirit feels no wearineſs, as 'being privileged from the cauſes of it. 'But can the Epicure ſay ſo of any of the 'pleaſures that he ſo much dotes upon? 'Do they not expire while they ſatisfy, 'and, after a few minutes refreſhment, 'determine in loathing and unquietneſs? 'How ſhort is the interval between a 'pleaſure and a burden? How undiſcernible the tranſition from one to the 'other? Pleaſure dwells no longer upon 'the appetite than the neceſſities of Nature, which are quickly and eaſily 'provided for; and then all that follows is a load and an oppreſſion. 'Every morſel to a ſatisfied hunger, is 'only a new labour to a tired digeſtion. 'Every draught to him that has quenched 'his thirſt, is but a further quenching 'of Nature, and a proviſion for rheum 'and diſeaſes, a drowning of the quick-'neſs and activity of the ſpirits.

'He that prolongs his meals, and ſacrifices his time, as well as his other 'conveniencies, to his luxury, how 'quickly does he outſit his pleaſure? 'And then, how is all the following 'time beſtowed upon ceremony and ſurfeit? until at length, after a long fatigue of eating and drinking, and 'babling, he concludes the great work 'of dining genteelly, and ſo makes a 'ſhift to riſe from table, that he may 'lie down upon his bed; where, after 'he has ſlept himſelf into ſome uſe of 'himſelf, by much ado he ſtaggers to 'his table again, and there acts over 'the ſame brutiſh ſcene: ſo that he 'paſſes his whole life in a dozed condition, between ſleeping and waking, 'with a kind of drowſineſs and confuſion upon his ſenſes, which, what 'pleaſure it can be, is hard to conceive. 'All that is of it dwells upon the tip 'of his tongue, and within the compaſs 'of his palate. A worthy prize for a 'man to purchaſe with the loſs of his 'time, his reaſon, and himſelf!'

N° CCVI. THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1710.

METIRI SE QUEMQUE SUO MODULO AC PEDE VERUM EST.
HOR. EP. 7. LIB. I. VER. ULT.

——ALL SHOULD BE CONFI'ND
WITHIN THE BOUNDS, WHICH NATURE HATH ASSIGN'D. FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, AUG. 2.

THE general purpoſes of men in the conduct of their lives, I mean with relation to this life only, end in gaining either the affection or the eſteem of thoſe with whom they converſe. Eſteem makes a man powerful in buſineſs, and affection deſirable in converſation; which is

is certainly the reason that very agreeable men fail of their point in the world, and those who are by no means such arrive at it with much ease. If it be visible in a man's carriage that he has a strong passion to please, no one is much at a loss how to keep measures with him; because there is always a balance in people's hand to make up with him, by giving him what he still wants in exchange for what you think fit to deny him. Such a person asks with diffidence, and ever leaves room for denial by that softness of his complexion. At the same time he himself is capable of denying nothing, even what he is not able to perform. The other sort of man who courts esteem, having a quite different view, has as different a behaviour; and acts as much by the dictates of his reason, as the other does by the impulse of his inclination. You must pay for every thing you have of him. He considers mankind as a people in commerce, and never gives out of himself what he is sure will not come in with interest from another. All his words and actions tend to the advancement of his reputation and of his fortune, towards which he makes hourly progress, because he lavishes no part of his goodwill upon such as do not make some advances to merit it. The man who values affection sometimes becomes popular; he who aims at esteem, seldom fails of growing rich.

Thus far we have looked at these different men, as persons who endeavoured to be valued and beloved from design or ambition; but they appear quite in another figure, when you observe the men who are agreeable and venerable from the force of their natural inclinations. We affect the company of him who has least regard of himself in his carriage, who throws himself into unguarded gaiety, voluntary mirth, and general good-humour; who has nothing in his head but the present hour, and seems to have all his interest and passions gratified, if every man else in the room is as unconcerned as himself. This man usually has no quality or character among his companions; let him be born of whom he will, have what great qualities he pleases; let him be capable of assuming for a moment what figure he pleases, he still dwells in the imagination of all who know him but as Jack Such-a-one. This makes Jack brighten up the room wherever he enters, and change the severity of the company into that gaiety and good-humour into which his conversation generally leads them. It is not unpleasant to observe even this sort of creature go out of his character, to check himself sometimes for his familiarities, and pretend so awkwardly at procuring to himself more esteem than he finds he meets with. I was the other day walking with Jack Gainly towards Lincoln's Inn Walks: we met a fellow who is a lower officer where Jack is in the direction. Jack cries to him—'So, how is it, Mr.——? He answers—'Mr. Cainly, I am glad 'to see you well.' This expression of equality gave my friend a pang, which appeared in the flush of his countenance. 'Pr'ythee, Jack,' says I, 'do not be 'angry at the man; for do what you 'will, the man can only love you; be 'contented with the image the man has 'of thee, for if thou aimest at any other, 'it must be hatred or contempt.' I went on, and told him—'Look you, 'Jack, I have heard thee sometimes talk 'like an oracle for half an hour, with 'the sentiments of a Roman, the closeness of a schoolman, and the integrity 'of a divine; but then, Jack, while I 'admired thee, it was upon topics which 'did not concern thyself; and where the 'greatness of the subject, added to thy 'being personally unconcerned in it, 'created all that was great in thy discourse.' I did not mind his being a little out of humour; but comforted him, by giving him several instances of men of our acquaintance, who had no one quality in any eminence, that were much more esteemed than he was with very many: but the thing is, if your character is to give pleasure, men will consider you only in that light, and not in those acts which turn to esteem and veneration.

When I think of Jack Gainly, I cannot but reflect also upon his sister Gatty: she is young, witty, pleasant, innocent. This is her natural character; but when she observes any one admired for what they call a fine woman, she is all the next day womanly, prudent, observing, and virtuous. She is every moment asked in her prudential behaviour, whether she is not well? Upon which she as often answers in a fret—'Do people 'think one must be always romping, 'always a Jackpudding?' I never fail to

to enquire of her, if my Lady Such-a-one, that awful beauty, was not at the play laſt night. She knows the connection between that queſtion and her change of humour, and ſays—'It would 'be very well if ſome people would 'examine into themſelves, as much as 'they do into others.' Or—'Sure 'there is nothing in the world ſo ridi-'culous as an amorous old man.'

As I was ſaying, there is a claſs which every man is in by his poſt in Nature, from which it is impoſſible for him to withdraw to another, and become it. Therefore it is neceſſary that each ſhould be contented with it, and not endeavour at any progreſs out of that track. To follow Nature is the only agreeable courſe, which is what I would fain inculcate to thoſe jarring companions, Flavia and Lucia. They are mother and daughter. Flavia, who is the mamma, has all the charms and deſires of youth ſtill about her, and not much turned of thirty: Lucia is blooming and amorous, and but a little above fifteen. The mother looks very much younger than ſhe is, the girl very much older. If it were poſſible to fix the girl to her ſick bed, and preſerve the portion, the uſe of which the mother partakes, the good widow Flavia would certainly do it. But for fear of Lucia's eſcape, the mother is forced to be conſtantly attended with a rival, that explains her age, and draws off the eyes of her admirers. The jeſt is, they can never be together in ſtrangers company, but Lucy is eternally reprimanded for ſomething very particular in her behaviour; for which ſhe has the malice to ſay, ſhe hopes ſhe ſhall always obey her parents. She carried her paſſion and jealouſy to that height the other day, that coming ſuddenly into the room, and ſurprizing Colonel Lofty ſpeaking rapture on one knee to her mother, ſhe clapped down by him, and aſked her bleſſing.

I do not know whether it is ſo proper to tell family occurrences of this nature; but we every day ſee the ſame thing happen in public converſation of the world. Men cannot be contented with what is laudable, but they muſt have all that is laudable. This affectation is what decoys the familiar man into pretences to take ſtate upon him, and the contrary character to the folly of aiming at being winning and complaiſant. But in theſe caſes men may eaſily lay aſide what they are, but can never arrive at what they are not.

As to the purſuits after affection and eſteem, the fair ſex are happy in this particular, that with them the one is much more nearly related to the other than in men. The love of a woman is inſeparable from ſome eſteem of her; and as ſhe is naturally the object of affection, the woman who has your eſteem has alſo ſome degree of your love. A man that dotes on a woman for her beauty, will whiſper his friend—'That 'creature has a great deal of wit when 'you are well acquainted with her.' And if you examine the bottom of your eſteem for a woman, you will find you have a greater opinion of her beauty than any body elſe. As to us men, I deſign to paſs moſt of my time with the facetious Harry Bickerſtaff; but William Bickerſtaff, the moſt prudent man of our family, ſhall be my executor.

N° CCVII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1710.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, AUG. 4.

HAVING yeſterday morning received a paper of Latin verſes, written with very much elegance in honour of theſe my papers, and being informed at the ſame time, that they were compoſed by a youth under age, I read them with much delight, as an inſtance of his improvement. There is not a greater pleaſure to old age, than ſeeing young people entertain themſelves in ſuch a manner as that we can partake of their enjoyments. On ſuch occaſions we flatter ourſelves, that we are not quite laid aſide in the world; but that we are either uſed with gratitude for what we were, or honoured for what we are. A well-inclined young man, and whoſe good-breeding is founded upon the principles of nature and virtue, muſt needs take delight in being agreeable to his elders, as we are truly delighted when we are not the jeſt of them. When I ſay this, I muſt confeſs I cannot but think it a very lamentable thing, that there

there should be a necessity for making that a rule of life, which should be, methinks, a mere instinct of nature. If reflection upon a man in poverty, whom we once knew in riches, is an argument of commiseration with generous minds; sure old age, which is a decay from that vigour which the young possess, and must certainly, if not prevented against their will, arrive at, should be more forcibly the object of that reverence, which honest spirits are inclined to, from a sense of being themselves liable to what they observe has already overtaken others.

My three nephews, whom, in June last was twelvemonth, I disposed of according to their several capacities and inclinations; the first to the university, the second to a merchant, and the third to a woman of quality as her page, by my invitation dined with me to-day. It is my custom often, when I have a mind to give myself a more than ordinary chearfulness, to invite a certain young gentlewoman of our neighbourhood to make one of the company. She did me that favour this day. The presence of a beautiful woman of honour, to minds which are not trivially disposed, displays an alacrity which is not to be communicated by any other object. It was not unpleasant to me, to look into her thoughts of the company she was in. She smiled at the party of pleasure I had thought of for her, which was composed of an old man and three boys. My scholar, my citizen, and myself, were very soon neglected; and the young courtier, by the bow he made to her at her entrance, engaged her observation without a rival. I observed the Oxonian not a little discomposed at this preference, while the trader kept his eye upon his uncle. My nephew Will had a thousand secret resolutions to break in upon the discourse of his younger brother, who gave my fair companion a full account of the fashion, and what was reckoned most becoming to this complexion, and what sort of habit appeared best upon the other shape. He proceeded to acquaint her, who of quality was well or sick within the bills of mortality, and named very familiarly all his lady's acquaintance, not forgetting her very words when he spoke of their characters. Besides all this, he had a road of flattery; and upon her enquiring, what sort of woman Lady Lovely was in her person—'Really, Ma-'dam,' says the jackanapes, 'she is 'exactly of your height and shape; but 'as you are fair, she is a brown wo-'man.' There was no enduring that this fop should outshine us all at this unmerciful rate; therefore I thought fit to talk to my young scholar concerning his studies; and because I would throw his learning into present service, I desired him to repeat to me the translation he had made of some tender verses in Theocritus. He did so, with an air of elegance peculiar to the college to which I sent him. I made some exceptions to the turn of the phrases; which he defended with much modesty, as believing in that place the matter was rather to consult the softness of a swain's passion, than the strength of his expressions. It soon appeared, that Will had outstripped his brother in the opinion of our young lady. A little poetry, to one who is bred a scholar, has the same effect that a good carriage of his person has on one who is to live in courts. The favour of women is so natural a passion, that I envied both the boys their success in the approbation of my guest; and I thought the only person invulnerable was my young trader. During the whole meal, I could observe in the chidren a mutual contempt and scorn of each other, arising from their different way of life and education, and took that occasion to advertise them of such growing distastes; which might mislead them in their future life, and disappoint their friends, as well as themselves, of the advantages, which might be expected from the diversity of their professions and interests.

The prejudices, which are growing up between these brothers from the different ways of education, are what create the most fatal misunderstandings in life. But all distinctions of disparagement, merely from our circumstances, are such as will not bear the examination of reason. The courtier, the trader, and the scholar, should all have an equal pretension to the denomination of a gentleman. That tradesman, who deals with me in a commodity which I do not understand, with uprightness, has much more right to that character, than the courtier that gives me false hopes, or the scholar who laughs at my ignorance.

The appellation of Gentleman is never to be affixed to a man's circumstances, but to his behaviour in them. For this reason

reason I shall ever, as far as I am able, give my nephews such impressions as shall make them value themselves rather as they are useful to others, than as they are conscious of merit in themselves. There are no qualities for which we ought to pretend to the esteem of others, but such as render us serviceable to them: for 'free men have no superiors 'but benefactors.' I was going on like a true old fellow to this purpose to my guests, when I received the following epistle:

SIR,

I Have yours, with notice of a benefit ticket of four hundred pounds per annum, both inclosed by Mr. Elliot, who had my numbers for that purpose. Your philosophic advice came very seasonably to me with that good fortune: but I must be so sincere with you as to acknowledge, I owe my present moderation more to my own folly than your wisdom. You will think this strange until I inform you, that I had fixed my thoughts upon the thousand pounds a year, and had, with that expectation, laid down so many agreeable plans for my behaviour towards my new lovers and old friends, that I have received this favour of fortune with an air of disappointment. This is interpreted, by all who know not the springs of my heart, as a wonderful piece of humility. I hope my present state of mind will grow into that; but I confess my conduct to be now owing to another cause. However, I know you will approve my taking hold even of imperfections to find my way towards virtue, which is so feeble in us at the best, that we are often beholden to our faults for the first appearances of it. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

CHLOE.

N° CCVIII. TUESDAY, AUGUST 8, 1710.

SI DIXERIS ÆSTUD, SUDAT——

JUV. SAT. 3. VER. 103.

——IF YOU COMPLAIN OF HEAT,
THEY RUB TH' UNSWEATING BROW, AND SWEAR THEY SWEAT.
DRYDEN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, AUG. 7.

AN old acquaintance, who met me this morning, seemed overjoyed to see me, and told me I looked as well as he had known me do these forty years; 'But,' continued he, 'not quite the 'man you were, when we visited together at Lady Brightly's. Oh! Isaac, 'those days are over. Do you think 'there are any such fine creatures now 'living, as we then conversed with?' He went on with a thousand incoherent circumstances, which, in his imagination, must needs please me; but they had the quite contrary effect. The flattery with which he began, in telling me how well I wore, was not disagreeable; but his indiscreet mention of a set of acquaintance we had outlived, recalled ten thousand things to my memory, which made me reflect upon my present condition with regret. Had he indeed been so kind as, after a long absence, to felicitate me upon an indolent and easy old age; and mentioned how much he and I had to thank for, who at our time of day could walk firmly, eat heartily, and converse chearfully, he had kept up my pleasure in myself. But of all mankind, there are none so shocking as these injudicious civil people. They ordinarily begin upon something, that they know must be a satisfaction; but then, for fear of the imputation of flattery, they follow it with the last thing in the world of which you would be reminded. It is this that perplexes civil persons. The reason that there is such a general outcry among us against flatterers is, that there are so very few good ones. It is the nicest art in this life, and is a part of eloquence which does not want the preparation that is necessary to all other parts of it, that your audience should be your well-wishers: for praise from an enemy is the most pleasing of all commendations.

It is generally to be observed, that the person most agreeable to a man for a constancy is he that has no shining qualities; but is a certain degree above

great imperfections; whom he can live with as his inferior, and who will either overlook, or not observe his little defects. Such an easy companion as this either now and then throws out a little flattery, or lets a man silently flatter himself in his superiority to him. If you take notice, there is hardly a rich man in the world, who has not such a led friend of small consideration, who is a darling for his insignificancy. It is a great ease to have one in our own shape a species below us, and who, without being listed in our service, is by nature of our retinue. These dependants are of excellent use on a rainy day, or when a man has not a mind to dress; or to exclude solitude, when one has neither a mind to that or to company. There are of this good-natured order, who are so kind as to divide themselves, and do these good offices to many. Five or six of them visit a whole quarter of the town, and exclude the spleen, without fees, from the families they frequent. If they do not prescribe physic, they can be company when you take it. Very great benefactors to the rich, or those whom they call People at their Ease, are your persons of no consequence. I have known some of them, by the help of a little cunning, make delicious flatterers. They know the course of the town, and the general characters of persons: by this means they will sometimes tell the most agreeable falshoods imaginable. They will acquaint you, that such a one of a quite contrary party said, that though you were engaged in different interests, yet he had the greatest respect for your good sense and address. When one of these has a little cunning, he passes his time in the utmost satisfaction to himself and his friends: for his position is, never to report or speak a displeasing thing to his friend. As for letting him go on in an error, he knows, advice against them is the office of persons of greater talents and less discretion.

The Latin word for a Flatterer, *Assentator*, implies no more than a person that barely consents; and indeed such a one, if a man were able to purchase or maintain him, cannot be bought too dear. Such a one never contradicts you; but gains upon you, not by a fulsome way of commending you in broad terms, but liking whatever you propose to utter; at the same time, is ready to beg your pardon, and gainsay you, if you chance to speak ill of yourself. An old lady is very seldom without such a companion as this, who can recite the names of all her lovers, and the matches refused by her in the days when she minded such vanities, as she is pleased to call them, though she so much approves the mention of them. It is to be noted, that a woman's flatterer is generally elder than herself; her years serving at once to recommend her patroness's age, and to add weight to her complaisance in all other particulars.

We gentlemen of small fortunes are extremely necessitous in this particular. I have indeed one who smokes with me often; but his parts are so low, that all the incense he does me is to fill his pipe with me, and to be out at just as many whiffs as I take. This is all the praise or assent that he is capable of; yet there are more hours when I would rather be in his company, than in that of the brightest man I know. It would be an hard matter to give an account of this inclination to be flattered; but if we go to the bottom of it, we shall find, that the pleasure in it is something like that of receiving money which lay out. Every man thinks he has an estate of reputation, and is glad to see one that will bring any of it home to him: it is no matter how dirty a bag it is conveyed to him in, or by how clownish a messenger, so the money be good. All that we want, to be pleased with flattery, is to believe, that the man is sincere who gives it us. It is by this one accident, that absurd creatures often outrun the most skilful in this art. Their want of ability is here an advantage; and their bluntness, as it is the seeming effect of sincerity, is the best cover to artifice.

Terence introduces a Flatterer talking to a coxcomb, whom he cheats out of a livelihood; and a third person on the stage makes on him this pleasant remark—'This fellow has an art of mak-'ing fools madmen.' The love of flattery is, indeed, sometimes the weakness of a great mind; but you see it also in persons, who otherwise discover no manner of relish of any thing above mere sensuality. These latter it sometimes improves; but always debases the former. A fool is in himself the object of pity, until he is flattered. By the force of

of that his ſtupidity is raiſed into affectation, and he becomes of dignity enough to be ridiculous. I remember a droll, that upon one's ſaying—'The 'times are ſo tickliſh, that there muſt 'great care be taken what one ſays in 'converſation;' anſwered with an air of ſurlineſs and honeſty—'If people 'will be free, let them be ſo in the man-'ner that I am, who never abuſe a man 'but to his face.' He had no reputation for ſaying dangerous truths; therefore, when it was repeated—'You abuſe 'a man but to his face?'—'Yes,' ſays he, 'I flatter him.'

It is indeed the greateſt of injuries to flatter any but the unhappy, or ſuch as are diſpleaſed with themſelves for ſome infirmity. In this latter caſe we have a member of our club, who, when Sir Jeffery falls aſleep, wakens him with ſnoring. This makes Sir Jeffery hold up for ſome moments the longer, to ſee there are men younger than himſelf among us, who are more lethargic than he is.

When flattery is practiſed upon any other conſideration, it is the moſt abject thing in nature; nay, I cannot think of any character below the Flatterer, except he that envies him. You meet with fellows, prepared to be as mean as poſſible in their condeſcenſions and expreſſions; but they want perſons and talents to riſe up to ſuch a baſeneſs. As a coxcomb is a fool of parts, ſo a Flatterer is a knave of parts.

The beſt of this order, that I know, is one who diſguiſes it under a ſpirit of contradiction or reproof. He told an errant driveler the other day, that he did not care for being in company with him, becauſe he heard he turned his abſent friends into ridicule. And upon Lady Autumn's diſputing with him about ſomething that happened at the Revolution, he replied with a very angry tone—'Pray, Madam, give me leave 'to know more of a thing in which I 'was actually concerned, than you who 'were then in your nurſe's arms.'

Nº CCIX. THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1710.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, AUG. 9.

A Noble painter, who has an ambition to draw a hiſtory piece, has deſired me to give him a ſubject, on which he may ſhew the utmoſt force of his art and genius. For this purpoſe, I have pitched upon that remarkable incident between Alexander the Great and his phyſician. This prince, in the midſt of his conqueſts in Perſia, was ſeized by a violent fever; and, according to the account we have of his vaſt mind, his thoughts were more employed about his recovery as it regarded the war, than as it concerned his own life. He profeſſed a ſlow method was worſe than death to him: becauſe it was, what he more dreaded, an interruption of his glory. He deſired a dangerous, ſo it might be a ſpeedy remedy. During this impatience of the king, it is well known that Darius had offered an immenſe ſum to any who ſhould take away his life. But Philippus, the moſt eſteemed and moſt knowing of his phyſicians, promiſed, that within three days time he would prepare a medicine for him, which ſhould reſtore him more expeditiouſly than could be imagined. Immediately after this engagement, Alexander receives a letter from the moſt conſiderable of his captains, with intelligence that Darius had bribed Philippus to poiſon him. Every circumſtance imaginable favoured this ſuſpicion; but this monarch, who did nothing but in an extraordinary manner, concealed the letter; and, while the medicine was preparing, ſpent all his thoughts upon his behaviour in this important incident From his long ſoliloquy, he came to this reſolution—'Alexander muſt not 'lie here alive to be oppreſſed by his 'enemy. I will not believe my phyſi-'cian guilty; or, I will periſh rather 'by his guilt, than my own diffidence.'

At the appointed hour, Philippus enters with the potion. One cannot but form to one's ſelf on this occaſion the encounter of their eyes, the reſolution in thoſe of the patient, and the benevolence in the countenance of the phyſician. The hero raiſed himſelf in his bed, and, holding the letter in one hand, and the potion in the other, drank the medicine. It will exerciſe my friend's pencil and brain to place this action in

it's proper beauty. A prince obſerving the features of a ſuſpected traitor, after having drank the poiſon he offered him, is a circumſtance ſo full of paſſion, that it will require the higheſt ſtrength of his imagination to conceive it, much more to expreſs it. But as painting is eloquence and poetry in mechaniſm, I ſhall raiſe his ideas, by reading with him the fineſt draughts of the paſſions concerned in this circumſtance, from the moſt excellent poets and orators. The confidence, which Alexander aſſumes from the air of Philippus's face as he is reading his accuſation, and the generous diſdain which is to riſe in the features of a falſly accuſed man, are principally to be regarded. In this particular he muſt heighten his thoughts, by reflecting that he is not drawing only an innocent man traduced, but a man zealouſly affected to his perſon and ſafety, full of reſentment for being thought falſe. How ſhall we contrive to expreſs the higheſt admiration, mingled with diſdain? How ſhall we in ſtrokes of a pencil ſay, what Philippus did to his prince on this occaſion?—'Sir, my life 'never depended on yours more than 'it does now. Without knowing this 'ſecret, I prepared the potion, which 'you have taken as what concerned Phi'lippus no leſs than Alexander; and 'there is nothing new in this adventure, 'but that it makes me ſtill more admire 'the generoſity and confidence of my 'maſter.' Alexander took him by the hand and ſaid—'Philippus, I am con'fident you had rather I had any other 'way to have manifeſted the faith I have 'in you, than a caſe which ſo nearly 'concerns me: and in gratitude I now 'aſſure you, I am anxious for the effect 'of your medicine, more for your ſake 'than my own.'

My painter is employed by a man of ſenſe and wealth to furniſh him a gallery; and I ſhall join with my friend in the deſigning part. It is the great uſe of pictures to raiſe in our minds either agreeable ideas of our abſent friends, or high images of eminent perſonages. But the latter deſign is, methinks, carried on in a very improper way; for to fill a room full of battle-pieces, pompous hiſtories of ſieges, and a tall hero alone in a crowd of inſignificant figures about him, is of no conſequence to private men. But to place before our eyes great and illuſtrious men in thoſe parts and circumſtances of life, wherein their behaviour may have an effect upon our minds; as being ſuch as we partake with them merely as they were men: ſuch as theſe, I ſay, may be juſt and uſeful ornaments of an elegant apartment. In this collection therefore that we are making, we will not have the battles, but the ſentiments of Alexander. The affair we were juſt now ſpeaking of has circumſtances of the higheſt nature; and yet their grandeur has little to do with his fortune. If, by obſerving ſuch a piece, as that of his taking a bowl of poiſon with ſo much magnanimity, a man, the next time he has a fit of the ſpleen, is leſs froward to his friend or his ſervants; thus far is ſome improvement.

I have frequently thought, that if we had many draughts which were hiſtorical of certain paſſions, and had the true figure of the great men we ſee tranſported by them, it would be of the moſt ſolid advantage imaginable. To conſider this mighty man on one occaſion, adminiſtering to the wants of a poor ſoldier benumbed with cold, with the greateſt humanity; at another, barbarouſly ſtabbing a faithful officer: at one time, ſo generouſly chaſte and virtuous as to give his captive Statira her liberty; at another, burning a town at the inſtigation of Thais. Theſe changes in the ſame perſon are what would be more beneficial leſſons of morality, than the ſeveral revolutions in any great man's fortune. There are but one or two in an age, to whom the pompous incidents of his life can be exemplary; but I, or any man, may be ſick, as good-natured, as compaſſionate, and as angry, as Alexander the Great. My purpoſe in all this chat is, that ſo excellent a furniture may not for the future have ſo romantic a turn, but allude to incidents which come within the fortunes of the ordinary race of men. I do not know but it is by the force of this ſenſeleſs cuſtom, that people are drawn in poſtures they would not for half they are worth be ſurpriſed in. The unparalleled fierceneſs of ſome rural Eſquires drawn in red, or in armour, who never dreamed to deſtroy any thing above a fox, is a common and ordinary offence of this kind. But I ſhall give an account of our whole gallery on another occaſion.

N° CCX. SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1710.

SHEER-LANE, AUGUST 11.

I Did myself the honour this day to make a visit to a lady of quality, who is one of those that are ever railing at the Vices of the age; but mean only one vice, because it is the only vice they are not guilty of. She went so far as to fall foul on a young woman, who has had imputations; but whether they were just or not, no one knows but herself. However that is, she is in her present behaviour modest, humble, pious, and discreet. I thought it became me to bring this censorious lady to reason, and let her see, she was a much more vicious woman than the person she spoke of.

'Madam,' said I, 'you are very severe to this poor young woman, for 'a trespass which I believe Heaven has 'forgiven her, and for which, you see, 'she is for ever out of countenance.'—'Nay, Mr. Bickerstaff,' she interrupted, 'if you at this time of day contradict people of Virtue, and stand up 'for ill women——' 'No, no, Madam,' said I, 'not so fast; she is reclaimed, 'and I fear you never will be. Nay, 'nay, Madam, do not be in a passion; 'but let me tell you what you are. You 'are indeed as good as your neighbours; 'but that is being very bad. You are 'a woman at the head of a family, and 'lead a perfect town-lady's life. You 'go on your own way, and consult nothing but your glass. What imperfections indeed you see there, you immediately mend as fast as you can. 'You may do the same by the faults I 'tell you of; for they are much more in 'your power to correct.

'You are to know then, that you visiting ladies, that carry your Virtue 'from house to house with so much 'prattle in each other's applause, and 'triumph over other people's faults, I 'grant you, have but the speculation 'of Vice in your own conversations; 'but promote the practice of it in all 'others you have to do with.

'As for you, Madam, your time 'passes away in dressing, eating, sleeping, and praying. When you rise in 'a morning, I grant you an hour spent 'very well; but you come out to dress 'in so froward an humour, that the 'poor girl, who attends you, curses her 'very being in that she is your servant, 'for the peevish things you say to her. 'When this poor creature is put into a 'way, that good or evil are regarded 'but as they relieve her from the hours 'she has and must pass with you; the 'next you have to do with is your coachman and footmen. They convey your 'ladyship to church. While you are 'praying there, they are cursing, swearing, and drinking in an ale-house. 'During the time also which your ladyship sets apart for Heaven, you are to 'know, that your cook is sweating and 'fretting in preparation for your dinner. Soon after your meal you make 'visits, and the whole world, that belongs to you, speak all the ill of you 'which you are repeating of others. 'You see, Madam, whatever way you 'go, all about you are in a very broad 'one. The morality of these people it 'is your proper business to enquire into; and until you reform them, you 'had best let your equals alone; otherwise, if I allow you, you are not vicious, you must allow me you are not 'virtuous.'

I took my leave, and received at my coming home the following letter.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

I Have lived a pure and undefiled virgin these twenty-seven years; and I assure you, it is with great grief and sorrow of heart I tell you, that I become weary and impatient of the derision of the gigglers of our sex; who call me old maid, and tell me, I shall lead apes. If you are truly a patron of the distressed, and an adept in astrology, you will advise whether I shall, or ought to be prevailed upon by the impertinencies of my own sex, to give way to the importunities of yours. I assure you, I am surrounded with both, though at present a forlorn. I am, &c.

I must defer my answer to this lady out of a point of chronology. She says, she has been twenty-seven years a maid; but I fear, according to a common error,

ror, she dates her virginity from her birth, which is a very erroneous method; for a woman of twenty is no more to be thought chaste so many years, than a man of that age can be said to have been so long valiant. We must not allow people the favour of a virtue, until they have been under the temptation to the contrary. A woman is not a maid until her birth-day, as we call it, of her fifteenth year. My plaintiff is therefore desired to inform me, whether she is at present in her twenty-eighth or forty-third year, and she shall be dispatched accordingly.

Nº CCXI. TUESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1710.

——NEQUEO MONSTRARE, ET SENTIO TANTUM.
JUV. SAT. 7. VER. 56.

WHAT I CAN FANCY, BUT CAN NE'ER EXPRESS. DRYDEN.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 13.

IF there were no other consequences of it, but barely that human creatures on this day assemble themselves before their Creator, without regard to their usual employments, their minds at leisure from the cares of this life, and their bodies adorned with the best-attire they can bestow on them; I say, were this mere outward celebration of a Sabbath all that is expected from men, even that were a laudable distinction, and a purpose worthy the human nature. But when there is added to it the sublime pleasure of Devotion, our being is exalted above itself; and he, who spends a seventh day in the contemplations of the next life, will not easily fall into the corruptions of this in the other six. They, who never admit thoughts of this kind into their imaginations, lose higher and sweeter satisfactions than can be raised by any other entertainment. The most illiterate man who is touched with Devotion, and uses frequent exercises of it, contracts a certain greatness of mind, mingled with a noble simplicity, that raises him above those of the same condition; and there is an indelible mark of goodness in those who sincerely possess it. It is hardly possible it should be otherwise; for the fervours of a pious mind will naturally contract such an earnestness and attention towards a better Being, as will make the ordinary passages of life go off with a becoming indifference. By this a man in the lowest condition will not appear mean, or in the most splendid fortune insolent.

As to all the intricacies and vicissitudes, under which men are ordinarily entangled with the utmost sorrow and passion, one who is devoted to Heaven, when he falls into such difficulties, is led by a clue through a labyrinth. As to this world, he does not pretend to skill in the mazes of it; but fixes his thoughts upon one certainty, that he shall soon be out of it. And we may ask very boldly, what can be a more sure consolation than to have an hope in death? When men are arrived at thinking of their very dissolution with pleasure, how few things are there that can be terrible to them? Certainly, nothing can be dreadful to such spirits, but what would make death terrible to them, falshood towards man, or impiety towards Heaven. To such as these, as there are certainly many such, the gratifications of innocent pleasures are doubled, even with reflections upon their imperfection. The disappointments, which naturally attend the great promises we make ourselves in expected enjoyments, strike no damp upon such men, but only quicken their hopes of soon knowing joys, which are too pure to admit of allay or satiety.

It is thought, among the politer sort of mankind, an imperfection to want a relish of any of those things which refine our lives. This is the foundation of the acceptance which eloquence, music, and poetry, make in the world; and I know not why Devotion, considered merely as an exaltation of our happiness, should not at least be so far regarded as to be considered. It is possible, the very enquiry would lead men into such thoughts and gratifications, as they did not expect to meet with in this place. Many a good acquaintance has been lost from a general prepossession in his disfavour, and a severe aspect has often

often hid under it a very agreeable companion.

There are no diſtinguiſhing qualities among men to which there are not falſe pretenders; but though none is more pretended to than that of Devotion, there are, perhaps, fewer ſucceſsful impoſtors in this kind than any other. There is ſomething ſo natively great and good in a perſon that is truly devout, that an aukward man may as well pretend to be genteel, as an hypocrite to be pious. The conſtraint in words and actions are equally viſible in both caſes; and any thing ſet up in their room does but remove the endeavours the farther off their pretenſions. But however the ſenſe of true Piety is abated, there is no other motive of action that can carry us through all the viciſſitudes of life with alacrity and reſolution. But Piety, like philoſophy, when it is ſuperficial, does but make men appear the worſe for it; and a principle that is but half received does but diſtract, inſtead of guiding our behaviour. When I reflect upon the unequal conduct of Lotius, I ſee many things that run directly counter to his intereſt; therefore I cannot attribute his labours for the public good to ambition. When I conſider his diſregard to his fortune, I cannot eſteem him covetous. How then can I reconcile his neglect of himſelf, and his zeal for others? I have long ſuſpected him to be a 'little 'pious:' but no man ever hid his vice with greater caution, than he does his virtue. It was the praiſe of a great Roman, that he had rather be, than appear, good. But ſuch is the weakneſs of Lotius, that I dare ſay, he had rather be eſteemed irreligious than devout. By I know not what impatience of raillery, he is wonderfully fearful of being thought too great a believer. A hundred little devices are made uſe of to hide a time of private Devotion; and he will allow you any ſuſpicion of his being ill employed, ſo you do not tax him with being well. But, alas! how mean is ſuch a behaviour? To boaſt of virtue is a moſt ridiculous way of diſappointing the merit of it, but not ſo pitiful as that of being aſhamed of it. How unhappy is the wretch, who makes the moſt abſolute and independent motive of action the cauſe of perplexity and inconſtancy? How different a figure does Cælicolo make with all who know him? His great and ſuperior mind, frequently exalted by the raptures of heavenly meditation, is to all his friends of the ſame uſe, as if an angel were to appear at the deciſion of their diſputes. They very well underſtand, he is as much diſintereſted and unbiaſſed as ſuch a being. He conſiders all applications made to him, as thoſe addreſſes will affect his own application to Heaven. All his determinations are delivered with a beautiful humility; and he pronounces his deciſions with the air of one who is more frequently a ſupplicant than a judge.

Thus humble, and thus great, is the man who is moved by Piety, and exalted by Devotion. But behold this recommended by the maſterly hand of a great divine I have heretofore made bold with.

'It is ſuch a pleaſure as can never 'cloy or overwork the mind; a delight that grows and improves under 'thought and reflection; and while it 'exerciſes, does alſo endear itſelf to the 'mind. All pleaſures that affect the 'body muſt needs weary, becauſe they 'tranſport; and all tranſportation is a 'violence; and no violence can be laſting; but determines upon the falling 'of the ſpirits, which are not able to 'keep up that height of motion that the 'pleaſure of the ſenſes raiſed them to. 'And therefore how inevitably does an 'immoderate laughter end in a ſigh, 'which is only Nature's recovering itſelf after a force done to it: but the 'religious pleaſure of a well-diſpoſed 'mind moves gently, and therefore 'conſtantly. It does not affect by rapture and extaſy, but is like the pleaſure of health, greater and ſtronger 'than thoſe that call up the ſenſes with groſſer and more affecting impreſſions. 'No man's body is as ſtrong as his appetites; but Heaven has corrected the 'boundleſſneſs of his voluptuous deſires by ſtinting his ſtrength, and contracting his capacities.—The pleaſure 'of the religious man is an eaſy and a 'portable pleaſure, ſuch an one as he 'carries about in his boſom, without 'alarming either the eye or the envy of 'the world. A man putting all his 'pleaſures into this one, is like a traveller putting all his goods into one 'jewel; the value is the ſame, and the 'convenience greater.'

Nº CCXII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1710.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, AUG. 16.

I Have had much importunity to answer the following letter:

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

READING over a volume of your's, I find the words *Simplex Munditiis* mentioned as a description of a very well-dressed woman. I beg of you, for the sake of the sex, to explain these terms. I cannot comprehend what my brother means, when he tells me they signify my own name, which is, Sir, your humble servant,

PLAIN ENGLISH.

I think the lady's brother has given us a very good idea of that elegant expression; it being the greatest beauty of speech to be close and intelligible. To this end, nothing is to be more carefully consulted than plainness. In a lady's attire this is the single excellence; for to be, what some people call, fine, is the same vice in that case, as to be florid is in writing or speaking. I have studied and writ on this important subject, until I almost despair of making a reformation in the females of this island; where we have more beauty than in any spot in the universe, if we did not disguise it by false garniture, and detract from it by impertinent improvements. I have by me a treatise concerning pinners, which, I have some hopes, will contribute to the amendment of the present head-dresses, to which I have solid and unanswerable objections. But most of the errors in that and other particulars of adorning the head, are crept into the world from the ignorance of modern tirewomen; for it is come to that pass, that an aukward creature in the first year of her apprenticeship, that can hardly stick a pin, shall take upon her to dress a woman of the first quality. However, it is certain, that there requires in a good tirewoman a perfect skill in optics; for all the force of ornament is to contribute to the intention of the eyes. Thus she, who has a mind to look killing, must arm her face accordingly, and not leave her eyes and cheeks undressed. There is Araminta, who is so sensible of this, that she never will see even her own husband without a hood on. Can any one living bear to see Miss Gruel, lean as she is, with her hair tied back after the modern way? But such is the folly of our ladies, that because one who is a beauty, out of ostentation of her being such, takes care to wear something that she knows cannot be of any consequence to her complexion; I say, our women run on so heedlessly in the fashion, that though it is the interest of some to hide as much of their faces as possible, yet because a leading toast appeared with a backward head-dress, the rest shall follow the mode, without observing that the author of the fashion assumed it, because it could become no one but herself.

Flavia is ever well dressed, and always the genteelest woman you meet: but the make of her mind very much contributes to the ornament of her body. She has the greatest simplicity of manners of any of her sex. This makes every thing look native about her; and her cloaths are so exactly fitted, that they appear, as it were, part of her person. Every one that sees her knows her to be of quality; but her distinction is owing to her manner, and not to her habit. Her beauty is full of attraction, but not of allurement. There is such a composure in her looks, and propriety in her dress, that you would think it impossible she should change the garb you one day see her in, for any thing so becoming, until you next day see her in another. There is no other mystery in this, but that however she is apparelled, she is herself the same: for there is so immediate a relation between our thoughts and gestures, that a woman must think well to look well.

But this weighty subject I must put off for some other matters, in which my correspondents are urgent for answers; which I shall do where I can, and appeal to the judgment of others where I cannot.

AUGUST 15, 1710.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

TAKING the air the other day on horseback in the green lane that leads to Southgate, I discovered coming towards me a person well mounted in a mask; and I accordingly expected, as any one would, to have been robbed. But when we came up with each other, the

the ſpark, to my greater ſurpriſe, very peaceably gave me the way; which made me take courage enough to aſk him if he maſqueraded, or how. He made me no anſwer, but ſtill continued incognito. This was certainly an aſs, in a lion's ſkin; a harmleſs bull-beggar, who delights to fright innocent people, and ſet them a galloping. I bethought myſelf of putting as good a jeſt upon him, and had turned my horſe with a deſign to purſue him to London, and get him apprehended, on ſuſpicion of being a highwayman: but when I reflected, that it was the proper office of the magiſtrate to puniſh only knaves, and that we had a Cenſor of Great Britain for people of another denomination, I immediately determined to proſecute him in your court only. This unjuſtifiable frolic I take to be neither wit nor humour, therefore hope you will do me, and as many others as were that day frighted, juſtice. I am, Sir, your friend and ſervant,

J. L.

SIR,

THE gentleman begs your pardon, and frighted you out of fear of frighting you; for he is juſt come out of the ſmall-pox.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

YOUR diſtinction concerning the time of commencing virgins is allowed to be juſt. I write you my thanks for it, in the twenty-eighth year of life, and twelfth of my virginity. But I am to aſk you another queſtion: may a woman be ſaid to live any more years a maid than ſhe continues to be courted?

I am, &c.

SIR, AUGUST 15, 1710.

I Obſerve that the Poſtman of Saturday laſt, giving an account of the action in Spain, has this elegant turn of expreſſion—'General Stanhope, who in 'the whole action expreſſed as much 'bravery as conduct, received a contuſion in his right ſhoulder.' I ſhould be glad to know whether this cautious politician means to commend or to rally him, by ſaying—'He expreſſed as much 'bravery as conduct?' If you can explain this dubious phraſe, it will inform the public, and oblige, Sir,

Your humble ſervant, &c.

Nº CCXIII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1710.

SHEER-LANE, AUGUST 18.

THERE has of late crept in among the downright Engliſh a mighty ſpirit of diſſimulation. But before we diſcourſe of this vice, it will be neceſſary to obſerve, that the learned make a difference between Simulation and Diſſimulation. Simulation is a pretence of what is not; and Diſſimulation is a concealment of what is. The latter is our preſent affair. When you look round you in public places in this iſland, you ſee the generality of mankind carry in their countenance an air of challenge or defiance; and there is no ſuch man to be found among us, who naturally ſtrives to do greater honours and civilities than he receives. This innate ſullenneſs or ſtubbornneſs of complexion is hardly to be conquered by any of our iſlanders. For which reaſon, however they may pretend to chouſe one another, they make but very aukward rogues; and their diſlike to each other is ſeldom ſo well diſſembled, but it is ſuſpected. When once it is ſo, it had as good be profeſſed. A man who diſſembles well muſt have none of what we call ſtomach, otherwiſe he will be cold in his profeſſions of good-will where he hates; an imperfection of the laſt ill conſequence in buſineſs. This fierceneſs in our natures is apparent from the conduct of our young fellows, who are not got into the ſchemes and arts of life which the children of the world walk by. One would think that, of courſe, when a man of any conſequence for his figure, his mien, or his gravity, paſſes by a youth, he ſhould certainly have the firſt advances of ſalutation; but he is, you may obſerve, treated in a quite different manner; it being the very characteriſtic of an Engliſh temper to defy. As I am an Engliſhman, I find it a very hard matter to bring myſelf to pull off the hat firſt; but it is the only way to be upon any good terms with thoſe we meet with. Therefore the firſt advance

is of high moment. Men judge of others by themſelves; and he that will command with us muſt condeſcend. It moves one's ſpleen very agreeably, to ſee fellows pretend to be diſſemblers without this leſſon. They are ſo reſervedly complaiſant until they have learned to reſign their natural paſſions, that all the ſteps they make towards gaining thoſe whom they would be well with, are but ſo many marks of what they really are, and not of what they would appear.

The rough Britons, when they pretend to be artful towards one another, are ridiculous enough; but when they ſet up for vices they have not, and diſſemble their good with an affectation of ill, they are inſupportable. I know two men in this town who make as good figures as any in it, that manage their credit ſo well as to be thought Atheiſts, and yet ſay their prayers morning and evening. Tom Springly, the other day, pretended to go to an aſſignment with a married woman at Roſamond's Pond, and was ſeen ſoon after reading the reſponſes with great gravity at ſix-a-clock prayers.

SHEER-LANE, AUG. 17.

THOUGH the following epiſtle bears a juſt accuſation of myſelf, yet in regard it is a more advantageous piece of juſtice to another, I inſert it at large.

GARRAWAY'S COFFEE-HOUSE, AUG. 10.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

I Have lately read your paper, wherein you repreſent a converſation between a young lady, your three nephews, and yourſelf; and am not a little offended at the figure you give your young merchant in the preſence of a beauty. The topic of love is a ſubject on which a man is more beholden to Nature for his eloquence, than to the inſtruction of the ſchools, or my lady's woman. From the latter your ſcholar and page muſt have reaped all their advantage above him. I know by this time you have pronounced me a trader. I acknowledge it; but cannot bear the excluſion from any pretence of ſpeaking agreeably to a fine woman, or from any degree of generoſity that way. You have among us citizens many well-wiſhers; but it is for the juſtice of your repreſentations, which we, perhaps, are better judges of than you (by the account you give of your nephew) ſeem to allow.

To give you an opportunity of making us ſome reparation, I deſire you would tell, your own way, the following inſtance of heroic love in the city. You are to remember, that ſomewhere in your writings, for enlarging the territories of virtue and honour, you have multiplied the opportunities of attaining to heroic virtue; and have hinted, that in whatever ſtate of life a man is, if he does things above what is ordinarily performed by men of his rank, he is in thoſe inſtances an hero.

Tom Trueman, a young gentleman of eighteen years of age, fell paſſionately in love with the beauteous Almira, daughter to his maſter. Her regard for him was no leſs tender. Trueman was better acquainted with his maſter's affairs than his daughter; and ſecretly lamented that each day brought him by many miſcarriages nearer bankruptcy than the former. This unhappy poſture of their affairs, the youth ſuſpected, was owing to the ill management of a factor, in whom his maſter had an entire confidence. Trueman took a proper occaſion, when his maſter was ruminating on his decaying fortune, to addreſs him for leave to ſpend the remainder of his time with his foreign correſpondent. During three years ſtay in that employment, he became acquainted with all that concerned his maſter, and by his great addreſs in the management of that knowledge ſaved him ten thouſand pounds. Soon after this accident, Trueman's uncle left him a conſiderable eſtate. Upon receiving that advice he returned to England, and demanded Almira of her father. The father, overjoyed at the match, offered him the ten thouſand pounds he had ſaved him, with the further propoſal of reſigning to him all his buſineſs. Trueman refuſed both; and retired into the country with his bride, contented with his own fortune, though perfectly ſkilled in the methods of improving it.

It is to be noted, that Trueman refuſed twenty thouſand pounds with another young lady; ſo that reckoning both his ſelf-denials, he is to have in your court the merit of having given thirty thouſand pounds for the woman he loved. This gentleman I claim your juſtice to; and hope you will be convinced

vinced that some of us have larger views than only Cash Debtor, per contra Creditor. Your's,

RICHARD TRAFFICK.

N. B. Mr. Thomas Trueman, of Lime Street, is entered among the heroes of domestic life.

CHARLES LILLIE.

Nº CCXIV. TUESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1710.

——SOLES ET APERTA SERENA
PROSPICERE, ET CERTIS POTERIS COGNOSCERE SIGNIS.
VIRG. GEORG. I. VER. 393.

——'TIS EASY TO DESCRY
RETURNING SUNS, AND A SERENE SKY. DRYDEN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, AUG. 21.

IN every party there are two sorts of men, the Rigid and the Supple. The Rigid are an intractable race of mortals, who act upon principle, and will not, forsooth, fall into any measures that are not consistent with their received notions of honour. These are persons of a stubborn unpliant morality; that suddenly adhere to their friends, when they are disgraced, and to their principles, though they are exploded. I shall therefore give up this stiff-necked generation to their own obstinacy, and turn my thoughts to the advantage of the Supple, who pay their homage to places, and not to persons; and, without enslaving themselves to any particular scheme of opinions, are as ready to change their conduct in point of sentiment as of fashion. The well-disciplined part of a court are generally so perfect at their exercise, that you may see a whole assembly, from front to rear, face about at once to a new man of power, though at the same time, they turn their backs upon him that brought them thither. The great hardship these complaisant members of society are under, seems to be the want of warning upon any approaching change or revolution; so that they are obliged in a hurry to tack about with every wind, and stop short in the midst of a full career, to the great surprize and derision of their beholders.

When a man foresees a decaying ministry, he has leisure to grow a malecontent, reflect upon the present conduct, and by gradual murmurs fall off from his friends into a new party, by just steps and measures. For want of such notices, I have formerly known a very well-bred person refuse to return a bow of a man whom he thought in disgrace, that was next day made secretary of state; and another, who, after a long neglect of a minister, came to his levee, and made professions of zeal for his service the very day before he was turned out.

This produces also unavoidable confusions and mistakes in the descriptions of great men's parts and merits. That ancient lyric, Mr. D'Urfey, some years ago writ a dedication to a certain lord, in which he celebrated him for the greatest poet and critic of that age, upon a misinformation in Dyer's Letter, that his noble patron was made lord chamberlain. In short, innumerable votes, speeches, and sermons, have been thrown away, and turned to no account, merely for want of due and timely intelligence. Nay, it has been known, that a panegyric has been half printed off, when the poet, upon the removal of the minister, has been forced to alter it into a satire.

For the conduct, therefore, of such useful persons, as are ready to do their country service upon all occcsions, I have an engine in my study, which is a sort of political barometer, or, to speak more intelligibly, a state weather-glass, that, by the rising and falling of a certain magical liquor, presages all changes and revolutions in government, as the common glass does those of the weather. The weather-glass is said to have been invented by Cardan, and given by him as a present to his great countryman and contemporary Machiavel; which, by the way, may serve to rectify a received error in chronology, that places one of these some years after the other. How or when it came into my hands, I shall desire to be excused, if I keep to myself; but so it is, that I have walked by it for the better part of a century to

my safety at least, if not to my advantage; and have among my papers a register of all the changes, that have happened in it from the middle of Queen Elizabeth's reign.

In the time of that princess it stood long at Settled Fair. At the latter end of King James the First, it fell to Cloudy. It held several years after at Stormy; insomuch that at last despairing of seeing any clear weather at home, I followed the royal exile, and some time after finding my glass rise, returned to my native country, with the rest of the loyalists. I was then in hopes to pass the remainder of my days in Settled Fair: but alas! during the greatest part of that reign the English nation lay in a dead calm, which, as it is usual, was followed by high winds and tempests, until of late years; in which, with unspeakable joy and satisfaction, I have seen our political weather returned to Settled Fair. I must only observe, that for all this last summer my glass has pointed at Changeable. Upon the whole, I often apply to Fortune Æneas's speech to the Sibyl—

———*Non ulla laborum*
O virgo, nova mi facies inopinave surgit:
Omnia præcepi, atque animo mecum ante peregi.
VIRG. ÆN. 6. VER. 103.

———No terror to my view,
No frightful face of danger can be new:
Inur'd to suffer, and resolv'd to dare;
The fates without my power, shall be without my care. DRYDEN.

The advantages, which have accrued to those whom I have advised in their affairs, by virtue of this sort of prescience, have been very considerable. A nephew of mine, who has never put his money into the stocks, or taken it out, without my advice, has in a few years raised five hundred pounds to almost so many thousands. As for myself, who look upon riches to consist rather in content than possessions, and measure the greatness of the mind rather by it's tranquillity than it's ambition, I have seldom used my glass to make my way in the world, but often to retire from it. This is a by-path to happiness, which was first discovered to me by a most pleasing apothegm of Pythagoras—'When the Winds,' says he, 'rise, 'worship the Echo.' That great philosopher (whether to make his doctrines the more venerable, or to gild his precepts with the beauty of imagination, or to awaken the curiosity of his disciples, for I will not suppose, what is usually said, that he did it to conceal his wisdom from the vulgar) has couched several admirable precepts in remote allusions, and mysterious sentences. By the Wind in this apothegm, are meant state hurricanes and popular tumults. 'When these rise,' says he, 'worship 'the Echo;' that is, withdraw yourself from the multitude into deserts, woods, solitudes, or the like retirements, which are the usual habitations of the echo.

Nº CCXV. THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1710.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, AUG. 23.

LYSANDER has writ to me out of the country, and tells me, after many other circumstances, that he had passed a great deal of time with much pleasure and tranquillity; until his happiness was interrupted by an indiscreet flatterer, who came down into those parts to visit a relation. With the circumstances in which he represents the matter, he had no small provocation to be offended; for he attacked him in so wrong a season, that he could not have any relish of pleasure in it; though, perhaps, at another time it might have passed upon him without giving him much uneasiness. Lysander had, after a long satiety of the town, been so happy as to get to a solitude he extremely liked, and recovered a pleasure he had so long discontinued, that of reading. He was got to the bank of a rivulet, covered by a pleasing shade, and fanned by a soft breeze; which threw his mind into that sort of composure and attention, in which a man, though with indolence, enjoys the utmost liveliness of his spirits, and the greatest strength of his mind at the same time. In this state, Lysander represents that he was reading Virgil's Georgics, when on a sudden the gentleman above-mentioned surprized him; and without any manner of preparation falls upon him at once—'What! I have found you at last, after 'searching

E. th. Burney del. Heath sculp.

Plate IV. Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co. Sept. 1, 1785.

'searching all over the wood! we wanted you at cards after dinner; but you are much better employed. I have heard, indeed, that you are an excellent scholar. But at the same time, is it not a little unkind to rob the ladies, who like you so well, of the pleasure of your company? But that is, indeed, the misfortune of you great scholars; you are seldom so fit for the world as those who never trouble themselves with books. Well, I see you are taken up with your learning there, and I will leave you.' Lysander says, he made him no answer, but took a resolution to complain to me.

It is a substantial affliction, when men govern themselves by the rules of good-breeding, that by the very force of them they are subjected to the insolence of those, who either never will, or never can, understand them. The superficial part of mankind form to themselves little measures of behaviour from the outside of things. By the force of these narrow conceptions, they act among themselves with applause; and do not apprehend they are contemptible to those of higher understanding, who are restrained by decencies above their knowledge from shewing a dislike. Hence it is, that because complaisance is a good quality in conversation, one impertinent takes upon him on all occasions to commend; and because mirth is agreeable, another thinks it fit eternally to jest. I have of late received many packets of letters, complaining of these spreading evils. A lady who is lately arrived at the Bath acquaints me, there were in the stage-coach wherein she went down a common flatterer, and a common jester. These gentlemen were, she tells me, rivals in her favour; and adds, if there ever happened a case wherein of two persons one was not liked more than another, it was in that journey. They differed only in proportion to the degree of dislike between the nauseous and the insipid. Both these characters of men are born out of a barrenness of imagination. They are never fools by Nature; but become such out of an impotent ambition of being, what she never intended them, men of wit and conversation. I therefore think fit to declare, that according to the known laws of this land, a man may be a very honest gentleman, and enjoy himself and his friend, without being a wit; and I absolve all men from taking pains to be such for the future. As the present case stands, is it not very unhappy that Lysander must be attacked and applauded in a wood, and Corinna jolted and commended in a stage-coach; and this for no manner of reason, but because other people have a mind to shew their parts? I grant, indeed, if these people, as they have understanding enough for it, would confine their accomplishments to those of their own degree of talents, it were to be tolerated; but when they are so insolent as to interrupt the meditations of the wise, the conversations of the agreeable, and the whole behaviour of the modest, it becomes a grievance naturally in my jurisdiction. Among themselves, I cannot only overlook, but approve it. I was present the other day at a conversation, where a man of this height of breeding and sense told a young woman of the same form—'To be sure, 'Madam, every thing must please that 'comes from a lady.' She answered—'I know, Sir, you are so much a gen-'tleman, that you think so.' Why, this was well on both sides; and it is impossible that such a gentleman and lady should do otherwise than think well of one another. These are but loose hints of the disturbances in human society, for which there is yet no remedy: but I shall in a little time publish tables of respect and civility, by which persons may be instructed in the proper times and seasons, as well as at what degree of intimacy a man may be allowed to commend or rally his companions; the promiscuous licence of which is, at present, far from being among the small errors in conversation.

P. S. The following letter was left, with a request to be immediately answered, lest the artifices used against a lady in distress may come into common practice.

SIR,

MY eldest sister buried her husband about six months ago; and at his funeral, a gentleman of more art than honesty, on the night of his interment, while she was not herself, but in the utmost agony of her grief, spoke to her of the subject of love. In that weakness and distraction which my sister was in, as one ready to fall is apt to lean on any body, he obtained her promise of marriage, which was accordingly consummated

mated eleven weeks after. There is no affliction comes alone, but one brings another. My ſiſter is now ready to lye-in. She humbly aſks of you, as you are a friend to the ſex, to let her know, who is the lawful father of this child, or whether ſhe may not be relieved from this ſecond marriage; conſidering it was promiſed under ſuch circumſtances as one may very well ſuppoſe ſhe did not what ſhe did voluntarily, but becauſe ſhe was helpleſs otherwiſe. She is adviſed ſomething about engagements made in goal, which ſhe thinks the ſame, as to the reaſon of the thing. But, dear Sir, ſhe relies upon your advice, and gives you her ſervice; as does your humble ſervant,

REBECCA MIDRIFFE.

The caſe is very hard; and I fear the plea ſhe is adviſed to make, from the ſimilitude of a man who is in dureſſe, will not prevail. But though I deſpair of remedy as to the mother, the law gives the child his choice of his father where the birth is thus legally ambiguous.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF THE COMPANY OF LINENDRAPERS, RESIDING WITHIN THE LIBERTY OF WESTMINSTER,

SHEWETH,

THAT there has of late prevailed among the ladies ſo great an affectation of nakedneſs, that they have not only left the boſom wholly bare, but lowered their ſtays ſome inches below the former mode.

That in particular, Mrs. Arabella Overdo has not the leaſt appearance of linen; and our beſt cuſtomers ſhew but little above the ſmall of their backs.

That by this means your petitioners are in danger of loſing the advantage of covering a ninth part of every woman of quality in Great Britain.

Your petitioners humbly offer the premiſes to your indulgence's conſideration, and ſhall ever, &c.

Before I anſwer this petition, I am inclined to examine the offenders myſelf.

N° CCXVI. SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1710.

——————NUGIS ADDERE PONDUS.
HOR. EP. 19. LIB. I. VER. 42.

WEIGHT AND IMPORTANCE SOME TO TRIFLES GIVE.
R. WYNNE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, AUG. 25.

NATURE is full of wonders; every atom is a ſtanding miracle, and endowed with ſuch qualities, as could not be impreſſed on it by a power and wiſdom leſs than infinite. For this reaſon, I would not diſcourage any ſearches that are made into the moſt minute and trivial parts of the creation. However, ſince the world abounds in the nobleſt fields of ſpeculation, it is, methinks, the mark of a little genius to be wholly converſant among inſects, reptiles, animalcules, and thoſe trifling rarities that furniſh out the apartment of a virtuoſo.

There are ſome men whoſe heads are ſo oddly turned this way, that though they are utter ſtrangers to the common occurrences of life, they are able to diſcover the ſex of a cockle, or deſcribe the generation of a mite, in all it's circumſtances. They are ſo little verſed in the world, that they ſcarce know a horſe from an ox; but at the ſame time, will tell you with a great deal of gravity, that a flea is a rhinoceros, and a ſnail an hermaphrodite. I have known one of theſe whimſical philoſophers, who has ſet a greater value upon a collection of ſpiders than he would upon a flock of ſheep, and has ſold his coat off his back to purchaſe a tarantula.

I would not have a ſcholar wholly unacquainted with theſe ſecrets and curioſities of nature; but certainly the mind of man, that is capable of ſo much higher contemplations, ſhould not be altogether fixed upon ſuch mean and diſproportioned objects. Obſervations of this kind are apt to alienate us too much from the knowledge of the world, and to make us ſerious upon trifles; by

which

which means they expoſe philoſophy to the ridicule of the witty, and contempt of the ignorant. In ſhort, ſtudies of this nature ſhould be the diverſions, relaxations, and amuſements; not the care, buſineſs, and concern of life.

It is indeed wonderful to conſider, that there ſhould be a ſort of learned men, who are wholly employed in gathering together the refuſe of nature, if I may call it ſo, and hoarding up in their cheſts and cabinets ſuch creatures as others induſtriouſly avoid the ſight of. One does not know how to mention ſome of the moſt precious parts of their treaſure, without a kind of an apology for it. I have been ſhewn a beetle valued at twenty crowns, and a toad at an hundred: but we muſt take this for a general rule, that whatever appears trivial or obſcene in the common notions of the world, looks grave and philoſophical in the eye of a virtuoſo.

To ſhew this humour in it's perfection, I ſhall preſent my reader with the legacy of a certain virtuoſo, who laid out a conſiderable eſtate in natural rarities and curioſities, which upon his death-bed he bequeathed to his relations and friends, in the following words:

THE WILL OF A VIRTUOSO.

I Nicholas Gimcrack, being in ſound health of mind, but in great weakneſs of body, do by this my laſt will and teſtament beſtow my worldly goods and chattels in manner following:

Imprimis, To my dear wife,
One box of butterflies,
One drawer of ſhells,
A female ſkeleton,
A dead cockatrice.

Item, To my daughter Elizabeth,
My receipt for preſerving dead caterpillars,
As alſo my preparations of winter May-dew, and embryo-pickle.

Item, To my little daughter Fanny,
Three crocodile's eggs.
And upon the birth of her firſt child, if ſhe marries with her mother's conſent,
The neſt of an humming-bird.

Item, To my eldeſt brother, as an acknowledgment for the lands he has veſted in my ſon Charles, I bequeath
My laſt year's collection of graſhoppers,

Item, To his daughter Suſanna, being his only child, I bequeath my
Engliſh weeds paſted on royal paper,
With my large folio of Indian cabbage.

Item, To my learned and worthy friend Doctor Johannes Elſcrickius, profeſſor in anatomy, and my aſſociate in the ſtudies of nature, as an eternal monument of my affection and friendſhip for him, I bequeath
My rat's teſticles, and
Whale's pizzle,
to him and his iſſue male; and in default of ſuch iſſue in the ſaid Doctor Elſcrickius, then to return to my executor and his heirs for ever.

Having fully provided for my nephew Iſaac, by making over to him ſome years ſince,
A horned Scarabæus,
The ſkin of a rattleſnake, and
The mummy of an Egyptian king;
I make no further proviſion for him in this my will.

My eldeſt ſon John, having ſpoke diſreſpectfully of his little ſiſter, whom I keep by me in ſpirits of wine, and in many other inſtances behaved himſelf undutifully towards me, I do diſinherit, and wholly cut off from any part of this my perſonal eſtate, by giving him a ſingle cockle-ſhell.

To my ſecond ſon Charles I give and bequeath all my flowers, plants, minerals, moſſes, ſhells, pebbles, foſſils, beetles, butterflies, caterpillars, graſhoppers and vermin, not above ſpecified: as alſo all my monſters, both wet and dry; making the ſaid Charles whole and ſole executor of this my laſt will and teſtament, he paying, or cauſing to be paid, the aforeſaid legacies within the ſpace of ſix months after my deceaſe. And I do hereby revoke all other wills whatſoever by me formerly made.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEREAS an ignorant upſtart in aſtrology has publicly endeavoured to perſuade the world, that he is the late John Partridge, who died the twenty-eighth of March, 1708. Theſe are to certify all whom it may concern, that the true John Partridge was not only dead at that time, but continues ſo to this preſent day.

Beware of counterfeits, for ſuch are abroad.

N° CCXVII. TUESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1710.

ATQUE DEOS ATQUE ASTRA VOCAT CRUDELIA MATER.
VIRG. ECL. 5. VER. 23.

SHE SIGH'D, SHE SOBB'D, AND, FURIOUS WITH DESPAIR,
ACCUSED ALL THE GODS, AND EVERY STAR. DRYDEN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, AUG. 28.

AS I was passing by a neighbour's house this morning, I overheard the wife of the family speaking things to her husband which gave me much disturbance, and put me in mind of a character which I wonder I have so long omitted, and that is, an outrageous species of the fair-sex, which is distinguished by the term Scolds. The generality of women are by nature loquacious; therefore mere volubility of speech is not to be imputed to them, but should be considered with pleasure when it is used to express such passions as tend to sweeten or adorn conversation: but when through rage females are vehement in their eloquence, nothing in the world has so ill an effect upon the features; for by the force of it I have seen the most amiable become the most deformed; and she that appeared one of the Graces, immediately turned into one of the Furies: I humbly conceive, the great cause of this evil may proceed from a false notion the ladies have of, what we call, a modest woman. They have too narrow a conception of this lovely character; and believe they have not at all forfeited their pretensions to it, provided they have no imputations on their chastity. But alas! the young fellows know they pick out better women in the side-boxes, than many of those who pass upon the world and themselves for modest.

Modesty never rages, never murmurs, never pouts; when it is ill treated, it pines, it beseeches, it languishes. The neighbour I mention is one of your common modest women, that is to say, those who are ordinarily reckoned such. Her husband knows every pain in life with her, but jealousy. Now because she is clear in this particular, the man cannot say his soul is his own, but she cries—'No modest woman is respected 'now-a-days.' What adds to the comedy in this case is, that it is very ordinary with this sort of women to talk in the language of distress; they will complain of the forlorn wretchedness of their condition, and then the poor helpless creatures shall throw the next thing they can lay their hands on, at the person who offends them. Our neighbour was only saying to his wife she went a little too fine, when she immediately pulled his periwig off, and stamping it under her feet, wrung her hands, and said—'Ne-'ver modest woman was so used.' These ladies of irresistible modesty are those, who make virtue unamiable; not that they can be said to be virtuous, but as they live without scandal; and being under the common denomination of being such, men fear to meet their faults in those who are as agreeable as they are innocent.

I take the Bully among men, and the Scold among women, to draw the foundation of their actions from the same defect in the mind. A Bully thinks honour consists wholly in being brave; and therefore has regard to no one rule of life, if he preserves himself from the accusation of cowardice. The froward woman knows chastity to be the first merit in a woman; and therefore since no one can call her one ugly name, she calls all mankind all the rest.

These ladies, where their companions are so imprudent as to take their speeches for any other, than exercises of their own lungs and their husbands patience, gain by the force of being resisted, and flame with open fury, which is no way to be opposed but by being neglected; though at the same time human frailty makes it very hard to relish the philosophy of contemning even frivolous reproach. There is a very pretty instance of this infirmity in the man of the best sense that ever was, no less a person than Adam himself. According to Milton's description of the first couple, as soon as they had fallen, and the turbulent passions of anger, hatred, and jealousy, first entered their breast; Adam grew moody,

moody, and talked to his wife, as you may find it in the three hundred and fifty-ninth page, and ninth book, of Paradise Loft, in the octavo edition, which out of heroics, and put into domeſtic ſtyle, would run thus:

'Madam, if my advices had been of 'any authority with you, when that 'ſtrange deſire of gadding poſſeſſed you 'this morning, we had ſtill been happy; 'but your curſed vanity and opinion of 'your own conduct, which is certain-'ly very wavering when it ſeeks occa-'ſions of being proved, has ruined both 'yourſelf and me, who truſted you.'

Eve had no fan in her hand to ruffle, or tucker to pull down; but with a reproachful air ſhe anſwered:

'Sir, do you impute that to my de-'ſire of gadding, which might have 'happened to yourſelf, with all your 'wiſdom and gravity? The Serpent 'ſpoke ſo excellently, and with ſo good 'a grace, that—— Beſides, what harm 'had I ever done him, that he ſhould 'deſign me any? Was I to have been 'always at your ſide, I might as well 'have continued there, and been but 'your rib ſtill: but if I was ſo weak a 'creature as you thought me, why did 'you not interpoſe your ſage authority 'more abſolutely? You denied me go-'ing as faintly, as you ſay I reſiſted the 'Serpent. Had not you been too eaſy, 'neither you nor I had now tranſgreſ-'ſed.'

Adam replied—'Why, Eve, haſt thou 'the impudence to upbraid me as the 'cauſe of thy tranſgreſſion for my in-'dulgence to thee? Thus will it ever be 'with him, who truſts too much to wo-'man: at the ſame time that ſhe refuſes 'to be governed, if ſhe ſuffers by her 'obſtinacy, ſhe will accuſe the man that 'ſhall leave her to herſelf.'

Thus they in mutual accuſation ſpent
The fruitleſs hours, but neither ſelf-condemning;
And of their vain conteſt appear'd no end.

This, to the modern, will appear but a very faint piece of conjugal enmity: but you are to conſider, that they were but juſt begun to be angry, and they wanted new words for expreſſing their new paſſions; but her accuſing him of letting her go, and telling him how good a ſpeaker, and how fine a gentleman the devil was, we muſt reckon, allowing for the improvements of time, that ſhe gave him the ſame provocation as if ſhe had called him Cuckold. The paſſionate and familiar terms, with which the ſame caſe repeated daily for ſo many thouſand years, has furniſhed the preſent generation, were not then in uſe; but the foundation of debate has ever been the ſame, a contention about their merit and wiſdom. Our general mother was a beauty; and hearing there was another now in the world, could not forbear, as Adam tells her, ſhewing herſelf, though to the devil, by whom the ſame vanity made her liable to be betrayed.

I cannot, with all the help of ſcience and aſtrology, find any other remedy for this evil, but what was the medicine in this firſt quarrel; which was, as appears in the next book, that they were convinced of their being both weak, but the one weaker than the other.

If it were poſſible that the beauteous could but rage a little before a glaſs, and ſee their pretty countenances grow wild, it is not to be doubted but it would have a very good effect: but that would require temper; for Lady Firebrand, upon obſerving her features ſwell when her maid vexed her the other day, ſtamped her dreſſing-glaſs under her feet. In this caſe, when one of this temper is moved, ſhe is like a witch in an operation, and makes all things turn round with her. The very fabric is in a vertigo when ſhe begins to charm. In an inſtant, whatever was the occaſion that moved her blood, ſhe has ſuch intolerable ſervants, Betty is ſo awkward, Tom cannot carry a meſſage, and her huſband has ſo little reſpect for her, that ſhe, poor woman, is weary of this life, and was born to be unhappy.

Deſunt multa.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE ſeaſon now coming on in which the town will begin to fill, Mr. Bickerſtaff gives notice, that from the firſt of October next, he will be much wittier than he has hitherto been.

Nº CCXVIII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1710.

SCRIPTORUM CHORUS OMNIS AMAT NEMUS, AC FUGIT URBES.
HOR. EP. 2. LIB. 2. VER. 77.

THE TRIBE OF WRITERS, TO A MAN, ADMIRE
THE PEACEFUL GROVE, AND FROM THE TOWN RETIRE. FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, AUG. 30.

I Chanced to riſe very early one particular morning this ſummer, and took a walk into the country to divert myſelf among the fields and meadows, while the green was new, and the flowers in their bloom. As at this ſeaſon of the year every lane is a beautiful walk, and every hedge full of noſegays; I loſt myſelf with a great deal of pleaſure among ſeveral thickets and buſhes, that were filled with a great variety of birds, and an agreeable confuſion of notes, which formed the pleaſanteſt ſcene in the world to one who had paſſed a whole winter in noiſe and ſmoke. The freſhneſs of the dews that lay upon every thing about me, with the cool breath of the morning, which inſpired the birds with ſo many delightful inſtincts, created in me the ſame kind of animal pleaſure, and made my heart overflow with ſuch ſecret emotions of joy and ſatisfaction as are not to be deſcribed or accounted for. On this occaſion, I could not but reflect on the beautiful ſimile in Milton.

As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houſes thick, and ſewers annoy the air,
Forth iſſuing on a ſummer's morn, to breathe
Among the pleaſant villages, and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight:
The ſmell of grain, or tedded graſs, or kine,
Or dairy, each rural ſight, each rural ſound.

Thoſe, who are converſant in the writings of polite authors, receive an additional entertainment from the country, as it revives in their memories thoſe charming deſcriptions, with which ſuch authors do frequently abound.

I was thinking of the foregoing beautiful ſimile in Milton, and applying it to myſelf, when I obſerved to the windward of me a black cloud falling to the earth in long trails of rain, which made me betake myſelf for ſhelter to a houſe, which I ſaw at a little diſtance from the place where I was walking. As I ſat in the porch, I heard the voices of two or three perſons, who ſeemed very earneſt in diſcourſe. My curioſity was raiſed when I heard the names of Alexander the Great and Artaxerxes; and as their talk ſeemed to run on ancient heroes, I concluded there could not be any ſecret in it; for which reaſon I thought I might very fairly liſten to what they ſaid.

After ſeveral parallels between great men, which appeared to me altogether groundleſs and chimerical, I was ſurprized to hear one ſay, that he valued the Black Prince more than the Duke of Vendoſme. How the Duke of Vendoſme ſhould become a rival of the Black Prince, I could not conceive: and was more ſtartled when I heard a ſecond affirm, with great vehemence, that if the Emperor of Germany was not going off, he ſhould like him better than either of them. He added, that though the ſeaſon was ſo changeable, the Duke of Marlborough was in blooming beauty. I was wondering to myſelf from whence they had received this odd intelligence; eſpecially when I heard them mention the names of ſeveral other great generals, as the Prince of Heſſe, and the King of Sweden, who, they ſaid, were both running away. To which they added, what I entirely agreed with them in, that the crown of France was very weak, but that the Marſhal Villars ſtill kept his colours. At laſt one of them told the company, if they would go along with him, he would ſhew them a chimney-ſweeper and a painted lady in the ſame bed, which he was ſure would very much pleaſe them. The ſhower, which had driven them as well as myſelf into the houſe, was now over: and as they were paſſing by me into the garden, I aſked them to let me be one of their company.

The gentleman of the houſe told me, if I delighted in flowers, it would be worth my while; for that he believed he could ſhew me ſuch a blow of tulips, as

was

was not to be matched in the whole country.

I accepted the offer, and immediately found that they had been talking in terms of gardening, and that the kings and generals they had mentioned were only ſo many tulips, to which the gardeners, according to their uſual cuſtom, had given ſuch high titles and appellations of honour.

I was very much pleaſed and aſtoniſhed at the glorious ſhow of theſe gay vegetables, that aroſe in great profuſion on all the banks about us. Sometimes I conſidered them with the eye of an ordinary ſpectator, as ſo many beautiful objects varniſhed over with a natural gloſs, and ſtained with ſuch a variety of colours, as are not to be equalled in any artificial dyes or tinctures. Sometimes I conſidered every leaf as an elaborate piece of tiſſue, in which the threads and fibres were woven together into different configurations, which gave a different colouring to the light as it glanced on the ſeveral parts of the ſurface. Sometimes I conſidered the whole bed of tulips, according to the notion of the greateſt mathematician and philoſopher that ever lived *, as a multitude of optic inſtruments, deſigned for the ſeparating light into all thoſe various colours of which it is compoſed.

I was awakened out of theſe my philoſophical ſpeculations, by obſerving, the company often ſeemed to laugh at me. I accidentally praiſed a tulip as one of the fineſt I ever ſaw; upon which they told me it was a common Fool's Coat. Upon that I praiſed a ſecond, which it ſeems was but another kind of Fool's Coat. I had the ſame fate with two or three more; for which reaſon I deſired the owner of the garden to let me know, which were the fineſt of the flowers; for that I was ſo unſkilful in the art, that I thought the moſt beautiful were the moſt valuable, and that thoſe which had the gayeſt colours were the moſt beautiful. The gentleman ſmiled at my ignorance: he ſeemed a very plain honeſt man, and a perſon of good ſenſe, had not his head been touched with that diſtemper which Hippocrates calls the Τυλιππομανια, Tulippomania; inſomuch, that he would talk very rationally on any ſubject in the world but a tulip.

He told me, that he valued the bed of flowers which lay before us, and was not above twenty yards in length and two in breadth, more than he would the beſt hundred acres of land in England; and added, that it would have been worth twice the money it is, if a fooliſh cook-maid of his had not almoſt ruined him the laſt winter, by miſtaking a handful of tulip-roots for an heap of onions—'And by that means,' ſays he, 'made me a diſh of porridge, that coſt 'me above a thouſand pounds ſterling.' He then ſhewed me what he thought the fineſt of his tulips, which I found received all their value from their rarity and oddneſs, and put me in mind of your great fortunes, which are not always the greateſt beauties.

I have often looked upon it as a piece of happineſs, that I have never fallen into any of theſe fantaſtical taſtes, nor eſteemed any thing the more for it's being uncommon and hard to be met with. For this reaſon, I look upon the whole country in ſpring-time as a ſpacious garden, and make as many viſits to a ſpot of daiſies, or a bank of violets, as a floriſt does to his borders or parterres. There is not a buſh in bloſſom within a mile of me which I am not acquainted with, nor ſcarce a daffodil or cowſlip that withers away in my neighbourhood without my miſſing it. I walked home in this temper of mind through ſeveral fields and meadows with an unſpeakable pleaſure, not without reflecting on the bounty of Providence, which has made the moſt pleaſing and moſt beautiful objects the moſt ordinary and moſt common.

* Sir Iſaac Newton.

Nº CCXIX. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1710.

SOLUTOS
QUI CAPTAT RISUS HOMINUM, FAMAMQUE DICACIS——
AFFECTAT, NIGER EST; HUNC, TU ROMANE, CAVETO.
HOR. SAT. 4. LIB. I. VER. 82.

WHO TRIVIAL BURSTS OF LAUGHTER STRIVES TO RAISE,
AND COURTS OF PRATING PETULANCE THE PRAISE,
THIS MAN IS VILE; HERE, ROMAN, FIX YOUR MARK;
HIS SOUL IS BLACK, AS HIS COMPLEXION'S DARK.
FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 1.

NEVER were men so perplexed as a select company of us were this evening with a couple of professed wits, who, through our ill fortune, and their own confidence, had thought fit to pin themselves upon a gentleman who had owned to them, that he was going to meet such and such persons, and named us one by one. These pert puppies immediately resolved to come with him; and from the beginning to the end of the night entertained each other with impertinences, to which we were perfect strangers. I am come home very much tired; for the affliction was so irksome to me, that it surpasses all other I ever knew, insomuch that I cannot reflect upon this sorrow with pleasure, though it is past.

An easy manner of conversation is the most desirable quality a man can have; and for that reason, coxcombs will take upon them to be familiar with people whom they never saw before. What adds to the vexation of it, is, that they will act upon the foot of knowing you by fame; and rally with you, as they call it, by repeating what your enemies say of you; and court you, as they think, by uttering to your face, at a wrong time, all the kind things your friends speak of you in your absence.

These people are the more dreadful, the more they have of what is usually called wit: for a lively imagination, when it is not governed by a good understanding, makes such miserable havock both in conversation and business, that it lays you defenceless, and fearful to throw the least word in it's way, that may give it new matter for it's further errors.

Tom Mercet has as quick a fancy as any one living; but there is no reasonable man can bear him half an hour. His purpose is to entertain; and it is of no consequence to him what is said, so it be what is called well said; as if a man must bear a wound with patience, because he that pushed at you came up with a good air and mien. That part of life which we spend in company is the most pleasing of all our moments; and therefore I think our behaviour in it should have it's laws, as well as the part of our being which is generally esteemed the more important. From hence it is, that from long experience I have made it a maxim, that however we may pretend to take satisfaction in sprightly mirth and high jollity, there is no great pleasure in any company where the basis of the society is not mutual good-will. When this is in the room, every trifling circumstance, the most minute accident, the absurdity of a servant, the repetition of an old story, the look of a man when he is telling it, the most indifferent and the most ordinary occurrences, are matters which produce mirth and good humour. I went to spend an hour after this manner with some friends, who enjoy it in perfection whenever they meet, when those destroyers above-mentioned came in upon us. There is not a man among them who has any notion of distinction of superiority to one another, either in their fortunes or their talents, when they are in company. Or if any reflection to the contrary occurs in their thoughts, it only strikes a delight upon their minds, that so much wisdom and power is in possession of one whom they love and esteem.

In these my Lucubrations, I have frequently dwelt upon this one topic. The above maxim would make short work for us reformers; for it is only want of making this a position that renders some characters

characters bad, which would otherwise be good. Tom Mercet means no man ill, but does ill to every body. His ambition is to be witty; and to carry on that design, he breaks through all things that other people hold sacred. If he thought wit was no way to be used but to the advantage of society, that sprightliness would have a new turn; and we should expect what he is going to say with satisfaction instead of fear. It is no excuse for being mischievous, that a man is mischievous without malice; nor will it be thought an atonement, that the ill was done not to injure the party concerned, but to divert the indifferent.

It is, methinks, a very great error, that we should not profess honesty in conversation, as much as in commerce. If we consider, that there is no greater misfortune than to be ill received; where we love the turning a man to ridicule among his friends, we rob him of greater enjoyments than he could have purchased by his wealth; yet he that laughs at him would perhaps be the last man who would hurt him in this case of less consequence. It has been said, the history of Don Quixote utterly destroyed the spirit of gallantry in the Spanish nation; and I believe we may say much more truly, that the humour of ridicule has done as much injury to the true relish of company in England.

Such satisfactions as arise from the secret comparison of ourselves to others, with relation to their inferior fortunes or merit, are mean and unworthy. The true and high state of conversation is, when men communicate their thoughts to each other upon such subjects, and in such a manner, as would be pleasant if there were no such thing as folly in the world; for it is but a low condition of wit in one man, which depends upon folly in another.

P. S. I am here interrupted by the receipt of my letters, among which is one from a lady, who is not a little offended at my translation of the discourse between Adam and Eve. She pretends to tell me my own, as she calls it, and quotes several passages in my works which tend to the utter disunion of man and wife. Her epistle will best express her. I have made an extract of it, and shall insert the most material passages.

'I suppose you know, we women are 'not too apt to forgive: for which reason, before you concern yourself any 'further with our sex, I would advise 'you to answer what is said against you 'by those of your own. I inclose to 'you business enough, until you are 'ready for your promise of being wit-'ty. You must not expect to say what 'you please, without admitting others 'to take the same liberty. Marry 'come up! You a censor? Pray read 'over all these pamphlets, and these 'notes upon your Lucubrations; by that 'time you shall hear further. It is, I 'suppose, from such as you, that people 'learn to be censorious, for which I 'and all our sex have an utter aversion; 'when once people come to take the li-'berty to wound reputations———'

This is the main body of the letter; but she bids me turn over, and there I find——

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

'If you will draw Mrs. 'Cicely 'Trippet according to the inclosed de-'scription, I will forgive you all.'

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF JOSHUA FAIRLOVE OF STEPNEY,

SHEWETH,

THAT your petitioner is a general lover, who for some months last past has made it his whole business to frequent the by-paths and roads near his dwelling, for no other purpose but to hand such of the fair-sex as are obliged to pass through them.

That he has been at great expence for clean gloves to offer his hand with.

That towards the evening he approaches near London, and employs himself as a convoy towards home.

Your petitioner therefore most humbly prays, that for such his humble services, he may be allowed the title of an Esquire.

Mr. Morphew has orders to carry the proper instruments; and the petitioner is to be hereafter writ to upon gilt paper, by the title of Joshua Fairlove, Esquire.

N° CCXX. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1710.

INSANI SAPIENS NOMEN FERAT, ÆQUUS INIQUI,
ULTRA QUAM SATIS EST, VIRTUTEM SI PETAT IPSAM.
HOR. EP. 6. LIB. I. VER. 15.

EVEN VIRTUE, WHEN PURSU'D WITH WARMTH EXTREME,
TURNS INTO VICE, AND FOOLS THE SAGE'S FAME.
FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 4.

HAVING received many letters filled with compliments and acknowledgments for my late useful discovery of the political barometer, I shall here communicate to the public an account of my Ecclesiastical Thermometer, the latter giving as manifest prognostications of the changes and revolutions in church, as the former does of those in state; and both of them being absolutely necessary for every prudent subject who is resolved to keep what he has, and get what he can.

The Church Thermometer, which I am now to treat of, is supposed to have been invented in the reign of Henry the Eighth, about the time when that religious prince put some to death for owning the Pope's supremacy, and others for denying transubstantiation. I do not find, however, any great use made of this instrument, until it fell into the hands of a learned and vigilant priest or minister, for he frequently wrote himself both one and the other, who was some time Vicar of Bray. This gentleman lived in his vicarage to a good old age; and, after having seen several successions of his neighbouring clergy either burned or banished, departed this life with the satisfaction of having never deserted his flock, and died Vicar of Bray. As this glass was first designed to calculate the different degrees of heat in religion, as it raged in popery, or as it cooled and grew temperate in the Reformation; it was marked at several distances, after the manner our ordinary thermometer is to this day, viz. 'Extreme Hot, Sultry Hot, Very Hot, Hot, Warm, Temperate, Cold, Just freezing, Frost, Hard Frost, Great Frost, Extreme Cold.'

It is well known, that Toricellius, the inventor of the common weather-glass, made the experiment in a long tube which held thirty-two feet of water; and that a more modern virtuoso finding such a machine altogether unwieldy and useless, and considering that thirty-two inches of quicksilver weighed as much as so many feet of water in a tube of the same circumference, invented that sizeable instrument which is now in use. After this manner, that I might adapt the Thermometer I am now speaking of to the present constitution of our church, as divided into High and Low, I have made some necessary variations both in the tube and the fluid it contains. In the first place, I ordered a tube to be cast in a planetary hour, and took care to seal it hermetically when the sun was in conjunction with Saturn. I then took the proper precautions about the fluid, which is a compound of two very different liquors; one of them a spirit drawn out of a strong heady wine; the other a particular sort of rock-water, colder than ice, and clearer than crystal. The spirit is of a red fiery colour, and so very apt to ferment, that unless it be mingled with a proportion of the water, or pent up very close, it will burst the vessel that holds it, and fly up in fume and smoke. The water, on the contrary, is of such a subtle piercing cold, that unless it be mingled with a proportion of the spirits, it will sink almost through every thing that it is put into; and seems to be of the same nature as the water mentioned by Quintus Curtius, which, says the historian, could be contained in nothing but in the hoof, or, as the Oxford Manuscript has it, in the skull of an ass. The Thermometer is marked according to the following figure; which I set down at length, not only to give my reader a clear idea of it, but also to fill up my paper.

Ignorance.

Ignorance.
Perſecution.
Wrath.
Zeal.
CHURCH.
Moderation.
Lukewarmneſs.
Infidelity.
Ignorance.

The reader will obſerve, that the church is placed in the middle point of the glaſs, between Zeal and Moderation; the ſituation in which ſhe always flouriſhes, and in which every good Engliſhman wiſhes her, who is a friend to the conſtitution of his country. However, when ſhe mounts to Zeal, it is not amiſs; and, when it ſinks to Moderation, is ſtill in a moſt admirable temper. The worſt of it is, that when once it begins to riſe, it has ſtill an inclination to aſcend; inſomuch that it is apt to climb up from Zeal to Wrath, and from Wrath to Perſecution, which always ends in Ignorance, and very often proceeds from it. In the ſame manner, it frequently takes it's progreſs through the lower half of the glaſs, and when it has a tendency to fall, will gradually deſcend from Moderation to Lukewarmneſs, and from Lukewarmneſs to Infidelity, which very often terminates in Ignorance, and always proceeds from it.

It is a common obſervation, that the ordinary thermometer will be affected by the breathing of people who are in the room where it ſtands; and indeed it is almoſt incredible to conceive how the glaſs I am now deſcribing will fall by the breath of a multitude crying —'Popery!' or, on the contrary, how it will riſe when the ſame multitude, as it ſometimes happens, cry out in the ſame breath—'The church is in dan-'ger.'

As ſoon as I had finiſhed this my glaſs, and adjuſted it to the above-mentioned ſcale of religion; that I might make proper experiments with it, I carried it under my cloak to ſeveral coffee-houſes, and other places of reſort about this great city. At St. James's Coffee-houſe the liquor ſtood at Moderation; but at Will's, to my great ſurprize, it ſubſided to the very loweſt mark on the glaſs. At the Grecian it mounted but juſt one point higher; at the Rainbow it ſtill aſcended two degrees; Child's fetched it up to Zeal; and other adjacent coffee-houſes, to Wrath.

It fell in the lower half of the glaſs as I went further into the city, until at length it ſettled at Moderation, where it continued all the time I ſtaid about the Exchange, as alſo while I paſſed by the Bank. And here I cannot but take notice, that through the whole courſe of my remarks, I never obſerved my glaſs to riſe at the ſame time that the ſtocks did.

To compleat the experiment, I prevailed upon a friend of mine, who works under me in the Occult Sciences, to make a progreſs with my glaſs through the whole iſland of Great Britain; and after his return, to preſent me with a regiſter of his obſervations. I gueſſed before-hand at the temper of ſeveral places he paſſed through, by the characters they have had time out of mind. Thus that facetious divine, Doctor Fuller, ſpeaking of the town of Banbury near a hundred years ago, tells us it was a place famous for cakes and zeal, which I find by my glaſs is true to this day as to the latter part of this deſcription; though, I muſt confeſs, it is not in the ſame reputation for cakes that it was in the time of that learned author; and thus of other places. In ſhort, I have now by me, digeſted in an alphabetical order, all the counties, corporations, and boroughs in Great Britain, with their reſpective tempers, as they ſtand related to my thermometer. But this I ſhall keep to myſelf, becauſe I would by no means do any thing that may ſeem to influence any enſuing elections.

The point of doctrine which I would propagate by this my invention, is the ſame which was long ago advanced by that able teacher Horace, out of whom I have taken my text for this diſcourſe: we ſhould be careful not to overſhoot ourſelves in the purſuits even of virtue. Whether zeal or moderation be the point we aim at, let us keep fire out of the one, and froſt out of the other. But, alas! the world is too wiſe to want ſuch a precaution. The terms High-church and Low-church, as commonly uſed, do not ſo much denote a principle, as they diſtinguiſh a party. They are like words of battle, that have nothing to do with their original ſignification; but are only given out to keep a body of men

men together, and to let them know friends from enemies.

I must confess, I have considered, with some little attention, the influence which the opinions of these great national sects have upon their practice; and do look upon it as one of the unaccountable things of our times, that multitudes of honest gentlemen, who entirely agree in their lives, should take it in their heads to differ in their religion.

Nº CCXXI. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1710.

SICUT MEUS EST MOS
NESCIO QUID MEDITAS NUGARUM, ET TOTUS IN ILLIS.
HOR. SAT. 9. LIB. I. VER. 1.

MUSING, AS WONT, ON THIS AND THAT,
SUCH TRIFLES, AS I KNOW NOT WHAT. FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 6.

AS I was this morning going out of my house, a little boy in a black coat delivered me the following letter. Upon asking who he was, he told me, that he belonged to my Lady Gimcrack. I did not at first recollect the name; but, upon enquiry, I found it to be the widow of Sir Nicholas, whose legacy I lately gave some account of to the world. The letter ran thus:

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

I Hope you will not be surprized to receive a letter from the widow Gimcrack. You know, Sir, that I have lately lost a very whimsical husband, who, I find by one of your last week's papers, was not altogether a stranger to you. When I married this gentleman, he had a very handsome estate; but upon buying a set of microscopes, he was chosen a Fellow of the Royal Society; from which time I do not remember ever to have heard him speak as other people did, or talk in a manner that any of his family could understand him. He used, however, to pass away his time very innocently in conversation with several members of that learned body; for which reason, I never advised him against their company for several years, until at last I found his brain quite turned with their discourses. The first symptom which he discovered of his being a Virtuoso, as you call him, poor man! was about fifteen years ago; when he gave me positive orders to turn off an old weeding-woman that had been employed in the family for several years. He told me, at the same time, that there was no such thing in Nature as a weed, and that it was his design to let his garden produce what it pleased; so that you may be sure it makes a very pleasant show as it now lies. About the same time he took a humour to ramble up and down the country, and would often bring home with him his pockets full of moss and pebbles. This, you may be sure, gave me a heavy heart; though at the same time, I must needs say, he had the character of a very honest man, notwithstanding he was reckoned a little weak, until he began to sell his estate, and buy those strange baubles that you have taken notice of. Upon Midsummer-day last, as he was walking with me in the fields, he saw a very odd-coloured butterfly just before us. I observed that he immediately changed colour, like a man that is surprized with a piece of good luck; and telling me that it was what he had looked for above these twelve years, he threw off his coat, and followed it. I lost sight of them both in less than a quarter of an hour; but my husband continued the chace over hedge and ditch until about sunset; at which time, as I was afterwards told, he caught the butterfly as she rested herself upon a cabbage, near five miles from the place where he first put her up. He was here lifted from the ground by some passengers in a very fainting condition, and brought home to me about midnight. His violent exercise threw him into a fever, which grew upon him by degrees, and at last carried him off. In one of the intervals of his distemper he called to me; and after having excused himself for running out his estate, he told me that he had always been more industrious to improve his mind than his fortune; and that

Corbould del. Sargent Sculp.

Plate XVII. Published as the Act directs by Harrison & Co. Dec.r 3. 1785.

that his family must rather value themselves upon his memory, as he was a wise man, than a rich one. He then told me, that it was a custom among the Romans for a man to give his slaves their liberty, when he lay upon his death-bed. I could not imagine what this meant, until after having a little composed himself, he ordered me to bring him a flea which he had kept for several months in a chain, with a design, as he said, to give it it's manumission. This was done accordingly. He then made the will, which I have since seen printed in your works word for word. Only I must take notice, that you have omitted the codicil, in which he left a large Concha Veneris, as it is there called, to a member of the Royal Society, who was often with him in his sickness, and assisted him in his will. And now, Sir, I come to the chief business of my letter, which is to desire your friendship and assistance in the disposal of those many rarities and curiosities, which lie upon my hands. If you know any one that has an occasion for a parcel of dried spiders, I will sell them a pennyworth. I could likewise let any one have a bargain of cockle-shells. I would also desire your advice, whether I had best sell my beetles in a lump, or by retail. The gentleman above-mentioned, who was my husband's friend, would have me make an auction of all his goods, and is now drawing up a catalogue of every particular for that purpose, with the two following words in great letters over the head of them, *Auctio Gimcrackiana*. But upon talking with him, I begin to suspect he is as mad as poor Sir Nicholas was. Your advice in all these particulars will be a great piece of charity to, Sir, your most humble servant,

ELIZABETH GIMCRACK.

I shall answer the foregoing letter, and give the widow my best advice, as soon as I can find out chapmen for the wares she has to put off. In the mean time, I shall give my reader the sight of a letter, which I have received from another female correspondent by the same post.

GOOD MR. BICKERSTAFF,

I Am convinced, by a late paper of your's, that a passionate woman, who among the common people goes under the name of a Scold, is one of the most insupportable creatures in the world. But, alas! Sir, what can we do? I have made a thousand vows and resolutions every morning, to guard myself against this frailty; but have generally broken them before dinner, and could never in my life hold out until the second course was set upon the table. What most troubles me is, that my husband is as patient and good-natured as your own worship, or any man living, can be. Pray give me some directions, for I would observe the strictest and severest rules you can think of to cure myself of this distemper, which is apt to fall into my tongue every moment. I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant, &c.

In answer to this most unfortunate lady, I must acquaint her, that there is now in town an ingenious physician of my acquaintance, who undertakes to cure all the vices and defects of the mind by inward medicines or outward applications. I shall give the world an account of his patients and his cures in other papers, when I shall be more at leisure to treat upon this subject. I shall only here inform my correspondent, that for the benefit of such ladies as are troubled with virulent tongues, he has prepared a cold bath, over which there is fastened, at the end of a long pole, a very convenient chair, curiously gilt and carved. When the patient is seated in this chair, the doctor lifts up the pole, and gives her two or three total immersions in the cold bath, until such time as she has quite lost the use of speech. This operation so effectually chills the tongue, and refrigerates the blood, that a woman, who at her entrance into the chair is extremely passionate and sonorous, will come out as silent and gentle as a lamb. The doctor told me, he would not practise this experiment upon women of fashion, had not he seen it made upon those of meaner condition with very great effect.

N° CCXXII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1710.

——————CHRYSIDIS UDAS,
EBRIUS ANTE FORES EXTINCTA CUM FACE CANTAT.
PERSIUS, SAT. 5. VER. 165.

SHALL I, AT CHRYSIS' DOOR, THE NIGHT PROLONG
WITH MIDNIGHT SERENADE, OR DRUNKEN SONG? R. WYNNE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 8.

WHEREAS, by letters from Nottingham, we have advice, that the young ladies of that place complain for want of sleep, by reason of certain riotous lovers, who for this last summer have very much infested the streets of that eminent city with violins and bass-viols, between the hours of twelve and four in the morning, to the great disturbance of many of her Majesty's peaceable subjects. And whereas I have been importuned to publish some edict against those midnight alarms, which, under the name of serenades, do greatly annoy many well-disposed persons, not only in the place above-mentioned, but also in most of the polite towns of this island:

I have taken that matter into my serious consideration, and do find that this custom is by no means to be indulged in this country and climate.

It is indeed very unaccountable, that most of our British youth should take such great delight in these nocturnal expeditions. Your robust true-born Briton, that has not yet felt the force of flames and darts, has a natural inclination to break windows; while those whose natural ruggedness has been soothed and softened by gentle passions, have as strong a propensity to languish under them, especially if they have a fidler behind them to utter their complaints: for, as the custom prevails at present, there is scarce a young man of any fashion in a corporation, who does not make love with the town-music. The waits often help him through his courtship; and my friend Mr. Banister has told me, he was proffered five hundred pounds by a young fellow, to play but one winter under the window of a lady that was a great fortune, but more cruel than ordinary. One would think they hoped to conquer their mistresses hearts as people tame hawks and eagles, by keeping them awake, or breaking their sleep when they are fallen into it.

I have endeavoured to search into the original of this impertinent way of making love, which, according to some authors, is of great antiquity. If we may believe Monsieur Dacier and other critics, Horace's tenth Ode of the third book was originally a serenade. And if I was disposed to shew my learning, I could produce a line of him in another place, which seems to have been the burden of an old heathen serenade.

——*Audis minùs, et minùs jam,*
'Me tuo longas pereunte noctes,
'Lydia, dormis?'
HOR. OD. 25. LIB. 1. VER. 8.

Now less and less assail thine ear
These plaints, 'Ah! sleepest thou, my dear,
'While I, whole nights, thy true love here
'Am dying?' FRANCIS.

But notwithstanding the opinions of many learned men upon this subject, I rather agree with them who look upon this custom, as now practised, to have been introduced by castrated musicians; who found out this way of applying themselves to their mistresses at these hours, when men of hoarser voices express their passions in a more vulgar method. It must be confessed, that your Italian eunuchs do practise this manner of courtship to this day.

But whoever were the persons that first thought of the serenade, the authors of all countries are unanimous in ascribing the invention to Italy.

There are two circumstances which qualified that country above all other for this midnight music.

The first I shall mention was the softness of their climate.

This gave the lover opportunities of being abroad in the air, or of lying upon the earth whole hours together, without fear

fear of damps or dews; but as for our Tramontane lovers, when they begin their midnight complaint with—

My lodging is on the cold ground,

we are not to underſtand them in the rigour of the letter; ſince it would be impoſſible for a Britiſh ſwain to condole himſelf long in that ſituation, without really dying for his miſtreſs. A man might as well ſerenade in Greenland as in our region. Milton ſeems to have had in his thoughts the abſurdity of theſe northern ſerenades, in the cenſure which he paſſes upon them:

——————Or midnight ball,
Or ſerenade, which the ſtarv'd lover ſings
To his proud fair, beſt quitted with diſdain.

The truth of it is, I have often pitied, in a winter night, a vocal muſician, and have attributed many of his trills and quavers to the coldneſs of the weather.

The ſecond circumſtance which inclined the Italians to this cuſtom, was that muſical genius which is ſo univerſal among them. Nothing is more frequent in that country, than to hear a cobler working to an opera-tune. You can ſcarce ſee a porter that has not one nail much longer than the reſt, which you will find, upon enquiry, is cheriſhed for ſome inſtrument. In ſhort, there is not a labourer or handicraft man, that in the cool of the evening does not relieve himſelf with ſolos and ſonatas.

The Italian ſoothes his miſtreſs with a plaintive voice; and bewails himſelf in ſuch melting muſic, that the whole neighbourhood ſympathizes with him in his ſorrow.

Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela ſub umbrâ—
Flet noctem, ramoque ſedens miſerabile carmen
Integrat, et latè mœſtis luca queſtibus implet.
VIRG. GEORG. 4. VER. 511.

Thus Philomel beneath the poplar ſhade
With plaintive murmurs warbles thro' the glade:
Her notes harmonious tedious nights prolong,
And Echo multiplies the mournful ſong.
R. WYNNE.

On the contrary, our honeſt countrymen have ſo little an inclination to muſic, that they ſeldom begin to ſing until they are drunk; which alſo is uſually the time when they are moſt diſpoſed to ſerenade.

Nº CCXXIII. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1710.

FOR WHEN UPON THEIR UNGOT HEIRS,
TH' ENTAIL THEMSELVES AND ALL THAT'S THEIR'S,
WHAT BLINDER BARGAIN E'ER WAS DRIV'N,
OR WAGER LAID AT SIX AND SEVEN,
TO PASS THEMSELVES AWAY, AND TURN
THEIR CHILDREN'S TENANTS ERE THEY'RE BORN. HUD.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 11.

I Have been very much ſolicited by Clarinda, Flavia, and Lyſetta, to reaſſume my diſcourſe concerning the methods of diſpoſing honourably the unmarried part of the world, and taking off thoſe bars to it, Jointures and Settlements; which are not only the greateſt impediments towards entering into that ſtate, but alſo the frequent cauſes of diſtruſt and animoſity in it after it is conſummated. I have with very much attention conſidered this caſe; and among all the obſervations that I have made through a long courſe of years, I have thought the coldneſs of wives to their huſbands, as well as diſreſpect from children to parents, to ariſe from this one ſource. This trade for minds and bodies in the lump, without regard to either, but as they are accompanied with ſuch ſums of money, and ſuch parcels of land, cannot but produce a commerce between the parties concerned, ſuitable to the mean motives upon which they at firſt came together. I have heretofore given an account, that this method of making ſettlements was firſt invented by a griping lawyer, who made uſe of the covetous tempers of the parents of each ſide to force two young people into theſe vile meaſures of diffidence, for no other end but to increaſe the ſkins of parchment, by which they were put into each other's poſſeſſion out of each other's power. The law of our country has given an ample and generous proviſion for the wife, even the third of the huſband's eſtate, and left to her good

humour and his gratitude the expectation of further proviſion; but the fantaſtical method of going further, with relation to their heirs, has a foundation in nothing but pride and folly: for as all men wiſh their children as like themſelves, and as much better as they can poſſibly, it ſeems monſtrous that we ſhould give out of ourſelves the opportunities of rewarding and diſcouraging them according to their deſerts. This wiſe inſtitution has no more ſenſe in it, than if a man ſhould begin a deed with —'Whereas no man living knows how 'long he ſhall continue to be a reaſon-'able creature, or an honeſt man: and 'whereas I, B. am going to enter into 'the ſtate of matrimony with Mrs. D. 'therefore I ſhall from henceforth make 'it indifferent to me whether from this 'time forward I ſhall be a fool or a 'knave: and therefore, in full and per-'fect health of body, and a ſound mind, 'not knowing which of my children 'will prove better or worſe, I give to 'my firſt-born, be he perverſe, ungrate-'ful, impious, or cruel, the lump and 'bulk of my eſtate; and leave one year's 'purchaſe only to each of my younger 'children, whether they ſhall be brave 'or beautiful, modeſt or honourable, 'from the time of the date hereof, 'wherein I reſign my ſenſes, and here-'by promiſe to employ my judgment no 'further in the diſtribution of my 'worldly goods from the day of the 'date hereof; hereby further confeſſing 'and covenanting, that I am from hence-'forth married, and dead in law.'

There is no man that is converſant in modern ſettlements, but knows this is an exact tranſlation of what is inſerted in theſe inſtruments. Men's paſſions could only make them ſubmit to ſuch terms; and therefore all unreaſonable bargains in marriage ought to be ſet aſide, as well as deeds extorted from men under force or in priſon, who are altogether as much maſters of their actions, as he that is poſſeſſed with a violent paſſion.

How ſtrangely men are ſometimes partial to themſelves, appears by the rapine of him that has a daughter's beauty under his direction. He will make no ſcruple of uſing it to force from her lover as much of his eſtate as is worth ten thouſand pounds; and at the ſame time, as a juſtice on the bench, will ſpare no pains to get a man hanged that has taken but a horſe from him.

It is to be hoped the legiſlature will in due time take this kind of robbery into conſideration, and not ſuffer men to prey upon each other, when they are about making the moſt ſolemn league, and entering into the ſtricteſt bonds. The only ſure remedy is to fix a certain rate on every woman's fortune; one price for that of a maid, and another for a widow: for it is of infinite advantage, that there ſhould be no frauds or uncertainties in the ſale of our women.

If any man ſhould exceed the ſettled rate, he ought to be at liberty after ſeven years are over, by which time his love may be ſuppoſed to abate a little, if it is not founded upon reaſon, to renounce the bargain, and be freed from the ſettlement upon reſtoring the portion; as a youth married under fourteen years old may be off, if he pleaſes, when he comes to that age, and as a man is diſcharged from all bargains but that of marriage, made when he is under twenty-one.

It grieves me when I conſider that theſe reſtraints upon matrimony take away the advantage we ſhould otherwiſe have over other countries, which are ſunk much by thoſe great checks upon propagation, the convents. It is thought chiefly owing to theſe, that Italy and Spain want above half their complement of people. Were the price of wives always fixed and ſettled, it would contribute to filling the nation, more than all the encouragements that can poſſibly be given to foreigners to tranſplant themſelves hither.

I therefore, as Cenſor of Britain, until a law is made, will lay down rules which ſhall be obſerved with penalty of degrading all that break them, into Pretty Fellows, Smarts, Squibs, Hunting-horns, Drums, and Bag-pipes.

The females that are guilty of breaking my orders, I ſhall reſpectfully pronounce to be Kits, Hornpipes, Dulcimers, and Kettle-drums. Such widows as wear the ſpoils of one huſband, I will bury, if they attempt to rob another.

I ordain, that no woman ever demand one ſhilling to be paid after her huſband's death, more than the very ſum ſhe brings him, or an equivalent for it in land.

That no ſettlement be made, in which the

the man settles on his children more than the reversion of the jointure, or the value of it in money; so that at his death, he may in the whole be bound to pay his family but double to what he has received. I would have the eldest, as well as the rest, have his provision out of this.

When men are not able to come up to those settlements I have proposed, I would have them receive so much of the portion only as they can come up to, and the rest to go to the woman by way of pin-money, or separate maintenance. In this, I think, I determine equally between the two sexes.

If any lawyer varies from these rules, or is above two days in drawing a marriage-settlement, or uses more words in it than one skin of parchment will contain, or takes above five pounds for drawing it, I would have him thrown over the bar.

Were these rules observed, a woman with a small fortune, and a great deal of worth, would be sure to marry according to her deserts, if the man's estate were to be less incumbered in proportion, as her fortune is less than he might have with others.

A man of a great deal of merit, and not much estate, might be chosen for his worth; because it would not be difficult for him to make a settlement.

The man that loves a woman best, would not lose her for not being able to bid so much as another, or for not complying with an extravagant demand.

A fine woman would no more be set up to auction, as she is now. When a man puts in for her, her friends or herself take care to publish it; and the man that was the first bidder is made no other use of but to raise the price. He that loves her will continue in waiting as long as she pleases, if her fortune be thought equal to his, and under pretence of some failure in the rent-roll, or difficulties in drawing the settlement, he is put off until a better bargain is made with another.

All the rest of the sex, that are not rich or beautiful to the highest degree, are plainly gainers, and would be married so fast, that the least charming of them would soon grow beauties to the bachelors.

Widows might be easily married, if they would not, as they do now, set up for discreet, only by being mercenary.

The making matrimony cheap and easy would be the greatest discouragement to vice: the limiting the expence of children would not make men ill inclined, or afraid of having them in a regular way; and the men of merit would not live unmarried, as they often do now, because the goodness of a wife cannot be ensured to them; but the loss of an estate is certain, and a man would never have the affliction of a worthless heir added to that of a bad wife.

I am the more serious, larger, and particular on this subject, because my Lucubrations, designed for the encouragement of virtue, cannot have the desired success as long as this incumbrance of settlements continues upon matrimony.

Nº CCXXIV. THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 14, 1710.

MATERIAM SUPERABAT OPUS.——

OVID. MET. LIB. 2. VER. 5.

THE MATTER EQUALL'D NOT THE ARTIST'S SKILL.

R. WYNNE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 13.

IT is my custom, in a dearth of news, to entertain myself with those collections of Advertisements that appear at the end of all our public prints. These I consider as accounts of news from the little world, in the same manner that the foregoing parts of the paper are from the great. If in one we hear that a sovereign prince is fled from his capital city, in the other we hear of a tradesman who hath shut up his shop, and run away. If in one we find the victory of a general, in the other we see the desertion of a private soldier. I must confess I have a certain weakness in my temper, that is often very much affected by these little domestic occurrences, and have frequently been caught with tears in

in my eyes over a melancholy advertiſement.

But to conſider this ſubject in it's moſt ridiculous lights, Advertiſements are of great uſe to the vulgar: firſt of all, as they are inſtruments of ambition. A man that is by no means big enough for the Gazette, may eaſily creep into the Advertiſements; by which means we often ſee an apothecary in the ſame paper of news with a plenipotentiary, or a running-footman with an ambaſſador. An Advertiſement from Piccadilly goes down to poſterity with an article from Madrid, and John Bartlett of Goodman's-fields is celebrated in the ſame paper with the Emperor of Germany. Thus the fable tells us, that the wren mounted as high as the eagle, by getting upon his back.

A ſecond uſe which this ſort of writings hath been turned to of late years, has been the management of controverſy; inſomuch that above half the Advertiſements one meets with now a-days are purely polemical. The inventors of Strops for Razors, have written againſt one another this way for ſeveral years, and that with great bitterneſs; as the whole argument *pro* and *con* in the caſe of the Morning-gown is ſtill carried on after the ſame manner. I need not mention the ſeveral proprietors of Dr. Anderſon's pills; nor take notice of the many ſatirical works of this nature ſo frequently publiſhed by Dr. Clark, who has had the confidence to advertiſe upon that learned knight, my very worthy friend, Sir William Read: but I ſhall not interpoſe in their quarrel; Sir William can give him his own in Advertiſements, that, in the judgment of the impartial, are as well penned as the doctor's.

The third and laſt uſe of theſe writings is to inform the world, where they may be furniſhed with almoſt every thing that is neceſſary for life. If a man has pains in his head, cholics in his bowels, or ſpots in his clothes, he may here meet with proper cures and remedies. If a man would recover a wife or a horſe that is ſtolen or ſtrayed; if he wants new ſermons, electuaries, aſſes milk, or any thing elſe, either for his body or his mind, this is the place to look for them in.

The great art in writing Advertiſements, is the finding out a proper method to catch the reader's eye, without which a good thing may paſs over unobſerved, or be loſt among commiſſions of bankrupts. Aſteriſks and hands were formerly of great uſe for this purpoſe. Of late years the N. B. has been much in faſhion, as alſo little cuts and figures, the invention of which we muſt aſcribe to the author of ſpring-truſſes. I muſt not here omit the blind Italian character, which, being ſcarce legible, always fixes and detains the eye, and gives the curious reader ſomething like the ſatisfaction of prying into a ſecret.

But the great ſkill in an Advertiſer is chiefly ſeen in the ſtile which he makes uſe of. He is to mention 'the univerſal eſteem, or general reputation,' of things that were never heard of. If he is a phyſician or aſtrologer, he muſt change his lodgings frequently; and, though he never ſaw any body in them beſides his own family, give public notice of it, 'for the information of the 'nobility and gentry.' Since I am thus uſefully employed in writing criticiſms on the works of theſe diminutive authors, I muſt not paſs over in ſilence an Advertiſement, which has lately made it's appearance, and is written altogether in a Ciceronian manner. It was ſent to me, with five ſhillings, to be inſerted among my Advertiſements; but as it is a pattern of good writing in this way, I ſhall give it a place in the body of my paper.

THE higheſt compounded ſpirit of lavender, the moſt glorious, if the expreſſion may be uſed, enlivening ſcent and flavour that can poſſibly be, which ſo raptures the ſpirits, delights the guſt, and gives ſuch airs to the countenance, as are not to be imagined but by thoſe that have tried it. The meaneſt ſort of the thing is admired by moſt gentlemen and ladies; but this far more, as by far it exceeds it, to the gaining among all a more than common eſteem. It is ſold, in neat flint bottles fit for the pocket, only at the Golden Key in Wharton's Court, near Holborn Bars, for three ſhillings and ſix-pence, with directions.

At the ſame time that I recommend the ſeveral flowers in which this ſpirit of lavender is wrapped up, if the expreſſion may be uſed, I cannot excuſe my fellow-labourers for admitting into their papers ſeveral uncleanly Advertiſements, not at all proper to appear in the works

of

of polite writers. Among theſe I muſt reckon the Carminative Wind-expelling Pills. If the Doctor had called them only his Carminative Pills, he had been as cleanly as one could have wiſhed; but the ſecond word entirely deſtroys the decency of the firſt. There are other abſurdities of this nature ſo very groſs, that I dare not mention them; and ſhall therefore diſmiſs this ſubject with a public admonition to Michael Parrot, that he do not preſume any more to mention a certain worm he knows of, which, by the way, has grown ſeven feet in my memory; for if I am not much miſtaken, it is the ſame that was but nine feet long about ſix months ago.

By the remarks I have here made, it plainly appears, that a collection of Advertiſements is a kind of miſcellany; the writers of which, contrary to all authors, except men of quality, give money to the bookſellers who publiſh their copies. The genius of the bookſeller is chiefly ſhewn in this method of ranging and digeſting theſe little tracts. The laſt paper I took up in my hand places them in the following order.

The true Spaniſh blacking for ſhoes, &c.

The beautifying cream for the face, &c.

Peaſe and plaiſters, &c.

Nectar and Ambroſia, &c.

Four freehold tenements of fifteen pounds per annum, &c.

*** The preſent ſtate of England, &c.

†‡† Annotations upon the Tatler, &c.

Nº CCXXV. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1710.

——SI QUID NOVISTI RECTIUS ISTIS,
CANDIDUS IMPERTI; SI NON, HIS UTERE MECUM.
HOR. EP. 6. LIB. I. VER. 67.

——IF A BETTER SYSTEM'S THINE,
IMPART IT FRANKLY; OR MAKE USE OF MINE.
FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 15.

THE hours which we ſpend in converſation are the moſt pleaſing of any which we enjoy; yet, methinks, there is very little care taken to improve ourſelves for the frequent repetition of them. The common fault in this caſe is that of growing too intimate, and falling into diſpleaſing familiarities: for it is a very ordinary thing for men to make no other uſe of a cloſe acquaintance with each other's affairs, but to teaze one another with unacceptable alluſions. One would paſs over patiently ſuch as converſe like animals, and ſalute each other with bangs on the ſhoulder, ſly raps with canes, or other robuſt pleaſantries practiſed by the rural gentry of this nation: but even among thoſe who ſhould have more polite ideas of things, you ſee a ſet of people who invert the deſign of converſation, and make frequent mention of ungrateful ſubjects; nay, mention them becauſe they are ungrateful; as if the perfection of ſociety were in knowing how to offend on the one part, and how to bear an offence on the other. In all parts of this popular town, you find the merry world made up of an active and a paſſive companion; one who has good-nature enough to ſuffer all his friend ſhall think fit to ſay, and one who is reſolved to make the moſt of his good humour to ſhew his parts. In the trading part of mankind, I have ever obſerved the jeſt went by the weight of purſes, and the ridicule is made up by the gains which ariſe from it. Thus the packer allows the clothier to ſay what he pleaſes; and the broker has his countenance ready to laugh with the merchant, though the abuſe is to fall on himſelf, becauſe he knows that, as a go-between, he ſhall find his account in being in the good graces of a man of wealth. Among theſe juſt and punctual people the richeſt man is ever the better jeſter; and they know no ſuch thing as a perſon who ſhall pretend to a ſuperior laugh at a man, who does not make him amends by opportunities of advantage in another kind: but among people of a different way, where the pretended diſtinction in company

company is only what is raised from sense and understanding, it is very absurd to carry on a rough raillery so far, as that the whole discourse should turn upon each other's infirmities, follies, or misfortunes.

I was this evening with a set of wags of this class. They appear generally by two and two; and what is most extraordinary, is, that those very persons who are most together appear least of a mind when joined by other company. This evil proceeds from an indiscreet familiarity, whereby a man is allowed to say the most grating thing imaginable to another, and it shall be accounted weakness to shew an impatience for the unkindness. But this and all other deviations from the design of pleasing each other, when we meet, are derived from interlopers in society; who want capacity to put in a stock among regular companions, and therefore supply their wants by stale histories, sly observations, and rude hints, which relate to the conduct of others. All cohabitants in general run into this unhappy fault; men and their wives break into reflections, which are like so much Arabic to the rest of the company; sisters and brothers often make the like figure, from the same unjust sense of the art of being intimate and familiar. It is often said, such a one cannot stand the mention of such a circumstance; if he cannot, I am sure it is for want of discourse, or a worse reason, that any companion of his touches upon it.

Familiarity, among the truly well-bred, never gives authority to trespass upon one another in the most minute circumstance; but it allows to be kinder than we ought otherwise to presume to be. Eusebius has wit, humour, and spirit; but there never was a man in his company who wished he had less; for he understands familiarity so well, that he knows how to make use of it in a way, that neither makes himself or his friend contemptible; but if any one is lessened by his freedom, it is he himself, who always likes the place, the diet, and the reception, when he is in the company of his friends. Equality is the life of conversation; and he is as much out who assumes to himself any part above another, as he who considers himself below the rest of the society. Familiarity in inferiors is saucineſs; in superiors, condescension; neither of which are to have being among companions, the very word implying that they are to be equal. When, therefore, we have abstracted the company from all considerations of their quality or fortune, it will immediately appear, that to make it happy and polite, there must nothing be started which shall discover, that our thoughts run upon any such distinctions. Hence it will arise, that benevolence must become the rule of society, and he that is most obliging must be most diverting.

This way of talking I am fallen into from the reflection, that I am, wherever I go, entertained with some absurdity, mistake, weakness, or ill-luck of some man or other, whom not only I, but the person who makes me those relations, has a value for. It would therefore be a great benefit to the world, if it could be brought to pass, that no story should be a taking one, but what was to the advantage of the person of whom it is related. By this means, he that is now a wit in conversation, would be considered as a spreader of false news is in business.

But above all, to make a familiar fit for a bosom friend, it is absolutely necessary that we should always be inclined rather to hide, than rally each other's infirmities. To suffer for a fault is a sort of atonement; and nobody is concerned for the offence for which he has made reparation.

P. S. I have received the following letter, which rallies me for being witty sooner than I designed; but I have now altered my resolution, and intend to be facetious until the day in October heretofore mentioned, instead of beginning from that day.

MR. BICKERSTAFF, SEPT. 6, 1710.

BY your own reckoning, you came yesterday about a month before the time you looked yourself, much to the satisfaction of your most obliged, humble servant,

PLAIN ENGLISH.

Nº CCXXVI. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1710.

JUVENIS QUONDAM, NUNC FEMINA CÆNEUS,
RURSUS ET IN VETEREM FATO REVOLUTA FIGURAM.
VIRG. ÆN. 6. VER. 448.

CÆNEUS, A WOMAN ONCE, AND ONCE A MAN;
BUT ENDING IN THE SEX SHE FIRST BEGAN.
DRYDEN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 18.

IT is one of the designs of this paper to transmit to posterity an account of every thing that is monstrous in my own times. For this reason, I shall here publish to the world the life of a person who was neither man nor woman; as written by one of my ingenious correspondents, who seems to have imitated Plutarch in that multifarious erudition, and those occasional dissertations, which he has wrought into the body of his history. The life I am putting out is that of Margery, alias John Young, commonly known by the name of Doctor Young; who, as the town very well knows, was a woman that practised physic in a man's cloaths, and, after having had two wives and several children, died about a month since.

SIR,

I Here make bold to trouble you with a short account of the famous Doctor Young's life, which you may call, if you please, a second part of the farce of the Sham Doctor. This perhaps will not seem so strange to you, who, if I am not mistaken, have somewhere mentioned with honour your sister Kirleus, as a practitioner both in physic and astrology: but in the common opinion of mankind, a she-quack is altogether as strange and astonishing a creature as the centaur that practised physic in the days of Achilles, or as King Phys in the Rehearsal. Æsculapius, the great founder of your art, was particularly famous for his beard, as we may conclude from the behaviour of a tyrant, who is branded by heathen historians as guilty both of sacrilege and blasphemy; having robbed the statue of Æsculapius of a thick bushy golden beard, and then alledged for his excuse, that it was a shame the son should have a beard, when his father Apollo had none. This latter instance, indeed, seems something to favour a female professor, since, as I have been told, the ancient statues of Apollo are generally made with a head and face of a woman: nay, I have been credibly informed by those who have seen them both, that the famous Apollo in the Belvidera did very much resemble Doctor Young. Let that be as it will, the Doctor was a kind of Amazon in physic, that made as great devastations and slaughters as any of our chief heroes in the art, and was as fatal to the English in these our days, as the famous Joan d'Arc was in those of our forefathers.

I do not find any thing remarkable in the life I am about to write, until the year 1695; at which time the Doctor, being about twenty-three years old, was brought to bed of a bastard child. The scandal of such a misfortune gave so great an uneasiness to pretty Mrs. Peggy, for that was the name by which the Doctor was then called, that she left her family, and followed her lover to London, with a fixed resolution some way or other to recover her lost reputation: but instead of changing her life, which one would have expected from so good a disposition of mind, she took it in her head to change her sex. This was soon done by the help of a sword and a pair of breeches. I have reason to believe, that her first design was to turn man-midwife, having herself had some experience in those affairs: but thinking this too narrow a foundation for her future fortune, she at length bought her a gold-buttoned coat, and set up for a physician. Thus we see the same fatal miscarriage in her youth made Mrs. Young a doctor, that formerly made one of the same sex a pope.

The Doctor succeeded very well in his business at first; but very often met with accidents that disquieted him. As he wanted that deep magisterial voice which gives authority to a prescription, and is

absolutely necessary for the right pronouncing of these words—'Take these 'pills,' he unfortunately got the nickname of the Squeaking Doctor. If this circumstance alarmed the Doctor, there was another which gave him no small disquiet, and very much diminished his gains. In short, he found himself run down, as a superficial prating quack, in all families that had at the head of them a cautious father, or a jealous husband. These would often complain among one another, that they did not like such a smock-faced Physician, though in truth, had they known how justly he deserved that name, they would rather have favoured his practice, than have apprehended any thing from it.

Such were the motives that determined Mrs. Young to change her condition, and take in marriage a virtuous young woman, who lived with her in good reputation, and made her the father of a very pretty girl. But this part of her happiness was soon after destroyed, by a distemper which was too hard for our physician, and carried off his first wife. The Doctor had not been a widow long before he married his second lady, with whom also he lived in a very good understanding. It so happened, that the Doctor was with child at the same time that his lady was; but the little ones coming both together, they passed for twins. The Doctor having entirely established the reputation of his manhood, especially by the birth of the boy of whom he had been lately delivered, and who very much resembles him, grew into good business, and was particularly famous for the cure of venereal distempers; but would have had much more practice among his own sex, had not some of them been so unreasonable, as to demand certain proofs of their cure, which the Doctor was not able to give them. The florid blooming look, which gave the Doctor some uneasiness at first, instead of betraying his person, only recommended his physic. Upon this occasion I cannot forbear mentioning what I thought a very agreeable surprize; in one of Moliere's plays, where a young woman applies herself to a sick person in the habit of a Quack, and speaks to her patient, who was something scandalized at the youth of his physician, to the following purpose—'I began to practise 'in the reign of Francis the First, and 'am now in the hundred and fiftieth 'year of my age; but, by the virtue of 'my medicaments, have maintained 'myself in the same beauty and freshness I had at fifteen. For this reason, 'Hippocrates lays it down as a rule, 'that a student in physic should have a 'sound constitution, and a healthy look; 'which indeed seem as necessary qualifications for a physician, as a good 'life and virtuous behaviour for a divine.' But to return to our subject. About two years ago, the Doctor was very much afflicted with the vapours, which grew upon him to such a degree, that about six weeks since, they made an end of him. His death discovered the disguise he had acted under, and brought him back again to his former sex. It is said, that at his burial the pall was held up by six women of some fashion. The Doctor left behind him a widow, and two fatherless children, if they may be called so, besides the little boy before-mentioned. In relation to whom we may say of the Doctor, as the good old ballad about The Children in the Wood says of the unnatural uncle, that he was father and mother both in one. These are all the circumstances that I could learn of Doctor Young's life, which might have given occasion to many obscene fictions: but as I know those would never have gained a place in your paper, I have not troubled you with any impertinence of that nature, having stuck to the truth very scrupulously, as I always do when I subscribe myself, Sir, yours, &c.

I shall add, as a postscript to this letter, that I am informed the famous Saltero, who sells coffee in his museum at Chelsea, has by him a curiosity, which helped the Doctor to carry on his imposture, and will give great satisfaction to the curious enquirer.

Nº CCXXVII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1710.

OMNIBUS INVIDEAS, ZOILE, NEMO TIBI. MARTIAL.

THOU ENVY'ST ALL; BUT NO MAN ENVIES THEE. R. WYNNE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 20.

IT is the business of reason and philosophy to soothe and allay the passions of the mind, or turn them to a vigorous prosecution of what is dictated by the understanding. In order to this good end, I would keep a watchful eye upon the growing inclinations of youth, and be particularly careful to prevent their indulging themselves in such sentiments, as may imbitter their more advanced age. I have now under cure a young gentleman, who lately communicated to me, that he was of all men living the most miserably envious. I desired the circumstances of his distemper; upon which, with a sigh that would have moved the most inhuman breast—'Mr. Bickerstaff,' said he, 'I am nephew to a gentleman of a very great estate, to whose favour I have a cousin that has equal pretensions with myself. This kinsman of mine is a young man of the highest merit imaginable, and has a mind so tender, and so generous, that I can observe he returns my Envy with pity. He makes me, upon all occasions, the most obliging condescensions: and I cannot but take notice of the concern he is in, to see my life blasted with this racking passion, though it is against himself. In the presence of my uncle, when I am in the room, he never speaks so well as he is capable of; but always lowers his talents and accomplishments out of regard to me. What I beg of you, dear Sir, is to instruct me how to love him, as I know he does me: and I beseech you, if possible, to set my heart right; that it may no longer be tormented where it should be pleased, or hate a man whom I cannot but approve.'

The patient gave me this account with such candour and openness, that I conceived immediate hopes of his cure; because, in diseases of the mind, the person affected is half recovered when he is sensible of his distemper.—'Sir,' said I, 'the acknowledgment of your kinsman's merit is a very hopeful symptom; for it is the nature of persons afflicted with this evil, when they are incurable, to pretend a contempt of the person envied, if they are taxed with that weakness. A man who is really envious will not allow he is so; but upon such an accusation, is tormented with the reflection, that to envy a man is to allow him your superior. But in your case, when you examine the bottom of your heart, I am apt to think it is Avarice, which you mistake for Envy. Were it not that you have both expectations from the same man, you would look upon your cousin's accomplishments with pleasure. You, that now consider him as an obstacle to your interest, would then behold him as an ornament to your family.' I observed my patient upon this occasion recover himself in some measure; and he owned to me, that he hoped it was as I imagined; for that in all places, but where he was his rival, he had pleasure in his company. This was the first discourse we had upon this malady; but I do not doubt but, after two or three more, I shall by just degrees soften his Envy into Emulation.

Such an Envy, as I have here described, may possibly creep into an ingenuous mind; but the Envy which makes a man uneasy to himself and others, is a certain distortion and perverseness of temper, that renders him unwilling to be pleased with any thing without him, that has either beauty or perfection in it. I look upon it as a distemper in the mind, which I know no moralist that has described in this light. When a man cannot discern any thing which another is master of that is agreeable. For which reason, I look upon the good-natured man to be endowed with a certain discerning faculty, which the envious are altogether deprived of. Shallow wits, superficial critics, and conceited fops, are with me so many blind men in respect of excellencies. They can behold nothing but

faults and blemiſhes, and indeed ſee nothing that is worth ſeeing. Shew them a poem, it is ſtuff; a picture, it is daubing. They find nothing in architecture that is not irregular, or in muſic that is not out of tune. Theſe men ſhould conſider, that it is their Envy which deforms every thing, and that the uglineſs is not in the object, but in the eye. And as for nobler minds, whoſe merits are either not diſcovered, or are miſrepreſented by the envious part of mankind, they ſhould rather conſider their defamers with pity than indignation. A man cannot have an idea of perfection in another which he was never ſenſible of in himſelf. Mr. Locke tells us, that upon aſking a blind man, what he thought ſcarlet was? he anſwered, that he believed it was like the ſound of a trumpet. He was forced to form his conceptions of ideas which he had not, by thoſe which he had. In the ſame manner, aſk an envious man what he thinks of virtue? he will call it deſign: what of good-nature? and he will term it dulneſs. The difference is, that as the perſon before-mentioned was born blind, your envious men have contracted the diſtemper themſelves, and are troubled with a ſort of an acquired blindneſs. Thus the devil in Milton, though made an angel of light, could ſee nothing to pleaſe him even in Paradiſe, and hated our firſt parents, though in their ſtate of innocence.

N° CCXXVIII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1710.

VENIET MANUS, AUXILIO QUÆ SIT MIHI——

HOR. SAT. 4. LIB. I. VER. 141.

A POWERFUL AID FROM OTHER HANDS WILL COME.

R. WYNNE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 22.

A Man of buſineſs, who makes a public entertainment, may ſometimes leave his gueſts, and beg them to divert themſelves as well as they can until his return. I ſhall here make uſe of the ſame privilege, being engaged in matters of ſome importance relating to the family of the Bickerſtaffs, and muſt deſire my readers to entertain one another until I can have leiſure to attend them. I have therefore furniſhed out this paper, as I have done ſome few others, with letters of my ingenious correſpondents, which I have reaſon to believe will pleaſe the public, as much as my own more elaborate Lucubrations.

SIR, LINCOLN, SEPT. 9.

I Have long been of the number of your admirers, and take this opportunity of telling you ſo. I know not why a man ſo famed for aſtrological obſervations may not alſo be a good caſuiſt; upon which preſumption it is I aſk your advice in an affair, that at preſent puzzles quite the ſlender ſtock of divinity I am maſter of. I have now been ſome time in holy orders, and fellow of a certain college in one of the univerſities; but, weary of that unactive life, I reſolve to be doing good in my generation. A worthy gentleman has lately offered me a fat rectory; but means, I perceive, his kinſwoman ſhould have the benefit of the clergy. I am a novice in the world; and confeſs, it ſtartles me, how the body of Mrs. Abigail can be annexed to the cure of ſouls. Sir, would you give us in one of your Tatlers, the original and progreſs of ſmock-ſimony, and ſhew us, that where the laws are ſilent, mens conſciences ought to be ſo too, you could not more oblige our fraternity of young divines, and among the reſt, your humble ſervant,

HIGH-CHURCH.

I am very proud of having a gentleman of this name for my admirer, and may, ſome time or other, write ſuch a treatiſe as he mentions. In the mean time, I do not ſee why our clergy, who are very frequently men of good families, ſhould be reproached, if any of them chance to eſpouſe a hand-maid with a rectory in *commendam*, ſince the beſt of our peers have often joined themſelves to the daughters of very ordinary tradeſmen, upon the ſame valuable conſiderations.

GLOBE

GLOBE IN MOORFIELDS, SEPT. 16.

HONOURED SIR,

I Have now finiſhed my Almanack for the next year; in all the parts of it, except that which concerns the weather; and you having ſhewn yourſelf, by ſome of your late works, more weatherwiſe than any of our modern aſtrologers, I moſt humbly preſume to trouble you upon this head. You know very well, that in our ordinary almanacks the wind and rain, ſnow and hail, clouds and ſunſhine, have their proper ſeaſons, and come up as regularly in their ſeveral months as the fruits and plants of the earth. As for my own part, I freely own to you, that I generally ſteal my weather out of ſome antiquated almanack, that foretold it ſeveral years ago. Now, Sir, what I humbly beg of you is, that you would lend me your State Weather-glaſs, in order to fill up this vacant column in my works. This, I know, would ſell my almanack beyond any other, and make me a richer man than Poor Robin. If you will not grant me this favour, I muſt have recourſe to my old method, and will copy after an almanack which I have by me, and which I think was for the year when the great ſtorm was. I am, Sir, the moſt humble of your admirers,

T. PHILOMATH.

This gentleman does not conſider, what a ſtrange appearance his Almanack would make to the ignorant, ſhould he tranſpoſe his weather, as he muſt do, did he follow the dictates of my glaſs. What would the world ſay to ſee ſummers filled with colds and ſtorms, and winters with calms and ſunſhine; according to the variations of the weather, as they might accidentally appear in a State-barometer? But let that be as it will, I ſhall apply my own invention to my own uſe; and if I do not make my fortune by it, it will be my own fault.

The next letter comes to me from another ſelf-intereſted ſolicitor.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

I Am going to ſet up for a ſcrivener, and have thought of a project which may turn both to your account and mine. It came into my head, upon reading that learned and uſeful paper of yours concerning Advertiſements. You muſt underſtand, I have made myſelf maſter in the whole art of advertiſing, both as to the ſtyle and the letter. Now if you and I could ſo manage it, that nobody ſhould write Advertiſements beſides myſelf, or print them any where but in your paper, we might both of us get eſtates in a little time. For this end, I would likewiſe propoſe, that you ſhould enlarge the deſign of Advertiſements; and have ſent you two or three ſamples of my work in this kind, which I have made for particular friends, and intend to open ſhop with. The firſt is for a gentleman, who would willingly marry, if he could find a wife to his liking; the ſecond is for a poor Whig, who is lately turned out of his poſt; and the third for a perſon of contrary party, who is willing to get into one.

WHEREAS A. B. next door to the Peſtle and Mortar, being about thirty years old, of a ſpare make, with dark-coloured hair, bright eyes, and a long noſe, has occaſion for a good-humoured, tall, fair young woman, of about three thouſand pounds fortune: theſe are to give notice, that if any ſuch young woman has a mind to diſpoſe of herſelf in marriage to ſuch a perſon as the abovementioned, ſhe may be provided with a huſband, a coach and horſes, and proportionable ſettlement.

C. D. deſigning to quit his place, has great quantities of paper, parchment, ink, wax, and wafers, to diſpoſe of, which will be ſold at very reaſonable rates.

E. F. a perſon of good behaviour, ſix feet high, of a black complexion, and ſound principles, wants an employ. He is an excellent penman and accomptant, and ſpeaks French.

Nº CCXXIX. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1710.

QUÆSITAM MERITIS SUME SUPERBIAM.
HOR. OD. 30. LIB. 3. VER. 13.

WITH CONSCIOUS PRIDE——
ASSUME THE HONOURS JUSTLY THINE. FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 25.

THE whole creation preys upon itself; every living creature is inhabited. A flea has a thousand invisible insects that teaze him as he jumps from place to place, and revenge our quarrels upon him. A very ordinary microscope shews us, that a louse is itself a very lousy creature. A whale, besides those seas and oceans in the several vessels of his body, which are filled with innumerable shoals of little animals, carries about him a whole world of inhabitants; insomuch that, if we believe the calculations some have made, there are more living creatures, which are too small for the naked eye to behold, about the Leviathan, than there are of visible creatures upon the face of the whole earth. Thus every nobler creature is, as it were, the basis and support of multitudes that are his inferiors.

This consideration very much comforts me, when I think on those numberless vermin that feed upon this paper, and find their sustenance out of it; I mean the small wits and scribblers, that every day turn a penny by nibbling at my Lucubrations. This has been so advantageous to this little species of writers, that, if they do me justice, I may expect to have my statue erected in Grub Street, as being a common benefactor to that quarter.

They say, when a fox is very much troubled with fleas, he goes into the next pool with a little lock of wool in his mouth, and keeps his body under water until the vermin get into it; after which he quits the wool, and diving, leaves his tormentors to shift for themselves, and get their livelihood where they can. I would have these gentlemen take care that I do not serve them after the same manner; for though I have hitherto kept my temper pretty well, it is not impossible but I may some time or other disappear; and what will then become of them? Should I lay down my paper, what a famine would there be among the hawkers, printers, booksellers, and authors? It would be like Doctor Burgess's dropping his cloak, with the whole congregation hanging to the skirts of it. To enumerate some of these my doughty antagonists; I was threatened to be answered weekly Tit for Tat; I was undermined by the Whisperer, haunted by Tom Brown's Ghost, scolded by a Female Tatler, and slandered by another of the same character, under the title of Atalantis. I have been 'annotated, 'ret ttled, examined, and condoled:' but it being my standing maxim never to speak ill of the dead, I shall let these authors rest in peace; and take great pleasure in thinking, that I have sometimes been the means of their getting a belly-full. When I see myself thus surrounded by such formidable enemies, I often think of the Knight of the Red Cross in Spenser's Den of Error, who after he has cut off the dragon's head, and left it wallowing in a flood of ink, sees a thousand monstrous reptiles making their attempts upon him, one with many heads, another with none, and all of them without eyes.

The same so sore annoyed has the knight,
That, well nigh choaked with the deadly stink,
His forces fail, he can no longer fight;
Whose courage when the fiend perceiv'd to shrink,
She poured forth out of her hellish sink
Her fruitful cursed spawn of serpents small,
Deformed monsters, foul, and black as ink;
Which swarming all about his legs did crawl,
And him encumbered sore, but could not hurt at all.

As gentle shepherd in sweet even tide,
When ruddy Phœbus 'gins to welk in west,
High on an hill, his flock to viewen wide,
Marks which do bite their hasty supper best;
A cloud of cumbrous gnats do him molest,
All striving to infix their feeble stings,
That from their noyance he no where can rest;
But with his clownish hands their tender wings
He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

If

If ever I ſhould want ſuch a fry of little authors to attend me, I ſhall think my paper in a very decaying condition. They are like ivy about an oak, which adorns the tree at the ſame time that it eats into it; or like a great man's equipage, that do honour to the perſon on whom they feed. For my part, when I ſee myſelf thus attacked, I do not conſider my antagoniſts as malicious, but hungry; and therefore am reſolved never to take any notice of them.

As for thoſe who detract from my labours, without being prompted to it by an empty ſtomach, in return to their cenſures, I ſhall take pains to excel, and never fail to perſuade myſelf, that their enmity is nothing but their envy or ignorance.

Give me leave to conclude, like an old man, and a moraliſt, with a fable—

The owls, bats, and ſeveral other birds of night, were one day got together in a thick ſhade, where they abuſed their neighbours in a very ſociable manner. Their ſatire at laſt fell upon the ſun, whom they all agreed to be very troubleſome, impertinent, and inquiſitive. Upon which the ſun, who overheard them, ſpoke to them after this manner: 'Gentlemen, I wonder how 'you dare abuſe one that, you know, 'could in an inſtant ſcorch you up, and 'burn every mother's ſon of you: but 'the only anſwer I ſhall give you, or 'the revenge I ſhall take of you, is, to "ſhine on."

Nº CCXXX. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1710.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 27.

THE following letter has laid before me many great and manifeſt evils in the world of letters, which I had overlooked; but they open to me a very buſy ſcene, and it will require no ſmall care and application to amend errors which are become ſo univerſal. The affectation of politeneſs is expoſed in this epiſtle with a great deal of wit and diſcernment; ſo that whatever diſcourſes I may fall into hereafter upon the ſubjects the writer treats of, I ſhall at preſent lay the matter before the world, without the leaſt alteration from the words of my correſpondent.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

SIR,

THERE are ſome abuſes among us of great conſequence, the reformation of which is properly your province; though, as far as I have been converſant in your papers, you have not yet conſidered them. Theſe are, the deplorable ignorance that for ſome years hath reigned among our Engliſh writers, the great depravity of our taſte, and the continual corruption of our ſtile. I ſay nothing here of thoſe who handle particular ſciences, divinity, law, phyſic, and the like; I mean the traders in hiſtory and politics, and the Belles Lettres; together with thoſe by whom books are not tranſlated, but, as the common expreſſions are, done out of French, Latin, or other language, and made Engliſh. I cannot but obſerve to you, that until of late years a Grub Street book was always bound in ſheep-ſkin, with ſuitable print and paper, the price never above a ſhilling, and taken off wholly by common tradeſmen or country pedlars; but now they appear in all ſizes and ſhapes, and in all places: they are handed about from lapfulls in every coffee-houſe to perſons of quality; are ſhewn in Weſtminſter Hall and the Court of Requeſts. You may ſee them gilt, and in royal paper of five or ſix hundred pages, and rated accordingly. I would engage to furniſh you with a catalogue of Engliſh books, publiſhed within the compaſs of ſeven years paſt, which at the firſt hand would coſt you a hundred pounds, wherein you ſhall not be able to find ten lines together of common grammar or common ſenſe.

Theſe two evils, ignorance, and want of taſte, have produced a third; I mean the continual corruption of our Engliſh tongue, which, without ſome timely remedy, will ſuffer more by the falſe refinements of twenty years paſt, than it hath been improved in the foregoing hundred. And this is what I deſign chiefly to enlarge upon, leaving the former evils to your animadverſion.

But inſtead of giving you a liſt of the late refinements crept into our language, I here

I here send you the copy of a letter I received, some time ago, from a most accomplished person in this way of writing; upon which I shall make some remarks. It is in these terms:

SIR,

Cou'd n't get the things you sent for all *about town—I thót* to *ha* come down myself, and then *I'd h' brót 'um*; but I *ha'nt dow't*, and I believe I *can't do't*; that's *poze*—Tom begins to *gi'm-self* airs, because *he's* going with the *Plenipo's*—'Tis said the French King will *bamboozle us agen*, which causes many speculations. The *Jacks* and others of that *kidney* are very *uppish*, and *alert upon't*, as you may see by their *phizz's*—Will Hazard has got the *hipps*, having lost *to the tune of* five *hundr'd* pound, *tho'* he understands play very well, *no body better*. He has promis't me upon *rep*, to leave off play; but you know 'tis a weakness *he's* too apt to *give into, tho'* he has as much wit as any man, *no body more*. He has lain *incog* ever since—The *mobb's* very quiet with us now—I believe you *thót* I *banter'd* you in my last, like a *country put*—I *shan't* leave town this month, &c.

This letter is in every point an admirable pattern of the present polite way of writing; nor is it of less authority for being an epistle: you may gather every flower in it, with a thousand more of equal sweetness, from the books, pamphlets, and single papers offered us every day in the coffee-houses: and these are the beauties introduced to supply the want of wit, sense, humour, and learning, which formerly were looked upon as qualifications for a writer. If a man of wit, who died forty years ago, were to rise from the grave on purpose, how would he be able to read this letter? and after he had got through that difficulty, how would he be able to understand it? The first thing that strikes your eye, is the breaks at the end of almost every sentence; of which I know not the use, only that it is a refinement, and very frequently practised. Then you will observe the abbreviations and elisions, by which consonants of most obdurate sound are joined together, without one softening vowel to intervene; and all this only to make one syllable of two, directly contrary to the example of the Greeks and Romans, altogether of the Gothic strain, and a natural tendency towards relapsing into barbarity, which delights in monosyllables, and uniting of mute consonants, as it is observable in all the northern languages. And this is still more visible in the next refinement, which consists in pronouncing the first syllable in a word that has many, and dismissing the rest, such as Phizz, Hipps, Mobb, Pozz, Rep, and many more, when we are already overloaded with monosyllables, which are the disgrace of our language. Thus we cram one syllable, and cut off the rest, as the owl fattened her mice after she had bit off their legs, to prevent them from running away: and if ours be the same reason for maiming our words, it will certainly answer the end; for I am sure no other nation will desire to borrow them. Some words are hitherto but fairly split, and therefore only in their way to perfection, as Incog, and Plenipo: but in a short time, it is to be hoped, they will be further docked to Inc. and Plen. This reflection has made me of late years very impatient for a peace, which I believe would save the lives of many brave words, as well as men. The war has introduced abundance of polly syllables, which will never be able to live many more campaigns; Speculations, Operations, Preliminaries, Ambassadors, Pallisadoes, Communication, Circumvallation, Battalions, as numerous as they are, if they attack us too frequently in our coffee-houses, we shall certainly put them to flight, and cut off the rear.

The third refinement, observable in the letter I send you, consists in the choice of certain words invented by some Pretty Fellows, such as Banter, Bamboozle, Country Put, and Kidney, as it is there applied; some of which are now struggling for the vogue, and others are in possession of it. I have done my utmost for some years past, to stop the progress of Mobb and Banter, but have been plainly borne down by numbers, and betrayed by those who promised to assist me.

In the last place, you are to take notice of certain choice phrases scattered through the letter, some of them tolerable enough, until they were worn to rags by servile imitators. You might easily find them though they were not in a different print, and therefore I need not disturb them.

These

These are the false refinements in our style which you ought to correct: first, by argument and fair means: but if those fail, I think you are to make use of your authority as Censor, and by an annual *Index Expurgatorius* expunge all words and phrases that are offensive to good sense, and condemn those barbarous mutilations of vowels and syllables. In this last point the usual pretence is, that they spell as they speak: a noble standard for language! to depend upon the caprice of every coxcomb, who, because words are the cloathing of our thoughts, cuts them out and shapes them as he pleases, and changes them oftener than his dress. I believe all reasonable people would be content that such refiners were more sparing in their words, and liberal in their syllables: and upon this head I should be glad you would bestow some advice upon several young readers in our churches, who, coming up from the university full fraught with admiration of our town politeness, will needs correct the style of their Prayer-books. In reading the Absolution, they are very careful to say Pardons and Absolves; and in the prayer for the Royal Family, it must be *endue'um, enrich'um, prosper'um,* and *bring'um.* Then in their sermons they use all the modern terms of art, Sham, Banter, Mob, Bubble, Bully, Cutting, Shuffling, and Palming; all which, and many more of the like stamp, as I have heard them often in the pulpit, from such young sophisters, so I have read them in some of 'those sermons that 'have made most noise of late.' The design, it seems, is to avoid the dreadful imputation of pedantry: to shew us, that they know the town, understand men and manners, and have not been poring upon old unfashionable books in the university.

I should be glad to see you the instrument of introducing into our style that simplicity which is the best and truest ornament of most things in life, which the politer ages always aimed at in their building and dress, *Simplex munditiis,* as well as their productions of wit. It is manifest that all new affected modes of speech, whether borrowed from the court, the town, or the theatre, are the first perishing parts in any language; and, as I could prove by many hundred instances, have been so in ours. The writings of Hooker, who was a country clergyman, and of Parsons the Jesuit, both in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, are in a style that, with very few allowances, would not offend any present reader, and are much more clear and intelligible than those of Sir Harry Wooton, Sir Robert Naunton, Osborn, Daniel the historian, and several others who writ later; but being men of the court, and affecting the praises then in fashion, they are often either not to be 'understood, or appear perfectly ridiculous.

What remedies are to be applied to these evils, I have not room to consider, having, I fear, already taken up most of your paper. Besides, I think it is our office only to represent abuses, and yours to redress them. I am with great respect, Sir, your, &c.

N° CCXXXI. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1710.

PRINCIPIIS OBSTA——

PREVENT THE GROWING EVIL.

OVID. REM. AMOR. VER. 91.

R. WYNNE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 29.

THERE are very many ill habits that might with much ease have been prevented, which, after we have indulged ourselves in them, become incorrigible. We have a sort of proverbial expression, of 'taking a woman down 'in her wedding shoes,' if you would bring her to reason. An early behaviour of this sort had a very remarkable good effect in a family, wherein I was several years an intimate acquaintance.

A gentleman in Lincolnshire had four daughters, three of which were early married very happily; but the fourth, though no way inferior to any of her sisters, either in person or accomplishments, had from her infancy discovered so imperious a temper, usually called a High Spirit, that it continually made great uneasiness in the family, became

her known character in the neighbourhood, and deterred all her lovers from declaring themselves. However, in process of time, a gentleman of a plentiful fortune and long acquaintance, having observed that quickness of spirit to be her only fault, made his addresses; and obtained her consent in due form. The lawyers finished the writings, in which, by the way, there was no pin-money, and they were married. After a decent time spent in the father's house, the bridegroom went to prepare his seat for her reception. During the whole course of his courtship, though a man of the most equal temper, he had artificially lamented to her, that he was the most passionate creature breathing. By this one intimation, he at once made her understand warmth of temper to be what he ought to pardon in her, as well as that he alarmed her against that constitution in himself. She at the same time thought herself highly obliged by the composed behaviour which he maintained in her presence. Thus far he with great success soothed her from being guilty of violences, and still resolved to give her such a terrible apprehension of his fiery spirit, that she should never dream of giving way to her own. He returned on the day appointed for carrying her home; but instead of a coach and six horses, together with the gay equipage suitable to the occasion, he appeared without a servant, mounted on the skeleton of a horse, which his huntsman had, the day before, brought in to feast his dogs on the arrival of his new mistress, with a pillion fixed behind, and a case of pistols before him, attended only by a favourite hound. Thus equipped, he in a very obliging, but somewhat positive, manner, desired his lady to seat herself on the cushion; which done, away they crawled. The road being obstructed by a gate, the dog was commanded to open it: the poor cur looked up and wagged his tail; but the master, to shew the impatience of his temper, drew a pistol, and shot him dead. He had no sooner done it, but he fell into a thousand apologies for his unhappy rashness, and begged as many pardons for his excesses before one for whom he had so profound a respect. Soon after their steed stumbled, but with some difficulty recovered: however, the bridegroom took occasion to swear, if he frightened his wife so again, he would run him through! and alas! the poor animal, being now almost tired, made a second trip; immediately on which the careful husband alights, and with great ceremony, first takes off his lady, then the accoutrements, draws his sword, and saves the huntsman the trouble of killing him: then says to his wife—'Child, pr'ythee take up the saddle;' which she readily did, and tugged it home, where they found all things in the greatest order suitable to their fortune and the present occasion. Some time after, the father of the lady gave an entertainment to all his daughters and their husbands; where, when the wives were retired, and the gentlemen passing a toast about, our last married man took occasion to observe to the rest of his brethren, how much, to his great satisfaction, he found the world mistaken as to the temper of his lady, for that she was the most meek and humble woman breathing. The applause was received with a loud laugh: but as a trial which of them would appear the most master at home, he proposed they should all by turns send for their wives down to them. A servant was dispatched, and answer was made by one—'Tell 'him I will come by and by;' and another, that she would come when the cards were out of her hand, and so on. But no sooner was her husband's desire whispered in the ear of our last married lady, but the cards were clapped on the table, and down she comes with—'My 'dear, would you speak with me?' He received her in his arms, and after repeated caresses tells her the experiment, confesses his good nature, and assures her, that since she could now command her temper, he would no longer disguise his own.

I received the following letter with a dozen of wine, and cannot but do justice to the liquor, and give my testimony, that I have tried it upon several of my acquaintance, who were given to impertinent abbreviations, with great success.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

I Send you by this bearer, and not per bearer, a dozen of that claret which is to be sold at Garraway's Coffee-house, on Thursday the fifth day of October next.

Overton del. Heath sculp

Plate XVIII.

Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co. Dec.r 10. 1785.

next. I can assure you I have found by experience the efficacy of it, in amending a fault you complain of in your last. The very first draught of it has some effect upon the speech of the drinker, and restores all the letters taken away by the elisions so justly complained of. Will Hazard was cured of his hypocondria by three glasses; and the gentleman, who gave you an account of his late indisposition, has in public company, after the first quart, spoke every syllable of the word Plenipotentiary. Yours, &c.

N° CCXXXII. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1710.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCT. 1.

I Have received the following letter from my unfortunate old acquaintance the Upholsterer, who, I observed, had long absented himself from the bench at the upper end of the Mall. Having not seen him for some time, I was in fear I should soon hear of his death; especially since he never appeared, though the noons have been of late pretty warm, and the councils at that place very full from the hour of twelve to three, which the sages of that board employ in conference, while the unthinking part of mankind are eating and drinking for the support of their own private persons, without any regard to the public.

SIR,

I Should have waited on you very frequently to have discoursed you upon some matters of moment, but that I love to be well-informed in the subject upon which I consult my friends, before I enter into debate with them. I have therefore, with the utmost care and pains, applied myself to the reading all the writings and pamphlets which have come out since the trial, and have studied night and day in order to be master of the whole controversy: but the authors are so numerous, and the state of affairs alters so very fast, that I am now a fortnight behind hand in my reading, and know only how things stood twelve days ago. I wish you would enter into those useful subjects; for, if I may be allowed to say so, these are no times to jest in. As for my own part, you know very well that I am of a public spirit, and never regarded my own interest, but looked further; and let me tell you, that while some people are minding only themselves and families, and others are thinking only of their own country, things go on strangely in the North. I foresee very great evils arising from the neglect of transactions at a distance; for which reason I am now writing a letter to a friend in the country, which I design as an answer to the Czar of Muscovy's letter to the Grand Signior concerning his Majesty of Sweden. I have endeavoured to prove, that it is not reasonable to expect that his Swedish Majesty should leave Bender without forty thousand men; and I have added to this an apology for the Cossacks. But the matter multiplies upon me, and I grow dim with much writing; therefore desire, if you have an old green pair of spectacles, such as you used about your fiftieth year, that you would send them to me; as also, that you would please to desire Mr. Morphew to send me in a bushel of coals on the credit of my answer to his Czarian Majesty; for I design it shall be printed for Morphew, and the weather grows sharp. I shall take it kindly if you would order him also to send me the papers as they come out. If there are no fresh pamphlets published, I compute that I shall know before the end of the next month what has been done in town to this day. If it were not for an ill custom lately introduced by a certain author, of talking Latin at the beginning of papers, matters would be in a much clearer light than they are: but to our comfort, there are solid writers who are not guilty of this pedantry. The Postman writes like an angel; the Moderator is fine reading: it would do you no harm to read the Post-boy with attention; he is very deep of late. He is instructive; but I confess a little satirical: a sharp pen! he cares not what he says. The Examiner is admirable, and is become a grave and substantial author. But above all, I am at a loss how to govern myself in

my judgment of thoſe whoſe whole writings conſiſt in interrogatories: and then the way of anſwering, by propoſing queſtions as hard to them, is quite as extraordinary. As for my part, I tremble at theſe novelties; we expoſe, in my opinion, our affairs too much by it. You may be ſure the French King will ſpare no coſt to come at the reading of them. I dread to think if the fable of the Black-birds ſhould fall into his hands. But I ſhall not venture to ſay more until I ſee you. In the mean time, I am, &c.

P. S. I take the Bender letter in the Examiner to be ſpurious.

This unhappy correſpondent, whoſe fantaſtical loyalty to the King of Sweden has reduced him to this low condition of reaſon and fortune, would appear much more monſtrous in his madneſs, did we not ſee crowds very little above his circumſtances from the ſame cauſe, a paſſion to politics.

It is no unpleaſant entertainment to conſider the commerce even of the ſexes interrupted by difference in ſtate affairs. A wench and her gallant parted laſt week upon the words Unlimited and Paſſive: and there is ſuch a jargon of terms got into the mouths of the very filleſt of the women, that you cannot come into a room even among them, but you find them divided into Whig and Tory. What heightens the humour is, that all the hard words they know, they certainly ſuppoſe to be terms uſeful in the diſputes of the parties. I came in this day where two were in very hot debate; and one of them propoſed to me to explain to them what was the difference between Circumciſion and Predeſtination. You may be ſure I was at a loſs; but they were too angry at each other to wait for my explanation, but proceeded to lay open the whole ſtate of affairs, inſtead of the uſual topic of dreſs, gallantry, and ſcandal.

I have often wondered how it ſhould be poſſible that this turn to politics ſhould ſo univerſally prevail, to the excluſion of every other ſubject out of converſation; and upon mature conſideration, find it is for want of diſcourſe. Look round you among all the young fellows you meet, and you ſee thoſe who have the leaſt reliſh for books, company, or pleaſure, though they have no manner of qualities to make them ſucceed in thoſe purſuits, ſhall make very paſſable politicians. Thus the moſt barren invention ſhall find enough to ſay to make one appear an able man in the top coffee-houſes. It is but adding a certain vehemence in uttering yourſelf, let the thing you ſay be never ſo flat, and you ſhall be thought a very ſenſible man, if you were not too hot. As Love and Honour are the nobleſt motives of life; ſo the pretenders to them, without being animated by them, are the moſt contemptible of all ſorts of pretenders. The unjuſt affectation of any thing that is laudable is ignominious in proportion to the worth of the thing we affect: thus, as love of one's country is the moſt glorious of all paſſions, to ſee the moſt ordinary tools in a nation give themſelves airs that way, without any one good quality in their own life, has ſomething in it romantic, yet not ſo ridiculous as odious.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. Bickerſtaff has received Sylvia's letter from the Bath, and his ſiſter is ſet out thither. Tom Frontley, who is one of the guides for the town, is deſired to bring her into company, and oblige her with a mention in his next lampoon.

Nº CCXXXIII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1710.

SUNT CERTA PIACULA, QUÆ TE
TER PURE LECTO POTERUNT RECREARE LIBELLO.
HOR. EP. I. LIB. I. VER. 36.

AND, LIKE A CHARM, TO TH' UPRIGHT MIND AND PURE,
IF THRICE READ O'ER, WILL YIELD A CERTAIN CURE.
R. WYNNE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCT. 4.

WHEN the mind has been perplexed with anxious cares and paſſions, the beſt method of bringing it to it's uſual ſtate of tranquillity, is, as much as we poſſibly can, to turn our thoughts to the adverſities of perſons of higher conſideration in virtue and merit than ourſelves. By this means all the little incidents of our own lives, if they are unfortunate, ſeem to be the effect of juſtice upon our faults, and indiſcretions. When thoſe whom we know to be excellent and deſerving of a better fate are wretched, we cannot but reſign ourſelves, whom moſt of us know to merit a much worſe ſtate than that we are placed in. For ſuch and many other occaſions, there is one admirable relation which one might recommend for certain periods of one's life, to touch, comfort, and improve the heart of man. Tully ſays ſomewhere, the pleaſures of an huſbandman are next to thoſe of a philoſopher. In like manner one may ſay, for methinks they bear the ſame proportion one to another, the pleaſures of humanity are next to thoſe of devotion. In both theſe latter ſatisfactions, there is a certain humiliation which exalts the ſoul above it's ordinary ſtate. At the ſame time that it leſſens our value of ourſelves, it enlarges our eſtimation of others. The hiſtory I am going to ſpeak of is that of Joſeph in Holy Writ, which is related with ſuch majeſtic ſimplicity, that all the parts of it ſtrike us with ſtrong touches of nature and compaſſion; and he muſt be a ſtranger to both who can read it with attention, and not be overwhelmed with the viciſſitudes of joy and ſorrow. I hope it will not be a prophanation to tell it one's way here, that they, who may be unthinking enough to be more frequently readers of ſuch papers as this than of Sacred Writ, may be advertiſed, that the greateſt pleaſures the imagination can be entertained with are to be found there, and that even the ſtile of the Scriptures is more than human.

Joſeph, a beloved child of Iſrael, became invidious to his elder brethren, for no other reaſon but his ſuperior beauty and excellence of body and mind, inſomuch that they could not bear his growing virtue, and let him live. They therefore conſpire his death; but Nature pleaded ſo ſtrongly for him in the heart of one of them, that by his perſuaſion they determined rather to bury him in a pit, than be his immediate executioners with their own hands. When thus much was obtained for him, their minds ſtill ſoftened towards him, and they took the opportunity of ſome paſſengers to ſell him into Egypt. Iſrael was perſuaded by the artifice of his ſons, that the youth was torn to pieces by wild beaſts: but Joſeph was ſold to ſlavery, and ſtill expoſed to new misfortunes, from the ſame cauſe as before, his beauty and his virtue. By a falſe accuſation he was committed to priſon, but in proceſs of time delivered from it, in conſideration of his wiſdom and knowledge, and made the governor of Pharaoh's houſe. In this elevation of his fortune, his brothers were ſent into Egypt to buy neceſſaries of life in a famine. As ſoon as they are brought into his preſence, he beholds, but he beholds with compaſſion, the men who had ſold him to ſlavery, approaching him with awe and reverence. While he was looking over his brethren, he takes a reſolution to indulge himſelf in the pleaſure of ſtirring their and his own affections, by keeping himſelf concealed, and examining into the circumſtances of their family. For this end, with an air of ſeverity, as a watchful miniſter to Pharaoh, he accuſes them as ſpies, who are come into Egypt with deſigns againſt the ſtate. This led them into the account which he wanted of them, the condition of their ancient father and little brother, whom they had left

left behind them. When he had learned that his brother was living, he demands the bringing him to Egypt, as a proof of their veracity.

But it would be a vain and empty endeavour, to attempt laying this excellent representation of the passions of man in the same colours as they appear in the sacred Writ, in any other manner, or almost any other words, than those made use of in the page itself. I am obliged therefore, to turn my designed narration rather into a comment upon the several parts of that beautiful and passionate scene. When Joseph expects to see Benjamin, how natural and how forcible is the reflection—'This affliction is come upon us in that we saw 'the anguish of our brother's soul without pity?' How moving must it be to Joseph to hear Reuben accuse the rest, that they would not hear what he pleaded in behalf of his innocence and distress? He turns from them, and weeps; but commands his passion so far as to give orders for binding one of them in the presence of the rest, while he at leisure observed their different sentiments and concern in their gesture and countenance. When Benjamin is demanded in bondage for stealing the cup, with what force, and what resignation does Judah address his brother!

'In what words shall I speak to my 'lord? With what confidence can I say 'any thing? Our guilt is but too apparent; we submit to our fate. We 'are my lord's servants, both we and 'he also with whom the cup is found.' When that is not accepted, how pathetically does he recapitulate the whole story? And approaching nearer to Joseph, delivers himself as follows; which, if we fix our thoughts upon the relation between the pleader and the judge, it is impossible to read without tears.

SIR,

'LET me intrude so far upon you, 'even in the high condition in which 'you are, and the miserable one in 'which you see me and my brethren, to 'inform you of the circumstances of us 'unhappy men that prostrate ourselves 'before you. When we were first examined by you, you enquired, for 'what reason my lord enquired we 'know not; but you enquired, whether 'we had not a father, or a brother? We 'then acquainted you, that we had a 'father, an old man, who had a child 'of his old age, and had buried another 'son, whom he had by the same woman. You were pleased to command 'us to bring the child he had remaining down to you: we did so; and he 'has forfeited his liberty. But my father said to us—"You know that my "wife bare me two sons; one of them "was torn in pieces: if mischief befal "this also, it will bring down my grey "hairs with sorrow to the grave." Accept therefore, O my lord! me for 'your bondman, and let the lad return 'with his brethren, that I may not see 'the evil that shall come on my father.' Here Joseph's passion grew too great for further disguise, and he reveals himself with exclamations of transport and tenderness.

After their recovery from their first astonishment, his brethren were seized with fear for the injuries they had done him; but how generously does he keep them in countenance, and make an apology for them—'Be not angry with 'yourselves for selling me hither; call 'it not so, but think Providence sent 'me before you to preserve life.'

It would be endless to go through all the beauties of this sacred narrative; but any one who shall read it, at an hour when he is disengaged from all other regards or interests than what arise from it, will feel the alternate passion of a father, a brother, and a son, so warm in him, that they will incline him to exert himself, in such of those characters as happen to be his, much above the ordinary course of his life.

Nº CCXXXIV. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1710.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCT. 6.

I Have reason to believe, that certain of my cotemporaries have made use of an art, I some time ago professed, of being often designedly dull; and for that reason shall not exert myself when I see them lazy. He that has so much to struggle with, as the man who pretends to censure others, must keep up his fire for

for an onset, and may be allowed to carry his arms a little carelessly upon an ordinary march. This paper therefore shall be taken up by my correspondents, two of which have sent me the two following plain, but sensible and honest letters, upon subjects no less important than those of Education and Devotion.

SIR,

I Am an old man retired from all acquaintance with the town, but what I have from your papers, not the worst entertainment of my solitude; yet being still a well-wisher to my country, and the commonwealth of learning (*à qua confiteor nullam ætatis meæ partem abhorruisse*) and hoping the plain phrase in writing that was current in my younger days would have lasted for my time, I was startled at the picture of modern politeness, transmitted by your ingenious correspondent, and grieved to see our sterling English language fallen into the hands of Clippers and Coiners. That mutilated epistle, consisting of Hippo, Rep's, and such like enormous curtailings, was a mortifying spectacle, but with the reserve of comfort to find this and other abuses of our mother tongue, so pathetically complained of, and to the proper person for redressing them, the Censor of Great Britain.

He had before represented the deplorable ignorance that for several years past has reigned amongst our English writers, the great depravity of our taste, and continual corruption of our stile. But, Sir, before you give yourself the trouble of prescribing remedies for these distempers, which you own will require the greatest care and application, give me leave, having long had my eye upon these mischiefs, and thoughts exercised about them, to mention what I humbly conceive to be the cause of them, and in your friend Horace's words—'*Quo fonte* '*derivata clades in patriam populum-*'*que fluxit.*'

I take our corrupt ways of writing to proceed from the mistakes and wrong measures in our common methods of education, which I always looked upon as one of our national grievances, and a singularity that renders us, no less than our situation—

——*Penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos.*
VIRG. ECL. I. VER. 67.

A race of men from all the world disjoin'd.
DRYDEN.

This puts me upon consulting the most celebrated critics on that subject, to compare our practice with their precepts, and find where it was that we came short, or went wide.

But after all, I found our case required something more than these doctors had directed; and the principal defect of our English discipline to lie in the initiatory part, which, although it needs the greatest care and skill, is usually left to the conduct of those blind guides, viz. Chance and Ignorance.

I shall trouble you but with a single instance, pursuant to what your sagacious friend has said, that he could furnish you with a catalogue of English books, which would cost you an hundred pounds at first hand, wherein you could not find ten lines together of common Grammar; which is a necessary consequence of our mismanagement in that province.

For can any thing be more absurd than our way of proceeding in this part of literature? to push tender wits into the intricate mazes of Grammar, and a Latin Grammar? to learn an unknown art by an unknown tongue? to carry them a dark round about way to let them in at a back-door? Whereas by teaching them first the Grammar of their mother-tongue so easy to be learned, their advance to the Grammars of Latin and Greek would be gradual and easy; but our precipitate way of hurrying them over such a gulph, before we have built them a bridge to it, is a shock to their weak understandings, which they seldom, or very late, recover. In the mean time we wrong Nature, and slander infants, who want neither capacity nor will to learn, until we put them upon service beyond their strength; and then indeed we balk them.

The liberal arts and sciences are all beautiful as the Graces; nor has Grammar, the severe mother of all, so frightful a face of her own; it is the vizard put upon it that scares children. She is made to speak hard words, that to them sound like conjuring. Let her talk intelligibly, and they will listen to her.

In this, I think, as on other accounts, we shew ourselves true Britons, always overlooking our natural advantages. It has been the practice of the wisest nations to learn their own language by stated rules, to avoid the confusion that would follow from leaving it to vulgar use. Our English tongue, says a learned

ed man, is the moſt determinate in it's conſtruction, and reducible to the feweſt rules; whatever language has leſs grammar in it, is not intelligible; and whatever has more, all that it has more is ſuperfluous; for which reaſons he would have it made the foundation of learning Latin and all other languages.

To ſpeak and write without abſurdity the language of one's country, is commendable in perſons of all ſtations, and to ſome indiſpenſably neceſſary; and to this purpoſe, I would recommend above all things the having a Grammar of our mother-tongue firſt taught in our ſchools, which would facilitate our youths learning their Latin and Greek Grammars, with ſpare time for Arithmetic, Aſtronomy, Coſmography, Hiſtory, &c. that would make them paſs the ſpring of their life with profit and pleaſure, that is now miſerably ſpent in grammatical perplexities.

But here, methinks, I ſee the reader ſmile, and ready to aſk me, as the lawyer did Sexton Diego on his bequeathing rich legacies to the poor of the pariſh, Where are theſe mighty ſums to be raiſed? Where is there ſuch a Grammar to he had? I will not anſwer, as he did—'Even where your worſhip 'pleaſes.' No, it is our good fortune to have ſuch a Grammar with notes, now in the preſs, and to be publiſhed next term.

I hear it is a chargeable work, and wiſh the publiſher to have cuſtomers of all that have need of ſuch a book; yet fancy that he cannot be much a ſufferer, if it is only bought by all that have more need for it than they think they have.

A certain author brought a poem to Mr. Cowley, for his peruſal and judgment of the performance, which he demanded at the next viſit with a poetaſter's aſſurance; and Mr. Cowley, with his uſual modeſty, deſired that he would be pleaſed to look a little to the Grammar of it.—'To the Grammar of it! 'what do you mean, Sir, would you 'ſend me to ſchool again?'—'Why 'Mr. ———, would it do you any 'harm?'

This put me on conſidering how this voyage of literature may be made with more ſafety and profit, expedition and delight; and at laſt, for compleating ſo good a ſervice, to requeſt your directions in ſo deplorable a caſe; hoping that, as you have had compaſſion on our overgrown coxcombs in concerns of leſs conſequence, you will exert your charity towards innocents, and vouchſafe to be guardian to the children and youth of Great Britain in this important affair of Education, wherein miſtakes and wrong meaſures have ſo often occaſioned their averſion to books, that had otherwiſe proved the chief ornament and pleaſure of their life. I am, with ſincereſt reſpect, Sir,

Your's, &c.

ST. CLEMENT'S, OCT. 5.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

I Obſerve, as the ſeaſon begins to grow cold, ſo does people's Devotion; inſomuch that inſtead of filling the churches, that united zeal might keep one warm there, one is left to freeze in almoſt bare walls, by thoſe who in hot weather are troubleſome the contrary way. This, Sir, needs a regulation that none but you can give to it, by cauſing thoſe who abſent themſelves on account of weather only this winter-time, to pay the apothecaries bills occaſioned by coughs, catarrhs, and other diſtempers contracted by ſitting in empty ſeats. Therefore to you I apply myſelf for redreſs, having got ſuch a cold on Sunday was ſeven-night, that has brought me almoſt to your worſhip's age from ſixty, in leſs than a fortnight. I am your worſhip's in all obedience,

W. E.

N° CCXXXV.

N° CCXXXV. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1710.

SCIT GENIUS, NATALE COMES QUI TEMPERAT ASTRUM.
HOR. EP. 2. LIB. 2. VER. 187.

BUT WHENCE THESE TURNS OF INCLINATION ROSE,
THE GENIUS THIS, THE GOD OF NATURE, KNOWS:
THAT MYSTIC POWER, WHICH OUR ACTIONS GUIDES,
ATTENDS OUR STARS, AND O'ER OUR LIVES PRESIDES. FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCT. 9.

AMONG those inclinations which are common to all men, there is none more unaccountable than that unequal love by which parents diſtinguiſh their children from each other. Sometimes vanity and ſelf-love appear to have a ſhare towards this effect; and in other inſtances I have been apt to attribute it to mere inſtinct: but however that is, we frequently ſee the child, that has been beholden to neither of theſe impulſes in his parents, in ſpite of being neglected, ſnubbed, and thwarted at home, acquire a behaviour which makes him as agreeable to all the reſt of the world, as that of every one elſe of their family is to each other. I fell into this way of thinking from an intimacy which I have with a very good houſe in our neighbourhood, where there are three daughters of a very different character and genius. The eldeſt has a great deal of wit and cunning; the ſecond has good ſenſe, but no artifice; the third has much vivacity, but little underſtanding. The firſt is a fine, but ſcornful woman; the ſecond is not charming, but very winning; the third is no way commendable, but very deſirable. The father of theſe young creatures was ever a great pretender to wit, the mother a woman of as much coquetry. This turn in the parents has biaſſed their affections towards their children. The old man ſuppoſes the eldeſt of his own genius, and the mother looks upon the youngeſt as herſelf renewed. By this means, all the lovers that approach the houſe are diſcarded by the father for not obſerving Mrs. Mary's wit and beauty, and by the mother for being blind to the mien and air of Mrs. Biddy. Come never ſo many pretenders, they are not ſuſpected to have the leaſt thought of Mrs. Betty, the middle daughter. Betty therefore is mortified into a woman of a great deal of merit, and knows ſhe muſt depend on that only for her advancement. The middlemoſt is thus the favourite of all her acquaintance, as well as mine; while the other two carry a certain inſolence about them in all converſations, and expect the partiality which they meet with at home to attend them wherever they appear. So little do parents underſtand that they are, of all people, the leaſt judges of their children's merit, that what they reckon ſuch is ſeldom any thing elſe but a repetition of their own faults and infirmities.

There is, methinks, ſome excuſe for being particular, when one of the offſpring has any defect in nature. In this caſe, the child, if we may ſo ſpeak, is ſo much the longer the child of it's parents, and calls for the continuance of their care and indulgence from the ſlowneſs of it's capacity, or the weakneſs of it's body. But there is no enduring to ſee men enamoured only at the ſight of their own impertinencies repeated, and to obſerve, as we may ſometimes, that they have a ſecret diſlike of their children for a degeneracy from their very crimes. Commend me to Lady Goodly; ſhe is equal to all her own children, but prefers them to thoſe of all the world beſide. My lady is a perfect hen in the care of her brood; ſhe fights and ſquabbles with all that appear where they come, but is wholly unbiaſſed in diſpenſing her favours among them. It is no ſmall pains ſhe is at to defame all the young women in her neighbourhood by viſits, whiſpers, intimations, and hearſays; all which ſhe ends with thanking heaven that no one living is ſo bleſſed with ſuch obedient and well-inclined children as herſelf. 'Perhaps,' ſays ſhe, 'Betty cannot 'dance like Mrs. Frontinet, and it is 'no great matter whether ſhe does or 'not; but ſhe comes into a room with

'a good grace; though she says it that 'should not, she looks like a gentle-'woman. Then if Mrs. Rebecca is 'not so talkative as the mighty wit 'Mrs. Clapper, yet she is discreet, she 'knows better what she says when she 'does speak. If her wit be slow, her 'tongue never runs before it.' This kind parent lifts up her eyes and hands in congratulation of her own good fortune, and is maliciously thankful that none of her girls are like any of her neighbours: but this preference of her own to all others is grounded upon an impulse of nature; while those, who like one before another of their own, are so unpardonably unjust, that it could hardly be equalled in the children, though they preferred all the rest of the world to such parents. It is no unpleasant entertainment to see a ball at a dancing-school, and observe the joy of relations when the young ones, for whom they are concerned, are in motion. You need not be told whom the dancers belong to: at their first appearance, the passions of their parents are in their faces, and there is always a nod of approbation stolen at a good step, or a graceful turn.

I remember, among all my acquaintance, but one man whom I have thought to live with his children with equanimity and a good grace. He had three sons and one daughter, whom he bred with all the care imaginable in a liberal and ingenuous way. I have often heard him say, he had the weakness to love one much better than the other, but that he took as much pains to correct that as any other criminal passion that could arise in his mind. His method was, to make it the only pretension in his children to his favour, to be kind to each other; and he would tell them, that he who was the best brother, he would reckon the best son. This turned their thoughts into an emulation for the superiority in kind and tender affection towards each other. The boys behaved themselves very early with a manly friendship; and their sister, instead of the gross familiarities, and impertinent freedoms in behaviour, usual in other houses, was always treated by them with as much complaisance as any other young lady of their acquaintance. It was an unspeakable pleasure to visit, or sit at a meal, in that family. I have often seen the old man's heart flow at his eyes with joy, upon occasions which would appear indifferent to such as were strangers to the turn of his mind; but a very slight accident, wherein he saw his children's good-will to one another, created in him the godlike pleasure of loving them because they loved each other. This great command of himself, in hiding his first impulse to partiality, at last improved to a steady justice towards them; and that, which at first was but an expedient to correct his weakness, was afterwards the measure of his virtue.

The truth of it is, those parents, who are interested in the care of one child more than that of another, no longer deserve the name of parents, but are in effect as childish as their children, in having such unreasonable and ungoverned inclinations. A father of this sort has degraded himself into one of his own offspring; for none but a child would take part in the passions of children.

N° CCXXXVI. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1710.

NESCIO QUA NATALE SOLUM DULCEDINE MENTEM
TANGIT, ET IMMEMOREM NON SINIT ESSE SUI. OVID.

A NAMELESS FONDNESS FOR OUR NATIVE CLIME
TRIUMPHS O'ER CHANGE, AND ALL-DEVOURING TIME,
OUR NEXT REGARDS OUR FRIENDS AND KINDRED CLAIM;
AND EVERY BOSOM FEELS THE SYMPATHETIC FLAME. R. WYNNE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCT. 11.

I Find in the registers of my family, that the branch of the Bickerstaffs, from which I am descended, came originally out of Ireland. This has given me a kind of natural affection for that country. It is therefore with pleasure that I see not only some of the greatest warriors, but also of the greatest wits,

to

to be natives of that kingdom. The gentleman who writes the following letter is one of these last. The matter of fact contained in it is literally true, though the diverting manner in which it is told may give it the colour of a fable.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE, AT HIS HOUSE IN GREAT-BRITAIN.

SIR, DUBLIN.

FINDING by several passages of your Tatlers, that you are a person curious in natural knowledge, I thought it would not be unacceptable to you to give you the following history of the migration of Frogs into this country. There is an ancient tradition among the wild philosophers of this kingdom, that the whole island was once as much infested by Frogs, as that wherein Whittington made his fortune was by mice. Insomuch that it is said, Mackdonald the First could no more sleep, by reason of these Dutch nightingales, as they are called at Paris, than Pharaoh could when they croaked in his bed-chamber. It was in the reign of this great monarch that St. Patrick arrived in Ireland, being as famous for destroying of vermin as any rat-catcher of our times. If we may believe the tradition, he killed more in one day than a flock of storks could have done in a twelvemonth. From that time, for about five hundred years, there was not a Frog to be heard in Ireland, notwithstanding the bogs still remained, which in former ages had been so plentifully stocked with those inhabitants.

When the arts began to flourish in the reign of King Charles the Second, and that great monarch had placed himself at the head of the Royal Society, to lead them forward into the discoveries of nature, it is said, that several proposals were laid before his Majesty, for the importing of Frogs into Ireland. In order to it, a virtuoso of known abilities was unanimously elected by the society, and intrusted with the whole management of that affair. For this end, he took along with him a sound able-bodied Frog, of a strong hale constitution, that had given proofs of his vigour by several leaps that he made before that learned body. They took ship, and sailed together until they came within sight of the hill of Hoath, before the Frog discovered any symptoms of being indisposed by his voyage: but as the wind chopped about, and began to blow from the Irish coast, he grew sea-sick, or rather land-sick; for his learned companion ascribed it to the particles of the soil with which the wind was impregnated. He was confirmed in his conjecture, when, upon the wind's turning about, his fellow-traveller sensibly recovered, and continued in good health until his arrival upon the shore, where he suddenly relapsed, and expired upon a Ring's-End car in his way to Dublin. The same experiment was repeated several times in that reign, but to no purpose. A Frog was never known to take three leaps upon Irish turf, before he stretched himself out, and died.

Whether it were that the philosophers on this side the water despaired of stocking the island with this useful animal, or whether in the following reign it was not thought proper to undo the miracle of a Popish saint; I do not hear of any further progress made in this affair, until about two years after the battle of the Boyne.

It was then that an ingenious physician, to the honour as well as improvement of his native country, performed what the English had been so long attempting in vain. This learned man, with the hazard of his life, made a voyage to Liverpool, where he filled several barrels with the choicest spawn of Frogs that could be found in those parts. This cargo he brought over very carefully, and afterwards disposed of it in several warm beds, that he thought most capable of bringing it to life. The doctor was a very ingenious physician, and a very good Protestant; for which reason, to shew his zeal against popery, he placed some of the most promising spawn in the very fountain that is dedicated to the saint, and known by the name of St. Patrick's Well, where these animals had the impudence to make their first appearance. They have, since that time, very much increased and multiplied in all the neighbourhood of this city. We have here some curious enquirers into natural history, who observe their motions with a design to compute in how many years they will be able to hop from Dublin to Wexford; though, as I am informed, not one of them has yet passed the mountains of Wicklow.

I am further informed, that several graziers of the county of Cork have

entered into a project of planting a colony in those parts, at the instance of the French Protestants; and I know not but the same design may be on foot in other parts of the kingdom, if the wisdom of the British nation do not think fit to prohibit the further importation of English Frogs. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

T. B.

There is no study more becoming a rational creature than that of Natural Philosophy; but as several of our modern virtuosos manage it, their speculations do not so much tend to open and enlarge the mind, as to contract and fix it upon trifles.

This in England is in a great measure owing to the worthy elections that are so frequently made in our Royal Society. They seem to be in a confederacy against men of polite genius, noble thought, and diffusive learning; and chuse into their assemblies such as have no pretence to wisdom, but want of wit; or to natural knowledge, but ignorance of every thing else. I have made observations in this matter so long, that when I meet with a young fellow that is an humble admirer of these sciences, but more dull than the rest of the company, I conclude him to be a Fellow of the Royal Society.

Nº CCXXXVII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1710.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS MUTATAS DICERE FORMAS CORPORA. Ovid.

OF BODIES CHANG'D TO VARIOUS FORMS I SING. Dryden.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCT. 13.

COMING home last night before my usual hour, I took a book into my hand, in order to divert myself with it until bed-time. Milton chanced to be my author, whose admirable poem of Paradise Lost serves at once to fill the mind with pleasing ideas, and with good thoughts, and was therefore the most proper book for my purpose. I was amusing myself with that beautiful passage in which the poet represents Eve sleeping by Adam's side, with the devil sitting at her ear, and inspiring evil thoughts, under the shape of a toad. Ithuriel, one of the guardian angels of the place, taking his nightly round, saw the great enemy of mankind hid in this loathsome animal, which he touched with his spear. This spear being of a celestial temper, had such a secret virtue in it, that whatever it was applied to, immediately flung off all disguise, and appeared in it's natural figure. I am afraid the reader will not pardon me, if I content myself with explaining the passage in prose, without giving it in the author's own inimitable words.

——On he led his radiant files,
Dazzling the morn: these to the bower direct,
In search of whom they sought. Him there they found,
Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve;
Effaying by his devilish art to reach
The organs of her fancy, and with them forge
Illusions as he lists, phantasms and dreams;
Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
The animal spirits, (that from pure blood arise
Like gentle breaths from rivers pure) thence raise
At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,
Blown up with high conceits, engend'ring pride.
Him, thus intent, Ithuriel with his spear
Touch'd lightly; for no falshood can endure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to his own likeness. Up he starts
Discover'd and surpriz'd. As when a spark
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid
Fit for the tun, some magazine to store
Against a rumour'd war, the smutty grain,
With sudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the air;
So started up in his own shape the fiend.

I could not forbear thinking how happy a man would be in the possession of this spear; or what an advantage it would be to a minister of state, were he master of such a white staff. It would help him to discover his friends from his enemies, men of abilities from pretenders: it would hinder him from being imposed upon by appearances and professions; and might be made use of as a kind of state-test, which no artifice could elude.

These thoughts made very lively impressions on my imaginations, which were improved, instead of being defaced, by

by ſleep, and produced in me the following dream: I was no ſooner fallen aſleep, but methought the angel Ithuriel appeared to me, and, with a ſmile that ſtill added to his celeſtial beauty, made me a preſent of the ſpear which he held in his hand, and diſappeared. To make trials of it, I went into a place of public reſort.

The firſt perſon that paſſed by me was a lady that had a particular ſhyneſs in the caſt of her eye, and a more than ordinary reſervedneſs in all the parts of her behaviour. She ſeemed to look upon man as an obſcene creature, with a certain ſcorn and fear of him. In the height of her airs I touched her gently with my wand, when, to my unſpeakable ſurprize, ſhe fell upon her back, and kicked up her heels in ſuch a manner, as made me bluſh in my ſleep. As I was haſting away from this undiſguiſed prude, I ſaw a lady in earneſt diſcourſe with another, and overheard her ſay, with ſome vehemence—'Never 'tell me of him, for I am reſolved to 'die a virgin!' I had a curioſity to try her; but as ſoon as I laid my wand upon her head, ſhe immediately fell in labour. My eyes were diverted from her by a man and his wife, who walked near me hand in hand after a very loving manner. I gave each of them a gentle tap, and the next inſtant ſaw the woman in breeches, and the man with a fan in his hand. It would be tedious to deſcribe the long ſeries of metamorphoſes that I entertained myſelf with in my night's adventure, of Whigs diſguiſed in Tories, and Tories in Whigs; men in red coats that denounced terror in their countenances, trembling at the touch of my ſpear; others in black, with peace in their mouths, but ſwords in their hands. I could tell ſtories of Noblemen changed into Uſurers, and Magiſtrates into Beadles; of Free-thinkers into Penitents, and Reformers into Whore-maſters. I muſt not, however, omit the mention of a grave citizen who paſſed by me with an huge claſped Bible under his arm, and a band of a moſt immoderate breadth; but upon a touch on the ſhoulder, he let drop his book, and fell a picking my pocket.

In the general I obſerved, that thoſe who appeared good, often diſappointed my expectations; but that, on the contrary, thoſe who appeared very bad, ſtill grew worſe upon the experiment; as the toad in Milton, which one would have thought the moſt deformed part of the creation, at Ithuriel's ſtroke, became more deformed, and ſtarted up into a devil.

Among all the perſons that I touched, there was but one who ſtood the teſt of my wand; and after many repetitions of the ſtroke, ſtuck to his form, and remained ſteady and fixed in his firſt appearance. This was a young man who boaſted of foul diſtempers, wild debauches, inſults upon holy men, and affronts to religion.

My heart was extremely troubled at this viſion. The contemplation of the whole ſpecies, ſo entirely ſunk in corruption, filled my mind with a melancholy that is inexpreſſible, and my diſcoveries ſtill added to my affliction.

In the midſt of theſe ſorrows which I had in my heart, methought there paſſed by me a couple of coaches with purple liveries. There ſat in each of them a perſon with a very venerable aſpect. At the appearance of them, the people who were gathered round me in great multitudes divided into parties, as they were diſpoſed to favour either of thoſe reverend perſons: the enemies of one of them begged me to touch him with my wand, and aſſured me I ſhould ſee his lawn converted into a cloke. The oppoſite party told me with as much aſſurance, that if I laid my wand upon the other, I ſhould ſee his garments embroidered with flower-de-luces, and his head covered with a cardinal's hat. I made the experiment, and to my great joy, ſaw them both without any change, diſtributing their bleſſings to the people, and praying for thoſe who had reviled them. 'Is it poſſible,' thought I, 'that 'good men, who are ſo few in number, 'ſhould be divided among themſelves, 'and give better quarter to the vicious 'that are in their party, than the moſt 'ſtrictly virtuous who are out of it? 'Are the ties of faction above thoſe of 'religion?' I was going on in my ſoliloquies, but ſome ſudden accident awakened me, when I found my hand graſped, but my ſpear gone. The reflection on ſo very odd a dream, made me figure to myſelf what a ſtrange face the world would bear, ſhould all mankind appear in their proper ſhapes and characters, without hypocriſy and diſguiſe. I am afraid the earth we live upon would appear to other intellectual beings

beings no better than a planet peopled with monſters. This ſhould, methinks, inſpire us with an honeſt ambition of recommending ourſelves to thoſe inviſible ſpies, and of being what we would appear. There was one circumſtance in my foregoing dream, which I at firſt intended to conceal; but, upon ſecond thoughts, I cannot look upon myſelf as a candid and impartial hiſtorian, if I do not acquaint my reader, that upon taking Ithuriel's ſpear into my hand, though I was before an old decrepit fellow, I appeared a very handſome, jolly, black man. But I know my enemies will ſay this is praiſing my own beauty, for which reaſon I will ſpeak no more of it.

Nº CCXXXVIII. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1710.

———POETICA SURGET TEMPESTAS——— JUV. SAT. 12. VER. 25.

THUS DREADFUL RISES THE POETIC STORM. R. WYNNE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCT. 16.

STORMS at ſea are ſo frequently deſcribed by the ancient poets, and copied by the moderns, that whenever I find the winds begin to riſe in a new heroic poem, I generally ſkip a leaf or two until I come into fair weather. Virgil's tempeſt is a maſter-piece in this kind, and is indeed ſo naturally drawn, that one who has made a voyage, can ſcarce read it without being ſea-ſick.

Land-ſhowers are no leſs frequent among the poets than the former, but I remember none of them which have not fallen in the country; for which reaſon they are generally filled with the lowings of oxen, and the bleatings of ſheep, and very often embelliſhed with a rainbow.

Virgil's Land-ſhower is likewiſe the beſt in it's kind: it is indeed a ſhower of conſequence, and contributes to the main deſign of the poem, by cutting off a tedious ceremonial, and bringing matters to a ſpeedy concluſion between two potentates of different ſexes. My ingenious kinſman, Mr. Humphry Wagſtaff, who treats of every ſubject after a manner that no author has done, and better than any other can do, has ſent me the deſcription of a City-ſhower. I do not queſtion but the reader remembers my couſin's deſcription of the morning as it breaks in town, which is printed in the ninth Tatler, and is another exquiſite piece of this local poetry.

CAREFUL obſervers may foretel the hour,
By ſure prognoſtics, when to dread a ſhower;
While rain depends, the penſive cat gives o'er
Her frolics, and purſues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you'll find the ſink
Strike your offended ſenſe with double ſtink.
If you be wiſe, then go not far to dine,
You'll ſpend in coach-hire more than ſave in wine.
A coming ſhow'r your ſhooting corns preſage,
Old aches throb, your hollow tooth will rage.
Sauntring in coffee-houſe is Dulman ſeen;
He damns the climate, and complains of ſpleen.

Meanwhile the South, riſing with dabbled wings,
A ſable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
That ſwill'd more liquor than it could contain,
And like a drunkard gives it up again.
Briſk Suſan whips her linen from the rope,
While the firſt drizzling ſhow'r is borne aſlope.
Such is that ſprinkling which ſome careleſs quean
Flirts on you from her mop, but not ſo clean.
You fly, invoke the gods; then turning, ſtop
To rail; ſhe ſinging, ſtill whirls on her mop.
Not yet the duſt had ſhunn'd the unequal ſtrife,
But aided by the wind fought ſtill for life;
And wafted with it's foe by violent guſt,
'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was duſt.
Ah! where muſt needy poet ſeek for aid,
When duſt and rain at once his coat invade;
His only coat, where duſt confus'd with rain
Roughen the nap, and leave a mingled ſtain?

Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threat'ning with deluge this devoted town.
To ſhops in crowds the daggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The Templer ſpruce, while every ſpout's abroach,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet ſeems to call a coach.
The tuck'd-up ſempſtreſs walks with haſty ſtrides,
While ſtreams run down her oil'd umbrella's ſides.
Here various kinds by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a ſhed.

Triumphant

Triumphant Tories, and desponding Whigs,
Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
Box'd in a chair the beau impatient sits,
While spouts run clatt'ring o'er the roof by fits;
And ever and anon with frightful din
The leather sounds; he trembles from within.
So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden steed,
Pregnant with Greeks, impatient to be freed,
Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
Instead of paying chairmen, run them through;
Laoco'n struck the outside with his spear,
And each imprison'd hero quak'd for fear.

Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go;
Filth of all hues and odours seem to tell
What street they sail'd from, by their sight and smell.
They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force,
From Smithfield or St Pulchre's shape their course,
And in huge confluent join'd at Snow-hill ridge,
Fall from the conduit, prone to Holbourn-bridge.
Sweepings from butchers stalls, dung, guts, and blood,
Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd in mud,
Dead cats and turnip-tops come tumbling down the flood.

Nº CCXXXIX. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1710.

——MECUM CERTASSE FERETUR?
OVID. MET. LIB. 13. VER. 20.

SHALL HE CONTEND WITH ME TO GET A NAME?
R. WYNNE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCT. 18.

IT is ridiculous for any man to criticise on the works of another, who has not distinguished himself by his own performances. A judge would make but an indifferent figure who had never been known at the bar. Cicero was reputed the greatest Orator of his age and country, before he wrote a book De Oratore; and Horace the greatest poet, before he published his Art of Poetry. This observation arises naturally in any one who casts his eye upon this last mentioned author, where he will find the criticisms placed in the latter end of his book, that is, after the finest odes and satires in the Latin tongue.

A modern, whose name I shall not mention, because I would not make a silly paper sell, was born a Critic and an Examiner, and, like one of the race of the serpent's teeth, came into the world with a sword in his hand. His works put me in mind of the story that is told of the German monk, who was taking a catalogue of a friend's library, and meeting with a Hebrew book in it, entered it under the title of—'A book 'that has the beginning where the end 'should be.' This author, in the last of his crudities, has amassed together a heap of quotations, to prove that Horace and Virgil were both of them modester men than myself; and if his works were to live as long as mine, they might possibly give posterity a notion, that Isaac Bickerstaff was a very conceited old fellow, and as vain a man as either Tully or Sir Francis Bacon. Had this serious writer fallen upon me only, I could have overlooked it; but to see Cicero abused is, I must confess, what I cannot bear. The censure he passes upon this great man runs thus: 'The itch of 'being very abusive is almost inseparable 'from vain-glory. Tully has these two 'faults in so high a degree, that nothing 'but his being the best writer in the world 'can make amends for them.' The scurrilous wretch goes on to say, that I am as bad as Tully. His words are these—'And yet the Tatler in his paper 'of September the twenty-sixth, has 'outdone him in both. He speaks of 'himself with more arrogance, and with 'more insolence of others.' I am afraid by his discourse, this gentleman has no more read Plutarch, than he has Tully: if he had, he would have observed a passage in that historian, wherein he has with great delicacy distinguished between two passions which are usually complicated in human nature, and which an ordinary writer would not have thought of separating. Not having my Greek spectacles by me, I shall quote the passage word for word as I find it translated to my hand.—'Nevertheless, though he 'was intemperately fond of his own 'praise,

'praiſe, yet he was very free from envying others, and moſt liberally profuſe in commending both the ancients and his cotemporaries, as is to be underſtood by his writings; and many of thoſe ſayings are ſtill recorded, as that concerning Ariſtotle, that he was a river of flowing gold: of Plato's dialogue, that if Jupiter were to ſpeak, he would diſcourſe as he did. Theophraſtus he was wont to call his peculiar delight; and being aſked, Which of Demoſthenes his orations he liked beſt? He anſwered—"The longeſt."

'And as for the eminent men of his own time either for eloquence or philoſophy, there was not one of them which he did not, by writing or ſpeaking favourably of, render more illuſtrious.'

Thus the Critic tells us, that Cicero was exceſſively vain-glorious and abuſive; Plutarch, that he was vain, but not abuſive. Let the reader believe which of them he pleaſes.

After this he complains to the world, that I call him names, and that in my paſſion I ſaid, he was a Flea, a Louſe, an Owl, a Bat, a ſmall Wit, a Scribbler, and a Nibbler. When he has thus beſpoken the reader's pity, he falls into that admirable vein of mirth, which I ſhall ſet down at length, it being an exquiſite piece of raillery, and writ it in great gaiety of heart.—'After this liſt of names,' viz. Flea, Louſe, Owl, Bat, &c. 'I was ſurprized to hear him ſay, that he has hitherto kept his temper pretty well; I wonder how he will write when he has loſt his temper? I ſuppoſe, as he is now very angry and unmannerly, he will then be exceeding courteous and good humoured.' If I can outlive this raillery, I ſhall be able to bear any thing.

There is a method of criticiſm made uſe of by this author, for I ſhall take care how I call him a Scribbler again, which may turn into ridicule any work that was ever written, wherein there is a variety of thoughts: this the reader will obſerve in the following words: 'He,' meaning me, 'is ſo intent upon being 'ſomething extraordinary, that he ſcarce 'knows what he would be; and is as 'fruitful in his ſimiles, as a brother of 'his whom I lately took notice of. In 'the compaſs of a few lines he compares 'himſelf to a Fox, to Daniel Burgeſs, 'to the Knight of the Red-Croſs, to 'an Oak with ivy about it, and to a 'Great Man with an equipage.' I think myſelf as much honoured, by being joined in this part of the paper with the gentleman whom he here calls my brother, as I am in the beginning of it, by being mentioned with Horace and Virgil.

It is very hard that a man canot publiſh ten papers without ſtealing from himſelf; but to ſhew you that this is only a knack of writing, and that the author is got into a certain road of criticiſm, I ſhall ſet down his remarks on the works of the gentleman whom he here glances upon, as they ſtand in his ſixth paper, and deſire the reader to compare them with the foregoing paſſage upon mine.

'In thirty lines his patron is a River, 'the Primum Mobile, a Pilot, a Victim, the Sun, any thing, and nothing. 'He beſtows increaſe, conceals his 'ſource, makes the machine move, 'teaches to ſteer, expatiates on our offences, raiſes vapours, and looks larger 'as he ſets.'

What poem can be ſafe from this ſort of criticiſm? I think I was never in my life ſo much offended, as at a Wag whom I once met in a coffee-houſe: he had in his hand one of the Miſcellanies, and was reading the following ſhort copy of verſes, which, without flattery to the author, is, I think, as beautiful in it's kind as any one in the Engliſh tongue.

Flavia the leaſt and lightſt toy
Can with reſiſtleſs art employ.
This fan in meaner hands would prove
An engine of ſmall force in love;
But ſhe with ſuch an air and mien,
Not to be told or ſafely ſeen,
Directs it's wanton motions ſo,
That it wounds more than Cupid's bow;
Gives coolneſs to the matchleſs dame,
To ev'ry other breaſt a flame.

When this coxcomb had done reading them—'Hey-day!' ſays he, 'what 'inſtrument is this that Flavia employs 'in ſuch a manner as is not to be told, 'nor ſafely ſeen? In ten lines it is a toy, 'a Cupid's bow, a fan, and an engine 'in love. It has wanton motions, it 'wounds, it cools, and inflames.'

Such criticiſms make a man of ſenſe ſick, and a fool merry.

The next paragraph of the paper, we are talking of, falls upon ſome body whom I am at a loſs to gueſs at: but I find

find the whole invective turns upon a man who, it seems, has been imprisoned for debt. Whoever he was, I most heartily pity him; but at the same time must put the Examiner in mind, that notwithstanding he is a Critic, he still ought to remember he is a Christian. Poverty was never thought a proper subject for ridicule; and I do not remember that I ever met with a satire upon a beggar.

As for those little retortings of my own expressions—'Of being dull by design, witty in October, shining, excelling,' and so forth; they are the common cavils of every witling, who has no other methods of shewing his parts, but by little variations and repetitions of the man's words whom he attacks.

But the truth of it is, the paper before me, not only in this particular, but in it's very essence, is like Ovid's Echo—

——*Quæ nec reticere loquenti,*
Nec prior ipsa loqui didicit——
OVID. MET. LIB. 3. VER. 357.

She who in other words her silence breaks,
Nor speaks herself but when another speaks.
ADDISON.

I should not have deserved the character of a Censor, had I not animadverted upon the abovementioned author, by a gentle chastisement: but I know my reader will not pardon me, unless I declare that nothing of this nature for the future, unless it be written with some wit, shall divert me from my care of the public.

N° CCXL. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1710.

AD POPULUM PHALERAS.—————— PERS. SAT. 3. VER. 30.

SUCH PAGEANTRY BE TO THE PEOPLE SHOWN:
THERE BOAST THY HORSE'S TRAPPINGS, AND THY OWN.
DRYDEN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCT. 20.

I Do not remember that in any of my Lucubrations I have touched upon the useful science of Physic, notwithstanding I have declared myself more than once a professor of it. I have indeed joined the study of Astrology with it, because I never knew a Physician recommend himself to the public, who had not a sister art to embellish his knowledge in medicine. It has been commonly observed in compliment to the ingenious of our profession, that Apollo was god of Verse as well as Physic; and in all ages, the most celebrated practitioners of our country were the particular favourites of the Muses. Poetry to Physic is indeed like the gilding to a pill; it makes the art shine, and covers the severity of the Doctor with the agreeableness of the companion.

The very foundation of poetry is good sense, if we may allow Horace to be a judge of the art.

Scribendi rectè sapere est et principium et fons.
HOR. ARS POET. VER. 309.

Sound judgment is the ground of writing well.
ROSCOMMON.

And if so, we have reason to believe, that the same man who writes well can prescribe well, if he has applied himself to the study of both. Besides, when we see a man making profession of two different sciences, it is natural for us to believe, he is no pretender in that which we are not judges of, when we find him skilful in that which we understand.

Ordinary Quacks and Charlatans are thoroughly sensible, how necessary it is to support themselves by these collateral assistances, and therefore always lay their claims to some supernumerary accomplishments, which are wholly foreign to their profession.

About twenty years ago, it was impossible to walk the streets without having an advertisement thrust into your hand, of a Doctor, who was arrived at the knowledge of the Green and Red Dragon, and had discovered the Female Fern-seed. No body every knew what this meant; but the Green and Red Dragon so amused the people, that the

Doctor lived very comfortably upon them. About the same time there was posted a very hard word upon every corner of the streets. This, to the best of my remembrance, was

TETRACHYMAGOGON,

which drew great shoals of spectators about it, who read the bill, that it introduced, with an unspeakable curiosity; and when they were sick, would have no body but this learned man for their Physician.

I once received an advertisement of one who had studied thirty years by candle-light for the good of his countrymen. He might have studied twice as long by day-light, and never have been taken notice of, but lucubrations cannot be over-valued. There are some who have gained themselves great reputation for Physic by their birth, as the seventh son of a seventh son; and others by not being born at all, as the Unborn Doctor, who, I hear, is lately gone the way of his patients; having died worth five hundred pounds per annum, though he was not born to a halfpenny.

My ingenious friend Doctor Scaffold succeeded my old contemporary Doctor Lilly in the studies both of Physic and Astrology, to which he added that of Poetry, as was to be seen both upon the sign where he lived, and in the bills which he distributed. He was succeeded by Doctor Case, who erased the verses of his predecessor out of the sign-post, and substituted in their stead two of his own, which were as follow:

Within this place
Lives Doctor Case.

He is said to have got more by this distich than Mr. Dryden did by all his works. There would be no end of enumerating the several imaginary perfections and unaccountable artifices, by which this tribe of men ensnare the minds of the vulgar, and gain crowds of admirers. I have seen the whole front of a Mountebank's stage, from one end to the other, faced with patents, certificates, medals, and great seals, by which the several princes of Europe have testified their particular respect and esteem for the Doctor. Every great man with a sounding title has been his patient. I believe, I have seen twenty Mountebanks that have given Physic to the Czar of Muscovy. The Great Duke of Tuscany escapes no better. The Elector of Brandenburgh was likewise a very good patient.

This great condescension of the Doctor draws upon him much good-will from his audience; and it is ten to one, but if any of them be troubled with an aching tooth, his ambition will prompt him to get it drawn by a person, who has had many princes, kings, and emperors under his hands.

I must not leave this subject without observing, that as Physicians are apt to deal in Poetry, Apothecaries endeavour to recommend themselves by Oratory, and are therefore without controversy the most eloquent persons in the whole British nation. I would not willingly discourage any of the arts, especially that of which I am an humble professor; but I must confess, for the good of my native country, I could wish there might be a suspension of Physic for some years, that our kingdom, which has been so much exhausted by the wars, might have leave to recruit itself.

As for myself, the only physic which has brought me safe to almost the age of man, and which I prescribe to all my friends, is Abstinence. This is certainly the best physic for prevention, and very often the most effectual against a present distemper. In short, my recipe is—'Take nothing.'

Were the body politic to be physicked like particular persons, I should venture to prescribe to it after the same manner. I remember, when our whole island was shaken with an earthquake some years ago, there was an impudent Mountebank who sold pills, which, as he told the country people, were very good against an earthquake. It may, perhaps, be thought as absurd to prescribe a diet for the allaying popular commotions, and national ferments. But I am verily persuaded, that if in such a case a whole people were to enter into a course of abstinence, and eat nothing but water-gruel for a fortnight, it would abate the rage and animosity of parties, and not a little contribute to the cure of a distracted nation. Such a fast would have a natural tendency to the procuring of those ends, for which a fast is usually proclaimed. If any man has a mind to enter on such a voluntary abstinence,

it

it might not be improper to give him the caution of Pythagoras in particular.

Abſtine à Fabis.

'Abſtain from Beans:' That is, ſay the interpreters—'Meddle 'not with elections;' beans having been made uſe of by the voters among the Athenians in the choice of magiſtrates.

N° CCXLI. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1710.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCT. 23.

A Method of ſpending one's time agreeably is a thing ſo little ſtudied, that the common amuſement of our young gentlemen, eſpecially of ſuch as are at a diſtance from thoſe of the firſt breeding, is Drinking. This way of entertainment has cuſtom on it's ſide; but as much as it has prevailed, I believe there have been very few companies, that have been guilty of exceſs this way, where there have not happened more accidents which make againſt, than for the continuance of it. It is very common that events ariſe from a debauch which are fatal, and always ſuch as are diſagreeable. With all a man's reaſon and good ſenſe about him, his tongue is apt to utter things, out of mere gaiety of heart, which may diſpleaſe his beſt friends. Who then would truſt himſelf to the power of wine, without ſaying more againſt it, than that it raiſes the imagination, and depreſſes the judgment? Were there only this ſingle conſideration, that we are leſs maſters of ourſelves, when we drink in the leaſt proportion above the exigencies of thirſt; I ſay, were this all that could be objected, it were ſufficient to make us abhor this vice. But we may go on to ſay, that as he who drinks but a little is not maſter of himſelf, ſo he who drinks much is a ſlave to himſelf. As for my part, I ever eſteemed a drunkard of all vicious perſons the moſt vicious: for if our actions are to be weighed and conſidered according to the intention of them, what can we think of him, who puts himſelf into a circumſtance wherein he can have no intention at all, but incapacitates himſelf for the duties and offices of life, by a ſuſpenſion of all his faculties? If a man conſiders, that he cannot under the oppreſſion of drink be a friend, a gentleman, a maſter, or a ſubject; that he has ſo long baniſhed himſelf from all that is dear, and given up all that is ſacred to him, he would even then think of a debauch with horror: but when he looks ſtill further, and acknowledges, that he is not only expelled out of all the relations of life, but alſo liable to offend againſt them all, what words can expreſs the terror and deteſtation he would have of ſuch a condition? And yet he owns all this of himſelf, who ſays he was drunk laſt night.

As I have all along perſiſted in it, that all the vicious in general are in a ſtate of death; ſo I think I may add to the non-exiſtence of Drunkards, that they died by their own hands. He is certainly as guilty of ſuicide who periſhes by a ſlow, as he that is diſpatched by an immediate poiſon. In my laſt Lucubration I propoſed the general uſe of water-gruel, and hinted that it might not be amiſs at this very ſeaſon: but as there are ſome, whoſe caſes, in regard to their families, will not admit of delay; I have uſed my intereſt in ſeveral wards of the city, that the wholeſome reſtorative, above-mentioned, may be given in tavern-kitchens to all the mornings-draught-men, within the walls, when they call for wine before noon. For a further reſtraint and mark upon ſuch perſons, I have given orders, that in all the offices where policies are drawn upon lives, it ſhall be added to the article which prohibits that the nominee ſhould croſs the ſea, the words—'Pro-'vided alſo, that the above-mentioned 'A. B. ſhall not drink before dinner 'during the term mentioned in this in-'denture.'

I am not without hopes that by this method I ſhall bring ſome unſizeable friends of mine into ſhape and breadth, as well as others who are languid and conſumptive, into health and vigour. Moſt of the ſelf-murderers, whom I juſt hinted at, are ſuch as preſerve a certain regularity in taking their poiſon, and make it mix pretty well with their food:

but the moſt conſpicuous of thoſe who deſtroy themſelves are ſuch as in their youth fall into this ſort of debauchery; and contract a certain uneaſineſs of ſpirit, which is not to be diverted but by tippling as often as they can fall into company in the day, and conclude with downright drunkenneſs at night. Theſe gentlemen never know the ſatisfaction of youth; but ſkip the years of manhood, and are decrepit ſoon after they are of age. I was godfather to one of theſe old fellows. He is now three and thirty, which is the grand climacteric of a young Drunkard. I went to viſit the crazy wretch this morning, with no other purpoſe but to rally him under the pain and uneaſineſs of being ſober.

But as our faults are double when they affect others beſides ourſelves, ſo this vice is ſtill more odious in a married than a ſingle man. He that is the huſband of a woman of honour, and comes home over-loaded with wine, is ſtill more contemptible in proportion to the regard we have to the unhappy conſort of his beſtiality. The imagination cannot ſhape to itſelf any thing more monſtrous and unnatural than the familiarities between Drunkenneſs and Chaſtity. The wretched Aſtræa, who is the perfection of beauty and innocence, has long been thus condemned for life. The romantic tales of virgins devoted to the jaws of monſters, have nothing in them ſo terrible as the gift of Aſtræa to that Bacchanal.

The reflection of ſuch a match as ſpotleſs innocence with abandoned lewdneſs, is what puts this vice in the worſt figure it can bear, with regard to others; but when it is looked upon with reſpect only to the Drunkard himſelf, it has deformities enough to make it diſagreeable, which may be ſummed up in a word, by allowing, that he, who reſigns his reaſon, is actually guilty of all that he is liable to from the want of reaſon.

P. S. Among many other enormities, there are two in the following letters which I think ſhould be ſuddenly amended; but ſince they are ſins of omiſſion only, I ſhall not make remarks upon them, until I find the delinquents perſiſt in their errors; and the inſerting the letters themſelves ſhall be all their preſent admonition.

MR. BICKERSTAFF, OCT. 16.

SEVERAL that frequent Divine-ſervice at Saint Paul's, as well as myſelf, having with great ſatisfaction obſerved the good effect, which your animadverſion had on an exceſs in performance there; it is requeſted, that you will take notice of a contrary fault, which is the unconcerned ſilence, and the motionleſs poſtures, of others who come thither. If this cuſtom prevails, the congregation will reſemble an audience at a play-houſe, or rather a ſilent meeting of Quakers. Your cenſuring ſuch church-mutes, in the manner you think fit, may make theſe diſſenters join with us, out of fear leſt you ſhould further animadvert upon their non-conformity. According as this ſucceeds, you ſhall hear from, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

B. B.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

I Was the other day in company with a gentleman, who, in reciting his own qualifications, concluded every period with theſe words: 'The beſt of any 'man in England.' Thus for example: he kept the beſt houſe of any man in England; he underſtood this, and that, and the other, the beſt of any man in England. How harſh and ungrateful ſoever this expreſſion might ſound to one of my nation, yet the gentleman was one whom it no ways became me to interrupt; but perhaps a new term put into his By-words, (as they call a ſentence a man particularly affects) may cure him. I therefore took a reſolution to apply to you, who, I dare ſay, can eaſily perſuade this gentleman, whom I cannot believe an enemy to the Union, to mend his phraſe, and be hereafter the wiſeſt of any man in Great Britain. I am, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

SCOTO-BRITANNUS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEREAS Mr. Humphry Treloohy, wearing his own hair, a pair of buck-ſkin breeches, a hunting-whip, with a new pair of ſpurs, has complained to the Cenſor, that on Thurſday laſt he was defrauded of half a crown, under pretence of a duty to the ſexton for ſeeing the cathedral of St. Paul, London: it is hereby ordered, that none hereafter require

require above six-pence of any country gentleman under the age of twenty-five for that liberty; and that all which shall be received above the said sum, of any person, for beholding the inside of that sacred edifice, be forthwith paid to Mr. Morphew, for the use of Mr. Bickerstaff, under pain of further censure on the above-mentioned extortion.

N° CCXLII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1710.

QUIS INIQUÆ
TAM PATIENS URBIS, TAM FERREUS UT TENEAT SE?
JUV. SAT. I. VER. 30.

TO VIEW SO LEWD A MAN, AND TO REFRAIN,
WHAT HOOPS OF IRON COULD MY SPLEEN CONTAIN.
DRYDEN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCT. 25.

IT was with very great displeasure I heard this day a man say of a companion of his, with an air of approbation—'You know Tom never fails of saying 'a spiteful thing. He has a great deal 'of wit, but satire is his particular talent. Did you mind how he put the 'young fellow out of countenance, that 'pretended to talk to him?' Such impertinent applauses, which one meets with every day, put me upon considering, what true Raillery and Satire were in themselves; and this, methought, occurred to me from reflection upon the great and excellent persons that were admired for talents this way. When I had run over several such in my thoughts, I concluded, however unaccountable the assertion might appear at first sight, that good-nature was an essential quality in a Satirist, and that all the sentiments which are beautiful in this way of writing must proceed from that quality in the author. Good-nature produces a disdain of all baseness, vice, and folly; which prompts them to express themselves with smartness against the errors of men, without bitterness towards their persons. This quality keeps the mind in equanimity, and never lets an offence unseasonably throw a man out of his character. When Virgil said, he that did not hate Bavius might love Mævius, he was in perfect good humour; and was not so much moved at their absurdities, as passionately to call them sots or blockheads in a direct invective, but laughed at them with a delicacy of scorn, without any mixture of anger.

The best good man, with the worst natur'd muse,

was the character among us of a gentleman as famous for his humanity as his wit.

The ordinary subjects for Satire are such as incite the greatest indignation in the best tempers, and consequently men of such a make are the best qualified for speaking of the offences in human life. These men can behold vice and folly, when they injure persons to whom they are wholly unacquainted, with the same severity as others resent the ills they do to themselves. A good-natured man cannot see an overbearing fellow put a bashful man of merit out of countenance, or outstrip him in the pursuit of any advantage, but he is on fire to succour the oppressed, to produce the merit of the one, and confront the impudence of the other.

The men of the greatest character in this kind were Horace and Juvenal. There is not, that I remember, one ill-natured expression in all their writings; not one sentence of severity, which does not apparently proceed from the contrary disposition. Whoever reads them, will, I believe, be of this mind; and if they were read with this view, it might possibly persuade our young fellows, that they may be very witty men without speaking ill of any, but those who deserve it: but in the perusal of these writers it may not be unnecessary to consider, that they lived in very different times. Horace was intimate with a prince of the greatest goodness and humanity imaginable, and his court was formed after his example: therefore the faults

faults that poet falls upon were little inconſiſtencies in behaviour, falſe pretences to politeneſs, or impertinent affectations of what men were not fit for. Vices of a coarſer ſort could not come under his conſideration, or enter the palace of Auguſtus. Juvenal, on the other hand, lived under Domitian, in whoſe reign every thing that was great and noble was baniſhed the habitations of the men in power. Therefore he attacks vice as it paſſes by in triumph, not as it breaks into converſation. The fall of empire, contempt of glory, and a general degeneracy of manners, are before his eyes in all his writings. In the days of Auguſtus, to have talked like Juvenal had been madneſs; or in thoſe of Domitian, like Horace. Morality and virtue are every where recommended in Horace, as became a man in a polite court, from the beauty, the propriety, the convenience of purſuing them. Vice and corruption are attacked by Juvenal in a ſtile which denotes, he fears he ſhall not be heard without he calls to them in their own language, with a barefaced mention of the villanies and obſcenities of his contemporaries.

This accidental talk of theſe two great men carries me from my deſign, which was to tell ſome coxcombs that run about this town with the name of Smart Satirical Fellows, that they are by no means qualified for the characters they pretend to, of being ſevere upon other men; for they want good-nature. There is no foundation in them for arriving at what they aim at; and they may as well pretend to flatter as rally agreeably, without being good-natured.

There is a certain impartiality neceſſary to make what a man ſays bear any weight with thoſe he ſpeaks to. This quality, with reſpect to men's errors and vices, is never ſeen but in good-natured men. They have ever ſuch a frankneſs of mind, and benevolence to all men, that they cannot receive impreſſions of unkindneſs without mature deliberation; and writing or ſpeaking ill of a man upon perſonal conſiderations is ſo irreparable and mean an injury, that no one poſſeſſed of this quality is capable of doing it: but in all ages there have been interpreters to authors when living, of the ſame genius with the commentators, into whoſe hands they fall when dead. I dare ſay it is impoſſible for any man of more wit than one of theſe to take any of the four and twenty letters, and form out of them a name to deſcribe the character of a vicious man with greater life, but one of theſe would immediately cry —' Mr. ſuch a one is meant in that ' place.' But the truth of it is, Satiriſts deſcribe the age, and backbiters aſſign their deſcriptions to private men.

In all terms of reproof, when the ſentence appears to ariſe from perſonal hatred or paſſion, it is not then made the cauſe of mankind, but a miſunderſtanding between two perſons. For this reaſon the repreſentations of a good-natured man bear a pleaſantry in them, which ſhews there is no malignity at heart, and by conſequence they are attended to by his hearers or readers, becauſe they are unprejudiced. This deference is only what is due to him; for no man thoroughly nettled can ſay a thing general enough, to paſs off with the air of an opinion declared, and not a paſſion gratified. I remember a humorous fellow at Oxford, when he heard any one had ſpoken ill of him, uſed to ſay—' I will not take my revenge of ' him, until I have forgiven him.' What he meant by this was, that he would not enter upon this ſubject, until it was grown as indifferent to him as any other: and I have by this rule ſeen him more than once triumph over his adverſary with an inimitable ſpirit and humour; for he came to the aſſault againſt a man full of ſore places, and he himſelf invulnerable.

There is no poſſibility of ſucceeding in a ſatirical way of writing or ſpeaking, except a man throws himſelf quite out of the queſtion. It is great vanity to think any one will attend to a thing, becauſe it is your quarrel. You muſt make your Satire the concern of ſociety in general, if you would have it regarded. When it is ſo, the good-nature of a man of wit will prompt him to many briſk and diſdainful ſentiments and replies, to which all the malice in the world will not be able to repartee.

Nº CCXLIII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1710.

INFERT SE SEPTUS NEBULA, MIRABILE DICTU!
PER MEDIOS, MISCETQUE VIRIS, NEQUE CERNITUR ULLI.
VIRG. ÆN. I. VER. 443.

CONCEAL'D IN CLOUDS, PRODIGIOUS TO RELATE!
HE MIX'D, UNMARK'D, AMONG THE BUSY THRONG,
AND PASS'D UNSEEN ALONG.
DRYDEN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCT. 27.

I Have somewhere made mention of Gyges's ring; and intimated to my reader, that it was at present in my possession, though I have not since made any use of it. The tradition concerning this ring is very romantic, and taken notice of both by Plato and Tully, who each of them make an admirable use of it for the advancement of morality. This Gyges was the master-shepherd to King Candaules. As he was wandering over the plains of Lydia, he saw a great chasm in the earth, and had the curiosity to enter it. After having descended pretty far into it, he found the statue of a horse in brass, with doors in the sides of it. Upon opening them, he found the body of a dead man, bigger than ordinary, with a ring upon his finger, which he took off, and put it upon his own. The virtues of it were much greater than he at first imagined; for, upon his going into the assembly of shepherds, he observed, that he was invisible when he turned the stone of the ring within the palm of his hand, and visible when he turned it towards his company. Had Plato and Cicero been as well versed in the occult sciences as I am, they would have found a great deal of mystic learning in this tradition: but it is impossible for an adept to be understood by one who is not an adept.

As for myself, I have with much study and application arrived at this great secret of making myself invisible, and by that means conveying myself where I please; or to speak in Rosycrucian lore, I have entered into the clifts of the earth, discovered the brazen horse, and robbed the dead giant of his ring. The tradition says further of Gyges, that by the means of this ring he gained admission into the most retired parts of the court, and made such use of those opportunities, that he at length became king of Lydia. For my own part, I, who have always rather endeavoured to improve my mind than my fortune, have turned this ring to no other advantage than to get a thorough insight into the ways of men, and to make such observations upon the errors of others, as may be useful to the public, whatever effect they may have upon myself.

About a week ago, not being able to sleep, I got up, and put on my magical ring; and with a thought transported myself into a chamber where I saw a light. I found it inhabited by a celebrated beauty, though she is of that species of women which we call a Slattern. Her head dress and one of her shoes lay upon a chair, her petticoat in one corner of the room, and her girdle that had a copy of verses made upon it but the day before, with her thread stockings, in the middle of the floor. I was so foolishly officious, that I could not forbear gathering up her cloaths together, to lay them upon the chair that stood by her bedside; when, to my great surprize, after a little muttering, she cried out—'What do you do? Let 'my petticoat alone.' I was startled at first, but soon found that she was in a dream; being one of those who, to use Shakespeare's expression, are so 'loose 'of thought,' that they utter in their sleep every thing that passes in their imagination. I left the apartment of this female Rake, and went into her neighbour's, where there lay a Male Coquette. He had a bottle of salts hanging over his head, and upon the table by his bed-side Suckling's Poems, with a little heap of black patches on it. His snuff-box was within reach on a chair: but while I was admiring the disposition which he made of the several parts of his dress, his slumber seemed interrupted by a pang that was accompanied

panied by a ſudden oath, as he turned himſelf over haſtily in his bed. I did not care for ſeeing him in his nocturnal pains, and left the room.

I was no ſooner got into another bed-chamber, but I heard very harſh words uttered in a ſmooth uniform tone. I was amazed to hear ſo great a volubility in reproach, and thought it too coherent to be ſpoken by one aſleep; but upon looking nearer, I ſaw the head-dreſs of the perſon who ſpoke, which ſhewed her to be a female, with a man lying by her ſide broad awake, and as quiet as a lamb. I could not but admire his exemplary patience, and diſcovered by his whole behaviour, that he was then lying under the diſcipline of a curtain-lecture.

I was entertained in many other places with this kind of nocturnal eloquence, but obſerved that moſt of thoſe whom I found awake, were kept ſo either by envy or by love. Some of theſe were ſighing, and others curſing, in ſoliloquy; ſome hugged their pillows, and others gnaſhed their teeth.

The covetous I likewiſe found to be a very wakeful people. I happened to come into a room where one of them lay ſick. His phyſician and his wife were in cloſe whiſper near his bed-ſide. I overheard the doctor ſay to the poor gentlewoman—'He cannot poſſibly live 'until five in the morning.' She received it like the miſtreſs of a family, prepared for all events. At the ſame inſtant came in a ſervant-maid, who ſaid—'Madam, the undertaker is be-'low according to your order.' The words were ſcarce out of her mouth, when the ſick man cried out with a feeble voice—'Pray, doctor, how went 'bank-ſtock to-day at 'Change?' This melancholy object made me too ſerious for diverting myſelf further this way: but as I was going home, I ſaw a light in a garret, and entering into it, heard a voice crying—'And, hand, ſtand, band, 'fanned, tanned.' I concluded him by this, and the furniture of his room, to be a lunatic; but upon liſtening a little longer, perceived it was a poet, writing an heroic upon the enſuing peace.

It was now towards morning, an hour when ſpirits, witches, and conjurors are obliged to retire to their own apartments, and feeling the influence of it, I was haſtening home, when I ſaw a man had got half-way into a neighbour's houſe. I immediately called to him, and turning my ring, appeared in my proper perſon. There is ſomething magiſterial in the aſpect of the Bickerſtaffs, which made him run away in confuſion.

As I took a turn or two in my own lodging, I was thinking that, old as I was, I need not go to bed alone, but that it was in my power to marry the fineſt lady in this kingdom, if I would wed her with this ring. For what a figure would ſhe that ſhould have it make at a viſit, with ſo perfect a knowledge as this would give her of all the ſcandal in the town? But inſtead of endeavouring to diſpoſe of myſelf and it in matrimony, I reſolved to lend it to my loving friend the Author of the Atlantis, to furniſh a new 'Secret Hiſtory 'of Secret Memoirs.'

N° CCXLIV. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1710.

QUID VOVEAT DULCI NUTRICULA MAJUS ALUMNO,
QUAM SAPERE, ET FARI UT POSSIT QUÆ SENTIAT?——
HOR. EP. 4. LIB. I. VER. 8.

WHAT CAN THE FONDEST MOTHER WISH FOR MORE,
EV'N FOR HER DARLING SON, THAN SOLID SENSE,
PERCEPTIONS CLEAR, AND FLOWING ELOQUENCE? R. WYNNE.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, OCTOBER 30.

IT is no eaſy matter, when people are advancing in any thing, to prevent their going too faſt for want of patience. This happens in nothing more frequently than in the proſecution of ſtudies. Hence it is, that we meet crowds who attempt to be eloquent before they can ſpeak. They affect the flowers of rhetoric before they underſtand the parts of ſpeech. In the ordinary converſation of this town, there are ſo many who can, as they call it, talk well, that there is not

one

one in twenty that talks to be underſtood. This proceeds from an ambition to excel, or, as the term is, to ſhine in company. The matter is not to make themſelves underſtood, but admired. They come together with a certain emulation, rather than benevolence. When you fall among ſuch companions, the ſafe way is to give yourſelf up, and let the orators declaim for your eſteem, and trouble yourſelf no further. It is ſaid, that a poet muſt be born ſo; but I think it may be much better ſaid of an orator, eſpecially when we talk of our own town poets and orators; but the town poets are full of rules and laws, the town orators go through thick and thin, and are, forſooth, perſons of ſuch eminent natural parts and knowledge of the world, that they deſpiſe all men as unexperienced ſcholaſtics who wait for an occaſion before they ſpeak, or who ſpeak no more than is neceſſary. They had half perſuaded me to go to the tavern the other night, but that a gentleman whiſpered me—'Pr'ythee, Iſaac, 'go with us; there is Tom Varniſh will 'be there, and he is a fellow that talks 'as well as any man in England.'

I muſt confeſs, when a man expreſſes himſelf well upon any occaſion, and his falling into an account of any ſubject ariſes from a deſire to oblige the company, or from fulneſs of the circumſtance itſelf, ſo that his ſpeaking of it at large is occaſioned only by the openneſs of a companion; I ſay, in ſuch a caſe as this, it is not only pardonable, but agreeable, when a man takes the diſcourſe to himſelf; but when you ſee a fellow watch for opportunities for being copious, it is exceſſively troubleſome. A man that ſtammers, if he has underſtanding, is to be attended with patience and good-nature; but he that ſpeaks more than he needs, has no right to ſuch an indulgence. The man who has a defect in his ſpeech takes pains to come to you; while a man of weak capacity with fluency of ſpeech triumphs in outrunning you. The ſtammerer ſtrives to be fit for your company; the loquacious man endeavours to ſhew you, you are not fit for his.

With thoughts of this kind do I always enter into that man's company who is recommended as a perſon that talks well; but if I were to chuſe the people with whom I would ſpend my hours of converſation, they ſhould be certainly ſuch as laboured no farther than to make themſelves readily and clearly apprehended, and would have patience and curioſity to underſtand me. To have good ſenſe, and ability to expreſs it, are the moſt eſſential and neceſſary qualities in companions. When thoughts riſe in us fit to utter, among familiar friends there needs but very little care in cloathing them.

Urbanus is, I take it, a man one might live with whole years, and enjoy all the freedom and improvement imaginable, and yet be inſenſible of a contradiction to you in all the miſtakes you can be guilty of. His great good-will to his friends has produced in him ſuch a general deference in his diſcourſe, that if he differs from you in his ſenſe of any thing, he introduces his own thoughts by ſome agreeable circumlocution; or he has often obſerved ſuch and ſuch a circumſtance that made him of another opinion. Again, where another would be apt to ſay—'This I am confident 'of, I may pretend to judge of this 'matter as well as any body;' Urbanus ſays—'I am verily perſuaded, I believe 'one may conclude.' In a word, there is no man more clear in his thoughts and expreſſions than he is, or ſpeaks with greater diffidence. You ſhall hardly find one man of any conſideration, but you ſhall obſerve one of leſs conſequence, form himſelf after him. This happens to Urbanus; but the man who ſteals from him almoſt every ſentiment he utters in a whole week, diſguiſes the theft by carrying it with a quite different air. Umbratilis knows Urbanus's doubtful way of ſpeaking proceeds from good-nature and good-breeding, and not from uncertainty in his opinions. Umbratilis therefore has no more to do but repeat the thoughts of Urbanus in a poſitive manner, and appear to the undiſcerning a wiſer man than the perſon from whom he borrows: but thoſe who know him can ſee the ſervant in his maſter's habit; and the more he ſtruts, the leſs do his cloaths appear his own.

In converſation, the medium is neither to affect ſilence or eloquence; not to value our approbation, and to endeavour to excel us who are of your company, are equal injuries. The great enemies therefore to good company, and thoſe who tranſgreſs moſt againſt the laws of equality, which is the life of it, are, the Clown, the Wit, and the Pedant. A

clown, when he has ſenſe, is conſcious of his want of education, and with an aukward bluntneſs, hopes to keep himſelf in countenance, by overthrowing the uſe of all polite behaviour. He takes advantage of the reſtraint good-breeding lays upon others not to offend him, to treſpaſs againſt them, and is under the man's own ſhelter while he intrudes upon him. The fellows of this claſs are very frequent in the repetition of the words, Rough and Manly. When theſe people happen to be by their fortunes of the rank of gentlemen, they defend their other abſurdities by an impertinent courage; and, to help out the defect of their behaviour, add their being dangerous to their being diſagreeable. This gentleman, though he diſpleaſes, profeſſes to do ſo; and knowing that, dares ſtill go on to do ſo, is not ſo painful a companion as he who will pleaſe you againſt your will, and reſolves to be a wit.

This man upon all occaſions, and whoever he falls in company with, talks in the ſame circle, and in the ſame round of chat which he has learned at one of the tables of this coffee-houſe. As poetry is in itſelf an elevation above ordinary and common ſentiments; ſo there is no fop ſo very near a madman in indifferent company as a poetical one. He is not apprehenſive that the generality of the world are intent upon the buſineſs of their own fortune and profeſſion, and have as little capacity as to enter into matters of ornament or ſpeculation. I remember at a full table in the city, one of thoſe ubiquitary wits was entertaining the company with a ſoliloquy, for ſo I call it when a man talks to thoſe who do not underſtand him, concerning wit and humour. An honeſt gentleman who ſat next to me, and was worth half a plumb, ſtared at him, and obſerving there was ſome ſenſe, as he thought, mixed with his impertinence, whiſpered me—'Take 'my word for it, this fellow is more 'knave than fool.' This was all my good friend's applauſe of the wittieſt man of talk that I was ever preſent at, which wanted nothing to make it excellent, but that there was no occaſion for it.

The Pedant is ſo obvious to ridicule, that it would be to be one to offer to explain him. He is a gentleman ſo well known, that there is none but thoſe of his own claſs who do not laugh at and avoid him. Pedantry proceeds from much reading and little underſtanding. A Pedant among men of learning and ſenſe, is like an ignorant ſervant giving an account of a polite converſation. You may find he has brought with him more than could have entered into his head without being there, but ſtill that he is not a bit wiſer than if he had not been there at all.

Nº CCXLV. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1710.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 1.

THE lady hereafter-mentioned, having come to me in very great haſte, and paid me much above the uſual fee, as a cunning-man, to find her ſtolen goods, and alſo having approved my late diſcourſe of Advertiſements, obliged me to draw up this, and inſert it in the body of my paper.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEREAS Bridget Howd'ye, late ſervant to the Lady Fardingale, a ſhort, thick, lively, hard-favoured wench, of about twenty-nine years of age, her eyes ſmall and bleared, and noſe very broad at bottom, and turning up at the end, her mouth wide, and lips of an unuſual thickneſs, two teeth out before, the reſt black and uneven, the tip of her left ear being of a mouſe-colour, her voice loud and ſhrill, quick of ſpeech, and ſomething of a Welſh accent, withdrew herſelf on Wedneſday laſt from her ladyſhip's dwelling-houſe, and, with the help of her conſorts, carried off the following goods of her ſaid lady, viz. A thick wadded callico wrapper, a muſk-coloured velvet mantle lined with ſquirrel ſkins, eight night-ſhifts, four pair of ſilk ſtockings curiouſly darned, ſix pair of laced ſhoes, new and old, with the heels of half two inches higher than their fellows; a quilted petticoat of the largeſt ſize, and one of canvas with whalebone hoops; three pair of ſtays, bolſtered below the left ſhoulder; two pair

pair of hips of the neweſt faſhion, ſix round-about aprons with pockets, and four ſtriped muſlin night-rails very little frayed; a ſilver pot for coffee or chocolate, the lid much bruiſed; a broad-brimmed flat ſilver plate for ſugar with Rheniſh wine, a ſilver ladle for plumb-porridge; a ſilver cheeſe-toaſter with three tongues, an ebony handle, and ſilvering at the end; a ſilver poſnet to butter eggs; one caudle and two cordial water-cups, two cocoa-cups, and an oſtrich's egg, with rims and feet of ſilver, a marrow-ſpoon with a ſcoop at the other end, a ſilver orange-ſtrainer, eight ſweet-meat ſpoons made with forks at the end, an agate-handle knife and fork in a ſheath, a ſilver tongue-ſcraper, a ſilver tobacco-box, with a tulip graved on the top; and a Bible bound in ſhagreen, with gilt leaves and claſps, never opened but once. Alſo a ſmall cabinet, with ſix drawers inlaid with tortoiſe-ſhell, and braſs gilt ornaments at the four corners, in which were two leather forehead-cloths, three pair of oiled dog-ſkin gloves, ſeven cakes of ſuperfine Spaniſh wool, half a dozen of Portugal diſhes, and a quire of paper from thence; two pair of bran-new plumpers, four black-lead combs, three pair of faſhionable eye-brows, two ſets of ivory teeth, little the worſe for wearing, and one pair of box for common uſe; Adam and Eve in bugle-work, without fig-leaves, upon canvas, curiouſly wrought with her ladyſhip's own hand; ſeveral filligrane curioſities; a crotchet of one hundred and twenty-two diamonds, ſet ſtrong and deep in ſilver, with a rump-jewel after the ſame faſhion; bracelets of braided hair, pomander and ſeed-pearl; a large old purple velvet purſe embroidered, and ſhutting with a ſpring, containing two pictures in miniature, the features viſible; a broad thick gold ring with a hand in hand graved upon it, and within this poſey—'While life 'does laſt, I'll hold thee faſt;' another ſet round with ſmall rubies and ſparks, ſix wanting; another of Turkey ſtone, cracked through the middle; an Elizabeth and four Jacobus's, one guinea, the firſt of the coin, an angel with a hole bored through, a broken half of a Spaniſh piece of gold, a crown-piece with the breeches, an old nine-pence bent both ways by Lilly the almanack-maker for luck at langteraloo, and twelve of the ſhells called Blackmoor's Tooth; one ſmall amber box with apoplectic balſam, and one ſilver gilt of a larger ſize for caſhu and carraway-comfits, to be taken at long ſermons, the lid enamelled, repreſenting a Cupid fiſhing for hearts with a piece of gold on his hook; over his head this rhyme: 'Only with gold, you me ſhall hold.' In the lower drawer was a large new gold repeating watch made by a Frenchman; a gold chain, and all the proper appurtenances hung upon ſteel ſwivels, to wit, lockets with the hair of dead and living lovers, ſeals with arms, emblems and devices cut in cornelian, agate, and onyx, with cupids, hearts, darts, altars, flames, rocks, pickaxes, roſes, thorns, and ſun-flowers; as alſo variety of ingenious French mottos; together with gold etuys for quills, ſciſſars, needles, thimbles, and a ſponge dipped in Hungary water, left but the night before by a young lady going upon a frolic incog. There was alſo a bundle of letters, dated between the years one thouſand ſix hundred and ſeventy and one thouſand ſix hundred eighty-two, moſt of them ſigned Philander, the reſt Strephon, Amyntas, Corydon, and Adonis; together with a collection of receipts to make paſtes for the hands, pomatums, lip-ſalves, white-pots, beautifying creams, water of talk, and frog-ſpawn water; decoctions for clearing the complexion, and an approved medicine to procure abortion.

Whoever can diſcover the aforeſaid goods, ſo that they may be had again, ſhall have fifty guineas for the whole, or proportionable for any part.

N.B. Her ladyſhip is pleaſed to promiſe ten pounds for the packet of letters over and above, or five for Philander's only, being her firſt love. My lady beſtows thoſe of Strephon to the finder, being ſo written that they may ſerve to any woman who reads them.

POSTSCRIPT.

As I am patron of perſons who have no other friend to apply to, I cannot ſuppreſs the following complaint.

SIR,

I Am a Blackmoor boy, and have, by my lady's order, been chriſtened by the chaplain. The good man has gone further with me, and told me a great deal of good news; as, that I am as

good as my lady herſelf as I am a Chriſtian, and many other things: but for all this, the parrot, who came over with me from our country, is as much eſteemed by her as I am. Beſides this, the ſhock-dog has a collar that coſt almoſt as much as mine. I deſire alſo to know, whether, now I am a Chriſtian, I am obliged to dreſs like a Turk, and wear a turbant. I am, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

POMPEY.

Nº CCXLVI. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1710.

——VITIIS NEMO SINE NASCITUR; OPTIMUS ILLE QUI MINIMIS URGETUR.——

HOR. SAT. 3. LIB. I. VER. 68.

——WE HAVE ALL OUR VICES, AND THE BEST IS HE, WHO WITH THE FEWEST IS OPPREST.

FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 3.

WHEN one conſiders the turn which converſation takes in almoſt every ſet of acquaintance, club or aſſembly, in this town or kingdom, one cannot but obſerve, that in ſpite of what I am every day ſaying, and all the moral writers ſince the beginning of the world have ſaid, the ſubject of diſcourſe is generally upon one another's faults. This in a great meaſure proceeds from Self-conceit, which were to be endured in one or other individual perſon; but the folly has ſpread itſelf almoſt over all the ſpecies; and one cannot only ſay—'Tom, Jack, or Will,' but in general —'That man is a coxcomb.' From this ſource it is, that any excellence is faintly received, any imperfection unmercifully expoſed. But if things were put in a true light, and we would take time to conſider that man in his very nature is an imperfect being, our ſenſe of this matter would be immediately altered, and the word Imperfection would not carry an unkinder idea than the word Humanity. It is a pleaſant ſtory that we, forſooth, who are the only imperfect creatures in the univerſe, are the only beings that will not allow of Imperfection. Some body has taken notice, that we ſtand in the middle of exiſtencies, and are by this one circumſtance the moſt unhappy of all others. The brutes are guided by inſtinct, and know no ſorrow; the angels have knowledge, and they are happy; but men are governed by opinion, which is, I know not what mixture of inſtinct and knowledge, and are neither indolent nor happy. It is very obſervable, that Critics are a people between the learned and the ignorant, and by that ſituation enjoy the tranquillity of neither. As Critics ſtand among men, ſo do men in general between brutes and angels. Thus every man, as he is a critic and a coxcomb, until improved by reaſon and ſpeculation, is ever forgetting himſelf, and laying open the faults of others.

At the ſame time that I am talking of the cruelty of urging people's faults with ſeverity, I cannot but bewail ſome which men are guilty of for want of admonition. Theſe are ſuch as they can eaſily mend, and no body tells them of, for which reaſon I ſhall make uſe of the penny-poſt (as I have with ſucceſs to ſeveral young ladies about turning their eyes, and holding up their heads) to certain gentlemen, whom I remark habitually guilty of what they may reform in a moment. There is a fat fellow whom I have long remarked wearing his breaſt open in the midſt of winter, out of an affectation of youth. I have therefore ſent him juſt now the following letter in my phyſical capacity.

SIR,

FROM the twentieth inſtant to the firſt of May next, both days inclusive, I beg of you to button your waiſt-coat from your collar to your waiſt-band. I am your moſt humble ſervant,

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF,
PHILOMATH.

There is a very handſome well-ſhaped youth that frequents the coffee-houſes about Charing Croſs, and ties a very pretty ribband with a croſs of jewels at his breaſt. This being ſomething new, and

and a thing in which the gentleman may offend the Herald's Office, I have addreſſed myſelf to him as I am Cenſor.

DEAR COUNTRYMAN,

WAS that enſign of honour which you wear, given you by a prince or a lady that you have ſerved? If you bear it as an abſent lover, pleaſe to hang it on a black ribband: if as a rewarded ſoldier, you may have my licence to continue the red. Your faithful ſervant,

BICKERSTAFF, CENSOR.

Theſe little intimations do great ſervice, and are very uſeful, not only to the perſons themſelves, but to inform others how to conduct themſelves towards them.

Inſtead of this honeſt private method, or a friendly one face to face, of acquainting people with things in their power to explain or amend, the uſual way among people is to take no notice of things you can help, and nevertheleſs expoſe you for thoſe you cannot.

Plumbeus and Levis are conſtantly in each other's company: they would, if they took proper methods, be very agreeable companions; but they ſo extravagantly aim at what they are unfit for, and each of them rallies the other ſo much in the wrong place, that inſtead of doing each other the offices of friends, they do but inſtruct the reſt of the world to laugh at them with more knowledge and ſkill. Plumbeus is of a ſaturnine and ſullen complexion; Levis of a mercurial and airy diſpoſition. Both theſe gentlemen have but very ſlow parts, but would make a very good figure did they purſue what they ought. If Plumbeus would take to buſineſs, he would in a few years know the forms of orders ſo well as to direct and dictate with ſo much eaſe, as to be thought a ſolid, able, and at the ſame time a ſure man of diſpatch. Levis, with a little reading, and coming more into company, would ſoon be able to write a ſong or lead up a country-dance. Inſtead of theſe proper purſuits, in obedience to their reſpective geniuſes, Plumbeus endeavours to be a man of pleaſure, and Levis the man of buſineſs. This appears in their ſpeech, and in their dreſs: Plumbeus is ever egregious fine, and talking ſomething like wit; Levis is ever extremely grave, and with a ſilly face repeating maxims. Theſe two pardon each other for affecting what each is incapable of, the one to be wiſe, and the other gay; but are extremely critical in their judgments of each other in their way towards what they pretend to. Plumbeus acknowledges Levis to be a man of great reach, becauſe it is what Plumbeus never cared for being thought himſelf, and Levis allows Plumbeus to be an agreeable rake for the ſame reaſon. Now were theſe dear friends to be free with each other, as they ought to be, they would change characters, and be both as commendable, inſtead of being as ridiculous as their capacities will admit of.

Were it not too grave, all that I would urge on this ſubject is, that men are bewildered when they conſider themſelves in any other view than that of ſtrangers, who are in a place where it is no great matter whether they can, or unreaſonable to expect they ſhould, have every thing about them as well as at their own home. This way of thinking is, perhaps, the only one that can put this being in a proper poſture for the eaſe of ſociety. It is certain, that this would reduce all faults into thoſe which proceed from malice or diſhoneſty: it would quite change our manner of beholding one another, and nothing that was not below a man's nature would be below his character. The arts of this life would be proper advances towards the next; and a very good man would be a very fine gentleman. As it now is, human life is inverted, and we have not learned half the knowledge of this world before we are dropping into another. Thus, inſtead of the raptures and contemplations which naturally attend a well-ſpent life from the approach of eternity, even we old fellows are afraid of the ridicule of thoſe who are born ſince us, and aſhamed not to underſtand, as well as peeviſh to reſign, the mode, the faſhion, the ladies, the fiddles, the balls, and what not. Dick Reptile, who does not want humour, is very pleaſant at our club when he ſees an old fellow touchy at being laughed at for any thing that is not in the mode, and bawls in his ear—'Pr'ythee do 'not mind him; tell him thou art mor-'tal.'

N° CCXLVII. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1710.

EDEPOL, NÆ NOS ÆQUE SUMUS OMNES INVISÆ VIRIS
PROPTER PAUCAS, QUÆ OMNES FACIUNT DIGNÆ UT VIDEAMUR MALO.
TER. HECYR.

INDEED WE ARE ALL EQUALLY SLIGHTED BY THE MEN ON ACCOUNT OF SOME FEW OF OUR SEX, WHO MAKE US ALL APPEAR UNDESERVING OF THEIR ESTEEM.

BY MRS. JENNY DISTAFF, HALF-SISTER TO MR. BICKERSTAFF.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 6.

MY brother having written the above piece of Latin, desired me to take care of the rest of the ensuing paper. Towards this he bid me answer the following letter, and said, nothing I could write properly on the subject of it would be disagreeable to the motto. It is the cause of my sex, and I therefore enter upon it with great alacrity. The epistle is literally thus:

EDINBURGH, OCT. 23.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

I Presume to lay before you an affair of mine, and begs you will be very sincere in giving me your judgment and advice in this matter, which is as follows.

A very agreeable young gentleman, who is endowed with all the good qualities that can make a man complete, has this long time paid love to me in the most passionate manner that was possible. He has left nothing unsaid to make me believe his affections real; and in his letters expressed himself so handsomly, and tenderly, that I had all the reason imaginable to believe him sincere. In short, he positively has promised me he would marry me: but I find all he said nothing; for when the question was put to him, he would not; but still would continue my humble servant, and would go on at the ould rate, repeating the assurances of his fidelity, and at the same time has none in him. He now writs to me in the same endearing stile he ust to do, would have me speak to no man but himself. His estate is in his own hand, his father being dead. My fortune at my own disposal, mine being also dead, and to the full answers his estate. Pray, Sir, be ingenious, and tell me cordially, if you do not think I shall do myself an injury if I keep company or a correspondance any longer with this gentleman. I hope you will favor an honest North Britain, as I am, with your advice in this amour; for I am resolved just to follow your directions. Sir, you will do me a sensable pleasure, and very great honour, if you will please to insert this poor scrole, with your answer to it, in your Tatler. Pray fail not to give me your answer; for on it depends the happiness of,

DISCONSOLAT ALMEIRA.

MADAM,

I have frequently read over your letter, and am of opinion, that as lamentable as it is, it is the most common of any evil that attends our sex. I am very much troubled for the tenderness you express towards your lover, but rejoice at the same time that you can so far surmount your inclination for him as to resolve to dismiss him when you have my brother's opinion for it. His sense of the matter, he desired me to communicate to you. Oh Almeira! the common failing of our sex is to value the merit of our lovers rather from the grace of their address, than the sincerity of their hearts. He has 'expressed himself so handsomely!' Can you say that, after you have reason to doubt his truth? It is a very melancholy thing, that in this circumstance of love, which is the most important of all others in female life, we women, who are, they say, always weak, are still weaker. The true way of valuing a man, is to consider his reputation among the men: for want of this necessary rule towards our conduct, when it is too late, we find ourselves married to the outcast of that sex; and it is generally from being disagreeable among men, that fellows endeavour to make themselves pleasing to us. The little accomplishments of coming into a room with a good air, and telling while they are with us, what we cannot hear among ourselves, usually make

make up the whole of a woman's man's merit. But if we, when we began to reflect upon our lovers, in the firſt place conſidered what figures they make in the camp, at the bar, on the Exchange, in their country, or at court, we ſhould behold them in quite another view than at preſent.

Were we to behave ourſelves according to this rule, we ſhould not have the juſt imputation of favouring the fillieſt of mortals, to the great ſcandal of the wiſeſt, who value our favour as it advances their pleaſure, not their reputation. In a word, Madam, if you would judge aright in love, you muſt look upon it as in a caſe of friendſhip. Were this gentleman treating with you for any thing but yourſelf, when you had conſented to his offer, if he fell off, you would call him a cheat and an impoſtor. There is therefore nothing left for you to do, but to deſpiſe him, and yourſelf for doing it with regret. I am, Madam, &c.

I have heard it often argued in converſation, that this evil practice is owing to the perverted taſte of the wits in the laſt generation. A libertine on the throne could very eaſily make the language and the faſhion turn his own way. Hence it is, that woman is treated as a miſtreſs and not a wife. It is from the writings of theſe times, and the traditional accounts of the debauches of their men of pleaſure, that the coxcombs now-a-days take upon them, forſooth, to be falſe ſwains, and perjured lovers. Methinks I feel all the woman riſe in me, when I reflect upon the nauſeous rogues that pretend to deceive us. Wretches, that can never have it in their power to over-reach any thing living but their miſtreſſes! In the name of goodneſs, if we are deſigned by nature as ſuitable companions to the other ſex, why are we not treated accordingly? If we have merit, as ſome allow, why is it not as baſe in men to injure us as one another? If we are the inſignificants that others call us, where is the triumph in deceiving us? But when I look at the bottom of this diſaſter, and recollect the many of my acquaintance whom I have known in the ſame condition with the Northern Laſs that occaſions this diſcourſe, I muſt own I have ever found the perfidiouſneſs of men has been generally owing to ourſelves, and we have contributed to our own deceit. The truth is, we do not conduct ourſelves as we are courted, but as we are inclined. When we let our imaginations take this unbridled ſwing, it is not he that acts beſt is moſt lovely, but he that is moſt lovely acts beſt. When our humble ſervants make their addreſſes, we do not keep ourſelves enough diſengaged to be judges of their merit; and we ſeldom give our judgment of our lover, until we have loſt our judgment for him.

While Clarinda was paſſionately attended and addreſſed to by Strephon, who is a man of ſenſe and knowledge in the world, and Caſſio, who has a plentiful fortune and an excellent underſtanding, ſhe fell in love with Damon at a ball: from that moment ſhe that was before the moſt reaſonable creature of all my acquaintance, cannot hear Strephon ſpeak, but it is ſomething ſo out 'of the way of ladies converſation:' and Caſſio has never ſince opened his mouth before us, but ſhe whiſpers me —' How ſeldom do riches and ſenſe go 'together!' The iſſue of all this is, that for the love of Damon, who has neither experience, underſtanding, or wealth, ſhe deſpiſes thoſe advantages in the other two which ſhe finds wanting in her lover; or elſe thinks he has them for no reaſon but becauſe he is her lover. This, and many other inſtances, may be given in this town; but I hope thus much may ſuffice to prevent the growth of ſuch evils at Edinburgh.

Nº CCXLVIII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1710.

——MEDIA SESE TULIT OBVIA SILVA,
VIRGINIS OS HABITUMQUE GERENS.—— VIRG.

LO! IN THE DEEP RECESSES OF THE WOOD
BEFORE MY EYES A BEAUTEOUS FORM APPEARS,
A VIRGIN'S DRESS AND MODEST LOOK SHE WEARS.
R. WYNNE.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 7.

IT may perhaps appear ridiculous, but I muſt confeſs, this laſt ſummer, as I was riding in Enfield chaſe, I met a young lady whom I could hardly get out of my head, and for aught I know, my heart, ever ſince. She was mounted on a pad, with a very well-fancied furniture. She ſet her horſe with a very graceful air; and when I ſaluted her with my hat, ſhe bowed to me ſo obligingly, that whether it was her civility or beauty that touched me ſo much, I know not; but I am ſure I ſhall never forget her. She dwells in my imagination in a figure ſo much to her advantage, that if I were to draw a picture of Youth, Health, Beauty, or Modeſty, I ſhould repreſent any or all of them in the perſon of that young woman.

I do not find that there are any deſcriptions in the ancient poets ſo beautiful as thoſe they draw of nymphs in their paſtoral dreſſes and exerciſes. Virgil gives Venus the habit of a Spartan huntreſs when ſhe is to put Æneas in his way, and relieve his cares with the moſt agreeable object imaginable. Diana and her train, are always deſcribed as inhabitants of the woods, and followers of the chace. To be well diverted, is the ſafeſt guard to innocence; and, methinks, it ſhould be one of the firſt things to be regarded among people of condition, to find out proper amuſements for young ladies. I cannot but think this of riding might eaſily be revived among them, when they conſider how much it muſt contribute to their beauty. This would lay up the beſt portion they could bring into a family, a good ſtock of health, to tranſmit to their poſterity. Such a charming bloom, as this gives the countenance, is very much preferable to the real or affected feebleneſs or ſoftneſs, which appear in the faces of our modern beauties.

The comedy called, The Ladies Cure, repreſents the affectation of wan looks, and languid glances, to a very entertaining extravagance. There is, as the lady in the play complains, ſomething ſo robuſt in perfect health, that it is with her a point of breeding and delicacy to appear in public with a ſickly air. But the natural gaiety and ſpirit which ſhine in the complexion of ſuch as form to themſelves a ſort of diverting induſtry, by chuſing recreations that are exerciſes, ſurpaſs all the falſe ornaments and graces that can be put on by applying the whole diſpenſary of a toilet. An healthy body, and a chearful mind, give charms as irreſiſtible as inimitable. The beauteous Dyctinna, who came to town laſt week, has from the conſtant proſpect in a delicious country, and the moderate exerciſe and journeys in the viſits ſhe made round it, contracted a certain life in her countenance, which will in vain employ both the painters and the poets to repreſent. The becoming negligence in her dreſs, the ſevere ſweetneſs of her looks, and a certain innocent boldneſs in all her behaviour, are the effect of the active recreations I am talking of.

But inſtead of ſuch, or any other as innocent and pleaſing method of paſſing away their time with alacrity, we have many in town who ſpend their hours in an indolent ſtate of body and mind, without either recreations or reflections. I am apt to believe, there are ſome parents imagine their daughters will be accompliſhed enough, if nothing interrupts their growth, or their ſhape. According to this method of education, I could name you twenty families, where all the girls hear of in this life is, that it is time to riſe and to come to dinner, as if they were ſo inſignificant as to be wholly

wholly provided for when they are fed and cloathed.

It is with great indignation that I ſee ſuch crowds of the female world loſt to human ſociety, and condemned to a lazineſs, which makes life paſs away with leſs reliſh than in the hardeſt labour. Paleſtris, in her drawing-room, is ſupported by ſpirits to keep off the returns of ſpleen and melancholy, before ſhe can get over half of the day for want of ſomething to do, while the wench in the kitchen ſings and ſcowers from morning to night.

The next diſagreeable thing to a lazy lady, is a very buſy one. A man of buſineſs in good company, who gives an account of his abilities and diſpatches, is hardly more inſupportable than her they call a notable woman, and a manager. Lady Good-day, where I viſited the other day at a very polite circle, entertained a great lady with a recipe for a poultice, and gives us to underſtand, that ſhe had done extraordinary cures ſince ſhe was laſt in town. It ſeems a countryman had wounded himſelf with his ſcythe as he was mowing; and we were obliged to hear of her charity, her medicine, and her humility, in the harſheſt tone, and coarſeſt language imaginable.

What I would requeſt in all this prattle is, that our females would either let us have their perſons, or their minds, in ſuch perfection as Nature deſigned them.

The way to this is, that thoſe who are in the quality of gentlewomen, ſhould propoſe to themſelves ſome ſuitable method of paſſing away their time. This would furniſh them with reflections and ſentiments proper for the companions of reaſonable men, and prevent the unnatural marriages which happen every day between the moſt accompliſhed women and the verieſt oafs; the worthieſt men and the moſt inſignificant females. Were the general turn of womens education of another kind than it is at preſent, we ſhould want one another for more reaſons than we do as the world now goes. The common deſign of parents, is to get their girls off as well as they can, and make no conſcience of putting into our hands a bargain for our whole life, which will make our hearts ake every day of it.

I ſhall therefore take this matter into ſerious conſideration, and will propoſe, for the better improvement of the fair-ſex, a 'Female Library.' This collection of books ſhall conſiſt of ſuch authors as do not corrupt while they divert, but ſhall tend more immediately to improve them, as they are women. They ſhall be ſuch as ſhall not hurt a feature by the auſterity of their reflections, nor cauſe one impertinent glance by the wantonneſs of them. They ſhall all tend to advance the value of their innocence as virgins, improve their underſtanding as wives, and regulate their tenderneſs as parents. It has been very often ſaid in theſe Lucubrations, that the ideas which moſt frequently paſs through our imaginations, leave traces of themſelves in our countenances. There ſhall be a ſtrict regard had to this in my Female Library, which ſhall be furniſhed with nothing that ſhall give ſupplies to oſtentation or impertinence; but the whole ſhall be ſo digeſted for the uſe of my ſtudents, that they ſhall not go out of character in their enquiries, but their knowledge appear only a cultivated innocence.

Nº CCXLIX. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1710.

PER VARIOS CASUS, PER TOT DISCRIMINA RERUM,
TENDIMUS——

VIRG. ÆN. I. VER. 208.

THROUGH VARIOUS HAZARDS, AND EVENTS, WE MOVE.
DRYDEN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 10.

I Was laſt night viſited by a friend of mine who has an inexhauſtible fund of diſcourſe, and never fails to entertain his company with a variety of thoughts and hints that are altogether new and uncommon. Whether it were in complaiſance to my way of living, or his real opinion, he advanced the following

paradox, That it required much greater talents to fill up and become a retired life, than a life of buſineſs. Upon this occaſion he rallied very agreeably the buſy men of the age, who only valued themſelves for being in motion, and paſſing through a ſeries of trifling and inſignificant actions. In the heat of his diſcourſe, ſeeing a piece of money lying on my table—'I defy,' ſays he, 'any 'of theſe active perſons to produce half 'the adventures that this twelve-penny 'piece has been engaged in, were it 'poſſible for him to give us an account 'of his life.'

My friend's talk made ſo odd an impreſſion upon my mind, that ſoon after I was a-bed I fell inſenſibly into a moſt unaccountable reverie, that had neither moral nor deſign in it, and cannot be ſo properly called a dream as a delirium.

Methought the Shilling that lay upon the table, reared itſelf upon it's edge, and turning the face towards me, opened it's mouth, and in a ſoft ſilver ſound gave me the following account of his life and adventures.

'I was born,' ſays he, 'on the ſide 'of a mountain, near a little village of 'Peru, and made a voyage to England 'in an ingot, under the convoy of Sir 'Francis Drake. I was, ſoon after my 'arrival, taken out of my Indian habit, 'refined, naturalized, and put into the 'Britiſh mode, with the face of Queen 'Elizabeth on one ſide, and the arms 'of the country on the other. Being 'thus equipped, I found in me a won-'derful inclination to ramble, and viſit 'all the parts of the new world into 'which I was brought. The people 'very much favoured my natural diſ-'poſition, and ſhifted me ſo faſt from 'hand to hand, that before I was five 'years old, I had travelled into almoſt 'every corner of the nation. But in 'the beginning of my ſixth year, to my 'unſpeakable grief, I fell into the hands 'of a miſerable old fellow, who clap-'ped me into an iron cheſt, where I 'found five hundred more of my own 'quality who lay under the ſame con-'finement. The only relief we had, 'was to be taken out and counted over 'in the freſh air every morning and 'evening. After an impriſonment of 'ſeveral years, we heard ſomebody 'knocking at our cheſt, and breaking 'it open with an hammer. This we 'found was the old man's heir, who, 'as his father lay dying, was ſo good 'as to come to our releaſe: he ſeparated 'us that very day. What was the fate 'of my companions I know not: as 'for myſelf, I was ſent to the apothe-'cary's ſhop for a pint of ſack. The 'apothecary gave me to an herb-woman, 'the herb-woman to a butcher, the 'butcher to a brewer, and the brewer 'to his wife, who made a preſent of me 'to a Non-conformiſt preacher. After 'this manner I made my way merrily 'through the world; for, as I told you 'before, we Shillings love nothing ſo 'much as travelling. I ſometimes fetch-'ed in a ſhoulder of mutton, ſometimes 'a play-book, and often had the ſatiſ-'faction to treat a Templer at a twelve-'penny ordinary, or carry him with 'three friends to Weſtminſter Hall.

'In the midſt of this pleaſant pro-'greſs, which I made from place to 'place, I was arreſted by a ſuperſtiti-'ous old woman, who ſhut me up in a 'greaſy purſe, in purſuance of a fooliſh 'ſaying, that while ſhe kept a Queen 'Elizabeth's Shilling about her, ſhe 'ſhould never be without money. I 'continued here a cloſe priſoner for 'many months, until at laſt I was ex-'changed for eight and forty farthings.

'I thus rambled from pocket to 'pocket until the beginning of the civil 'wars, when, to my ſhame be it ſpoken, 'I was employed in raiſing ſoldiers 'againſt the king: for being of a very 'tempting breadth, a ſerjeant made uſe 'of me to inveigle country fellows, and 'liſt them into the ſervice of the parlia-'ment.

'As ſoon as he had made one man 'ſure, his way was to oblige him to take 'a Shilling of a more homely figure, and 'then practiſe the ſame trick upon ano-'ther. Thus I continued doing great 'miſchief to the Crown, until my offi-'cer chancing one morning to walk 'abroad earlier than ordinary, ſacrificed 'me to his pleaſures, and made uſe of 'me to ſeduce a milk-maid. This 'wench bent me, and gave me to her 'ſweetheart, applying more properly 'than ſhe intended the uſual form of—"To my love and from my love." 'This ungenerous gallant marrying her 'within a few days after, pawned me 'for a dram of brandy; and drinking 'me out next day, I was beaten flat

'with

'with an hammer, and again set a running.

'After many adventures, which it 'would be tedious to relate, I was sent 'to a young spendthrift, in company 'with the will of his deceased father. 'The young fellow, who I found was 'very extravagant, gave great demonstrations of joy at receiving the will; 'but opening it, he found himself disinherited, and cut off from the possession of a fair estate by virtue of my 'being made a present to him. This 'put him into such a passion, that after 'having taken me in his hand, and 'cursed me, he squirted me away from 'him as far as he could fling me. I 'chanced to light in an unfrequented 'place under a dead wall, where I lay 'undiscovered and useless, during the 'usurpation of Oliver Cromwell.

'About a year after the king's return, a poor cavalier that was walking there about dinner-time, fortunately cast his eye upon me, and, to 'the great joy of us both, carried me 'to a cook's shop, where he dined upon 'me, and drank the king's health. 'When I came again into the world, 'I found that I had been happier in my 'retirement than I thought, having probably by that means escaped wearing 'a monstrous pair of breeches.

'Being now of great credit and antiquity, I was rather looked upon as 'a medal than an ordinary coin; for 'which reason a gamester laid hold of 'me, and converted me to a counter, 'having got together some dozens of us 'for that use. We led a melancholy 'life in his possession, being busy at 'those hours wherein current coin is at 'rest, and partaking the fate of our 'master; being in a few moments valued at a crown, a pound, or a sixpence, according to the situation in 'which the fortune of the cards placed 'us. I had at length the good luck to 'see my master break, by which means 'I was again sent abroad under my 'primitive denomination of a Shilling.

'I shall pass over many other accidents of less moment, and hasten to 'that fatal catastrophe when I fell into 'the hands of an artist, who conveyed 'me under ground, and with an unmerciful pair of sheers cut off my tides, clipped my brims, retrenched my 'shape, rubbed me to my inmost ring; 'and in short, so spoiled and pillaged 'me, that he did not leave me worth a 'groat. You may think what a confusion I was in to see myself thus curtailed and disfigured. I should have 'been ashamed to have shewn my head, 'had not all my old acquaintance been 'reduced to the same shameful figure, 'excepting some few that were punched 'through the belly. In the midst of this 'general calamity, when every body 'thought our misfortune irretrievable, 'and our case desperate, we were thrown 'into the furnace together, and, as it 'often happens with cities rising out of 'a fire, appeared with greater beauty 'and lustre than we could ever boast of 'before. What has happened to me 'since this change of sex which you 'now see, I shall take some other opportunity to relate. In the mean time 'I shall only repeat two adventures; as 'being very extraordinary, and neither 'of them having ever happened to me 'above once in my life. The first was, 'my being in a poet's pocket, who was 'so taken with the brightness and novelty of my appearance, that it gave 'occasion to the finest burlesque poem 'in the British language, intituled from 'me—"The Splendid Shilling." The 'second adventure, which I must not 'omit, happened to me in the year one 'thousand seven hundred and three, 'when I was given away in charity to 'a blind man; but indeed this was by 'mistake, the person who gave me having thrown me heedlessly into the hat 'among a pennyworth of farthings.'

Nº CCL. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1710.

SCIS ETENIM JUSTUM GEMINA SUSPENDERE LANCE
ANCIPITIS LIBRÆ?

PERS. SAT. 4. VER. 10.

KNOW'ST THOU, WITH EQUAL HAND, TO HOLD THE SCALE?
DRYDEN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 13.

I Laſt winter erected a Court of Juſtice, for the correcting of ſeveral enormities in Dreſs and Behaviour, which are not cognizable in any other courts of this realm. The Vintner's caſe, which I there tried, is ſtill freſh in every man's memory. That of the Petticoat gave alſo a general ſatisfaction, not to mention the more important points of the Cane and Perſpective; in which, if I did not give judgments and decrees according to the ſtricteſt rules of equity and juſtice, I can ſafely ſay, I acted according to the beſt of my underſtanding. But as for the proceedings of that court, I ſhall refer my reader to an account of them, written by my ſecretary; which is now in the preſs, and will ſhortly be publiſhed under the title of Lillie's Reports.

As I laſt year preſided over a Court of Juſtice, it is my intention this year to ſet myſelf at the head of a Court of Honour. There is no court of this nature any where at preſent, except in France; where, according to the beſt of my intelligence, it conſiſts of ſuch only as are marſhals of that kingdom. I am likewiſe informed, that there is not one of that honourable board at preſent, who has not been driven out of the field by the Duke of Marlborough: but whether this be only an accidental or a neceſſary qualification, I muſt confeſs I am not able to determine.

As for the Court of Honour of which I am here ſpeaking, I intend to ſit myſelf in it as preſident, with ſeveral men of honour on my right-hand, and women of virtue on my left, as my aſſiſtants. The firſt place on the bench I have given to an old Tangereen captain with a wooden leg. The ſecond is a gentleman of a long twiſted periwig without a curl in it, a muff with very little hair upon it, and a thread-bare coat with new buttons; being a perſon of great worth, and ſecond brother to a man of quality. The third is a gentleman-uſher, extremely well read in romances, and a grandſon to one of the greateſt wits in Germany, who was ſome time maſter of the ceremonies to the Duke of Wolfembuttel.

As for thoſe who ſit further on my right-hand, as it is uſual in public courts, they are ſuch as will fill up the number of faces upon the bench, and ſerve rather for ornament than uſe.

The chief upon my left-hand are,

An old maiden Lady, that preſerves ſome of the beſt blood of England in her veins.

A Welſh woman of a little ſtature, but high ſpirit.

An old Prude, that has cenſured every marriage for theſe thirty years, and is lately wedded to a young rake.

Having thus furniſhed my bench, I ſhall eſtabliſh correſpondencies with the Horſe-guards, and the veterans of Chelſea College; the former to furniſh me with twelve men of honour as often as I ſhall have occaſion for a grand jury; and the latter, with as many good men and true for a petty jury.

As for the women of Virtue, it will not be difficult for me to find them about midnight at crimp and baſſet.

Having given this public notice of my court, I muſt further add, that I intend to open it on this day ſeven-night, being Monday the twentieth inſtant; and do hereby invite all ſuch as have ſuffered injuries and affronts, that are not to be redreſſed by the common laws of this land, whether they be ſhort bows, cold ſalutations, ſupercilious looks, unreturned ſmiles, diſtant behaviour, or forced familiarity; as alſo all ſuch as have been aggrieved by any ambiguous expreſſion, accidental juſtle, or unkind repartee: likewiſe all ſuch as have been defrauded of their right to the wall, tricked out of the upper end of the table, or have been ſuffered to place themſelves,

ſelves, in their own wrong, on the back-ſeat of the coach: theſe, and all of theſe, I do, as I above ſaid, invite to bring in their ſeveral caſes and complaints, in which they ſhall be relieved with all imaginable expedition.

I am very ſenſible, that the office I have now taken upon me will engage me in the diſquiſition of many weighty points, that daily perplex the youth of the Britiſh nation; and therefore I have already diſcuſſed ſeveral of them for my future uſe; as, How far a man may brandiſh his cane in telling a ſtory, without inſulting his hearer? What degree of contradiction amounts to the lye? How a man ſhall reſent another's ſtaring and cocking a hat in his face? If aſking pardon is an atonement for treading upon one's toes? Whether a man may put up with a box on the ear, received from a ſtranger in the dark? Or, Whether a man of honour may take a blow of his wife? With ſeveral other ſubtilties of the like nature.

For my direction in the duties of my office, I have furniſhed myſelf with a certain aſtrological pair of Scales, which I have contrived for this purpoſe. In one of them I lay the injuries, in the other the reparations. The firſt are repreſented by little weights made of a metal reſembling iron, and the other of gold. Theſe are not only lighter than the weights made uſe of in Avoirdupois, but alſo than ſuch as are uſed in Troy-weight. The heavieſt of thoſe that repreſent the injuries amount but to a ſcruple; and decreaſe by ſo many ſubdiviſions, that there are ſeveral imperceptible weights which cannot be ſeen without the help of a very fine microſcope. I might acquaint my reader, that theſe ſcales were made under the influence of the Sun when he was in Libra, and deſcribe many ſignatures on the weights both of injury and reparation: but as this would look rather to proceed from an oſtentation of my own art than any care for the public, I ſhall paſs it over in ſilence.

Nº CCLI. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1710.

QUISNAM IGITUR LIBER? SAPIENS; SIBI QUI IMPERIOSUS;
QUEM NEQUE PAUPERIES, NEQUE MORS, NEC VINCULA TERRENT;
RESPONSARE CUPIDINIBUS, CONTEMNERE HONORES
FORTIS, ET IN SEIPSO TOTUS; TERES ATQUE ROTUNDUS,
EXTERNI NE QUID VALEAT PER LÆVE MORARI;
IN QUEM MANCA RUIT SEMPER FORTUNA.———

HOR. SAT. 7. LIB. 2. VER. 83.

WHO THEN IS FREE?—THE WISE, WHO WELL MAINTAINS
AN EMPIRE O'ER HIMSELF; WHOM NEITHER CHAINS,
NOR WANT, NOR DEATH, WITH SLAVISH FEAR INSPIRE,
WHO BOLDLY ANSWERS TO HIS WARM DESIRE,
WHO CAN AMBITION'S VAINEST GIFTS DESPISE,
FIRM IN HIMSELF WHO ON HIMSELF RELIES,
POLISH'D AND ROUND WHO RUNS HIS PROPER COURSE,
AND BREAKS MISFORTUNE WITH SUPERIOR FORCE.

FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 15.

IT is neceſſary to an eaſy and happy life, to poſſeſs our minds in ſuch a manner as to be always well ſatisfied with our own reflections. The way to this ſtate is to meaſure our actions by our own opinion, and not by that of the reſt of the world. The ſenſe of other men ought to prevail over us in things of leſs conſideration, but not in concerns where truth and honour are engaged. When we look into the bottom of things, what at firſt appears a paradox is a plain truth; and thoſe profeſſions, which for want of being duly weighed, ſeem to proceed from a ſort of romantic philoſophy, and ignorance of the world, after a little reflection, are ſo reaſonable, that it is direct madneſs to walk by any other rules. Thus to contradict our deſires, and to conquer the impulſes of our ambition, if they do not fall in with what we in our inward ſentiments approve, is ſo much our intereſt, and ſo abſolutely neceſſary to our

real

real happineſs, that to contemn all the wealth and power in the world, where they ſtand in competition with a man's honour, is rather good ſenſe than greatneſs of mind.

Did we conſider that the mind of a man is the man himſelf, we ſhould think it the moſt unnatural ſort of ſelf-murder to ſacrifice the ſentiment of the ſoul to gratify the appetites of the body. Bleſs us! Is it poſſible, that when the neceſſities of life are ſupplied, a man would flatter to be rich, or circumvent to be powerful? When we meet a poor wretch, urged with hunger and cold, aſking an alms, we are apt to think this a ſtate we could rather ſtarve than ſubmit to? But yet how much more deſpicable is his condition, who is above neceſſity, and yet ſhall reſign his reaſon and his integrity to purchaſe ſuperfluities? Both theſe are abject and common beggars; but ſure it is leſs deſpicable to beg a ſupply to a man's hunger than his vanity. But cuſtom and general prepoſſeſſions have ſo far prevailed over an unthinking world, that thoſe neceſſitous creatures, who cannot reliſh life without applauſe, attendance, and equipage, are ſo far from making a contemptible figure, that diſtreſſed virtue is leſs eſteemed than ſucceſsful vice. But if a man's appeal in caſes that regard his honour were made to his own ſoul, there would be a baſis and ſtanding rule for our conduct, and we ſhould always endeavour rather to be, than appear honourable. Mr. Collier, in his Eſſay on Fortitude, has treated this ſubject with great wit and magnanimity. 'What,' ſays he, 'can be more honourable than 'to have courage enough to execute the 'commands of reaſon and conſcience; 'to maintain the dignity of our nature, 'and the ſtation aſſigned us? To be 'proof againſt poverty, pain, and death 'itſelf? I mean ſo far as not to do any 'thing that is ſcandalous or ſinful to 'avoid them; to ſtand adverſity under 'all ſhapes with decency and reſolu'tion? To do this, is to be great above 'title and fortune. This argues the 'ſoul of an heavenly extraction, and is 'worthy the offſpring of the Deity.'

What a generous ambition has this man pointed to us? When men have ſettled in themſelves a conviction by ſuch noble precepts, that there is nothing honourable which is not accompanied with innocence; nothing mean but what has guilt in it: I ſay, when they have attained thus much, though poverty, pain, and death, may ſtill retain their terrors; yet riches, pleaſures, and honours, will eaſily loſe their charms, if they ſtand between us and our integrity.

What is here ſaid with alluſion to fortune and fame, may as juſtly be applied to wit and beauty; for theſe latter are as adventitious as the other, and as little concern the eſſence of the ſoul. They are all laudable in the man who poſſeſſes them, only for the juſt application of them. A bright imagination, while it is ſubſervient to an honeſt and noble ſoul, is a faculty which makes a man juſtly admired by mankind, and furniſhes him with reflections upon his own actions, which add delicates to the feaſt of a good conſcience: but when wit deſcends to wait upon ſenſual pleaſures, or promote the baſe purpoſes of ambition, it is then to be contemned in proportion to it's excellence. If a man will not reſolve to place the foundation of his happineſs in his own mind, life is a bewildered and unhappy ſtate, incapable of reſt or tranquillity. For to ſuch a one, the general applauſe of valour, wit, nay of honeſty itſelf, can give him but a very feeble comfort; ſince it is capable of being interrupted by any who wants either underſtanding or good-nature to ſee or acknowledge ſuch excellencies. This rule is ſo neceſſary, that one may very ſafely ſay, it is impoſſible to know any true reliſh of our being without it. Look about you in common life among the ordinary race of mankind, and you will find merit in every kind is allowed only to thoſe who are in particular diſtricts or ſets of company: but ſince men can have little pleaſure in theſe faculties which denominate them perſons of diſtinction, let them give up ſuch an empty purſuit; and think nothing eſſential to happineſs but what is in their own power, the capacity of reflecting with pleaſure on their own actions, however they are interpreted.

It is ſo evident a truth, that it is only in our own boſoms we are to ſearch for any thing to make us happy, that it is, methinks, a diſgrace to our nature to talk of taking our meaſures from thence only, as a matter of fortitude. When all is well there, the viciſſitudes and diſtinctions of life are the mere ſcenes of a drama;

drama; and he will never act his part well, who has his thoughts more fixed upon the applause of the audience than the design of his part.

The life of a man who acts with a steady integrity, without valuing the interpretation of his actions, has but one uniform regular path to move in, where he cannot meet opposition, or fear ambuscade. On the other side, the least deviation from the rules of honour introduces a train of numberless evils, and involves him in inexplicable mazes. He that has entered into guilt, has bid adieu to rest; and every criminal has his share of the misery expressed so emphatically in the tragedian—

Macbeth shall sleep no more!

It was with detestation of any other grandeur but the calm command of his own passions, that the excellent Mr. Cowley cries out with so much justice—

If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat,
With any thought so mean as to be great,
Continue, Heav'n, still from me to remove
The humble blessings of that life I love.

Nº CCLII. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1710.

NARRATUR ET PRISCI CATONIS
SÆPE MERO CALUISSE VIRTUS.

HOR. OD. 21. LIB. 3. VER. 11.

——————OF OLD,
CATO'S VIRTUE, WE ARE TOLD,
OFTEN WITH A BUMPER GLOW'D,
AND WITH SOCIAL RAPTURES FLOW'D. FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 17.

THE following letter, and several others to the same purpose, accuse me of a rigour of which I am far from being guilty, to wit, the disallowing the chearful use of wine.

FROM MY COUNTRY-HOUSE, OCT. 25.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

YOUR discourse against drinking, in Tuesday's Tatler, I like well enough in the main; but in my humble opinion you are become too rigid, where you say to this effect: 'Were there only this 'single consideration, that we are the 'less masters of ourselves if we drink 'the least proportion beyond the exi-'gence of thirst,' I hope no one drinks wine to allay this appetite. This seems to be designed for a loftier indulgence of nature; for it were hard to suppose, that the Author of Nature, who imposed upon her necessities and pains, does not allow her proper pleasures; and we may reckon among the latter the moderate use of the grape: and though I am as much against excess, or whatever approaches it, as yourself; yet I conceive one may safely go farther than the bounds you there prescribe, not only without forfeiting the title of being one's own master, but also to possess it in a much greater degree. If a man's expressing himself upon any subject with more life and vivacity, more variety of ideas, more copiously, more fluently, and more to the purpose, argues it, he thinks clearer, speaks more ready, and with greater choice of comprehensive and significant terms. I have the good fortune now to be intimate with a gentleman remarkable for this temper, who has an inexhaustible source of wit to entertain the curious, the grave, the humorous, and the frolic. He can transform himself into different shapes, and adapt himself to every company; yet in a coffee-house, or in the ordinary course of affairs, he appears rather dull than sprightly. You can seldom get him to the tavern; but when once he is arrived to his pint, and begins to look about and like his company, you admire a thousand things in him, which before lay buried. Then you discover the brightness of his mind, and the strength of his judgment, accompanied with the most graceful mirth. In a word, by this enlivening aid, he is whatever is polite, instructive, and diverting. What makes him still more agreeable is, that he tells a story, serious or comical, with as much delicacy of humour as Cervantes himself. And for all this, at other times, even after a long knowledge of him, you shall

ſhall ſcarce diſcern in this incomparable perſon a whit more than what might be expected from one of a common capacity. Doubtleſs, there are men of great parts that are guilty of downright baſhfulneſs, that, by a ſtrange heſitation and reluctance to ſpeak, murder the fineſt and moſt elegant thoughts, and render the moſt lively conceptions flat and heavy.

In this caſe, a certain quantity of my white or red cordial, which you will, is an eaſy, but an infallible remedy. It awakens the judgment, quickens the memory, ripens the underſtanding, diſperſes melancholy, chears the heart; in a word, reſtores the whole man to himſelf and his friends, without the leaſt pain or indiſpoſition to the patient. To be taken only in the evening, in a reaſonable quantity, before going to bed. Note, my bottles are ſealed with three flower-de-luces and a bunch of grapes. Beware of counterfeits. I am,

Your moſt humble ſervant, &c.

Whatever has been ſaid againſt the uſe of wine, upon the ſuppoſition that it enfeebles the mind, and renders it unfit for the duties of life, bears forcibly to the advantage of that delicious juice in caſes where it only heightens converſation, and brings to light agreeable talents, which otherwiſe would have lain concealed under the oppreſſion of an unjuſt modeſty. I muſt acknowledge, I have ſeen many of the temper mentioned by this correſpondent, and own, wine may very allowably be uſed in a degree above the ſupply of mere neceſſity by ſuch as labour under melancholy, or are tongue-tied by modeſty. It is certainly a very agreeable change, when we ſee a glaſs raiſe a lifeleſs converſation into all the pleaſures of wit and good-humour. But when Caſka adds to his natural impudence the fluſter of a bottle, that which fools called fire when he was ſober, all men abhor as outrage when he is drunk. Thus he, that in the morning was only ſaucy, is in the evening tumultuous. It makes one ſick to hear one of theſe fellows ſay, they love a friend and a bottle. Noiſy mirth has ſomething too ruſtic in it to be conſidered without terror by men of politeneſs: but while the diſcourſe improves in a well-choſen company, from the addition of ſpirits which flow from moderate cups, it muſt be acknowledged, that leiſure time cannot be more agreeably, or perhaps more uſefully, employed than at ſuch meetings: but there is a certain prudence in this and all other circumſtances which make right or wrong in the conduct of ordinary life. Sir Jeoffrey Wildacre has nothing ſo much at heart as that his ſon ſhould know the world betimes: for this end he introduces him among the ſots of his own age, where the boy learns to laugh at his father from the familiarity with which he ſees him treated by his equals. This the old fellow calls living well with his heir, and teaching him to be too much his friend to be impatient for his eſtate. But for the more exact regulation of ſociety, in this and other matters, I ſhall publiſh tables of the characters and relations among men, and by them inſtruct the town in making ſets and companies for a bottle. This humour of Sir Jeoffrey ſhall be taken notice of in the firſt place; for there is, methinks, a ſort of inceſt in drunkenneſs, and ſons are not to behold fathers ſtripped of all reverence.

It is ſhocking in nature for the young to ſee thoſe whom they ſhould have an awe for in circumſtances of contempt. I ſhall therefore utterly forbid, that thoſe whom nature ſhould admoniſh to avoid too groſs familiarities, ſhall be received into parties of pleaſure where there is the leaſt danger of exceſs. I ſhould run through the whole doctrine of Drinking, but that my thoughts are at preſent too much employed in the modelling my Court of Honour, and altering the ſeats, benches, bar, and canopy, from that of the court wherein I, laſt winter, ſat upon cauſes of leſs moment. By the way, I ſhall take an opportunity to examine, what method is to be taken to make joiners and other artificers get out of a houſe they have once entered; not forgetting to tie them under proper regulations. It is for want of ſuch rules that I have, a day or two longer than I expected, been tormented and deafened with hammers; inſomuch that I neither can purſue this diſcourſe, nor anſwer the following, and many other letters of the higheſt importance.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

WE are man and wife, and have a boy and a girl; the lad ſeventeen, the maiden ſixteen. We are quarrelling about ſome parts of their education. I

Ralph

Ralph cannot bear that I must pay for the girl's learning on the spinnet, when I know she has no ear. I Bridget have not patience to have my son whipped because he cannot make verses, when I know he is a blockhead. Pray, Sir, inform us, is it absolutely necessary that all who wear breeches must be taught to rhyme, all in petticoats to touch an instrument? Please to interpose in this and the like cases, to end much solid distress which arises from trifling causes, as it is common in wedlock, and you will very much oblige us and ours,

RALPH, BRIDGET, } Yokefellow.

N° CCLIII. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1710.

——PIETATE GRAVEM AC MERITIS SI FORTE VIRUM QUEM CONSPEXERE, SILENT, ARRECTISQUE AURIBUS ASTANT.
VIRG. ÆN. I. VER. 155.

IF THEN SOME GRAVE AND PIOUS MAN APPEAR,
THEY HUSH THEIR NOISE, AND LEND A LIST'NING EAR. DRYDEN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 20.

EXTRACT OF THE JOURNAL OF THE COURT OF HONOUR, 1710.

DIÆ LUNÆ VICESIMO NOVEMBRIS, HORA NONA ANTEMERIDIANA.

THE Court being sat, an oath prepared by the Censor was administered to the assistants on his right-hand, who were all sworn upon their honour. The women on his left-hand took the same oath upon their reputation. Twelve gentlemen of the horse-guards were impannelled, having unanimously chosen Mr. Alexander Truncheon, who is their right-hand man in the troop, for their foreman in the jury. Mr. Truncheon immediately drew his sword, and holding it with the point towards his own body, presented it to the Censor. Mr. Bickerstaff received it; and after having surveyed the breadth of the blade, and sharpness of the point, with more than ordinary attention, returned it to the foreman in a very graceful manner. The rest of the jury, upon the delivery of the sword to their foreman, drew all of them together as one man, and saluted the bench with such an air, as signified the most resigned submission to those who commanded them, and the greatest magnanimity to execute what they should command.

Mr. Bickerstaff, after having received the compliments on his right-hand, cast his eye upon the left, where the whole female jury paid their respects by a low courtesy, and by laying their hands upon their mouths. Their forewoman was a professed Platonist, that had spent much of her time in exhorting the sex to set a just value upon their persons, and to make the men know themselves.

There followed a profound silence, when at length, after some recollection, the Censor, who continued hitherto uncovered, put on his hat with great dignity; and, after having composed the brims of it in a manner suitable to the gravity of his character, he gave the following charge, which was received with silence and attention, that being the only applause which he admits of, or is ever given in his presence.

'The nature of my office, and the 'solemnity of this occasion, requiring 'that I should open my first session with 'a speech, I shall cast what I have to 'say under two principal heads.

'Under the first, I shall endeavour 'to shew the necessity and usefulness of 'this new erected Court; and under the 'second, I shall give a word of advice 'and instruction, to every constituent 'part of it.

'As for the first, it is well observed 'by Phædrus, an heathen poet—

Nisi utile est quod facimus, frustra est gloria.

'Which is the same, ladies, as if I 'should say—"It would be of no re-"putation to me to be president of a "Court, which is of no benefit to the "public." Now the advantages that 'may arise to the weal-public from th[is] 'institution will more plainly appear, 'if we consider what it suffers, for the 'want of it. Are not our streets daily 'filled with wild pieces of justice, and

'random penalties? Are not crimes undetermined, and reparations disproportioned? How often have we seen the lye punished by death, and the liar himself deciding his own cause? nay, not only acting the judge, but the executioner? Have we not known a box on the ear more severely accounted for than manslaughter? In these extrajudicial proceedings of mankind, an unmannerly jest is frequently as capital as a premeditated murder.

'But the most pernicious circumstance in this case is, that the man who suffers the injury must put himself upon the same foot of danger with him that gave it, before he can have his just revenge; so that the punishment is altogether accidental, and may fall as well upon the innocent as the guilty.

'I shall only mention a case which happens frequently among the more polite nations of the world, and which I the rather mention, because both sexes are concerned in it, and which, therefore, you gentlemen, and you ladies of the jury, will the rather take notice of; I mean that great and known case of Cuckoldom. Supposing the person who has suffered insults in his dearer and better half; supposing, I say, this person should resent the injuries done to his tender wife, what is the reparation he may expect? Why, to be used worse than his poor lady, run through the body, and left breathless upon the bed of honour. What then, will you on my right-hand say, must the man do that is affronted? Must our sides be elbowed, our shins broken? Must the wall, or perhaps our mistress, be taken from us? May a man knit his forehead into a frown, toss up his arm, or pish at what we say, and must the villain live after it? Is there no redress for injured honour? Yes, gentlemen, that is the design of the Judicature we have here established.

'A Court of Conscience, we very well know, was first instituted for the determining of several points of property, that were too little and trivial for the cognizance of higher courts of justice. In the same manner, our Court of Honour is appointed for the examination of several niceties and punctilios, that do not pass for wrongs in the eye of our common laws. But notwithstanding no legislators of any nation have taken into consideration these little circumstances, they are such as often lead to crimes big enough for their inspection, though they come before them too late for their redress.

'Besides, I appeal to you, ladies, *(Here Mr. Bickerstaff turned to his left-hand)* if these are not the little stings and thorns in life, that makes it more uneasy than it's most substantial evils? Confess ingenuously, did you never lose a morning's devotions, because you could not offer them up from the highest place of the pew? Have you not been in pain, even at a ball, because another has been taken out to dance before you? Do you love any of your friends so much as those that are below you? Or have you any favourites that walk on your right-hand? You have answered me in your looks; I ask no more.

'I come now to the second part of my discourse, which obliges me to address myself in particular to the respective members of the Court, in which I shall be very brief.

'As for you gentlemen and ladies, my assistants and grand juries, I have made choice of you on my right-hand, because I know you very jealous of your honour; and you on my left, because I know you very much concerned for the reputation of others; for which reason I expect great exactness and impartiality in your verdicts and judgments.

'I must in the next place address myself to you, gentlemen of the council: you all know, that I have not chose you for your knowledge in the litigious parts of the law; but because you have all of you formerly fought duels, of which I have reason to think you have repented, as being now settled in the peaceable state of benchers. My advice to you is, only that in your pleadings you will be short and expressive: to which end, you are to banish out of your discourses all synonymous terms, and unnecessary multiplications of verbs and nouns. I do moreover forbid you the use of the words Also and Likewise; and must further declare, that if I catch any one among you, upon any pretence whatsoever, using the particle Or, I shall instantly order him to be

'stripped

'ſtripped of his gown, and thrown over 'the bar.'

This is a true copy.

CHARLES LILLIE.

N. B. The ſequel of the proceedings of this day will be publiſhed on Tueſday next.

Nº CCLIV. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1710.

SPLENDIDE MENDAX———

HOR. OD. II. LIB. 3. VER. 35.

GLORIOUSLY FALSE——— FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 22.

THERE are no books which I more delight in than in Travels, eſpecially thoſe that deſcribe remote countries, and give the writer an opportunity of ſhewing his parts without incurring any danger of being examined or contradicted. Among all the authors of this kind, our renowned countryman Sir John Mandeville has diſtinguiſhed himſelf, by the copiouſneſs of his invention, and the greatneſs of his genius. The ſecond to Sir John I take to have been Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, a perſon of infinite adventure, and unbounded imagination. One reads the voyages of theſe two great wits with as much aſtoniſhment as the Travels of Ulyſſes in Homer, or of the Red-Croſs Knght in Spenſer. All is enchanted ground and fairy land.

I have got into my hands, by great chance, ſeveral manuſcripts of theſe two eminent authors, which are filled with greater wonders than any of thoſe they have communicated to the public; and indeed, were they not ſo well atteſted, would appear altogether improbable. I am apt to think the ingenious authors did not publiſh them with the reſt of their works, leſt they ſhould paſs for fictions and fables: a caution not unneceſſary, when the reputation of their veracity was not yet eſtabliſhed in the world. But as this reaſon has now no further weight, I ſhall make the public a preſent of theſe curious pieces, at ſuch times as I ſhall find myſelf unprovided with other ſubjects.

The preſent paper I intend to fill with an extract of Sir John's Journal, in which that learned and worthy knight gives an account of the freezing and thawing of ſeveral ſhort ſpeeches, which he made in the territories of Nova Zembla. I need not inform my reader, that the author of Hudibras alludes to this ſtrange quality in that cold climate, when, ſpeaking of abſtracted notions cloathed in a viſible ſhape, he adds that apt ſimile—

Like words congeal'd in northern air.

Not to keep my reader any longer in ſuſpenſe, the relation, put into modern language, is as follows:

'We were ſeparated by a ſtorm in 'the latitude of ſeventy-three, inſo- 'much that only the ſhip which I was 'in, with a Dutch and French veſſel, 'got ſafe into a creek of Nova Zembla. 'We landed, in order to refit our veſ- 'ſels, and ſtore ourſelves with proviſions. The crew of each veſſel made 'themſelves a cabbin of turf and wood, 'at ſome diſtance from each other, to 'fence themſelves againſt the inclemencies of the weather, which was ſevere 'beyond imagination. We ſoon obſerved, that in talking to one another 'we loſt ſeveral of our words, and 'could not hear one another at above 'two yards diſtance, and that too when 'we ſat very near the fire. After 'much perplexity, I found that our 'words froze in the air, before they 'could reach the ears of the perſons to 'whom they were ſpoken. I was ſoon 'confirmed in the conjecture, when, 'upon the increaſe of the cold, the 'whole company grew dumb, or rather 'deaf; for every man was ſenſible, as 'we afterwards found, that he ſpoke as 'well as ever; but the ſounds no ſooner 'took air, than they were condenſed 'and loſt. It was now a miſerable 'ſpectacle to ſee us nodding and gaping at one another, every man talking, and no man heard. One might 'obſerve a ſeaman, that could hail a 'ſhip at a league's diſtance, beckoning 'with his hand, ſtraining his lungs,

' and tearing his throat; but all in ' vain.

——*Nec vox nec verba sequuntur.* OVID.

——Nor voice, nor words ensu'd.
R. WYNNE.

' We continued here three weeks in ' this dismal plight. At length, upon ' a turn of wind, the air about us be- ' gan to thaw. Our cabbin was im- ' mediately filled with a dry clattering ' sound, which I afterwards found to ' be the crackling of consonants that ' broke above our heads, and were often ' mixed with a gentle hissing, which I ' imputed to the letter S, that occurs so ' frequently in the English tongue. I ' soon after felt a breeze of whispers ' rushing by my ear; for those being of ' a soft and gentle substance, immedi- ' ately liquified in the warm wind that ' blew across our cabbin. These were ' soon followed by syllables and short ' words, and at length by entire sen- ' tences, that melted sooner or later, as ' they were more or less congealed; so ' that we now heard every thing that ' had been spoken during the whole ' three weeks that we had been silent, ' if I may use that expression. It was ' now very early in the morning, and ' yet to my surprize, I heard some body ' say—" Sir John, it is midnight, and " time for the ship's crew to go to bed." ' This I knew to be the pilot's voice, ' and upon recollecting myself, I con- ' cluded that he had spoken these words ' to me some days before, though I ' could not hear them until the present ' thaw. My reader will easily imagine ' how the whole crew was amazed to ' hear every man talking, and see no ' man open his mouth. In the midst ' of this great surprize we were all in, ' we heard a volley of oaths and curses, ' lasting for a long while, and uttered ' in a very hoarse voice, which I knew ' belonged to the boatswain, who was ' a very choleric fellow, and had taken ' his opportunity of cursing and swear- ' ing at me when he thought I could not ' hear him; for I had several times given ' him the strappado on that account, ' as I did not fail to repeat it for these ' his pious soliloquies, when I got him ' on shipboard.

' I must not omit the names of seve- ' ral beauties in Wapping, which were ' heard every now and then, in the ' midst of a long sigh that accompanied ' them; as " Dear Kate! Pretty Mrs. " Peggy! When shall I see my Sue " again?" This betrayed several amours ' which had been concealed until that ' time, and furnished us with a great ' deal of mirth in our return to Eng- ' land.

' When this confusion of voices was ' pretty well over, though I was afraid ' to offer at speaking, as fearing I should ' not be heard, I proposed a visit to the ' Dutch cabbin, which lay about a mile ' further up in the country. My crew ' were extremely rejoiced to find they ' had again recovered their hearing; ' though every man uttered his voice ' with the same apprehensions that I had ' done—

——*Et timidè verba intermissa retentat.*
OVID. MET. LIB. I. VER. 747.
And try'd his tongue, his silence softly broke.
DRYDEN.

' At about half a mile's distance from ' our cabbin, we heard the groanings ' of a bear, which at first startled us; ' but upon enquiry, we were informed ' by some of our company that he was ' dead, and now lay in salt, having ' been killed upon that very spot about ' a fortnight before, in the time of the ' frost. Not far from the same place, ' we were likewise entertained with some ' posthumous snarls and barkings of a ' fox.

' We at length arrived at the little ' Dutch settlement; and upon entering ' the room, found it filled with sighs ' that smelt of brandy, and several other ' unsavoury sounds, that were altogether ' inarticulate. My valet, who was an ' Irishman, fell into so great a rage at ' what he heard, that he drew his sword; ' but not knowing where to lay the ' blame, he put it up again. We were ' stunned with these confused noises, ' but did not hear a single word until ' about half an hour after; which I ' ascribed to the harsh and obdurate ' sounds of that language, which want- ' ed more time than ours to melt, and ' become audible.

' After having here met with a very ' hearty welcome, we went to the cab- ' bin of the French, who, to make ' amends for their three weeks silence, ' were talking and disputing with greater ' rapidity and confusion, than I ever

' heard

'heard in an assembly even of that nation. Their language, as I found, 'upon the first giving of the weather, 'fell asunder and dissolved. I was here 'convinced of an error, into which I 'had before fallen; for I fancied, that 'for the freezing of the sound, it was 'necessary for it to be wrapped up, and, 'as it were, preserved in breath: but I 'found my mistake, when I heard the 'sound of a kit playing a minuet over 'our heads. I asked the occasion of 'it; upon which one of the company 'told me, it would play there above a 'week longer, if the thaw continued; "for," says he, "finding ourselves "bereft of speech, we prevailed upon "one of the company, who had his "musical instrument about him, to play "to us from morning to night; all "which time we employed in dancing, "in order to dissipate our chagrin, *et "tuer le temps*."

Here Sir John gives very good philosophical reasons why the kit could not be heard during the frost; but as they are something prolix, I pass them over in silence, and shall only observe, that the honourable author seems by his quotations to have been well versed in the ancient poets, which perhaps raised his fancy above the ordinary pitch of historians, and very much contributed to the embellishment of his writings.

Nº CCLV. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1710.

——NEC TE TUA PLURIMA, PANTHEU,
LABENTEM PIETAS, NEC APOLLINIS INFULA TEXIT.
VIRG. ÆN. 2. VER. 429.

NOR, PANTHEUS, THEE THY MITRE, NOR THE BANDS
OF AWFUL PHOEBUS, SAV'D FROM IMPIOUS HANDS.
DRYDEN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 24.

TO THE CENSOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

SIR,

I Am at present under very great difficulties, which it is not in the power of any one, besides yourself, to redress. Whether or no you shall think it a proper case to come before your Court of Honour, I cannot tell; but thus it is. I am Chaplain to an honourable family, very regular at the hours of devotion, and I hope of an unblameable life; but for not offering to rise at second course, I found my patron and his lady very sullen and out of humour, though at first I did not know the reason of it. At length, when I happened to help myself to a jelly, the lady of the house, otherwise a devout woman, told me, that it did not become a man of my cloth to delight in such frivolous food: but as I still continued to sit out the last course, I was yesterday informed by the butler, that his lordship had no farther occasion for my service. All which is humbly submitted to your consideration, by, Sir, your most humble servant, &c.

The case of this gentleman deserves pity; especially if he loves sweetmeats, to which, if I may guess by his letter, he is no enemy. In the mean time, I have often wondered at the indecency of discharging the holiest man from the table, as soon as the most delicious parts of the entertainment are served up, and could never conceive a reason for so absurd a custom. Is it because a liquorish palate, or a sweet tooth, as they call it, is not consistent with the sanctity of his character? This is but a trifling pretence. No man of the most rigid virtue gives offence by any excesses in plumb-pudding or plumb-porridge, and that because they are the first parts of the dinner. Is there any thing that tends to incitation in sweetmeats more than in ordinary dishes? Certainly not. Sugar-plumbs are a very innocent diet, and conserves of a much colder nature than your common pickles. I have sometimes thought that the ceremony of the Chaplain's flying away from the desert was typical and figurative, to mark out to the company how they ought to retire from all the luscious baits of temptation, and deny their appetites the gratifications

tifications that are moſt pleaſing to them; or at leaſt, to ſignify that we ought to ſtint ourſelves in our moſt lawful ſatisfactions, and not make our pleaſure, but our ſupport, the end of eating: but moſt certainly, if ſuch a leſſon of temperance had been neceſſary at a table, our clergy would have recommended it to all the lay-maſters of families, and not have diſturbed other mens tables with ſuch unſeaſonable examples of abſtinence. The original therefore of this barbarous cuſtom, I take to have been merely accidental. The Chaplain retired, out of pure complaiſance, to make room for the removal of the diſhes, or poſſibly for the ranging of the deſert. This by degrees grew into a duty, until at length, as the faſhion improved, the good man found himſelf cut off from the third part of the entertainment; and if the arrogance of the patron goes on, it is not impoſſible but, in the next generation, he may ſee himſelf reduced to the tithe, or tenth diſh of the table; a ſufficient caution not to part with any privilege we are once poſſeſſed of. It was uſual for the prieſt in old times to feaſt upon the ſacrifice, nay the honey-cake, while the hungry laity looked upon him with great devotion; or, as the late Lord Rocheſter deſcribes it, in a very lively manner—

And while the prieſt did eat the people ſtar'd.

At preſent the cuſtom is inverted; the laity feaſt, while the prieſt ſtands by as an humble ſpectator. This neceſſarily puts the good man upon making great ravages on all the diſhes that ſtand near him; and diſtinguiſhing himſelf by voraciouſneſs of appetite, as knowing that his time is ſhort. I would fain aſk thoſe ſtiff-necked patrons, whether they would not take it ill of a Chaplain, that in his grace after meat ſhould return thanks for the whole entertainment with an exception to the deſert? And yet I cannot but think, that in ſuch a proceeding he would but deal with them as they deſerved. What would a Roman Catholic prieſt think, who is always helped firſt, and placed next the ladies, ſhould he ſee a clergyman giving his company the ſlip at the firſt appearance of the tarts or ſweetmeets? Would not he believe that he had the ſame antipathy to a candied orange, or a piece of puff-paſte, as ſome have to a Cheſhire cheeſe, or a breaſt of mutton? Yet to ſo ridiculous a height is this fooliſh cuſtom grown, that even the Chriſtmas pye, which in it's very nature is a kind of conſecrated cate, and a badge of diſtinction, is often forbidden to the Druid of the family. Strange! that a ſirloin of beef, whether boiled or roaſted, when entire, is expoſed to his utmoſt depredations and inciſions; but, if minced into ſmall pieces, and toſſed up with plumbs and ſugar, changes it's property, and, forſooth, is meat for his maſter.

In this caſe I know not which to cenſure, the Patron, or the Chaplain, the inſolence of power, or the abjectneſs of dependence. For my own part, I have often bluſhed to ſee a gentleman, whom I knew to have much more wit and learning than myſelf, and who was bred up with me at the univerſity upon the ſame foot of a liberal education, treated in ſuch an ignominious manner, and ſunk beneath thoſe of his own rank, by reaſon of that character which ought to bring him honour. This deters men of generous minds from placing themſelves in ſuch a ſtation of life, and by that means frequently excludes perſons of quality from the improving and agreeable converſation of a learned and obſequious friend.

Mr. Oldham lets us know, that he was affrighted from the thought of ſuch an employment, by the ſcandalous ſort of treatment which often accompanies it.

Some think themſelves exalted to the ſky,
If they light in ſome noble family:
Diet, an horſe, and thirty pounds a year,
Beſides the advantage of his lordſhip's ear,
The credit of the buſ'neſs, and the ſtate,
Are things that in a youngſter's ſenſe ſound great.
Little the unexperienced wretch does know,
What ſlavery he oft muſt undergo.
Who, tho' in ſilken ſcarf and caſſock dreſt,
Wears but a gayer livery at beſt.
When dinner calls, the implement muſt wait
With holy words to conſecrate the meat,
But hold it for a favour ſeldom known,
If he be deign'd the honour to ſit down.
Soon as the tarts appear; Sir Crape, withdraw,
Thoſe dainties are not for a ſpiritual maw.
Obſerve your diſtance, and be ſure to ſtand
Hard by the ciſtern with your cap in hand:
There for diverſion you may pick your teeth,
Till the kind voider comes for your relief.
Let others, who ſuch meanneſſes can brook,
Strike countenance to ev'ry great man's look;
I rate my freedom higher.

This

This author's raillery is the raillery of a friend; and does not turn the ſacred order into ridicule; but is a juſt cenſure on ſuch perſons as take advantage from the neceſſities of a man of merit, to impoſe on him hardſhips that are by no means ſuitable to the dignity of his profeſſion.

N° CCLVI. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1710.

——NOSTRUM EST TANTAS COMPONERE LITES.
VIRG. ECL. 3. VER. 108.

'TIS OURS SUCH WARM CONTENTIONS TO DECIDE.
R. WYNNE.

THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE COURT OF HONOUR, HELD IN SHEER-LANE ON MONDAY THE TWENTIETH OF NOVEMBER, 1710, BEFORE ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE, CENSOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

PETER Plumb, of London, merchant, was indicted by the honourable Mr. Thomas Gules, of Gule Hall in the county of Salop, for that the ſaid Peter Plumb did, in Lombard Street, London, between the hours of two and three in the afternoon, meet the ſaid Mr. Thomas Gules, and after a ſhort ſalutation, put on his hat, value five pence, while the honourable Mr. Gules ſtood bare headed for the ſpace of two ſeconds. It was further urged againſt the criminal, that during his diſcourſe with the proſecutor, he feloniouſly ſtole the wall of him, having clapped his back againſt it in ſuch a manner, that it was impoſſible for Mr. Gules to recover it again at his taking leave of him. The proſecutor alledged, that he was the cadet of a very ancient family; and that according to the principles of all the younger brothers of the ſaid family, he had never ſullied himſelf with buſineſs, but had choſen rather to ſtarve like a man of honour, than do any thing beneath his quality. He produced ſeveral witneſſes, that he had never employed himſelf beyond the twiſting of a whip, or the making of a pair of nut-crackers, in which he only worked for his diverſion, in order to make a preſent now and then to his friends. The priſoner being aſked, what he could ſay for himſelf, caſt ſeveral reflections upon the honourable Mr. Gules; as, that he was not worth a groat; that no body in the city would truſt him for a half-penny; that he owed him money, which he had promiſed to pay him ſeveral times, but never kept his word: and in ſhort, that he was an idle beggarly fellow, and of no uſe to the public. This ſort of language was very ſeverely reprimanded by the Cenſor, who told the criminal, that he ſpoke in contempt of the Court, and that he ſhould be proceeded againſt for contumacy, if he did not change his ſtile. The priſoner therefore deſired to be heard by his counſel, who urged in his defence, that he put on his hat through ignorance, and took the wall by accident. They likewiſe produced ſeveral witneſſes, that he made ſeveral motions with his hat in his hand, which are generally underſtood as an invitation to the perſon we talk with to be covered; and that the gentleman not taking the hint, he was forced to put on his hat, as being troubled with a cold. There was likewiſe an Iriſhman who depoſed, that he had heard him cough three and twenty times that morning. And as for the wall, it was alledged, that he had taken it inadvertently, to ſave himſelf from a ſhower of rain which was then falling. The Cenſor having conſulted the men of honour, who ſat at his right-hand on the bench, found they were all of opinion, that the defence made by the priſoner's counſel, did rather aggravate than extenuate his crime; that the motions and intimations of the hat, were a token of ſuperiority in converſation, and therefore not to be uſed by the criminal to a man of the proſecutor's quality, who was likewiſe veſted with a double title to the wall at the time of their converſation, both as it was the upper hand, and as it was a ſhelter from the weather. The evidence being very full and clear, the jury, without going out of court, declared their opinion unanimouſly by the mouth of their foreman, that the proſecutor was bound in honour to make the ſun

fun ſhine through the criminal, or, as they afterwards explained themſelves, to whip him through the lungs.

The Cenſor knitting his brows into a frown, and looking very ſternly upon the jury, after a little pauſe, gave them to know, that this Court was erected for the finding out of penalties ſuitable to offences, and to reſtrain the outrages of private juſtice; and that he expected they ſhould moderate their verdict. The jury therefore retired, and being willing to comply with the advices of the Cenſor, after an hour's conſultation, declared their opinion as follows:

That in conſideration this was Peter Plumb's firſt offence, and that there did not appear any *Malice prepenſe* in it, as alſo that he lived in good reputation among his neighbours, and that his taking the wall was only *Se defendendo*, the proſecutor ſhould let him eſcape with life, and content himſelf with the ſlitting of his noſe, and the cutting off both his ears. Mr. Bickerſtaff, ſmiling upon the Court, told them, that he thought the puniſhment, even under it's preſent mitigation, too ſevere; and that ſuch penalties might be of ill conſequence in a trading nation. He therefore pronounced ſentence againſt the criminal in the following manner: That his hat, which was the inſtrument of offence, ſhould be forfeited to the Court; that the criminal ſhould go to the warehouſe from whence he came, and thence, as occaſion ſhould require, proceed to the Exchange, or Garraway's Coffee-houſe, in what manner he pleaſed; but that neither he, nor any of the family of the Plumbs, ſhould hereafter appear in the ſtreets of London, out of their coaches, that ſo the foot-way might be left open and undiſturbed for their betters.

Dathan, a pedling Jew, and T. R—, a Welſhman, were indicted by the keeper of an alehouſe in Weſtminſter, for breaking the peace and two earthen mugs, in a diſpute about the antiquity of their families, to the great detriment of the houſe, and diſturbance of the whole neighbourhood. Dathan ſaid for himſelf, that he was provoked to it by the Welſhman, who pretended, that the Welſh were an ancienter people than the Jews;—'Whereas,' ſays he, 'I can ſhew 'by this genealogy in my hand, that I 'am the ſon of Meſheck, that was the 'ſon of Naboth, that was the ſon of 'Shalem, that was the ſon of ——.' The Welſhman here interrupted him, and told him, that he could produce ſhennalogy as well as himſelf; for that he was John ap Rice, ap Shenken, ap Shones. He then turned himſelf to the Cenſor, and told him in the ſame broken accent, and with much warmth, that the Jew would needs uphold, that King Cadwallader was younger than Iſſachar. Mr. Bickerſtaff ſeemed very much inclined to give ſentence againſt Dathan, as being a Jew; but finding reaſons, by ſome expreſſions which the Welſhman let fall in aſſerting the antiquity of his family, to ſuſpect that the ſaid Welſhman was a Præ-Adamite, he ſuffered the jury to go out, without any previous admonition. After ſome time they returned, and gave their verdict, That it appearing the perſons at the bar did neither of them wear a ſword, and that conſequently they had no right to quarrel upon a point of honour; to prevent ſuch frivolous appeals for the future, they ſhould both of them be toſſed in the ſame blanket, and there adjuſt the ſuperiority as they could agree on it between themſelves. The Cenſor confirmed the verdict.

Richard Newman was indicted by Major Punto, for having uſed the words —'Perhaps it may be ſo,' in a diſpute with the ſaid major. The major urged, that the word Perhaps was queſtioning his veracity, and that it was an indirect manner of giving him the lye. Richard Newman had nothing more to ſay for himſelf, than that he intended no ſuch thing; and threw himſelf upon the mercy of the Court. The jury brought in their verdict ſpecial.

Mr. Bickerſtaff ſtood up, and after having caſt his eyes over the whole aſſembly, hemmed thrice. He then acquainted them, that he had laid down a rule to himſelf, which he was reſolved never to depart from, and which, as he conceived, would very much conduce to the ſhortening the buſineſs of the Court; —'I mean,' ſays he, 'never to allow of 'the lye being given by conſtruction, 'implication, or induction, but by the 'ſole uſe of the word itſelf.' He then proceeded to ſhew the great miſchiefs that had ariſen to the Engliſh nation from that pernicious monoſyllable; that it had bred the moſt fatal quarrels between the deareſt friends: that it had frequently thinned the guards and made great

great havock in the army; that it had ſometimes weakened the city trained bands; and, in a word, had deſtroyed many of the braveſt men in the iſle of Great Britain. For the prevention of which evils for the future, he inſtructed the jury to preſent the word itſelf as a nuiſance in the Engliſh tongue; and further promiſed them, that he would, upon ſuch their preferment, publiſh an edict of the Court, for the entire baniſhment and excluſion of it out of the diſcourſes and converſations of all civil ſocieties.

This is a true copy,
CHARLES LILLIE.

Monday next is ſet apart for the trial of ſeveral female cauſes.

N. B. The caſe of the Haſſock will come on between the hours of nine and ten.

Nº CCLVII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1710.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS MUTATAS DICERE FORMAS
CORPORA: DII, COEPTIS, NAM VOS MUTASTIS ET ILLAS,
ASPIRATE MEIS!——— OVID. MET. LIB. I. VER. I.

OF BODIES CHANG'D TO VARIOUS FORMS I SING,
YE GODS, FROM WHOM THESE MIRACLES DID SPRING,
ASSIST ME IN THIS ARDUOUS TASK!———

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 29.

EVERY nation is diſtinguiſhed by productions that are peculiar to it. Great Britain is particularly fruitful in Religions; that ſhoot up and flouriſh in this climate more than in any other. We are ſo famous abroad for our great variety of ſects and opinions, that an ingenious friend of mine, who is lately returned from his travels, aſſures me, there is a ſhow at this time carried up and down in Germany, which repreſents all the religions of Great Britain, in wax-work. Notwithſtanding that the pliancy of the matter, in which the images are wrought, makes it capable of being moulded into all ſhapes and figures; my friend tells me, that he did not think it poſſible for it to be twiſted and tortured into ſo many ſcrewed faces and wry features, as appeared in ſeveral of the figures that compoſed the ſhow. I was indeed ſo pleaſed with the deſign of the German artiſt, that I begged my friend to give me an account of it in all it's particulars, which he did after the following manner.

'I have often,' ſays he, 'been preſent at a ſhow of elephants, camels, dromedaries, and other ſtrange creatures; but I never ſaw ſo great an aſſembly of ſpectators as were met together at the opening of this great piece of wax-work. We were all placed in a large hall, according to the price that we had paid for our ſeats: the curtain that hung before the ſhow was made by a maſter of tapeſtry, who had woven it in the figure of a monſtrous Hydra that had ſeveral heads, which brandiſhed out their tongues, and ſeemed to hiſs at each other. Some of theſe heads were large and entire; and where any of them had been lopped away, there ſprouted up ſeveral in the room of them; inſomuch that, for one head cut off, a man might ſee ten, twenty, or an hundred of a ſmaller ſize, creeping through the wound. In ſhort, the whole picture was nothing but confuſion and bloodſhed. On a ſudden,' ſays my friend, 'I was ſtartled with a flouriſh of many muſical inſtruments that I had never heard before, which was followed by a ſhort tune, if it might be ſo called, wholly made up of jars and diſcords. Among the reſt there was an organ, a bagpipe, a groaning board, a ſtentorophonic trumpet, with ſeveral wind inſtruments of a moſt diſagreeable ſound, which I do not ſo much as know the names of. After a ſhort flouriſh the curtain was drawn up, and we were preſented with the moſt extraordinary aſſembly of figures that ever entered into a man's imagination. The deſign of the workman was ſo well expreſſed in the dumb ſhow before us, that it was not hard for an Engliſhman to comprehend the meaning of it.

'The principal figures were placed in a row, conſiſting of ſeven perſons. The middle figure, which immediately attracted the eyes of the whole company, and was much bigger than the reſt, was formed like a matron, dreſſed in the habit of an elderly woman of quality in Queen Elizabeth's days. The moſt remarkable parts of her dreſs were, the beaver with the ſteeple crown, the ſcarf that was darker than ſable, and the lawn apron that was whiter than ermin. Her gown was of the richeſt black velvet, and juſt upon her heart ſhe wore ſeveral large diamonds of an ineſtimable value, diſpoſed in the form of a croſs. She bore an inexpreſſible chearfulneſs and dignity in her aſpect; and though ſhe ſeemed in years, appeared with ſo much ſpirit and vivacity, as gave her at the ſame time an air of old age and immortality. I found my heart touched with ſo much love and reverence at the ſight of her, that the tears ran down my face as I looked upon her; and ſtill the more I looked upon her, the more my heart was melted with the ſentiments of filial tenderneſs and duty. I diſcovered every moment ſomething ſo charming in this figure, that I could ſcarce take my eyes off it. On it's right-hand there ſat the figure of a woman ſo covered with ornaments, that her face, her body, and her hands, were almoſt entirely hid under them. The little you could ſee of her face was painted; and, what I thought very odd, had ſomething in it like artificial wrinkles; but I was the leſs ſurprized at it, when I ſaw upon her forehead an old-faſhioned tower of grey hairs. Her head-dreſs roſe very high by three ſeveral ſtories or degrees; her garments had a thouſand colours in them; and were embroidered with croſſes in gold, ſilver, and ſilk; ſhe had nothing on, ſo much as a glove or a ſlipper, which was not marked with this figure; nay, ſo ſuperſtitiouſly fond did ſhe appear of it, that ſhe ſat croſs-legged. I was quickly ſick of this tawdry compoſition of ribbands, ſilks, and jewels, and therefore caſt my eye on a dame which was juſt the reverſe of it. I need not tell my reader, that the lady before deſcribed was Popery, or that ſhe I am going to deſcribe is Preſbytery. She ſat on the left-hand of the venerable matron, and ſo much reſembled her in the features of her countenance, that ſhe ſeemed her ſiſter; but at the ſame time that one obſerved a likeneſs in her beauty, one could not but take notice, that there was ſomething in it ſickly and ſplenetic.' Her face had enough to diſcover the relation; but it was drawn up into a peeviſh figure, ſoured with diſcontent, and overcaſt with melancholy. She ſeemed offended at the matron for the ſhape of her hat, as too much reſembling the triple coronet of the perſon who ſat by her. One might ſee likewiſe, that ſhe diſſented from the white apron and the croſs; for which reaſons ſhe had made herſelf a plain homely dowdy, and turned her face towards the ſectaries that ſat on her left-hand, as being afraid of looking upon the matron, leſt ſhe ſhould ſee the harlot by her.

'On the right-hand of Popery ſat Judaiſm, repreſented by an old man embroidered with phylacteries, and diſtinguiſhed by many typical figures, which I had not ſkill enough to unriddle. He was placed among the rubbiſh of a temple; but inſtead of weeping over it, which I ſhould have expected from him, he was counting out a bag of money upon the ruins of it.

'On his right-hand was Deiſm, or Natural Religion. This was a figure of an half-naked aukward country-wench, who, with proper ornaments and education, would have made an agreeable and beautiful appearance; but for want of thoſe advantages, was ſuch a ſpectacle as a man would bluſh to look upon.

'I have now,' continued my friend, 'given you an account of thoſe who were placed on the right-hand of the matron, and who, according to the order in which they ſat, were Deiſm, Judaiſm, and Popery. On the left-hand, as I told you, appeared Preſbytery. The next to her was a figure which ſomewhat puzzled me: it was that of a man looking, with horror in his eyes, upon a ſilver baſon filled with water. Obſerving ſomething in his countenance that looked like Lunacy, I fancied at firſt that he was to expreſs that kind of diſtraction which the phyſicians call the Hydro-Phobia;

'but

'but considering what the intention of 'the show was, I immediately recol- 'lected myself, and concluded it to be 'Anabaptism.

'The next figure was a man that sat 'under a most profound composure of 'mind: he wore an hat whose brims 'were exactly parallel with the horizon: 'his garment had neither sleeve nor 'skirt, nor so much as a superfluous 'button. What they called his cravat, 'was a little piece of white linen quilled 'with great exactness, and hanging be- 'low his chin about two inches. See- 'ing a book in his hand, I asked our 'artist what it was, who told me it was 'the Quakers Religion; upon which I 'desired a sight of it. Upon perusal, I 'found it to be nothing but a new- 'fashioned Grammar, or an art of 'abridging ordinary discourse. The 'nouns were reduced to a very small 'number, as the Light, Friend, Baby- 'lon. The principal of his pronouns 'was Thou; and as for You, Ye, and 'Yours, I found they were not looked 'upon as parts of speech in this Gram- 'mar. All the verbs wanted the se- 'cond person plural; the participles 'ended all in Ing or Ed, which were 'marked with a particular accent. 'There were no adverbs besides Yea 'and Nay. The same thrift was ob- 'served in the prepositions. The con- 'junctions were only Hem! and Ha! 'and the interjections brought under 'the three heads of Sighing, Sobbing, 'and Groaning.

'There was at the end of the Gram- 'mar a little nomenclature, called, "The "Christian Man's Vocabulary," which 'gave new appellations, or, if you will, 'christian names, to almost every thing 'in life. I replaced the book in the 'hand of the figure, not without ad- 'miring the simplicity of it's garb, 'speech, and behaviour.

'Just opposite to this row of Reli- 'gions, there was a statue dressed in a 'fool's coat, with a cap of bells upon 'his head, laughing and pointing at 'the figures that stood before him. 'This ideot is supposed to say in his 'heart, what David's fool did some 'thousands of years ago, and was there- 'fore designed as a proper representa- 'tive of those among us, who are 'called Atheists and Infidels by others, 'and Free-thinkers by themselves.

'There were many other groupes of 'figures which I did not know the 'meaning of; but seeing a collection of 'both sexes turning their backs upon 'the company, and laying their heads 'very close together, I enquired after 'their religion, and found that they 'called themselves the Philadelphians, 'or the family of Love.

'In the opposite corner there sat an- 'other little congregation of strange 'figures, opening their mouths as wide 'as they could gape, and distinguished 'by the title of the Sweet Singers of 'Israel.

'I must not omit, that in this assem- 'bly of wax there were several pieces 'that moved by clock-work, and gave 'great satisfaction to the spectators. 'Behind the matron there stood one of 'these figures, and behind Popery an- 'other, which, as the artist told us, 'were each of them the Genius of the 'person they attended. That behind 'Popery represented Persecution, and 'the other Moderation. The first of 'these moved by secret springs towards 'a great heap of dead bodies, that lay 'piled upon one another at a consider- 'able distance behind the principal 'figures. There were were written on 'the foreheads of these dead men se- 'veral hard words, as Præ-Adamites, 'Sabbatarians, Cameronians, Muggle- 'tonians, Brownists, Independants, 'Masonites, Camisars, and the like. 'At the approach of Persecution, it 'was so contrived, that as she held up 'her bloody flag, the whole assembly 'of dead men, like those in the Rehearsal, 'started up and drew their swords. This 'was followed by great clashings and 'noise, when, in the midst of the tu- 'mult, the figure of Moderation moved 'gently towards this new army, which, 'upon her holding up a paper in her 'hand, inscribed—"Liberty of Con- "science," immediately fell into a heap 'of carcasses, remaining in the same 'quiet posture in which they lay at 'first.'

N° CCLVIII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1710.

OCCIDIT MISEROS CRAMBE REPETITA.——
Juv. Sat. 7. ver. 154.

THE SAME STALE VIANDS, SERV'D UP O'ER AND O'ER,
THE STOMACH NAUSEATES.—— R. Wynne.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, DEC. 2.

WHEN a man keeps a conſtant table, he may be allowed ſometimes to ſerve up a cold diſh of meat, or toſs up the fragments of a feaſt in a ragoût. I have ſometimes, in a ſcarcity of proviſions, been obliged to take the ſame kind of liberty, and to entertain my reader with the leavings of a former treat. I muſt this day have recourſe to the ſame method, and beg my gueſts to ſit down to a kind of Saturday's dinner. To let the metaphor reſt, I intend to fill up this paper with a bundle of letters, relating to ſubjects on which I have formerly treated; and have ordered my bookſeller to print at the end of each letter the minutes with which I indorſed it, after the firſt peruſal of it.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

SIR, NOV. 22, 1710.

DINING yeſterday with Mr. South-Britiſh and Mr. William North-Briton, two gentlemen, who, before you ordered it otherwiſe, were known by the names of Mr. Engliſh and Mr. William Scot: among other things, the maid of the houſe, who in her time, I believe, may have been a North-Britiſh warming-pan, brought us up a diſh of North-Britiſh collops. We liked our entertainment very well; only we obſerved the table-cloth being not ſo fine as we could have wiſhed, was North-Britiſh cloth. But the worſt of it was, we were diſturbed all dinner-time by the noiſe of the children, who were playing in the paved court at North-Britiſh hoppers; ſo we paid our North-Briton ſooner than we deſigned, and took coach to North-Briton yard, about which place moſt of us live. We had indeed gone a-foot, only we were under ſome apprehenſions leſt a North-Britiſh miſt ſhould wet a South-Britiſh man to the ſkin.

We think this matter properly expreſſed, according to the accuracy of the new ſtyle, ſettled by you in one of your late papers. You will pleaſe to give your opinion upon it to, Sir, your moſt humble ſervants,

J. S. M. P. N. R.

See if this letter is conformable to the directions given in the Tatler abovementioned.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

SIR, KENT, NOV. 22, 1710.

A Gentleman in my neighbourhood, who happens to be brother to a lord, though neither his father nor grandfather were ſo, is perpetually making uſe of this phraſe—'A perſon of 'my quality.' He has it in his mouth fifty times a day, to his labourers, his ſervants, his children, his tenants, and his neighbours. Wet or dry, at home or abroad, drunk or ſober, angry or pleaſed, it is the conſtant burden of his ſtyle. Sir, as you are Cenſor of Great Britain, as you value the repoſe of a loyal county, and the reputation of my neighbour, I beg you will take the cruel grievance into your conſideration; elſe, for my own particular, I am reſolved to give up my farms, ſell my ſtock, and remove with my wife and ſeven children next ſpring to Falmouth or Berwick, if my ſtrength will permit me, being brought into a very weak condition. I am, with great reſpect, Sir,

Your moſt obedient and
languiſhing ſervant, &c.

Let this be referred to the Court of Honour.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

I Am a young lady of a good fortune, and at preſent inveſted by ſeveral lovers, who lay cloſe ſiege to me, and carry on their attacks with all poſſible diligence. I know which of them has the firſt place in my own heart, but would freely croſs my private inclinations to make choice of the man who loves me beſt, which it is impoſſible for me

me to know, all of them pretending to an equal paſſion for me. Let me therefore beg of you, dear Mr. Bickerſtaff, to lend me your Ithuriel's ſpear, in order to touch this troop of rivals; after which I will moſt faithfully return it to you again, with the greateſt gratitude.

I am, Sir, &c.

QUERY 1. What figure doth this lady think her lover will appear in? Or what ſymptoms will he betray of his paſſion upon being touched?

2. Whether a touch of her fan may not have the ſame efficacy as a touch of Ithuriel's ſpear?

GREAT LINCOLN'S-INN SQUARE, Nov. 29.

HONOURED SIR,

GRATITUDE obliges me to make this public acknowledgment of the eminent ſervice you have done myſelf in particular, and the whole body of Chaplains, I hope, in general. Coming home on Sunday about dinner-time, I found things ſtrangely altered for the better; the porter ſmiled in my face when he let me in, the footman bowed to me as I paſſed him, the ſteward ſhook me by the hand, and Mrs. Beatrice dropped me a courteſy as ſhe went along. I was ſurprized at all this civility, and knew not to what I might aſcribe it, except to my bright beaver and ſhining ſcarf, that were new that day. But I was ſtill more aſtoniſhed to find ſuch an agreeable change at the table: my lord helped me to a fat ſlice of veniſon with his own hand, and my lady did me the honour to drink to me. I offered to riſe at my uſual time; but was deſired to ſit ſtill, with this kind expreſſion—'Come, Doctor, a jelly or a conſerve 'will do you no harm; do not be afraid 'of the deſert.' I was ſo confounded with the favour, that I returned my thanks in a moſt aukward manner, wondering what was the meaning of this total transformation: but my lord ſoon put an end to my admiration, by ſhewing me a paper that challenged you, Sir, for it's author, and rallied me very agreeably on the ſubject, aſking me, which was beſt handled, the Lord or his Chaplain? I owned myſelf to think the banter ſharpeſt againſt ourſelves, and that theſe were trifling matters, not fit for a philoſopher to inſiſt on. His lordſhip was in ſo good a humour, that he ordered me to return his thanks with my own; and my lady joins in the ſame, with this one exception to your paper, that the chaplain in her family was always allowed minced-pies from Allhallows to Candlemas. I am, Sir, your moſt obliged humble ſervant,

T. W.

Requires no anſwer.

MR. CENSOR, OXFORD, NOV. 27.

I Have read your account of Nova Zembla with great pleaſure, and have ordered it to be tranſcribed in a little hand, and inſerted in Mr. Tonſon's late edition of Hudibras. I could wiſh you would furniſh us with more notes upon that author, to fill up the place of thoſe dull annotations with which ſeveral editions of that book have been incumbered. I would particularly deſire of you to give the world the ſtory of Taliacotius, who makes a very eminent figure in the firſt canto; not having been able to meet with any account of the ſaid Taliacotius in the writings of any other author. I am, with the moſt profound reſpect, the moſt humble of your admirers,

Q. Z.

To be anſwered next Thurſday, if nothing more material intervenes.

MR. CENSOR,

IN your ſurvey of the people, you muſt have obſerved crowds of ſingle perſons that are qualified to increaſe the ſubjects of this glorious iſland, and yet neglect that duty to their country. In order to reclaim ſuch perſons, I lay before you this propoſal. Your moſt obedient ſervant,

THO. CL.

This to be conſidered on Saturday next.

N° CCLIX. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1710.

——VENAT CENSURA COLUMBAS. JUV. SAT. I. VER. 63.

CENSURE ACQUITS THE CROW, CONDEMNS THE DOVE. ANON.

A CONTINUATION OF THE JOURNAL OF THE COURT OF HONOUR, HELD IN SHEER-LANE ON MONDAY THE TWENTY-SEVENTH OF NOVEMBER, BEFORE ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE, CENSOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

ELIZABETH Makebate, of the parish of St. Catharine's, ſpinſter, was indicted for ſurreptitiouſly taking away the haſſock from under the Lady Grave-Airs, between the hours of four and five, on Sunday the twenty-ſixth of November. The proſecutor depoſed, that as ſhe ſtood up to make a courteſy to a perſon of quality in a neighbouring pew, the criminal conveyed away the haſſock by ſtealth; inſomuch that the proſecutor was obliged to ſit all the while ſhe was at church, or to ſay her prayers in a poſture that did not become a woman of her quality. The priſoner pleaded inadvertency; and the jury were going to bring it in chance-medley, had not ſeveral witneſſes been produced againſt the ſaid Elizabeth Makebate, that ſhe was an old offender, and a woman of a bad reputation. It appeared in particular, that on the Sunday before ſhe had detracted from a new petticoat of Mrs. Mary Doelittle, having ſaid in the hearing of ſeveral credible witneſſes, that the ſaid petticoat was ſcoured, to the great grief and detriment of the ſaid Mary Doelittle. There were likewiſe many evidences produced againſt the criminal, that though ſhe never failed to come to church on Sunday, ſhe was a moſt notorious Sabbath-breaker; and that ſhe ſpent her whole time, during divine ſervice, in diſparaging other people's clothes, and whiſpering to thoſe who ſat next her. Upon the whole, ſhe was found guilty of the indictment, and received ſentence to aſk pardon of the proſecutor upon her bare knees, without either cuſhion or haſſock under her, in the face of the Court.

N.B. As ſoon as the ſentence was executed on the criminal, which was done in open Court with the utmoſt ſeverity, the firſt lady of the bench on Mr. Bickerſtaff's right-hand ſtood up, and made a motion to the Court, That whereas it was impoſſible for women of faſhion to dreſs themſelves before the church was half done, and whereas many confuſions and inconveniencies did ariſe thereupon, it might be lawful for them to ſend a footman, in order to keep their places, as was uſual in other polite and well-regulated aſſemblies. The motion was ordered to be entered in the books, and conſidered at a more convenient time.

Charles Cambrick, linen-draper, in the city of Weſtminſter, was indicted for ſpeaking obſcenely to the Lady Penelope Touchwood. It appeared, that the proſecutor and her woman going in a ſtage-coach from London to Brentford, where they were to be met by the lady's own chariot, the criminal and another of his acquaintance travelled with them in the ſame coach, at which time the priſoner talked bawdy for the ſpace of three miles and a half. The proſecutor alledged, that over-againſt the Old Fox at Knights-Bridge, he mentioned the word Linen: that at the further end of Kenſington he made uſe of the term Smock; and that before he came to Hammerſmith, he talked almoſt a quarter of an hour upon Wedding-ſhifts. The proſecutor's woman confirmed what her lady had ſaid, and added further, that ſhe had never ſeen her lady in ſo great a confuſion, and in ſuch a taking, as ſhe was during the whole diſcourſe of the criminal. The priſoner had little to ſay for himſelf, but that he talked only in his own trade, and meant no hurt, by what he ſaid. The jury however found him guilty, and repreſented by their forewoman, that ſuch diſcourſes were apt to ſully the imagination, and that by a concatenation of ideas, the word Linen implied many things that were not proper to be ſtirred up in the mind of a woman who was of the proſecutor's quality, and therefore gave it as their verdict, that the linen-draper ſhould loſe his tongue. Mr. Bickerſtaff

Bickerſtaff ſaid, he thought the proſecutor's ears were as much to blame as the priſoner's tongue, and therefore gave ſentence as follows: That they ſhould both be placed over-againſt one another in the midſt of the Court, there to remain for the ſpace of one quarter of an hour, during which time the linen-draper was to be gagged, and the lady to hold her hands cloſe upon both her ears; which was executed accordingly.

Edward Callicoat was indicted as an accomplice to Charles Cambrick, for that he the ſaid Edward Callicoat did, by his ſilence and ſmiles, ſeem to approve and abet the ſaid Charles Cambrick, in every thing he ſaid. It appeared, that the priſoner was foreman of the ſhop to the aforeſaid Charles Cambrick, and, by his poſt, obliged to ſmile at every thing that the other ſhould be pleaſed to ſay; upon which he was acquitted.

Joſiah Shallow was indicted in the name of Dame Winifred, ſole relict of Richard Dainty, Eſquire, for having ſaid ſeveral times in company, and in the hearing of ſeveral perſons there preſent, that he was extremely obliged to the widow Dainty, and that he ſhould never be able ſufficiently to expreſs his gratitude. The proſecutor urged, that this might blaſt her reputation, and that it was in effect a boaſting of favours which he had never received. The priſoner ſeemed to be much aſtoniſhed at the conſtruction which was put upon his words, and ſaid, that he meant nothing by them, but that the widow had befriended him in a leaſe, and was very kind to his younger ſiſter. The jury finding him a little weak in his underſtanding, without going out of the Court, brought in their verdict Ignoramus.

Urſula Goodenough was accuſed by the Lady Betty Wou'dbe, for having ſaid, that ſhe the Lady Betty Wou'dbe was painted. The priſoner brought ſeveral perſons of good credit to witneſs to her reputation, and proved by undeniable evidences, that ſhe was never at the place where the words were ſaid to have been uttered. The Cenſor, obſerving the behaviour of the proſecutor, found reaſon to believe, that ſhe had indicted the priſoner for no other reaſon, but to make her complexion be taken notice of; which indeed was very freſh and beautiful: he therefore aſked the offender with a very ſtern voice, How ſhe could preſume to ſpread ſo groundleſs a report? And whether ſhe ſaw any colours in the Lady Wou'dbe's face that could produce credit to ſuch a falſhood? 'Do you ſee,' ſays he, 'any lilies or 'roſes in her cheeks, any bloom, any 'probability?' The proſecutor not able to bear ſuch language any longer, told him, that he talked like a blind old fool, and that ſhe was aſhamed to have entertained any opinion of his wiſdom: but ſhe was ſoon put to ſilence, and ſentenced to wear her maſk for five months, and not to preſume to ſhew her face until the town ſhould be empty.

Benjamin Buzzard, Eſquire, was indicted for having told the Lady Everbloom at a public ball, that ſhe looked very well for a woman of her years. The priſoner not denying the fact, and perſiſting before the court that he looked upon it as a compliment, the jury brought him in *Non compos mentis*.

The Court then adjourned to Monday the eleventh inſtant.

Copia vera,

CHARLES LILLIE.

Nº CCLX. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1710.

NON CUICUNQUE DATUM EST HABERE NASUM. MART.

THE NOSE, 'TIS SAID, SHOWS BOTH OUR SCORN AND PRIDE:
AND YET THAT FEATURE IS TO SOME DENY'D.
R. WYNNE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, DEC. 6.

WE have a very learned and elaborate diſſertation upon thumbs in Montaigne's Eſſays, and another upon ears in the Tale of a Tub. I am here going to write one upon Noſes, having choſen for my text the following verſes out of Hudibras,

So

So learned Taliacotius from
The brawny part of porter's bum
Cut ſupplemental noſes, which
Laſted as long as parent breech;
But when the date of nock was out,
Off dropp'd the ſympathetic ſnout.

Notwithſtanding that there is nothing obſcene in natural knowledge, and that I intend to give as little offence as may be to readers of a well-bred imagination; I muſt, for my own quiet, deſire the critics, who in all things have been famous for good Noſes, to refrain from the lecture of this curious tract. Theſe gentlemen were formerly marked out and diſtinguiſhed by the little rhinocerical Noſe, which was always looked upon as an inſtrument of deriſion; and which they were uſed to cock, toſs, or draw up in a contemptuous manner, upon reading the works of their ingenious contemporaries. It is not, therefore, for this generation of men that I write the preſent tranſaction,

——Minùs aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum——

——————Unfit
For the briſk petulance of modern wit.
FRANCIS.

but for the ſake of ſome of my philoſophical friends in the Royal Society, who peruſe diſcourſes of this nature with a becoming gravity, and a deſire of improving by them.

Many are the opinions of learned men concerning the riſe of that fatal diſtemper, which has always taken a particular pleaſure in venting it's ſpight upon the Noſe. I have ſeen a little burleſque poem in Italian, that gives a very pleaſant account of this matter. The fable of it runs thus: Mars the god of war, having ſerved during the ſiege of Naples in the ſhape of a French colonel, received a viſit one night from Venus the Goddeſs of Love, who had been always his profeſſed miſtreſs and admirer. The poem ſays, ſhe came to him in the diſguiſe of a ſuttling wench, with a bottle of brandy under her arm. Let that be as it will, he managed matters ſo well, that ſhe went away big-bellied, and was at length brought to bed of a little Cupid. This boy, whether it was by reaſon of any bad food that his father had eaten during the ſiege, or of any particular malignity in the ſtars that reigned at his nativity, came into the world with a very ſickly look, and crazy conſtitution. As ſoon as he was able to handle his bow, he made diſcoveries of a moſt perverſe diſpoſition. He dipped all his arrows in poiſon, that rotted every thing they touched; and what was more particular, aimed all his ſhafts at the Noſe, quite contrary to the practice of his elder brothers, who had made a human heart their butt in all countries and ages. To break him of this roguiſh trick, his parents put him to ſchool to Mercury, who did all he could to hinder him from demoliſhing the Noſes of mankind; but in ſpight of education, the boy continued very unlucky; and though his malice was a little ſoftened by good inſtructions, he would very frequently let fly an envenomed arrow, and wound his votaries oftener in the Noſe than in the heart. Thus far the fable.

I need not tell my learned reader, that Correggio has drawn a Cupid taking his leſſon from Mercury, conformable to this poem; nor that the poem itſelf was deſigned as a burleſque upon Fracaſtorius.

It was a little after this fatal ſiege of Naples, that Taliacotius began to practiſe in a town of Germany. He was the firſt clap-doctor that I meet with in hiſtory, and a greater man in his age than our celebrated Doctor Wall. He ſaw his ſpecies extremely mutilated and diſfigured by this new diſtemper that was crept into it; and therefore, in purſuance of a very ſeaſonable invention, ſet up a manufacture of Noſes; having firſt got a patent that none ſhould preſume to make Noſes beſides himſelf. His firſt patient was a great man of Portugal, who had done good ſervices to his country, but in the midſt of them unfortunately loſt his Noſe. Taliacotius grafted a new one on the remaining part of the griſtle or cartilaginous ſubſtance, which would ſneeze, ſmell, take ſnuff, pronounce the letters M or N, and in ſhort, do all the functions of a genuine and natural Noſe. There was, however, one misfortune in this experiment: the Portugueſe's complexion was a little upon the ſubfuſc, with very black eyes and dark eye-brows; and the Noſe being taken from a porter that had a white German ſkin, and cut out of thoſe parts that are not expoſed to the ſun, it was very viſible that the features of his face were not fellows. In a word,

word, the Comde reſembled one of thoſe maimed antique ſtatues that has often a modern Noſe of freſh marble glewed to a face of ſuch a yellow, ivory complexion, as nothing can give but age. To remedy this particular for the future, the Doctor got together a great collection of porters, men of all complexions, black, fair, brown, dark, ſallow, pale, and ruddy; ſo that it was impoſſible for a patient of the moſt out-of-the-way colour, not to find a Noſe to match it.

The Doctor's houſe was now very much enlarged, and become a kind of college, or rather hoſpital, for the faſhionable cripples of both ſexes, that reſorted to him from all parts of Europe. Over his door was faſtened a large golden Snout, not unlike that which is placed over the great gates at Brazen-Noſe College in Oxford; and as it is uſual for the learned in foreign univerſities to diſtinguiſh their houſes by a Latin ſentence, the Doctor writ underneath this great golden Proboſcis two verſes out of Ovid.

Militat omnis amans. habet et ſua caſtra Cupido,
Pontice, crede mihi, militat omnes amans.
OVID. AMOR. EL. 9. VER. 1.

The toils of love require a warrior's art,
And every lover plays the ſoldier's part.
R. WYNNE.

It is reported that Taliacotius had at one time in his houſe twelve German counts, nineteen French marquiſſes, and a hundred Spaniſh cavaliers, beſides one ſolitary Engliſh eſquire, of whom more hereafter. Though the Doctor had the monopoly of Noſes in his own hands, he is ſaid not to have been unreaſonable. Indeed, if a man had occaſion for a high Roman Noſe, he muſt go to the price of it. A carbuncle Noſe likewiſe bore an exceſſive rate; but for your ordinary ſhort turned-up Noſes, of which there was the greateſt conſumption, they coſt little or nothing; at leaſt the purchaſers thought ſo, who would have been content to have paid much dearer for them, rather than to have gone without them.

The ſympathy betwixt the Noſe and it's parent, was very extraordinary. Hudibras has told us, that when the porter died, the Noſe dropped of courſe, in which caſe it was always uſual to return the Noſe, in order to have it interred with it's firſt owner. The Noſe was likewiſe affected by the pain as well as death of the original proprietor. An eminent inſtance of this nature happened to three Spaniards, whoſe Noſes were all made out of the ſame piece of brawn. They found them one day ſhoot and ſwell extremely; upon which they ſent to know, how the porter did? and heard upon enquiry, that the parent of the Noſes had been ſeverely kicked the day before, and that the porter kept his bed on account of the bruiſes it had received. This was highly reſented by the Spaniards, who found out the perſon that had uſed the porter ſo unmercifully, and treated him in the ſame manner as if the indignity had been done to their own Noſes. In this and ſeveral other caſes it might be ſaid, that the porters led the gentlemen by the Noſe.

On the other hand, if any thing went amiſs with the Noſe, the porter felt the effects of it; inſomuch that it was generally articled with the patient, that he ſhould not only abſtain from all his old courſes, but ſhould, on no pretence whatſoever, ſmell pepper, or eat muſtard; on which occaſion, the part where the inciſion had been made, was ſeized with unſpeakable twinges and prickings.

The Engliſhman I before mentioned was ſo very irregular, and relapſed ſo frequently into the diſtemper which at firſt brought him to the learned Taliacotius, that in the ſpace of two years he wore out five Noſes; and by that means ſo tormented the porters, that if he would have given five hundred pounds for a Noſe, there was not one of them that would accommodate him. This young gentleman was born of honeſt parents, and paſſed his firſt years in fox-hunting; but accidentally quitting the woods, and coming up to London, he was ſo charmed with the beauties of the playhouſe, that he had not been in town two days before he got the misfortune, which carried off this part of his face. He uſed to be called in Germany, 'the Engliſhman of five Noſes,' and, 'the gentleman that had thrice as 'many Noſes as he had ears:' ſuch was the raillery of thoſe times.

I ſhall cloſe this paper with an admonition to the young men of this town; which I think the more neceſſary, becauſe I ſee ſeveral new faſhioned faces, that have made their firſt appear-

ance in it this winter. I must therefore assure them, that the art of making Noses is entirely lost; and in the next place, beg them not to follow the example of our ordinary town Rakes, who live as if there was a Taliacotius to be met with at the corner of every street. Whatever young men may think, the Nose is a very becoming part of the face; and a man makes but a very silly figure without it. But it is the nature of youth not to know the value of any thing, until they have lost it. The general precept therefore I shall leave with them is, to regard every town woman as a particular kind of Siren, that has a design upon their Noses; and that, amidst her flatteries and allurements, they will fancy she speaks to them in that humourous phrase of old Plautus;

Ego tibi faciem denasabo mordicus.

'Keep your face out of my way, or I 'will bite off your Nose.'

N° CCLXI. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1710.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, DEC. 8.

IT is the duty of all who make philosophy the entertainment of their lives, to turn their thoughts to practical schemes for the good of society, and not pass away their time in fruitless searches, which tend rather to the ostentation of knowledge than the service of life. For this reason, I cannot forbear reading even the common bills, that are daily put into people's hands as they pass the streets, which give us notice of the present residence, the past travels, and infallible medicines of Doctors useful in their generation, though much below the character of the renowned Taliacotius: but upon a nice calculation of the successes of such adepts, I find their labours tend mostly to the enriching only one sort of men, that is to say, the society of Upholders. From this observation, and many others which occur to me when I am numbering the good people of Great Britain, I cannot but favour any proposal which tends to repair the losses we sustain by eminent cures. The best I have met with in this kind; has been offered to my consideration, and recommended in a letter subscribed, 'Thomas Clement.' The title to his printed articles runs thus: 'By 'the Profitable Society, at the Wheat-'sheaf over-against Tom's Coffee-'house in Russel Street, Covent-Garden, new proposals for promoting a 'contribution towards raising two hundred and fifty pounds to be made on 'the baptizing of any infant born in 'wedlock.' The plan is laid with such proper regulations, as serve, to such as fall in with it for the sake of their posterity, all the uses, without any of the inconveniencies of settlements. By this means, such whose fortunes depend upon their own industry, or personal qualifications, need not be deterred by fear of poverty from that state which nature and reason prescribe to us, as the fountain of the greatest happiness in human life. The Censors of Rome had power vested in them to lay taxes on the unmarried; and I think I cannot shew my impartiality better, than in enquiring into the extravagant privileges my brother bachelors enjoy, and fine them accordingly. I shall not allow a single life in one sex to be reproached; and held in esteem in the other. It would not, methinks, be amiss, if an old bachelor, who lives in contempt of matrimony, were obliged to give a portion to an old maid, who is willing to enter into it. At the same time I must allow, that those who can plead courtship, and were unjustly rejected, shall not be liable to the pains and penalties of celibacy. But such as pretend an aversion to the whole sex, because they are ill-treated by a particular female, and cover their sense of disappointment in women under a contempt of their favour, shall be proceeded against as bachelors convict. I am not without hopes, that from this slight warning all the unmarried men of fortune, taste, and refinement, will, without further delay, become lovers and humble servants to such of their acquaintance as are most agreeable to them, under pain of my censures: and it is to be hoped the rest of the world, who remain single for fear of the incumbrances of wedlock, will become subscribers to Mr. Clement's proposal. By these means we shall have a much more numerous account of births in the year

year 1711, than any ever before known in Great Britain, where merely to be born is a diſtinction of Providence, greater than being born to a fortune in another place.

As I was going on in the conſideration of this good office which Mr. Clement propoſes to do his country, I received the following letter, which ſeems to be dictated by a like modeſt and public ſpirit, that makes uſe of me alſo in it's deſign of obliging mankind.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

IN the royal lottery for a million and a half, I had the good fortune of obtaining a prize. From before the drawing I had devoted a fifth of whatever ſhould ariſe to me to charitable uſes. Accordingly I lately troubled you with my requeſt and commiſſion for placing half a dozen youths with Mr. More, writing-maſter in Caſtle Street, to whom it is ſaid, we owe all the fine devices, flouriſhes, and the compoſure of all the plates, for the drawing and paying the tickets. Be pleaſed therefore, good Sir, to find or make leiſure for complying therewith, for I would not appear concerned in this ſmall matter. I am very much your humble ſervant, &c.

It is no ſmall pleaſure to obſerve, that in the midſt of a very degenerate age, there are ſtill ſpirits which retain their natural dignity, and purſue the good of their fellow creatures: ſome in making themſelves uſeful by profeſſed ſervice, ſome by ſecret generoſity. Were I at liberty to diſcover even all the good I know of many men living at this time, there would want nothing but a ſuitable hiſtorian, to make them appear as illuſtrious as any of the nobleſt of the ancient Greeks or Romans. The cunning ſome have uſed to do handſome and worthy actions, the addreſs to do men ſervices, and eſcape their notice, has produced ſo many ſurpriſing incidents, which have been laid before me during my Cenſorſhip, as, in the opinion of poſterity, would abſolve this age of all it's crimes and follies. I know no way to deal with ſuch delicate minds as theſe, but by aſſuring them, that when they ceaſe to do good, I ſhall tell all the good they have done already. Let therefore the benefactor to the youths above-mentioned continue ſuch bounties, upon pain of being publicly praiſed. But there is no probability of his running into that hazard; for a ſtrong habit of virtue can make men ſuſpend the receiving acknowledgments due to their merit, until they are out of a capacity of receiving them. I am ſo very much charmed with accidents of this kind, that I have made a collection of all the memorable handſome things done by private men in my time. As a ſpecimen of my manner of noting ſuch actions, take the following fragment, out of much more, which is written in my year-book on the remarkable will of a gentleman, whom I ſhall here call Celamico.

'This day died that plain and excellent man, my much honoured friend 'Celamico, who bequeathed his whole 'eſtate to a gentleman no way related to 'him, and to whom he had given no 'ſuch expectation in his life-time.'

He was a perſon of a very enlarged ſoul, and thought the neareſt relation among men to be the reſemblance of their minds and ſentiments. He was not miſtaken in the worth of his ſucceſſor, who received the news of this unexpected good fortune with an air that ſhewed him leſs moved with the benefit, than the loſs of the benefactor.

ADVERTISEMENT.

NOTICE is hereby given, that on Monday the eleventh inſtant, the Caſe of the Viſit comes on, between the hours of ten and eleven, at the Court of Honour; where both perſons are to attend, the meeting there not being to be underſtood as a Viſit, and the right of the next Viſit being then to be wholly ſettled, according to the prayer of the plaintiff.

Nº CCLXII. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1710.

VERBA TOGÆ SEQUERIS, JUNCTURA CALLIDUS ACRI,
ORE TERES MODICO, PALLENTES RADERE MORES
DOCTUS, ET INGENUO CULPAM DEFIGERE LUDO.

PERS. SAT. 5. VER. 14.

SOFT ELOCUTION DOES THY STYLE RENOWN,
AND THE SWEET ACCENTS OF THE PEACEFUL GOWN;
GENTLE OR SHARP, ACCORDING TO THY CHOICE,
TO LAUGH AT FOLLIES, OR TO LASH AT VICE.

DRYDEN.

JOURNAL OF THE COURT OF HONOUR, &c.

TIMOTHY Treatall, gentleman, was indicted by ſeveral ladies of his ſiſter's acquaintance for a very rude affront offered to them at an entertainment, to which he had invited them on Tueſday the ſeventh of November laſt paſt, between the hours of eight and nine in the evening. The indictment ſet forth, that the ſaid Mr Treatall, upon the ſerving up of the ſupper, deſired the ladies to take their places according to their different age and ſeniority; for that it was the way always at his table to pay reſpect to years. The indictment added, that this produced an unſpeakable confuſion in the company; for that the ladies, who before had preſſed together for a place at the upper end of the table, immediately crouded with the ſame diſorder towards the end that was quite oppoſite; that Mrs. Frontley had the inſolence to clap herſelf down at the very loweſt place of the table; that the widow Partlet ſeated herſelf on the right-hand of Mrs. Frontley, alledging for her excuſe, that no ceremony was to be uſed at a round table; that Mrs. Fidget and Mrs. Feſcue diſputed above half an hour for the ſame chair, and that the latter would not give up the cauſe until it was decided by the Pariſh Regiſter, which happened to be kept hard by. The indictment further ſaith, that the reſt of the company who ſat down did it with a reſerve to their right, which they were at liberty to aſſert on another occaſion; and that Mrs. Mary Pippe, an old maid, was placed by the unanimous vote of the whole company at the upper end of the table, from whence ſhe had the confuſion to behold ſeveral mothers of families among her inferiors. The criminal alledged in his defence, that what he had done was to raiſe mirth, and avoid ceremony; and that the ladies did not complain of his rudeneſs until the next morning, having eaten up what he had provided for them with great readineſs and alacrity. The Cenſor, frowning upon him, told him, that he ought not to diſcover ſo much levity in matters of a ſerious nature; and, upon the jury's bringing him in guilty, ſentenced him to treat the whole aſſembly of ladies over again, and to take care that he did it with the decorum which was due to perſons of their quality.

Rebecca Shapely, ſpinſter, was indicted by Mrs. Sarah Smack, for ſpeaking many words reflecting upon her reputation, and the heels of her ſilk ſlippers, which the priſoner had maliciouſly ſuggeſted to be two inches higher than they really were. The proſecutor urged, as an aggravation of her guilt, that the priſoner was herſelf guilty of the ſame kind of forgery which ſhe had laid to the proſecutor's charge, for that ſhe the ſaid Rebecca Shapely did always wear a pair of ſteel-bodice, and a falſe rump. The Cenſor ordered the ſlippers to be produced in open Court, where the heels were adjudged to be of the ſtatutable ſize. He then ordered the grand jury to ſearch the criminal, who, after ſome time ſpent therein, acquitted her of the bodice, but found her guilty of the rump; upon which ſhe received ſentence as is uſual in ſuch caſes.

William Trippet, Eſquire, of the Middle Temple, brought his action againſt the Lady Elizabeth Prudely, for having refuſed him her hand as he offered to lead her to her coach from the opera. The plaintiff ſet forth, that he had entered himſelf into the liſt of thoſe volunteers, who officiate every night behind the boxes as gentleman uſhers of the play-houſe: that he had been at a conſiderable

conſiderable charge in white gloves, periwigs, and ſnuff-boxes, in order to qualify himſelf for that employment, and in hopes of making his fortune by it. The counſel for the defendant replied, that the plaintiff had given out that he was within a month of wedding their client, and that ſhe had refuſed her hand to him in ceremony, leſt he ſhould interpret it as a promiſe that ſhe would give it him in marriage. As ſoon as their pleadings on both ſides were finiſhed, the Cenſor ordered the plaintiff to be caſhiered from his office of gentleman-uſher to the play-houſe, ſince it was too plain that he had undertaken it with an ill deſign; and at the ſame time ordered the defendant either to marry the ſaid plaintiff, or to pay him half a crown for the new pair of gloves and coach-hire, that he was at the expence of in her ſervice.

The Lady Townly brought an action of debt againſt Mrs. Flambeau, for that the ſaid Mrs. Flambeau had not been to ſee the Lady Townly, and wiſh her joy, ſince her marriage with Sir Ralph, notwithſtanding ſhe the ſaid Lady Townly had paid Mrs. Flambeau a viſit upon her firſt coming to town. It was urged in the behalf of the defendant, that the plaintiff had never given her any regular notice of her being in town: that the viſit ſhe alledged had been made on a Monday, which ſhe knew was a day on which Mrs. Flambeau was always abroad, having ſet aſide that only day in the week to mind the affairs of her family: that the ſervant, who enquired whether ſhe was at home, did not give the viſiting knock: that it was not between the hours of five and eight in the evening: that there were no candles lighted up: that it was not on Mrs. Flambeau's day: and, in ſhort, that there was not one of the eſſential points obſerved that conſtitute a viſit. She further proved by her porter's book, which was produced in court, that ſhe had paid the Lady Townly a viſit on the twenty-fourth day of March, juſt before her leaving the town, in the year ſeventeen hundred and nine-ten, for which ſhe was ſtill creditor to the ſaid Lady Townly. To this the plaintiff only replied, that ſhe was now under covert, and not liable to any debts contracted when ſhe was a ſingle woman. Mr. Bickerſtaff finding the cauſe to be very intricate, and that ſeveral points of honour were likely to ariſe in it, he deferred giving judgment upon it until the next ſeſſion day, at which time he ordered the ladies on his left-hand to preſent to the court a table of all the laws relating to viſits.

Winifred Leer brought her action againſt Richard Sly, for having broken a marriage-contract, and wedded another woman, after he had engaged himſelf to marry the ſaid Winifred Leer. She alledged, that he had ogled her twice at an opera, thrice in Saint James's church, and once at Powel's puppet-ſhow, at which time he promiſed her marriage by a ſide-glance, as her friend could teſtify that ſat by her. Mr. Bickerſtaff finding that the defendant had made no further overture of love or marriage, but by looks and ocular engagement; yet at the ſame time conſidering how very apt ſuch impudent ſeducers are to lead the ladies hearts aſtray, ordered the criminal to ſtand upon the ſtage in the Hay-market, between each act of the next opera, there to be expoſed to public view as a falſe ogler.

Upon the riſing of the Court, Mr. Bickerſtaff having taken one of the counterfeits in the very fact as he was ogling a lady of the grand jury, ordered him to be ſeized, and proſecuted upon the ſtatute of ogling. He likewiſe directed the clerk of the Court to draw up an edict againſt theſe common cheats, that make women believe they are diſtracted for them by ſtaring them out of countenance, and often blaſt a lady's reputation, whom they never ſpoke to, by ſaucy looks and diſtant familiarities.

Nº CCLXIII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1710.

MINIMA CONTENTOS NOCTE BRITANNOS.
Juv. Sat. 2. ver. 161.

BRITONS CONTENTED WITH THE SHORTEST NIGHT.
R. Wynne.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, DEC. 13.

AN old friend of mine being lately come to town, I went to ſee him on Tueſday laſt about eight o'clock in the evening, with a deſign to ſit with him an hour or two, and talk over old ſtories; but upon enquiring after him, his ſervant told me he was juſt gone to bed. The next morning as ſoon as I was up and dreſſed, and had diſpatched a little buſineſs, I came again to my friend's houſe about eleven o'clock, with a deſign to renew my viſit; but upon aſking for him, his ſervant told me he was juſt ſat down to dinner. In ſhort, I found that my old-faſhioned friend religiouſly adhered to the example of his forefathers, and obſerved the ſame hours that had been kept in the family ever ſince the Conqueſt.

It is very plain, that the night was much longer formerly in this iſland than it is at preſent. By the night, I mean that portion of time which nature has thrown into darkneſs, and which the wiſdom of mankind had formerly dedicated to reſt and ſilence. This uſed to begin at eight o'clock in the evening, and conclude at ſix in the morning. The curfeu, or eight o'clock bell, was the ſignal throughout the nation for putting out their candles and going to bed.

Our grandmothers, though they were wont to ſit up the laſt in the family, were all of them faſt aſleep, at the ſame hours that their daughters are buſy at crimp and baſſet. Modern ſtateſmen are concerting ſchemes, and engaged in the depth of politics, at the time when their forefathers were laid down quietly to reſt, and had nothing in their heads but dreams. As we have thus thrown buſineſs and pleaſure into the hours of reſt, and by that means made the natural night but half as long as it ſhould be, we are forced to piece it out with a great part of the morning; ſo that near two thirds of the nation lie faſt aſleep for ſeveral hours in broad day-light. This irregularity is grown ſo very faſhionable at preſent, that there is ſcarce a lady of quality in Great Britain that ever ſaw the ſun riſe. And if the humour increaſes in proportion to what it has done of late years, it is not impoſſible but our children may hear the bellman going about the ſtreets at nine o'clock in the morning, and the watch making their rounds until eleven. This unaccountable diſpoſition in mankind to continue awake in the night, and ſleep in the ſunſhine, has made me enquire, whether the ſame change of inclination has happened to any other animals? For this reaſon, I deſired a friend of mine in the country to let me know, whether the lark riſes as early as he did formerly? and whether the cock begins to crow at his uſual hour? My friend has anſwered me, that his poultry are as regular as ever, and that all the birds and the beaſts of his neighbourhood keep the ſame hours, that they have obſerved in the memory of man; and the ſame which, in all probability, they have kept for theſe five thouſand years.

If you would ſee the innovations that have been made among us in this particular, you may only look into the hours of colleges, where they ſtill dine at eleven, and ſup at ſix, which were doubtleſs the hours of the whole nation at the time when thoſe places were founded. But at preſent, the courts of juſtice are ſcarce opened in Weſtminſter Hall at the time when William Rufus uſed to go to dinner in it. All buſineſs is driven forward. The land marks of our fathers, if I may ſo call them, are removed, and planted further up into the day; inſomuch, that I am afraid our clergy will be obliged, if they expect full congregations, not to look any more upon ten o'clock in the morning as a canonical hour. In my own memory the dinner has crept by degrees from twelve o'clock to three, and where it will fix no body knows.

I have ſometimes thought to draw up a me-

memorial in the behalf of Supper againſt Dinner, ſetting forth, That the ſaid Dinner has made ſeveral encroachments upon the ſaid Supper, and entered very far upon his frontiers; that he has baniſhed him out of ſeveral families, and in all has driven him from his head quarters, and forced him to make his retreat into the hours of midnight; and, in ſhort, that he is now in danger of being entirely confounded and loſt in a Breakfaſt. Thoſe who have read Lucian, and ſeen the complaints of the letter T. againſt S. upon account of many injuries and uſurpations of the ſame nature, will not, I believe, think ſuch a memorial forced and unnatural. If dinner has been thus poſtponed, or, if you pleaſe, kept back from time to time, you may be ſure that it has been in compliance with the other buſineſs of the day, and that ſupper has ſtill obſerved a proportionable diſtance. There is a venerable proverb, which we have all of us heard in our infancy, of 'putting 'the children to bed, and laying the 'gooſe to the fire.' This was one of the jocular ſayings of our forefathers, but may be properly uſed in the literal ſenſe at preſent. Who would not wonder at this perverted reliſh of thoſe who are reckoned the moſt polite part of mankind, that prefer ſea coals and candles to the ſun, and exchange ſo many chearful morning hours, for the pleaſures of midnight revels and debauches? If a man was only to conſult his health, he would chooſe to live his whole time, if poſſible, in day-light; and to retire out of the world into ſilence and ſleep, while the raw damps and unwholeſome vapours fly abroad without a ſun to diſperſe, moderate, or controul them. For my own part, I value an hour in the morning as much as common libertines do an hour at midnight. When I find myſelf awakened into being, and perceive my life renewed within me, and at the ſame time ſee the whole face of nature recovered out of the dark uncomfortable ſtate in which it lay for ſeveral hours, my heart overflows with ſuch ſecret ſentiments of joy and gratitude, as are a kind of implicit praiſe to the great Author of Nature. The mind in theſe early ſeaſons of the day is ſo refreſhed in all its faculties, and borne up with ſuch new ſupplies of animal ſpirits, that ſhe finds herſelf in a ſtate of youth, eſpecially when ſhe is entertained with the breath of flowers, the melody of birds, the dews that hang upon the plants, and all thoſe other ſweets of nature that are peculiar to the morning.

It is impoſſible for a man to have this reliſh of being, this exquiſite taſte of life, who does not come into the world before it is in all it's noiſe and hurry; who loſes the riſing of the ſun, the ſtill hours of the day, and immediately upon his firſt getting up plunges himſelf into the ordinary cares or follies of the world.

I ſhall conclude this paper with Milton's inimitable deſcription of Adam's awakening his Eve in Paradiſe, which indeed would have been a place as little delightful as a barren heath or deſart to thoſe who ſlept in it. The fondneſs of the poſture in which Adam is repreſented, and the ſoftneſs of his whiſper, are paſſages in this divine poem that are above all commendation, and rather to be admired than praiſed.

Now morn her roſy ſteps in th' eaſtern clime
Advancing, ſow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam wak'd, ſo cuſtom'd; for his ſleep
Was airy light with pure digeſtion bred,
And temperate vapours bland, which th' only ſound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly diſpers'd, and the ſhrill matin ſong
Of birds on ev'ry bough; ſo much the more
His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve,
With treſſes diſcompos'd and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet reſt: he on his ſide
Leaning half-raiſed, with looks of cordial love,
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or aſleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces. Then with voice
Mild as when Zephyrus or Flora breathes,
Her hand ſoft touching, whiſper'd thus:—
'Awake,
'My faireſt, my eſpous'd, my lateſt found,
'Heaven's laſt beſt gift, my ever-new delight.
'Awake, the morning ſhines, and the freſh field
'Call us; we loſe the prime, to mark how ſpring
'Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
'What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy
'reed,
'How Nature paints her colours, how the bee
'Sits on the bloom extracting liquid ſweets.'
Such whiſp'ring wak'd her, but with ſtartled eye
On Adam, whom embracing, thus ſhe ſpake:
'O ſole! in whom my thoughts find all re-
'poſe,
'My glory, my perfection, glad I ſee
'Thy face, and morn return'd——'

N° CCLXIV. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1710.

FAVETE LINGUIS———

HOR. OD. I. LIB. 3. VER. 2.

FAVOUR YOUR TONGUES.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, DEC. 15.

BOCCALINI, in his Parnaſſus, indicts a Laconic writer for ſpeaking that in three words which he might have ſaid in two, and ſentences him for his puniſhment to read over all the works of Guicciardini. This Guicciardini is ſo very prolix and circumſtantial in his writings, that I remember our countryman Doctor Donne, ſpeaking of that majeſtic and conciſe manner in which Moſes has deſcribed the creation of the world, adds, that 'if ſuch an author as 'Guicciardini were to have written on 'ſuch a ſubject, the world itſelf would 'not have been able to have contained 'the books that gave the hiſtory of it's 'creation.'

I look upon a tedious talker, or what is generally known by the name of a Story-teller, to be much more inſufferable than even a prolix writer. An author may be toſſed out of your hand, and thrown aſide when he grows dull and tireſome; but ſuch liberties are ſo far from being allowed towards your orators in common converſation, that I have known a challenge ſent a perſon for going out of the room abruptly, and leaving a man of honour in the midſt of a diſſertation. This evil is at preſent ſo very common and epidemical, that there is ſcarce a coffee-houſe in town that has not ſome ſpeakers belonging to it, who utter their political eſſays, and draw parallels out of Baker's Chronicle to almoſt every part of her Majeſty's reign. It was ſaid of two ancient authors who had very different beauties in their ſtyle, That if you took a word from one of them, you only ſpoiled his eloquence; but if you took a word from the other, you ſpoiled his ſenſe. I have often applied the firſt part of this criticiſm to ſeveral of theſe coffee-houſe ſpeakers whom I have at preſent in my thoughts, though the character that is given to the laſt of thoſe authors, is what I would recommend to the imitation of my loving countrymen: but it is not only public places of reſort, but private clubs and converſations over a bottle, that are infeſted with this loquacious kind of animal, eſpecially with that ſpecies which I comprehend under the name of a Story-teller. I would earneſtly deſire thoſe gentlemen to conſider, that no point of wit or mirth at the end of a ſtory can atone for the half-hour that has been loſt before they come at it. I would likewiſe lay it home to their ſerious conſideration, whether they think that every man in the company has not a right to ſpeak as well as themſelves? And whether they do not think they are invading another man's property, when they engroſs the time which ſhould be divided equally among the company to their own private uſe?

What makes this evil the much greater in converſation is, that theſe humdrum companions ſeldom endeavour to wind up their narrations into a point of mirth or inſtruction, which might make ſome amends for the tediouſneſs of them; but think they have a right to tell any thing that has happened within their memory. They look upon matter of fact to be a ſufficient foundation for a ſtory; and give us a long account of things, not becauſe they are entertaining or ſurprizing, but becauſe they are true.

My ingenious kinſman, Mr. Humphrey Wagſtaff, uſed to ſay—'The life 'of man is too ſhort for a ſtory-teller.'

Methuſalem might be half an hour in telling what o'clock it was: but as for us poſtdiluvians, we ought to do every thing in haſte; and in our ſpeeches as well as actions, remember that our time is ſhort. A man that talks for a quarter of an hour together in company, if I meet him frequently, takes up a great part of my ſpan. A quarter of an hour may be reckoned the eight and fortieth part of a day, a day the three hundred and ſixtieth part of a year, and a year the threeſcore and tenth part of life. By this moral arithmetic, ſuppoſing a man to be in the talking world one third part of the day, whoever gives another a quarter of an hour's hearing, makes him

him a ſacrifice of more than the four hundred thouſandth part of his converſable life.

I would eſtabliſh but one great general rule to be obſerved in all converſation, which is this, That men ſhould not talk to pleaſe themſelves, but thoſe that hear them. This would make them conſider, whether what they ſpeak be worth hearing? Whether there be either wit or ſenſe in what they are about to ſay? And, whether it be adapted to the time when, the place where, and the perſon to whom, it is ſpoken?

For the utter extirpation of theſe Orators and Story-tellers, which I look upon as very great peſts of ſociety, I have invented a watch which divides the minute into twelve parts, after the ſame manner that the ordinary watches are divided into hours; and will endeavour to get a patent, which ſhall oblige every club or company to provide themſelves with one of theſe watches, that ſhall lie upon the table as an hour-glaſs is often placed near the pulpit, to meaſure out the length of a diſcourſe.

I ſhall be willing to allow a man one round of my watch, that is, a whole minute, to ſpeak in; but if he exceeds that time, it ſhall be lawful for any of the company to look upon the watch, or to call him down to order.

Provided, however, that if any can make it appear he is turned of threeſcore, he may take two, or, if he pleaſes, three rounds of the watch, without giving offence. Provided alſo, that this rule be not conſtrued to extend to the fair-ſex, who ſhall ſtill be at liberty to talk by the ordinary watch that is now in uſe. I would likewiſe earneſtly recommend this little automaton, which may be eaſily carried in the pocket without any incumbrance, to all ſuch as are troubled with this infirmity of ſpeech, that upon pulling out their watches, they may have frequent occaſion to conſider what they are doing, and by that means cut the thread of the ſtory ſhort, and hurry to a concluſion. I ſhall only add, that this watch, with a paper of directions how to uſe it, is ſold at Charles Lillie's.

I am afraid a Tatler will be thought a very improper paper to cenſure this humour of being talkative; but I would have my readers know, that there is a great difference between Tattle and Loquacity, as I ſhall ſhew at large in a following lucubration; it being my deſign to throw away a candle upon that ſubject, in order to explain the whole art of Tattling in all it's branches and ſubdiviſions.

Nº CCLXV. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1710.

ARBITER HIC IGITUR FACTUS DE LITE JOCOSA.
OVID. MET. LIB. 3. VER. 331.

——HIM THEREFORE THEY CREATE
THE SOV'REIGN UMPIRE OF THEIR DROLL DEBATE.

CONTINUATION OF THE JOURNAL OF THE COURT OF HONOUR, &c.

AS ſoon as the Court was ſat, the ladies of the bench preſented, according to order, a table of all the laws now in force, relating to viſits and viſiting-days, methodically digeſted under their reſpective heads, which the Cenſor ordered to be laid upon the table, and afterwards proceeded upon the buſineſs of the day.

Henry Heedleſs, Eſquire, was indicted by Colonel Touchy of her Majeſty's Trained Bands, upon an action of aſſault and battery; for that he the ſaid Mr. Heedleſs, having eſpied a feather upon the ſhoulder of the ſaid colonel, ſtruck it off gently with the end of a walking-ſtaff, value three-pence. It appeared, that the proſecutor did not think himſelf injured, until a few days after the aforeſaid blow was given him; but that having ruminated with himſelf for ſeveral days, and conferred upon it with other officers of the militia, he concluded, that he had in effect been cudgelled by Mr. Heedleſs, and that he ought to reſent it accordingly. The council for the proſecutor alledged, that the ſhoulder was the tendereſt part of a man of honour; that it had a natural antipathy to a ſtick; and that every touch of it, with any thing made in the

fashion of a cane, was to be interpreted as a wound in that part, and a violation of the person's honour who received it. Mr. Heedless replied, that what he had done was out of kindness to the prosecutor, as not thinking it proper for him to appear at the head of the Trained Bands with a feather upon his shoulder; and further added, that the stick he had made use of on this occasion was so very small, that the prosecutor could not have felt it, had he broke it on his shoulders. The Censor hereupon directed the jury to examine into the nature of the staff, for that a great deal would depend upon that particular. Upon which he explained to them the different degrees of offence, that might be given by the touch of crab-tree from that of cane, and by the touch of cane from that of a plain hazel stick. The jury, after a short perusal of the staff, declared their opinion by the mouth of their foreman, that the substance of the staff was British oak. The Censor then observing that there was some dust on the skirts of the criminal's coat, ordered the prosecutor to beat it off with the aforesaid oaken plant. 'And thus,' said the Censor, 'I 'shall decide this cause by the law of 'retaliation: if Mr. Heedless did the 'Colonel a good office, the Colonel 'will by this means return it in kind; 'but if Mr. Heedless should at any 'time boast that he had cudgelled the 'Colonel, or laid his staff over his 'shoulders, the Colonel might boast, 'in his turn, that he has brushed Mr. 'Heedless's jacket, or, to use the phrase 'of an ingenious author, that he has 'rubbed him down with an oaken 'towel.'

Benjamin Busy of London, merchant, was indicted by Jasper Tattle, Esquire, for having pulled out his watch and looked upon it thrice, while the said Esquire Tattle was giving him an account of the funeral of the said Esquire Tattle's first wife. The prisoner alledged in his defence, that he was going to buy stocks at the time when he met the prosecutor; and that during the story of the prosecutor, the said stocks rose above two per cent. to the great detriment of the prisoner. The prisoner further brought several witnesses to prove, that the said Jasper Tattle, Esquire, was a most notorious story-teller: that before he met the prisoner, he had hindered one of the prisoner's acquaintance from the pursuit of his lawful business, with the account of his second marriage; and that he had detained another by the button of his coat, that very morning, until he had heard several witty sayings and contrivances of the prosecutor's eldest son, who was a boy of about five years of age. Upon the whole matter, Mr. Bickerstaff dismissed the accusation as frivolous, and sentenced the prosecutor to pay damages to the prisoner, for what the prisoner had lost by giving him so long and patient an hearing. He further reprimanded the prosecutor very severely, and told him, that if he proceeded in his usual manner to interrupt the business of mankind, he would set a fine upon him for every quarter of an hour's impertinence, and regulate the said fine according as the time of the person so injured should appear to be more or less precious.

Sir Paul Swash, knight, was indicted by Peter Double, gentleman, for not returning the bow which he received of the said Peter Double, on Wednesday the sixth instant at the playhouse in the Haymarket. The prisoner denied the receipt of any such bow, and alledged in his defence, that the prosecutor would oftentimes look full in his face, but that when he bowed to the said prosecutor, he would take no notice of it, or bow to some body else that sat quite on the other side of him. He likewise alledged, that several ladies had complained of the prosecutor, who, after ogling them a quarter of an hour, upon their making a curtsey to him, would not return the civility of a bow. The Censor observing several glances of the prosecutor's eye, and perceiving, that when he talked to the Court, he looked upon the jury, found reason to suspect there was a wrong cast in his sight, which upon examination proved true. The Censor therefore ordered the prosecutor, that he might not produce any more confusions in public assemblies, never to bow to any body whom he did not at the same time call to by his name.

Oliver Bluff and Benjamin Browbeat were indicted for going to fight a duel since the erection of the Court of Honour. It appeared, that they were both taken up in the street as they passed by the Court, in their way to the fields behind Montague House. The criminals would answer nothing for themselves, but

but that they were going to execute a challenge, which had been made above a week before the Court of Honour was erected. The Cenſor finding ſome reaſon to ſuſpect, by the ſturdineſs of their behaviour, that they were not ſo very brave as they would have the Court believe them, ordered them to be ſearched by the grand jury, who found a breaſt-plate upon the one, and two quires of paper upon the other. The breaſt-plate was immediately ordered to be hung upon a peg over Mr. Bickerſtaff's tribunal, and the paper to be laid upon the table for the uſe of his clerk. He then ordered the criminals to button up their boſoms, and, if they pleaſed, proceed to their duel. Upon which they both went very quietly out of the Court, and retired to their reſpective lodgings.

The Court then adjourned until after the holidays.

Copia vera,

CHARLES LILLIE.

N° CCLXVI. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1710.

RIDEAT ET PULSET LASCIVA DESCENTIUS ÆTAS.
HOR. EP. 2. LIB. 2. VER. ULT.

LET YOUTH, MORE DECENT IN THEIR FOLLIES, SCOFF
THE NAUSEOUS SCENE, AND HISS THEE REELING OFF.
FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 20.

IT would be a good Appendix to The Art of Living and Dying, if any one would write The Art of Growing Old, and teach men to reſign their pretenſions to the pleaſures and gallantries of youth, in proportion to the alteration they find in themſelves by the approach of age and infirmities. The infirmities of this ſtage of life would be much fewer, if we did not affect thoſe which attend the more vigorous and active part of our days; but inſtead of ſtudying to be wiſer, or being contented with our preſent follies, the ambition of many of us is alſo to be the ſame ſort of fools we formerly have been. I have often argued, as I am a profeſſed lover of women, that our ſex grows old with a much worſe grace than the other does; and have ever been of opinion, that there are more well-pleaſed old women, than old men. I thought it a good reaſon for this, that the ambition of the fair-ſex being confined to advantageous marriages, or ſhining in the eyes of men, their parts were over ſooner, and conſequently the errors in the performance of them. The converſation of this evening has not convinced me of the contrary; for one or two fop-women ſhall not make a balance for the crowds of coxcombs among ourſelves, diverſified according to the different purſuits of pleaſure and buſineſs.

Returning home this evening a little before my uſual hour, I ſcarce had ſeated myſelf in my eaſy chair, ſtirred the fire, and ſtroked my cat, but I heard ſome body come rumbling up ſtairs. I ſaw my door opened, and a human figure advancing towards me, ſo fantaſtically put together, that it was ſome minutes before I diſcovered it to be my old and intimate friend Sam Truſty. Immediately I roſe up, and placed him in my own ſeat; a compliment I pay to few. The firſt thing he uttered, was —'Iſaac, fetch me a cup of your cher-'ry-brandy, before you offer to aſk any 'queſtion.' He drank a luſty draught; ſat ſilent for ſome time, and at laſt broke out—'I am come,' quoth he, 'to in-'ſult thee for an old fantaſtic dotard, 'as thou art, in ever defending the wo-'men. I have this evening viſited two 'widows, who are now in that ſtate I 'have often heard you call an After-'life; I ſuppoſe you mean by it, an 'exiſtence which grows out of paſt en-'tertainments, and is an untimely de-'light in the ſatisfactions, which they 'once ſet their hearts upon too much 'to be ever able to relinquiſh. Have 'but patience,' continued he, 'until 'I give you a ſuccinct account of my 'ladies, and of this night's adventure. 'They are much of an age, but very 'different in their characters: the one 'of them, with all the advances which 'years have made upon her, goes on 'in a certain romantic road of love and 'friendſhip which ſhe fell into in her

'teens; the other has transferred the 'amorous paſſions of her firſt years to 'the love of cronies, petts, and fa-'vourites, with which ſhe is always 'ſurrounded; but the genius of each of 'them will beſt appear by the account 'of what happened to me at their houſes. 'About five this afternoon, being tired 'with ſtudy, the weather inviting, and 'time lying a little upon my hands, I 'reſolved, at the inſtigation of my evil 'genius, to viſit them; their huſbands 'having been our contemporaries. This 'I thought I could do without much 'trouble; for both live in the very next 'ſtreet. I went firſt to my Lady Ca-'momile, and the butler, who had lived 'long in the family, and ſeen me often 'in his maſter's time, uſhered me very 'civilly into the parlour, and told me, 'though my lady had given ſtrict orders 'to be denied, he was ſure I might be ad-'mitted, and bid the black boy acquaint 'his lady, that I was come to wait upon 'her. In the window lay two letters, 'one broke open, the other freſh ſealed 'with a wafer: the firſt directed to the 'divine Coſmelia, the ſecond to the 'charming Lucinda; but both, by the 'indented characters, appeared to have 'been writ by very unſteady hands. 'Such uncommon addreſſes increaſed 'my curioſity, and put me upon aſking 'my old friend the butler, if he knew 'who thoſe perſons were. "Very well," 'ſays he: "this is from Mrs. Furbiſh "to my lady, an old ſchool-fellow and "great crony of her ladyſhip's; and "this the anſwer." I enquired in what 'county ſhe lived. "Oh dear!" ſays 'he, "but juſt by in the neighbour-"hood. Why, ſhe was here all this "morning, and that letter came and "was anſwered within theſe two hours. "They have taken an odd fancy, you "muſt know, to call one another hard "names; but for all that they love one "another hugely." By this time the 'boy returned with his lady's humble 'ſervice to me, deſiring I would excuſe 'her; for ſhe could not poſſibly ſee me, 'nor any body elſe, for it was opera-'night.'

'Methinks,' ſays I, 'ſuch innocent 'folly, as two old women's courtſhip 'to each other, ſhould rather make you 'merry, than put you out of humour.' '—'Peace, good Iſaac,' ſays he, 'no 'interruption, I beſeech you. I got 'ſoon to Mrs. Feeble's, ſhe that was 'formerly Betty Friſk; you muſt needs 'remember her; Tom Feeble of Brazen 'Noſe fell in love with her for her fine 'dancing. Well, Mrs. Urſula, with-'out further ceremony, carries me di-'rectly up to her miſtreſs's chamber, 'where I found her environed by four 'of the moſt miſchievous animals that 'can infeſt a family; an old ſhock dog 'with one eye, a monkey chained to 'one ſide of the chimney, a great grey 'ſquirrel to the other, and a parrot 'waddling in the middle of the room. 'However, for a while, all was in a 'profound tranquillity. Upon the man-'tle-tree, for I am a pretty curious ob-'ſerver, ſtood a pot of lambetive elec-'tuary, with a ſtick of liquoriſh, and 'near it a phial of roſe-water and pow-'der of tutty. Upon the table lay a 'pipe filled with betony and colt's-foot, 'a roll of wax-candle, a ſilver ſpitting-'pot, and a Seville orange. The lady 'was placed in a large wicker chair, 'and her feet wrapped up in flannel, 'and ſupported by cuſhions; and in 'this attitude (would you believe it, 'Iſaac?) ſhe was reading a romance 'with ſpectacles on. The firſt com-'pliments over, as ſhe was induſtriouſ-'ly endeavouring to enter upon con-'verſation, a violent fit of coughing 'ſeized her. This awaked Shock, and 'in a trice the whole room was in an 'uproar; for the dog barked, the ſquir-'rel ſquealed, the monkey chattered, 'the parrot ſcreamed, and Urſula, to 'appeaſe them, was more clamorous 'than all the reſt. You, Iſaac, who 'know how any harſh noiſe affects my 'head, may gueſs what I ſuffered from 'the hideous din of theſe diſcordant 'ſounds. At length all was appeaſed, 'and quiet reſtored: a chair was drawn 'for me; where I was no ſooner ſeated, 'but the parrot fixed his horny beak, 'as ſharp as a pair of ſheers, in one of 'my heels, juſt above the ſhoe. I 'ſprung from the place with an unuſual 'agility, and ſo being within the mon-'key's reach, he ſnatches off my new 'bob wig, and throws it upon two ap-'ples that were roaſting by a ſullen 'ſea-coal fire. I was nimble enough 'to ſave it from any further damage 'than ſinging the foretop. I put it on; 'and compoſing myſelf as well as I 'could, I drew my chair towards the 'other ſide of the chimney. The good 'lady, as ſoon as ſhe had recovered 'breath,

Cruikshank del. Angus sculp.

Plate XIX.

Published as the Act directs by Harrison & Co. Jan.y 7. 1786.

'breath, employed it in making a thou-
'sand apologies; and with great elo-
'quence, and a numerous train of
'words, lamented my misfortune. In
'the middle of her harangue, I felt
'something scratching near my knee,
'and feeling what it should be, found
'the squirrel had got into my coat
'pocket. As I endeavoured to remove
'him from his burrow, he made his
'teeth meet through the fleshy part of
'my fore-finger. This gave me an
'inexpressible pain. The Hungary
'water was immediately brought to
'bathe it, and gold-beaters skin applied
'to stop the blood. The lady renewed
'her excuses; but being now out of all
'patience, I abruptly took my leave,
'and hobbling down stairs with heed-
'less haste, I set my foot full in a pail
'of water, and down we came to the
'bottom together.' Here my friend concluded his narrative; and, with a composed countenance, I began to make him compliments of condolance; but he started from his chair, and said—'Isaac,
'you may spare your speeches, I expect
'no reply: when I told you this, I
'knew you would laugh at me; but the
'next woman that makes me ridicu-
'lous shall be a young one.'

Nº CCLXVII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1710.

QUI GENUS HUMANUM INGENIO SUPERAVIT, ET OMNES
RESTINXIT STELLAS, EXORTUS UTI AERIUS SOL.
LUCR. LIB. 3. VER. 1056.

HIS GENIUS QUITE OBSCUR'D THE BRIGHTEST RAY
OF HUMAN THOUGHT, AS SOL'S EFFULGENT BEAMS,
AT MORN'S APPROACH, EXTINGUISH ALL THE STARS. R. WYNNE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, DEC. 22.

I Have heard, that it is a rule among the Conventuals of several orders in the Romish church, to shut themselves up at a certain time of the year, not only from the world in general, but from the members of their own fraternity; and to pass away several days by themselves in settling accounts between their Maker and their own souls, in cancelling unrepented crimes, and renewing their contracts of obedience for the future. Such stated times for particular acts of devotion, or the exercise of certain religious duties, have been enjoined in all civil governments, whatever deity they worshipped, or whatever religion they professed. That which may be done at all times is often totally neglected and forgotten, unless fixed and determined to some time more than another; and therefore, though several duties may be suitable to every day of our lives, they are most likely to be performed, if some days are more particularly set apart for the practice of them. Our church has accordingly instituted several seasons of devotion, when time, custom, prescription, and, if I may so say, the fashion itself, call upon a man to be serious, and attentive to the great end of his being.

I have hinted in some former papers, that the greatest and wisest of men in all ages and countries, particularly in Rome and Greece, were renowned for their piety and virtue. It is now my intention to shew, how those in our own nation, that have been unquestionably the most eminent for learning and knowledge, were likewise the most eminent for their adherence to the religion of their country.

I might produce very shining examples from among the clergy; but because Priestcraft is the common cry of every cavilling, empty scribbler, I shall shew that all the laymen who have exerted a more than ordinary genius in their writings, and were the glory of their times, were men whose hopes were filled with immortality and the prospect of future rewards, and men who lived in a dutiful submission to all the doctrines of revealed religion.

I shall in this paper only instance Sir Francis Bacon, a man who, for greatness of genius, and compass of knowledge, did honour to his age and country; I could almost say, to human nature itself. He possessed at once all those extraordinary talents, which were divided amongst the greatest authors of antiquity. He had the sound, distinct, comprehensive,

comprehenſive knowledge of Ariſtotle, with all the beautiful lights, graces, and embelliſhments of Cicero. One does not know which to admire moſt in his writings, the ſtrength of reaſon, force of ſtyle, or brightneſs of imagination.

This author has remarked in ſeveral parts of his works, that a thorough inſight into philoſophy makes a good believer, and that a ſmattering in it naturally produces ſuch a race of deſpicable infidels as the little profligate writers of the preſent age; whom, I muſt confeſs, I have always accuſed to myſelf, not ſo much for their want of faith as their want of learning.

I was infinitely pleaſed to find among the works of this extraordinary man a prayer of his own compoſing, which, for the elevation of thought and greatneſs of expreſſion, ſeems rather the devotion of an angel than a man. His principal fault ſeems to have been the exceſs of that virtue which covers a multitude of faults. This betrayed him to ſo great an indulgence towards his ſervants, who made a corrupt uſe of it, that it ſtripped him of all thoſe riches and honours, which a long ſeries of merits had heaped upon him. But in this prayer, at the ſame time that we find him proſtrating himſelf before the great mercy-ſeat, and humbled under afflictions, which at that time lay heavy upon him, we ſee him ſupported by the ſenſe of his integrity, his zeal, his devotion, and his love to mankind; which give him a much higher figure in the minds of thinking men, than that greatneſs had done from which he was fallen. I ſhall beg leave to write down the prayer itſelf, with the title with it, as it was found amongſt his lordſhip's papers, written in his own hand; not being able to furniſh my readers with an entertainment more ſuitable to this ſolemn time.

A PRAYER, OR PSALM, MADE BY MY LORD BACON, CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND.

MOST gracious Lord God, my merciful Father; from my youth up my Creator, my Redeemer, my Comforter. Thou, O Lord, ſoundeſt and ſearcheſt the depths and ſecrets of all hearts; thou acknowledgeſt the upright of heart; thou judgeſt the hypocrite; thou pondereſt men's thoughts and doings as in a balance; thou meaſureſt their intentions as with a line; vanity and crooked ways cannot be hid from thee.

Remember, O Lord! how thy ſervant hath walked before thee; remember what I have firſt ſought, and what hath been principal in my intentions. I have loved thy aſſemblies, I have mourned for the diviſions of thy church, I have delighted in the brightneſs of thy ſanctuary. The Vine, which thy right-hand hath planted in this nation, I have ever prayed unto thee that it might have the firſt and the latter rain, and that it might ſtretch her branches to the ſeas, and to the floods. The ſtate and bread of the poor and oppreſſed have been precious in mine eyes; I have hated all cruelty and hardneſs of heart; I have, though in a deſpiſed weed, procured the good of all men. If any have been my enemies, I thought not of them, neither hath the ſun almoſt ſet upon my diſpleaſure; but I have been, as a dove, free from ſuperfluity of maliciouſneſs. Thy creatures have been my books, but thy Scriptures much more. I have fought thee in the courts, fields, and gardens; but I have found thee in thy temples.

Thouſands have been my ſins, and ten thouſands my tranſgreſſions; but thy ſanctifications have remained with me, and my heart, through thy grace, hath been an unquenched coal upon thine altar.

O Lord, my ſtrength! I have ſince my youth met with thee in all my ways, by thy fatherly compaſſions, by thy comfortable chaſtiſements, and by thy moſt viſible providence. As thy favours have increaſed upon me, ſo have thy corrections; ſo as thou haſt been always near me, O Lord! And ever as my worldly bleſſings were exalted, ſo ſecret darts from thee have pierced me; and when I have aſcended before men, I have deſcended in humiliation before thee. And now, when I thought moſt of peace and honour, thy hand is heavy upon me, and hath humbled me according to thy former loving-kindneſs, keeping me ſtill in thy fatherly ſchool, not as a baſtard, but as a child. Juſt are thy judgments upon me for my ſins, which are more in number than the ſands of the ſea, but have no proportion

to

to thy mercies; for what are the ſands of the ſea? Earth, heavens, and all theſe, are nothing to thy mercies. Beſides my innumerable ſins, I confeſs before thee, that I am debtor to thee for the gracious talent of thy gifts and graces, which I have neither put into a napkin, nor put it, as I ought, to exchangers, where it might have made beſt profit, but miſpent it in things for which I am leaſt fit: ſo I may truly ſay, my ſoul hath been a ſtranger in the courſe of my pilgrimage. Be merciful unto me, O Lord, for my Saviour's ſake, and receive me unto thy boſom, or guide me in thy ways.

Nº CCLXVIII. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1710.

——O TE, BOLANE, CEREBRI
FELICEM! AIEBAM TACITUS, CUM QUIDLIBET ILLE
GARRIRET.——

HOR. SAT. 9. LIB. I. VER. 11.

'I THUS IN MUTTERING SILENCE FRETTED;
'BOLANUS, HAPPY IN A SCULL
'OF PROOF, IMPENETRABLY DULL,
'O FOR A PORTION OF THY BRAINS!' FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, DEC. 25.

AT my coming home laſt night, I found upon my table the following petition or project, ſent me from Lloyd's Coffee-houſe in the city, with a preſent of Port wine, which had been bought at a late auction held in that place.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE, CENSOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

LLOYD'S COFFEE-HOUSE, LOMBARD STREET, DECEMBER 23.

WE the cuſtomers of this Coffee-houſe, obſerving that you have taken into your conſideration the great miſchiefs daily done in this city by Coffee-houſe Orators, do humbly beg leave to repreſent to you, That this Coffee-houſe being provided with a pulpit for the benefit of ſuch auctions that are frequently made in this place, it is our cuſtom, upon the firſt coming in of the news, to order a youth, who officiates as the kidney of the Coffee-houſe, to get into the pulpit, and read every paper with a loud and diſtinct voice, while the whole audience are ſipping their reſpective liquors. We do therefore, Sir, humbly propoſe, that there be a pulpit erected within every Coffee-houſe of this city and the adjacent parts; that one of the waiters of the Coffee-houſe be nominated as reader to the ſaid pulpit: that after the news of the day has been publiſhed by the ſaid lecturer, ſome politician of good note do aſcend into the ſaid pulpit; and after having choſen for his text any article of the ſaid news, that he do eſtabliſh the authority of ſuch article, clear the doubts that may ariſe thereupon, compare it with parallel texts in other papers, advance upon it wholeſome points of doctrine, and draw from it ſalutary concluſions for the benefit and edification of all that hear him. We do likewiſe humbly propoſe, that upon any ſuch politician's quitting the pulpit, he ſhall be ſucceeded by any other Orator that finds himſelf moved by the ſame public ſpirit, who ſhall be at full liberty either to inforce or overthrow what the other has ſaid before him, and may in the ſame manner be ſucceeded by another politician, who ſhall with the ſame liberty confirm or impugn his reaſons, ſtrengthen or invalidate his conjectures, enlarge upon his ſchemes, or erect new ones of his own. We do likewiſe further propoſe, that if any perſon, of what age and rank ſoever, do preſume to cavil at any paper that has been read, or to hold forth upon it longer than the ſpace of one minute, that he be immediately ordered up into the pulpit, there to make good any thing that he has ſuggeſted upon the floor. We do likewiſe further propoſe, that if any one plays the Orator in the ordinary Coffee-houſe converſation, whether it be upon peace

or

or war, on plays or sermons, business or poetry, that he be forthwith desired to take his place in the pulpit.

This, Sir, we humbly presume may in a great measure put a stop to those superficial statesmen, who would not dare to stand up in this manner before a whole congregation of politicians, notwithstanding the long and tedious harangues and dissertations which they daily utter in private circles, to the breaking of many honest tradesmen, the seducing of several eminent citizens, the making of numberless mal-contents, and to the great detriment and disquiet of her Majesty's subjects.

I do heartily concur with my ingenious friends of the above-mentioned Coffee-house in these their proposals: and because I apprehend there may be reasons to put an immediate stop to the grievance complained of, it is my intention, that until such time as the aforesaid pulpits can be erected, every Orator do place himself within the bar, and from thence dictate whatsoever he shall think necessary for the public good.

And further, because I am very desirous, that proper ways and means should be found out for the suppressing of story-tellers and fine talkers in all ordinary conversations whatsoever, I do insist, that in every private club, company, or meeting over a bottle, there be always an elbow-chair placed at the table, and that as soon as any one begins a long story, or extends his discourse beyond the space of one minute, he be forthwith thrust into the said elbow-chair, unless upon any of the company's calling out, to the chair, he breaks off abruptly, and holds his tongue.

There are two species of men, notwithstanding any thing that has been here said, whom I would exempt from the disgrace of the elbow-chair. The first are those buffoons that have a talent of mimicking the speech and behaviour of other persons, and turning all their patrons, friends, and acquaintance, into ridicule. I look upon your Pantomime as a legion in a man, or at least to be, like Virgil's monster, with an hundred mouths and as many tongues.

——*Linguæ centum sunt, oráque centum.*

And therefore would give him as much time to talk in, as would be allowed to the whole body of persons he represents, were they actually in the company which they divert by proxy. Provided, however, that the said Pantomime do not, upon any pretence whatsoever, utter any thing in his own particular opinion, language, or character.

I would likewise, in the second place, grant an exemption from the elbow-chair to any person who treats the company, and by that means may be supposed to pay for his audience. A guest cannot take it ill, if he be not allowed to talk in his turn by a person who puts his mouth to a better employment, and stops it with good beef and mutton. In this case the guest is very agreeably silenced, and seems to hold his tongue under that kind of bribery which the ancients called, *Bos in lingua.*

If I can once extirpate the race of solid and substantial humdrums, I hope, by my wholesome and repeated advices, quickly to reduce the insignificant tittle-tattles and matter-of-fact-men that abound in every quarter of this great city.

Epictetus, in his little system of morality, prescribes the following rule with that beautiful simplicity which shines through all his precepts. 'Beware that 'thou never tell thy dreams in com-'pany; for notwithstanding thou mayest 'take a pleasure in telling thy dreams, 'the company will take no pleasure in 'hearing them.'

This rule is conformable to a maxim which I have laid down in a late paper, and must always inculcate into those of my readers who find in themselves an inclination to be very talkative and impertinent, that they should not speak to please themselves, but those that hear them.

It has been often observed by witty essay-writers, that the deepest waters are always the most silent; that empty vessels make the greatest sound, and tinkling cymbals the worst music. The Marquis of Halifax, in his admirable advice to a daughter, tells her, that good sense has always something sullen in it: but as sullenness does not imply silence, but an ill-natured silence, I wish his lordship had given a softer name to it. Since I am engaged unawares in quotations, I must not omit the satire which Horace has written against this impertinent talkative companion, and which, I think, is fuller of humour than any other Satire he has written. This great author, who had the nicest taste of conversation, and was himself a most

agreeable

agreeable companion, had so strong an antipathy to a great talker, that he was afraid some time or other it would be mortal to him; as he has very humorously described it in his conversation with an impertinent fellow, who had like to have been the death of him.

Interpellandi locus hic erat! Est tibi mater,
Cognati, queis te salvo est opus? Haud mihi quisquam.
Omnes composui. Felice! nunc ego resto;
Confice; namque instat fatum mihi triste, Sabella
Quod puero cecinit divina motâ anus urnâ.
Hunc neque dira venena, nec hostica tela auferet ensis,
Nec laterum dolor, aut tussis, nec tarda podagra.
Garrulus hunc quando consumet cunque; loquaces,
Si sapiat, vitet, simul atque adoleverit ætas.

HOR. SAT. 9. LIB. I. VER. 26.

Have you no mother, sister, friends,
Whose welfare on your health depends?—
Not one; I saw them all by turns
Securely settled in their urns.
Thrice happy they, secure from pain!
And I thy victim now remain;
Dispatch me; for my goody nurse
Early presag'd this heavy curse.
She con'd it by the sieve and shears,
And now it falls upon my ears—
Nor poison fell, with ruin stor'd,
Nor horrid point of hostile sword,
Nor pleurisy, nor asthma-cough,
Nor cripple-gout, shall cut him off:
A noisy tongue and babbling breath
Shall teaze, and talk my child to death.
Let him avoid, as he would hanging,
Your folks long-winded in haranguing.'

FRANCIS.

Nº CCLXIX. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1710.

——HÆ NUGÆ SERIA DUCUNT
IN MALA——

HOR. ARS POET. VER. 451.

——TRIFLES SUCH AS THESE
TO SERIOUS MISCHIEFS LEAD—— FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, DEC. 27.

I Find my correspondents are universally offended at me for taking notice so seldom of their letters, and I fear people have taken the advantage of my silence to go on in their errors; for which reason I shall hereafter be more careful to answer all lawful questions and just complaints, as soon as they come to my hands. The two following epistles relate to very great mischiefs in the most important articles of life, Love and Friendship.

DORSETSHIRE, DECEMBER 20.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

IT is my misfortune to be enamoured of a lady, that is neither very beautiful, very witty, nor at all well-natured; but has the vanity to think she excels in all these qualifications, and therefore is cruel, insolent, and scornful. When I study to please her, she treats me with the utmost rudeness and ill manners: if I approach her person, she fights; she scratches me: if I offer a civil salute, she bites me; insomuch that very lately, before a whole assembly of ladies and gentlemen, she ripped out a considerable part of my left cheek. This is no sooner done, but she begs my pardon in the most handsome and becoming terms imaginable, gives herself worse language than I could find in my heart to do, lets me embrace her to pacify her while she is railing at herself, protests she deserves the esteem of no one living, says I am too good to contradict her when she thus accuses herself. This atones for all; tempts me to renew my addresses, which are ever returned in the same obliging manner. Thus, without some speedy relief, I am in danger of losing my whole face. Notwithstanding all this, I doat upon her, and am satisfied she loves me, because she takes me for a man of sense, which I have been generally thought, except in this one instance. Your reflections upon this strange amour would be very useful in these parts, where we are over-run with wild beauties and romps. I earnestly beg your assistance, either to deliver me from the power of this unaccountable enchantment, or, by some proper animadversions, to civilize the behaviour of this agreeable rustic. I am Sir,

Your most humble servant,
EBENEZER.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

I Now take leave to address you in your character of Censor, and complain to you; that among the various errors in conversation which you have corrected, there is one which, though it has not escaped a general reproof, yet seems to deserve a more particular severity. It is an humour of Jesting on disagreeable subjects, and insisting on the Jest, the more it creates uneasiness; and this some men think they have a title to do as friends. Is the design of Jesting to provoke? Or does friendship give a privilege to say things with a design to shock? How can that be called a Jest, which has nothing in it but bitterness? It is generally allowed necessary for the peace of company, that men should a little study the tempers of each other; but certainly that must be in order to shun what is offensive, not to make it a constant entertainment. The frequent repetition of what appears harsh, will unavoidably leave a rancour that is fatal to friendship; and I doubt much, whether it would be an argument of a man's good-humour, if he should be rouzed by perpetual teazing, to treat those that do it as his enemies. In a word, whereas it is a common practice to let a story die, merely because it does not touch, I think such as mention one they find does, are as troublesome to society, and as unfit for it, as Wags, Men of Fire, good Talkers, or any other apes in conversation; and therefore, for the public benefit, I hope you will cause them to be branded with such a name as they deserve. I am, Sir, your's,

PATIENT FRIENDLY.

The case of Ebenezer is a very common one, and is always cured by neglect. These fantastical returns of affection proceed from a certain vanity in the other sex, supported by a perverted taste in our's. I must publish it as a rule, That no faults which proceed from the will, either in a mistress or a friend, are to be tolerated: but we should be so complaisant to ladies, as to let them displease when they aim at doing it. Pluck up a spirit, Ebenezer; recover the use of your judgment, and her faults will appear, or her beauties vanish. 'Her faults begin to please me as well 'as my own,' is a sentence very prettily put into the mouth of a lover by the comic poet; but he never designed it for a maxim of life, but the picture of an imperfection. If Ebenezer takes my advice, the same temper which made her insolent to his love, will make her submissive to his indifference.

I cannot wholly ascribe the faults, mentioned in the second letter, to the same vanity or pride in companions who secretly triumph over their friends, in being sharp upon them in things where they are most tender. But when this sort of behaviour does not proceed from that source, it does from barrenness of invention, and an inability to support a conversation in a way less offensive. It is the same poverty which makes men speak or write smuttily, that forces them to talk vexingly. As obscene language is an address to the lewd for applause, so are sharp allusions an appeal to the ill-natured. But mean and illiterate is that conversation, where one man exercises his wit to make another exercise his patience.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEREAS Plagius has been told again and again, both in public and private, that he preaches excellently well, and still goes on to preach as well as ever, and all this to a polite and learned audience: This is to desire, that he would not hereafter be so eloquent, except to a country congregation; the proprietors of Tillotson's Works having consulted the learned in the law, whether preaching a sermon they have purchased, is not to be construed publishing their copy?

Mr. Dogood is desired to consider, that his story is severe upon a weakness, and not a folly.

Nº CCLXX. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1710.

CUM PULCHRIS TUNICIS SUMET NOVA CONSILIA ET SPES.
HOR. EP. 18. LIB. I. VER. 33.

IN GAY ATTIRE WHEN THE VAIN COXCOMB'S DREST,
STRANGE HOPES AND PROJECTS FILL HIS LABOURING BREAST.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, DEC. 29.

ACCORDING to my late reſolution, I take the holidays to be no improper ſeaſon to entertain the town with the addreſſes of my correſpondents. In my walks every day, there appear all around me very great offenders in the point of Dreſs. An armed taylor had the impudence yeſterday in the Park to ſmile in my face, and pull off a laced hat to me, as it were in contempt of my authority and cenſure. However, it is a very great ſatisfaction, that other people as well as myſelf are offended with theſe improprieties. The following notices, from perſons of different ſexes and qualities, are a ſufficient inſtance how uſeful my Lucubrations are to the public.

JACK'S COFFEE-HOUSE NEAR GUILDHALL, DEC. 27.

COUSIN BICKERSTAFF,

IT has been the peculiar bleſſing of our family to be always above the ſmiles or frowns of fortune, and, by a certain greatneſs of mind, to reſtrain all irregular fondneſſes or paſſions. From hence it is, that though a long decay, and a numerous deſcent, have obliged many of our houſe to fall into the arts of trade and buſineſs, no one perſon of us has ever made an appearance that betrayed our being unſatisfied with our own ſtation of life, or has ever affected a mien or geſture unſuitable to it.

You have up and down in your writings very juſtly remarked, that it is not this or the other profeſſion or quality among men that gives honour and eſteem, but the well or ill behaving ourſelves in thoſe characters. It is therefore with no ſmall concern, that I behold in coffee-houſes and public places my brethren, the tradeſmen of this city, put off the ſmooth, even, and ancient decorum of thriving citizens, for a fantaſtical dreſs and figure, improper for their perſons and characters, to the utter deſtruction of that order and diſtinction which of right ought to be between St. James's and Milk Street, the Camp and Cheapſide.

I have given myſelf ſome time to find out, how diſtinguiſhing the frays in a lot of muſlins, or drawing up a regiment of thread laces, or making a panegyric on pieces of ſagathy or Scotch plad, ſhould entitle a man to a laced hat or ſword, a wig tied up with ribbands, or an embroidered coat. The College ſay, this enormity proceeds from a ſort of delirium in the brain, which makes it break out firſt about the head, and, for want of timely remedies, fall upon the left thigh, and from thence in little mazes and windings, run over the whole body, as appears by pretty ornaments on the buttons, button-holes, garterings, ſides of the breeches, and the like. I beg the favour of you to give us a diſcourſe wholly upon the ſubject of habits, which will contribute to the better government of converſation among us, and in particular oblige, Sir, your affectionate couſin,

FELIX TRANQUILLUS.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE, CENSOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF RALPH NAB, HABERDASHER OF HATS, AND MANY OTHER POOR SUFFERERS OF THE SAME TRADE,

SHEWETH,

THAT for ſome years laſt paſt the uſe of gold and ſilver galloon upon hats has been almoſt univerſal; being undiſtinguiſhably worn by Soldiers, Eſquires, Lords, Footmen, Beaux, Sportſmen, Traders, Clerks, Prigs, Smarts, Cullies, Pretty Fellows, and Sharpers.

That the ſaid uſe and cuſtom has been two ways very prejudicial to your petitioners. Firſt, in that it has induced men, to the great damage of your petitioners,

to wear their hats upon their heads; by which means the said hats last much longer whole, than they would do if worn under their arms. Secondly, in that very often a new dressing and a new lace supply the place of a new hat, which grievance we are chiefly sensible of in the spring-time, when the company is leaving the town; it so happening commonly, that a hat shall frequent, all winter, the finest and best assemblies, without any ornament at all, and in May shall be tricked up with gold or silver to keep company with rustics, and ride in the rain.

All which premises your petitioners humbly pray you to take into your consideration, and either to appoint a day in your Court of Honour, when all pretenders to the galloon may enter their claims, and have them approved or rejected, or to give us such other relief as to your great wisdom shall seem meet.

And your petitioners, &c.

Order my friend near Temple Bar, the author of the Hunting-cock, to assist the Court when this petition is read, of which Mr. Lillie is to give him notice.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE, CENSOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF ELIZABETH SLENDER, SPINSTER,

SHEWETH,

THAT on the twentieth of this instant December, her friend Rebecca Hide and your petitioner walking in the Strand, saw a gentleman before us in a gown, whose periwig was so long, and so much powdered, that your petitioner took notice of it, and said, she wondered that lawyer would so spoil a new gown with powder. To which it was answered, that he was no lawyer, but a clergyman. Upon a wager of a pot of coffee we overtook him, and your petitioner was soon convinced she had lost.

Your petitioner therefore desires your worship to cite the clergyman before you, and to settle and adjust the length of canonical periwigs, and the quantity of powder to be made use of in them, and to give such other directions as you shall think fit.

And your petitioner, &c.

Query. Whether this gentleman be not a chaplain to a regiment, and in such case allow powder accordingly.

After all that can be thought on these subjects, I must confess, that the men who dress with a certain ambition to appear more than they are, are much more excusable than those who betray, in the adorning their persons, a secret vanity and inclination to shine in things, wherein if they did succeed, it would rather lessen than advance their character. For this reason I am more provoked at the allegations relating to the clergyman, than any other hinted at in these complaints. I have indeed a long time, with much concern, observed abundance of Pretty Fellows in sacred orders, and shall in due time let them know, that I pretend to give ecclesiastical as well as civil censures. A man well-bred and well-dressed in that habit, adds to the sacredness of his function an agreeableness not to be met with among the laity. I own I have spent some evenings among the men of wit of that profession with an inexpressible delight. Their habitual care of their character gives such a chastisement to their fancy, that all which they utter in company is as much above what you meet with in other conversation, as the charms of a modest, are superior to those of a light woman. I therefore earnestly desire our young missionaries from the universities to consider where they are, and not dress, and look, and move like young officers. It is no disadvantage to have a very handsome white hand; but were I to preach repentance to a gallery of ladies, I would, methinks, keep my gloves on: I have an unfeigned affection to the class of mankind appointed to serve at the altar, therefore am in danger of running out of my way, and growing too serious on this occasion; for which reason I shall end with the following epistle, which, by my interest in Tom Trot the penny-post, I procured a copy of.

TO THE REVEREND MR. RALPH INCENSE, CHAPLAIN TO THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF BRUMPTON.

SIR,

I Heard and saw you preach last Sunday. I am an ignorant young woman, and understood not half you said: but, ah! your manner, when you held up both your hands towards our pew!

Did

Did you design to win me to Heaven or yourself? Your humble servant,

PENITENCE GENTLE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. Proctorstaff of Clare Hall in Cambridge, is received as a kinsman, according to his request, bearing date the twentieth instant.

The distressed son of Æsculapius is desired to be more particular.

Nº CCLXXI. TUESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1710.

THE Printer having informed me, that there are as many of these Papers printed as will make four Volumes, I am now come to the end of my ambition in this matter, and have nothing further to say to the world under the character of Isaac Bickerstaff. This work has indeed for some time been disagreeable to me, and the purpose of it wholly lost by my being so long understood as the author. I never designed in it to give any man any secret wound by my concealment, but spoke in the character of an old Man, a Philosopher, an Humourist, an Astrologer, and a Censor, to allure my reader with the variety of my subjects, and insinuate, if I could, the weight of reason with the agreeableness of wit. The general purpose of the whole has been to recommend Truth, Innocence, Honour, and Virtue, as the chief ornaments of life; but I considered, that severity of manners was absolutely necessary to him who would censure others, and for that reason, and that only, chose to talk in a mask. I shall not carry my humility so far as to call myself a vicious man, but at the same time must confess, my life is at best but pardonable. And with no greater character than this, a man would make but an indifferent progress in attacking prevailing and fashionable vices, which Mr. Bickerstaff has done with a freedom of spirit that would have lost both it's beauty and efficacy, had it been pretended to by Mr. Steele.

As to the work itself, the acceptance it has met with is the best proof of it's value; but I should err against that candour which an honest man should always carry about him, if I did not own that the most approved pieces in it were written by others, and those which have been most excepted against by myself. The hand that has assisted me in those noble discourses upon the immortality of the soul, the glorious prospects of another life, and the most sublime ideas of religion and virtue, is a person who is too fondly my friend ever to own them; but I should little deserve to be his, if I usurped the glory of them. I must acknowledge at the same time, that I think the finest strokes of wit and humour in Mr. Bickerstaff's Lucubrations, are those for which he also is beholden to him.

As for the satirical part of these writings, those against the gentlemen who profess gaming are the most licentious; but the main of them I take to come from losing gamesters, as invectives against the fortunate; for in very many of them I was very little else but the transcriber. If any have been more particularly marked at, such persons may impute it to their own behaviour, before they were touched upon, in publicly speaking their resentment against the author, and professing they would support any man who should insult him. When I mention this subject, I hope Major-general Davenport, Brigadier Bisset, and my Lord Forbes, will accept of my thanks for their frequent good offices, in professing their readiness to partake any danger that should befal me in so just an undertaking, as the endeavour to banish fraud and cozenage from the presence and conversation of gentlemen.

But what I find is the least excusable part of all this work is, that I have in some places in it touched upon matters which concern both Church and State. All I shall say for this is, that the points I alluded to are such as concerned every Christian and Freeholder in England; and I could not be cold enough to conceal my opinion on subjects which related to either of those characters. But politics apart. I must confess, it has been a most exquisite pleasure to me to frame characters of domestic life, and put those parts of it which are least observed into an agreeable view; to enquire into the seeds of vanity and affectation,

fectation, to lay before the readers the emptineſs of ambition: in a word, to trace human life through all it's mazes and receſſes, and ſhew much ſhorter methods than men ordinarily practiſe, to be happy, agreeable, and great.

But to enquire into men's faults and weakneſſes, has ſomething in it ſo unwelcome, that I have often ſeen people in pain to act before me, whoſe modeſty only makes them think themſelves liable to cenſure. This, and a thouſand other nameleſs things, have made it an irkſome taſk to me to perſonate Mr. Bickerſtaff any longer; and I believe it does not often happen, that the reader is delighted where the author is diſpleaſed.

All I can do for the further gratification of the town, is to give them a faithful explication of paſſages and alluſions, and ſometimes of perſons intended in the ſeveral ſcattered parts of the work. At the ſame time, I ſhall diſcover which of the whole have been written by me, and which by others, and by whom, as far as I am able, or permitted *.

Thus I have voluntarily done what I think all authors ſhould do, when called upon. I have publiſhed my name to my writings, and given myſelf up to the mercy of the town, as Shakeſpeare expreſſes it, with all my imperfections on my head. The indulgent reader's moſt obliged, moſt obedient, humble ſervant,

RICHARD STEELE.

* This is done in the Preface to this Volume.

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